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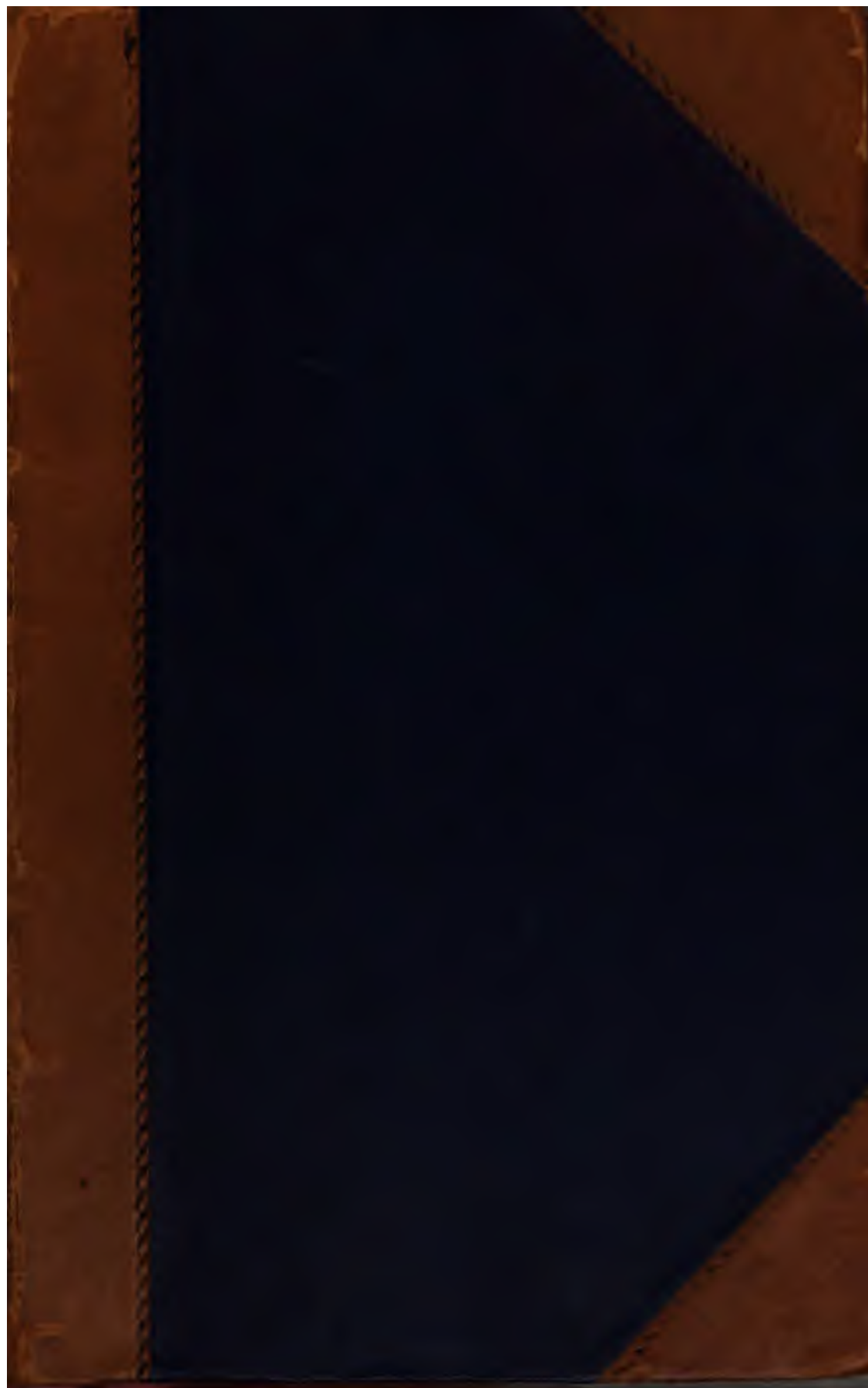
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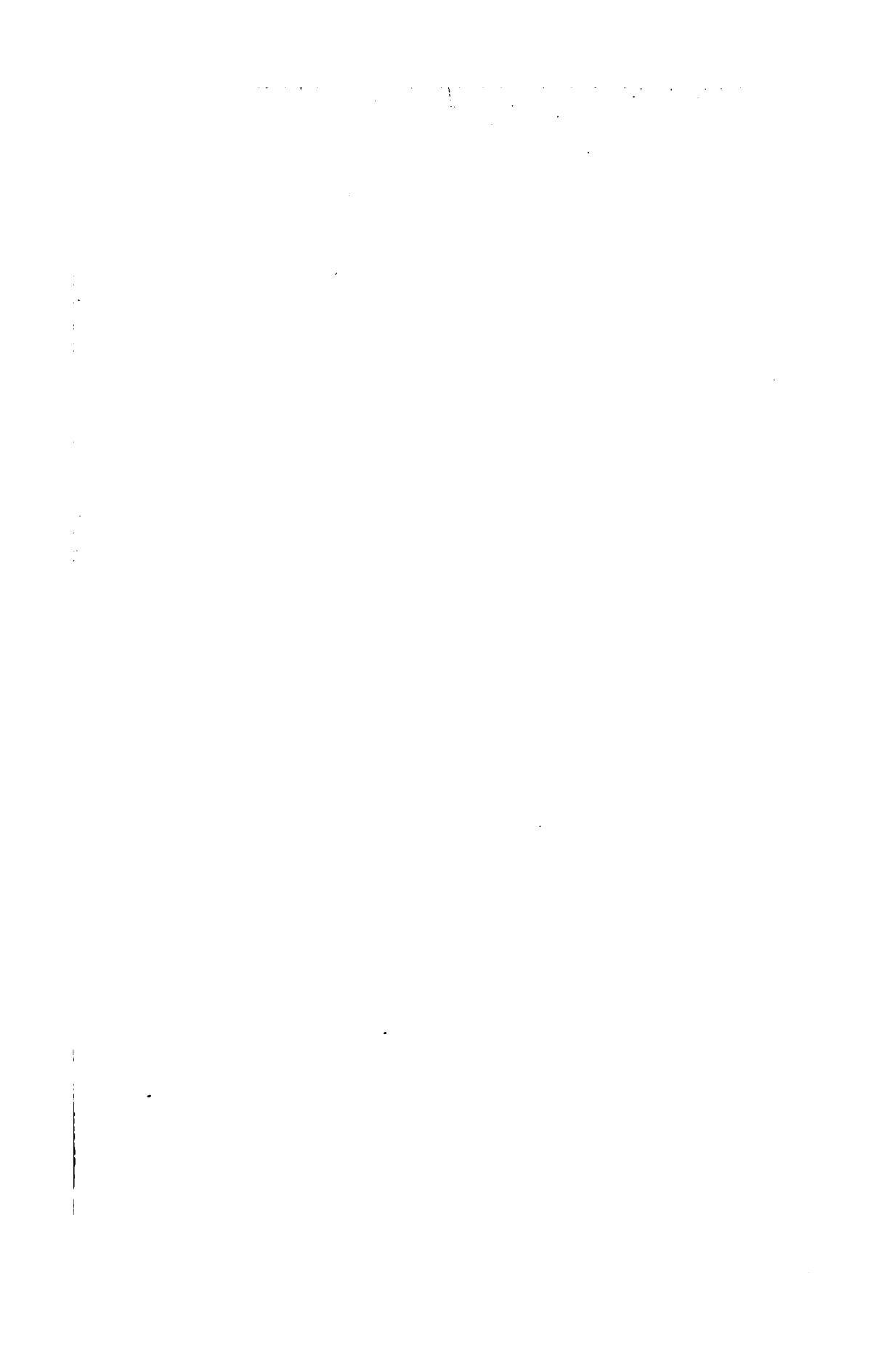
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BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

HERE AND THERE.

THE Italians have a colloquial expression, of old date, which has more than one significance.

"Quinci e quindi" is the phrase, meaning, literally, the title of this paper. But besides the "here and there" of Tasso and the public, Salvator Rosa applies it to those for whom his veneration is not the most profound. "Here and there people," he says; and in that sense we avail ourselves of "Quinci e quindi" to speak of our new ministry, reserving the general application of the words to what else may come under our notice.

Let us take the list of the members of Lord Palmerston's cabinet, now that it is completed, and see how it has been got together. Sir G. C. Lewis, Sir C. Wood, Lord Granville, Sir G. Grey, the Duke of Somerset, and the Duke of Argyll represent the premier's own following; Lord John Russell stands apart, the representative, in his solitary person, of the Whig, pure and undefiled; the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Mr. Cardwell are Peelites; the Earl of Elgin, a Liberal in its best sense, has been withdrawn from diplomacy; and Messrs. Milner Gibson and Cobden are out-and-out Radicals—until official experience, haply, makes them wiser. Of "plain John," *alias* Lord Campbell, we say nothing, because his elevation to the woolsack has been a mere *pis aller*, the necessity for keeping Sir R. Bethell in the House of Commons being too great to admit of his translation to the House of Lords.

This combination, then, presents us with every political element, save the Conservative, and we cannot think it miscalled when we bestow upon it the appellation of the "Here and There Ministry." The lion and the lamb lie down in company, the ends of the earth are got together, but, in spite of this unexpected gathering, we do not believe that a political millennium is at hand. The team is a showy one, but there are in it bolters and starters, and kickers and gibbers, and one at least who, if he has a chance, will again upset the coach.

The *programme* of the new ministry is peace abroad and reform at home. Lord Palmerston says, in his address to the electors of Tiverton: "It will be one of the great objects of the government to preserve for their country the blessings of peace; and to take advantage of any favourable opportunity that may present itself to exert the moral influence of Great Britain to assist in restoring peace to the continent of Europe." Very good. But in what respect does this declaration differ from the policy of Lord Derby? And is the "favourable opportunity" so much nearer? The French and Sardinian armies, again victors at Solferino, have probably, ere this, fought another bloody battle on the eastern side

of the Mincio, and, from their antecedents in this war, we will not affect to throw a doubt upon the result. In the midst of this triumphant progress, is it likely that the French emperor will pause till he has accomplished the end which he originally proposed—the complete expulsion of the Austrians from Venetia, as well as from Lombardy Proper? And if not, what is to be said of the armed mediation of Prussia, who, faithful to treaties, and the defender of the rights of the Germanic Confederation, has intimated that the passage of the Mincio is the point at which German territory is held to be invaded? With Prussia and the rest of the German States in arms, with Russia confederate with France, with Austria beaten, it may be, but resolute to the last, does the “favourable opportunity” shine so very bright in the distance? Lord John Russell, perhaps, is to enforce the pacific views of England, while all the Continent is in a blaze of war! His mission to Vienna met with such unexampled success, that we may well be permitted to doubt that his will be a “voice potential” in the approaching crisis.

The remainder of Lord Palmerston's address refers to the “great” domestic question: “We shall also have to consider the important question of the amendment of the laws which regulate the representation of the people in parliament, and I trust that we may be able so to deal with the subject as to strengthen the institutions of the country, by placing them on a firmer and broader foundation.” “Good sentences, and well pronounced,” as Portia says; but—as Nerissa rejoins—“they would be better if well followed.” Lord Palmerston may, perchance, make a gulp at Lord John's Reform Bill and swallow it, however unpalatable; but to what end are Mr. Cobden and Mr. Milner Gibson in the cabinet, if their admission there were not intended to express that the reform principles of their excluded chieftain, Mr. Bright, were those of the rest of its members? Will the Manchester men, after all their demonstrations, tame themselves down to the adoption of such a measure as will satisfy the reforming conscience of Lord Palmerston? We do not say that this is impossible, for your “office”—like your “if”—is a great modifier; but, granting this harmonious issue, what becomes of the broad basis on which the present administration was formed? It simply resolves itself into common clap-trap, and shows that expediency alone has been the guiding principle of the “Here and There Ministry,” whose measures with regard to the defences of the country have already been somewhat rudely questioned. Notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's disclaimer, in the matter of naval retrenchment, the *Times* was right in saying that he starved the Crimean war, reduced the estimates and forces, and broke faith with the seamen; and it needed a man of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's versatile logic—to use no stronger term—to deny what is patent to all the world. “With respect to Mr. Gladstone's conduct in the Crimean war (says the *Times*), it is, unhappily, fresh enough in the memory of all Englishmen. He began by insisting that the expenses of the war should be met out of the ordinary revenue, and to this hopeful proposal we believe that the terrible disasters of 1854-5 were originally owing. After the war was concluded, Mr. Gladstone's exertions to break up the fleet which had just been reviewed at Spithead were only too successful, and we declare, what every naval man knows, that faith was broken with the seamen who had been in-

vited, nay, almost implored, to enlist in 1854, and who were turned adrift two years later, to fill the American ports with complaints of the ingratitude of the mother country." The trumpet-note of the *Times* has, we trust, been sounded in time to prevent the honest, earnest efforts of Sir John Pakington from being nullified at the promptings of the Manchester *démagogues*.

Reference to this question leads us, in our own "here and there" progress, to a book just published which deserves an attentive perusal. It is entitled "Our Naval Position and Policy," and is written by "A Naval Peer;" and, in dedicating his work "to the volunteer riflemen, who, by learning to defend their country, are removing a cause of danger and reproach to the kingdom and its inhabitants," he strikes the key-note of his subject, his design being to show how completely we lie at the mercy of a Russo-French alliance, if our naval system and policy be not remodelled. The naval peer's arguments are most conclusive, and the illustrations he offers of what has been done in France to amend her naval system, show the necessity of setting precedent at nought and adapting our defences to the exigencies arising from modern discovery, in relation to steam and artillery.

The necessary supremacy of our navy, if England is to hold her place of pride, is a theme incidentally inculcated in another recent publication—"George Canning and his Times," by Mr. A. G. Stapleton. There is not a page in this valuable book which does not increase our reverence and admiration for the great statesman, the worthiest inheritor of the policy of William Pitt; but it is chiefly from a naval point of view that we now consider the opinions which he so earnestly advocated. Mr. Canning never suffered the vital question to be lost sight of, that the strength of England lies in her navy, and it will be well if those who attempt to walk in his footsteps bear ever in their memories the maxims of the greatest foreign minister that this country has ever known.

The name of Canning recalls that of Charles James Fox, and his again brings us in contact with "The Recollections of Samuel Rogers," one of the most singular publications which we have seen for many a day. The book is edited by Mr. W. Sharpe, the nephew of the poet, and it strikes us as passing strange how a man of his acknowledged ability could have thought it worth while to disinter such bald, disjointed fragments as are here exposed. Mr. Sharpe unconsciously provokes a very unflattering estimate of the intellectual grasp of his deceased relative, by setting down "what conversation he thought most worthy of being remembered during that time of his life when his faculties were the strongest," when we are treated to such specimens as these. Fox is the subject of Mr. Rogers's recollections, and we take the notes as we find them. "When he first comes to town in Winter, he devotes two or three days to seeing sights and lion-hunting." In other words, Fox did exactly the same as everybody else. "Looked out of the Gallery Window, and thought the sun was burning his turnips." Profundity of a statesman's thoughts! "Tired of the ballet." A somewhat common complaint. "Went to a concert afterwards at the Banker's." A great social move. "Rose from table with Mrs. Fox. *Coffee*." Had it but been brandy! "Fox admired the Gobelins." He was alone in his admiration, we suppose! "He loved children." Who (but S. R.) does not? "Pictures, I like them." Sin-

gular taste. "Marbles. I must have Nollekins' bust of Brutus." "A Buffon—I wish for one coloured." "Preferred Box Hill to Leith Hill." "A distance essential to a house." "Gnats very numerous—cold summer." "A garden." "A bat's wing very beautiful." "Water and all white wines improved by ice." "Wasn't it enough to make one cry when the air was so thick last week?" "Fitz's 'Body and Soul.'" "Never read Grotius' Erasmus." "Never saw Rousseau nor Condorcet." And so on, to the end of the chapter. Are recollections such as these "most worthy of being remembered?"

Let the past carry us to something better.

The death of Mr. Charles Ollier must not pass unrecorded in these pages. A fellow-labourer in literature, one occupying a place amongst the highest, has recently written a biographical sketch of him who was his friend, from which we take some points of interest. "Mr. Ollier was," says Mr. Leigh Hunt, "descended from a respectable French family of Protestants, who came into this country at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The family were connected by blood with that of Locke, the philosopher; and there is reason to believe that it was similarly connected with that of Sidney Smith, whose mother was an Ollier. The name, very uncommon in England, does not appear to have been widely spread in France; but it is met with in good company in the Letters of Madame de Sévigné, one of whose friends was a Madame Ollier; and there was an Abbé Ollier, who is still mentioned with honour by the founder of a distinguished institution in Paris." Mr. Ollier began life in the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts, but literature proving more attractive than the art of money-making, he set up, when still very young, as a publisher and author, but—

Non bene conveniunt nec in unâ sede morantur—

he experienced the proverbial fate of those who combine the two callings, and though he introduced to the world the earlier works of Shelley and Keats, he made no name in the publishing world, and relinquished that part of his profession. As a novelist, he might—had he so pleased—have left a more enduring name, but "Ferrers," "Althara and his Wife," and "Inesilla; or, the Tempter," are proofs of his possessing remarkable powers as a writer of fiction. Mr. Ollier, however, pursued rather the track of a miscellaneous writer in the periodicals; he lectured on popular authors—Shakspeare being the god of his idolatry—and lent his valuable services to other publishers, as an adviser and assistant. Mr. Hunt also says that Mr. Ollier was so accomplished a player on the flute that Nicholson, the most popular flutist of the day, once prevailed upon him, in spite of his modesty, to take his place for him in the orchestra. A few words more from the same pen—words which our own experience confirms—will suffice to describe the man: "My friend was a devoted husband and father, and was rewarded by possessing a wife and children worthy of him, who blessed him from first to last with every kind of attention, and who were qualified to do honour to his memory, some by acquiring names of their own, and all by their goodness." Mr. Ollier died in his seventieth year.

THE DONKEYSHIRE MILITIA.

BY OUIDA.

I.

LENNOX DUNBAR.

VERY glorious we were to sight in our scarlet coats and our yellow facings, our pipe-clayed belts and our struggling moustaches, our bran-new swords and our beautiful Albert hats, with the delightful little peak behind to conduct the rain into our necks, and the funny little white knob a-top, like a floured tennis-ball or a guelder-rose.

Very glorious we were, the East Donkeyshire Militia (Light Infantry); and when we came down the street in full marching order, with our band in front of us clad picturesquely in white, as if they'd come out *en chemise* by mistake, and our bugleman playing one tune, and our fogleman another, and our drum performing a chorus peculiar to itself, I assure you *we* didn't think the Blues, or the Coldstreams, or Cardigan's Eleventh would have been half so swell.

The East Donkeyshire was embodied in '54, when Britannia took all her hounds to draw the Crimean cover, and left the old dogs and pups at home to guard the kennel, and bark at poachers if they couldn't bite them. And, in the town of Snobleton, the embodiment of the East Donkeyshire was held by ladies as a decided blessing, and by their spiritual pastors and masters as an especial curse. For, in Snobleton, males between twenty and fifty were a rarity, and some eighteen eligible scarlet coats (even though those coats were militia), fit to be hunted down and married out of hand, were, as ladies are constituted, a great boon to the young Venuses of East Donkeyshire. I assure you it was the most flattering thing in the world, the first day we were billeted there, to see the lots of pretty little faces that came to the windows, and the pretty little figures that clad themselves in their most voluminous crinolines, and put on their best-fitting gloves, and their daintiest boots, and patrolled with an innocent, unconscious air before the Marquis's Arms, where our mess was established.

I can't tell you, I'm sure, how I came to join the Donkeyshire; for though, to the best of my belief, I shall never see a brief in my life, I belong to Middle Temple, and had about as much business in the militia as a sailor has at a meet. But I had nothing to do just then; my old chum, Dunbar, was a captain in it, for a lark, as he said; and so I, for a lark too, bought a beautiful Albert hat, and thought, as I surveyed myself in it, that if the Trojan helmet anyway resembled it, Hector's small boy showed good taste in being afraid of it.

The Donkeyshire was a sort of zoological gardens, so varied were the specimens of the *genus homo* it offered for exhibition. First, of course, was the colonel, Sir Cadwallader de Vaux, who knew as much about manœuvring a battalion as I do about crochet or cooking. Then there was the lieutenant-colonel, Mounteagle ("Mount Etna" we called him, he was so deucedly peppery), a short, stout, choleric little fellow, but nevertheless a very fair soldier. Spicer, the major, who, having

been an officer of Sepoy cavalry, was of course eminently fitted to drill militia infantry. Popleton, romantic, musical, and spoony, son of the Donkeyshire banker. Stickleback, who squinted, and was lamentably ugly, yet tried hard to be a fast man, but couldn't. Muskett, our adjutant, who limped, we said from sciatica, he from a ball at Jellalabad. Eagle, whose governor we suspected of trade, and who, like a snob as he was, dressed loud, and was great in studs, watch-chains, and rings. And then last, but not least in the Donkeyshire, since we were the sole leaven of gentlemanism, your humble servant, Vansittart; Carlton de Vaux, whom everybody called Charlie, who had joined "only," Sir Cadwallader impressed on us, "for example;" and my old chum, Lennox Dunbar, who had first been a middy, then spent a term or two at college, then went on the stage half a year, then into the Hussars till he fought a duel and got a gentle hint to sell out, then led a Bohemian's life on the Continent, and lastly turned littérateur, and wrote slashing articles in the periodicals. Now, having eight hundred a year left him by an old aunt, he was a captain in the Donkeyshire, and the finest fellow that ever stood six feet in his stockings. 'Pon my word it was the best fun in life to see how all the girls looked at Dunbar when he swung with his cavalry step through the streets. Why, even the vieilles filles going district visiting with strong copies of *The Pulpit*, Mr. Ryle's tracts, or Mr. Molyneux's sermons, neatly bound in brown paper, were obliged to give furtive glances at his soldierly figure, handsome face, and silky whiskers and moustaches—ay, and sighed, too, as they gazed, though they wouldn't have confessed it; no, not if put to the rack.

"Deuce take it, this place seems as dull as a graveyard," said he, the first night at mess. "My ten talents of attraction are buried in a napkin. Why did you ask me to join, colonel? Van here will hang himself if he hasn't twenty pretty women to make love to."

"That's one word for me and two for yourself, Dunbar," said I. "I bet you a pony before a month's out you'll be buried in a shower of pretty pink notes."

"Some of the girls here ain't bad-looking," yawned Stickleback; "but the place is certainly awfully slow."

"By Jove! there's your sister, Pop; you must introduce us all. I danced with her a month ago at the Charity Ball, and I noticed she'd a very pretty foot," cried Charlie de Vaux; "and then there are those three women—what the deuce is their name?—who dress alike, and walk up and down High-street twenty times in a morning."

"The Breloques, you mean? Oh, they're nobodies!" drawled Eagle. "They're dangerous. They try and hook every man they meet. Adela has been engaged six times to my knowledge; and I've a great idea their braids are false."

"Like your figure," murmured Dunbar. "Are there no widows? I like widows. They're easy game, and don't compromise one."

"All's easy game in Donkeyshire," answered De Vaux. "By George! we're so rare, that some ladies thought of putting me under a glass case as the only good-looking man."

"And label you, 'Visitors are requested to look, but not to fall in love, as the specimen can't stand it'—eh?" laughed Dunbar. "Well,

you and I have got a nice little covey of partridges where we hang out, Van."

"Yes. Confound you. You took care of that, Dunbar," said old "Mount Etna," bursting with laughter and pale ale. "You got the best billet there was, as far as the beaux yeux went."

"Well, colonel," said Dunbar, "all wise men have their weaknesses. Richelieu's was cats, Byron's swimming, Peter the Great's was drawing teeth, and mine is—women. Let's toast them!"

"I wish my sister heard you classing women among weaknesses. What fun it would be to hear her fire up. What beastly sherry this is!" said De Vaux.

"And the claret's a swindle. I'll speak about it if the adjutant won't. Have you a sister? What's she like?"

"How should I know. Come and see," responded Charlie. "She pulled me up in a line from Horace the other day, little puss! which I wanted to impose on the governor."

Dunbar looked disgusted. "Oh! Blue?"

"Lor! bless you, no, not a bit of it. She sings all day and waltzes all night, but she knows no end for all that."

"Knows Latin! I shall hate her," thought Dunbar. "I say, colonel, which is it to be—loo, whist, or vingt et un?"

It was a pouring night. Luckless Popleton (nicknamed Ginger-pop, from the hue of his numerous curls) was on guard, and went shivering round under a dainty umbrella to the different billets and down to the guard-house, and we telling him to put his feet into hot water, and be sure and have some gruel when he came back, sat down to the loo-table.

Dunbar and I lodged over a pastrycook's, the Ude of Donkeyshire, and the "Covey" alluded to were the pastrycook's two daughters, Fanny and Sophy. Very handsome girls they were, and they knew it too. They were fine, dashing, well-dressed brunettes, and from the grammar-boys, who came to sigh their souls out over "tuck," to old Spicer, who, stoic though he was, liked to come and have his mulligatawny there, the two Miss Toffys were the admiration of Saobleton. "Notre magasin," as Dunbar called it, was a general attraction, and the amount of ices, cherry-brandy, and mock-turtle old Toffy sold, thanks to his daughters' black eyes, must have swelled his receipts enormously.

The militia were godsend to the Covey, and they smiled impartially on us all, for they were prudent young ladies, and fished at the same time with minnows and gudgeons, worms and flies, dead and live bait; so that if the big fish wouldn't nibble, the little ones might. Dunbar was soon in favour with both. In fact, I don't think the woman ever lived with whom, if he chose, Dunbar wasn't in favour. "My dear fellow," he used to say, "I'm a modern Pygmalion; the very statues would fall in love with me if I asked 'em. It's only a little knack that's wanted with women." The "little knack" he possessed, that was very certain, and a greater flirt never whispered pretty things in a *deux temps*. But though he dressed as well as D'Orsay, was as handsome as the Apollo—shot, swam, rode, and played billiards better than any man I knew—sang, and drew caricatures like Garcia and Cruikshank—and, withal, wrote the most pungent brochures and sparkling tales under the *nom de plume* of "Latakia"—yet I give you my word he hadn't a spark of vanity in his

composition. Indeed, he was fond of calling himself the black sheep of his family, and saying his terrier had done as much good in its generation as he had during the thirty-two years he had walked to and fro upon the earth. He and De Vaux were the "*belles*" of the Donkeyshire. Charlie was a pretty boy of nineteen or so, with golden curls, and black eyes as soft as a girl's, and when we marched to the cricket-field, and the Snobleton gamins shrieked forth, "The melishee's a comin'!" many were the faces that came to the window (to talk to the canary, of course), and many the round hats we encountered (by accident, on purpose), for the sake of the handsome captain and ensign, whom *even* the Albert hat couldn't wholly disfigure. The cricket-field was our parade-ground. There did the Awkward Squad suffer its pain and torture—there did old Mount Etna roar fruitlessly, "To the right face!" the Donkeyshire invariably turning thereupon to the left face—there did we, if ordered to form into section, form into line as sure as a gun, and when Muskett screamed, "Halt!" did we set off double-quick—there did Hodges stamp on Bill Stubbs's toe, and Jack fire his ramrod into Brother Ambrose's eye, and Private A. make ready while Private B. was firing, and Sergeant C. call out, "Left, right!" while Sergeant D. marched right, left, and my company halted stock-still, while Dunbar's marched double-quick, and Eagle's formed into line, and Popleton's into square, and we finally got all muddled together in inextricable confusion, and finished the day's manoeuvres with a grand scene of the gallant Donkeyshire entirely routed and demoralised by itself.

But the Snobletonians thought us very grand, so it didn't matter, and when we went full fig to church, with our band performing the three different tunes at once, and we sat in the mayor's pew, with our men in front of us, and old Mount Etna dozed and woke himself with a jerk in the wrong places, and Spicer sat bolt upright, eyeing the lectern eagle fiercely, and Ginger-pop looked shyly into the Breloques's pew, and Stickleback stuck his glass in the eye that squinted, and Dunbar caricatured the curate on the fly-leaf of his Church Service, the young ladies glanced up at us when they appeared to be reading the lessons, and thought the Donkeyshire Militia was the finest corps ever embodied.

II.

BEATRICE DE VAUX.

FOR the next month we set Snobleton going as that prudish-proud and poverty-stricken borough had never gone before. Ginger-pop's governor's house was always free to us, and as Georgie Popleton was a good-looking girl, though confoundedly affected, we accepted the banker's *carte blanche*, and the Breloques's too. Adela, Augusta, and Lavinia, three fine women, with, somebody said, 10,000*l.* each—desperate flirts, and very good waltzers—made their mother's house very agreeable, especially to the young birds who didn't doubt the complexions, quiz the style, and know that the smiles had been given to twenty others before 'em. Dunbar woke up the governors of the subscription-rooms, had oyster suppers and whist established there, and introduced pool. He made a row about the mess wines, too, and forced the Marquis's Arms to give us really good dinners. He satirised the Donkeyshire, lampooned Stickleback's sporting efforts, Eagle's airs, and Pop's weaknesses, and drew caricatures of

M'Dougall, our surgeon, who went clanking about in his sword at all hours, he was so proud of it; of Ginger-pop warbling, "Will you love me then as now?" under Adela's window in the dead of night; of Pop, again, as he appeared the 1st of September, when, being unused to powder, his gun kicked, and he fell flat on his back, to the admiration of all beholders; of Spicer eating ragoûts, and Charlie ices in "notre magasin," with the Covey smiling generously on both: in short, of all the scenes and ways—and they were not rare—in which the Donkeyshire made fools of themselves.

"Where's Charlie? Does anybody know?" said Dunbar, one Monday evening, when we were playing loo in his rooms.

"I do," answered Stickleback. "He's down below, making love to Miss Fanny. He came in with us, but the young lady waylaid him."

"Master Charlie's good taste. I thought all the tin he laid out on cherry-tipple, vermicelli, and soda-water, wasn't for nothing," said Dunbar, who'd taken a liking to the young fellow, as the boy had equally to him. "I say, I saw his twin-sister to-day. Do any of you happen to know her?"

"What! Beatrice? No; she's only just home from Paris," said Eagle, whom Sir Cadwallader would no more have introduced to his daughter than he'd have introduced a costermonger. "What's she like? Come, tell us, Dunbar."

"She's very pretty," said Lennox, critically; "that I'll admit: chesnut hair, long dark eyes to match, soft skin, nice figure, and a very little hand and pretty foot, and stands up clean. She looks clever, decidedly so, and—it's a pity she knows Latin! What are trumps? Thank you. I say, Pop, how far is it gone? Has she named the day? We'll come in full figg, band and all."

Popleton blushed, and lost half a guinea in his confusion.

"What an ungrateful fellow you are not to tell your bosom friends," cried Dunbar. "Well, you won't deny, Pop, I hope, that you were singing, 'She sleeps, my lady sleeps!' at two o'clock last night, and that Adela opened her window like an angel as she is, and dropped a three-cornered note at your feet—will you, eh?"

"I—I—really, I never knew that you saw me," murmured Ginger-pop.

Dunbar shouted with laughter at his random shot having hit home. "Of course you didn't. I defy any man to stare devoutly at a third-story window and look up the street at the same time. I'll take 'Miss' Van. Hallo, Charlie! here you are at last. Wasn't Fanny kind to-night?"

The boy laughed. "What are you playing for, Dunbar?"

"As usual—maximum, ten. Don't make yourself ill with ices, Charlie; you had a dozen to-day, I think? The Covey are all very well, but they're not worth a bilious fever; besides, they like old Spicer's yellow-boys better than your yellow curls, mon garçon. I say, I saw your sister to-day, with the governor."

"Pussy! did you? Well, what do you think of her?"

"That she might be charming if she didn't know Latin. Her eyes are like Capefigue's description of Du Barry's."

"What, the Revalenta Arabica man?" asked Popleton, staring.

"Not exactly, most innocent Ginger," laughed Dunbar. "Take

another weed, Van, they're real Manillas; my brother Jack brought 'em over. By Jove! I wonder if he's spending to-night in the trenches."

"I say, Dunbar," said Charlie—

"What, am I loosed? By George!"

"I say, didn't you write 'Charlie Cheroots; or, the Fusiliers,' that's coming out in the *Pot-Pourri*?"

Dunbar nodded.

"And that thing, too, on 'Popular Preachers?'"

"Yes. Didn't you see 'em signed 'Latakia?'"

"Well, Beatrice said the other day, after reading 'em, that they were the best things she'd ever seen, and if she were to know the author she was quite certain she should fall in love with him."

"She's quite welcome; I don't mind," said Dunbar, with an amiably submissive air. "I'll have 'Miss' again, it's the only fun there is in loo. Don't tell her I wrote 'em, Charlie. Let her find it out."

"But if she don't love you?"

"Ca m'est bien égal," said Dunbar, caressing his moustaches. "It's rather a bore to be loved, you know; for, if you don't love in return, it's no fun; and if you do, you're in an everlasting fever and work. I've been in love ever since I can remember. My first attachment was a little girl with blue eyes and peony cheeks; not an exalted object, for she was our lodge-keeper's daughter, but I know I took her hardbake devotudy, and adored her, until my cousin Valencia came. But she was twenty, and I worshipped her at a distance—I was eleven, I believe; but I know, when Jack Montresor married her, I could have slain him without shrive. Nous avons changé tout cela: now I neither slay myself nor my rivals—even your sister, Charlie, wouldn't be worth the exertion."

"I'll tell her what you say. By Jove, won't she cut up rough! Pussy's great ideas of what's due to her sex!"

"Do; it will keep her from falling in love with the author of 'Charlie Cheroots,' who, you may add, would see himself hanged before he married a girl who knew Latin."

"Or before he married at all, eh?"

"I don't know," said Dunbar, meditatively. "Perhaps I may, some fine day, as a dernier ressort. I've used up everything else. I may, before I go to glory, try matrimony as a change; not that I think it would agree with me, but just as they give boys sulphur and treacle, as a wholesome disagreeable."

We played till it struck three, and then refreshed ourselves with "natives," lobster-salad, macaroni, gelatine de dindon, and all the provocations to gourmandise the Toffy talent could offer us. And over the Burton ale and cognac and hollands, the fun grew fast, and Charlie's laughter uproarious. Dunbar told us bal d'Opera and Chaumière stories, and jests of the Rag and the confiseurs. Stickleback, under the gentle influences of whisky, told long tales of steeples-chases, and the Ring and the Yard, to which nobody listened. Eagle waxed confidential, and related an undying passion for a fair countess he had met at a race-ball, which was very amusing to me, as I knew the lady in question, and knew, too, that she'd as soon have accepted attentions from a groon as from the son of a gin-merchant. And Popleton—poor Popleton!

—with tears in his eyes, spoke pathetically of his devotion to Adela Breloques; showed us a note of hers beginning "Beloved Augustus," and signed "Ever thine;" and finally commenced singing "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean," till Dunbar stopped him at the outset by telling him it was shockingly stupid of him if he didn't; tears were made of water, albumen, and salts, and always meant, with women, that they'd come to their last round of ammunition, and that you'd better kiss 'em away as fast as possible.

Then we went home to our different billets as the milk-carts began to go about the streets, and the servant-girls to clean their steps; and I thought, as Master Charlie left the door of "notre magasin" chanting "He's a jolly good fellow," that though Sir Cadwallader, in his innocence, wished him to join "for example," the "example" was a dubious benefit to the Donkeyshire.

"But I like that young fellow," said Dunbar that night, or rather morning. "He's good-hearted and plucky, and never forgets he's a gentleman. He's getting very soft about Miss Fanny; I'll take care he don't do what a pretty milliner of Petty Cury once trapped me into when I was at Trinity—that greatest of bêtises, a promise of marriage. Fanny's wide awake, and very handsome."

The next day we went over to Springley, Sir Cadwallader's place. We all belonged to the Donkeyshire Archery Club, and as the last meeting was held at Springley, we received an invitation from the colonel to stay and dine there. Dunbar and I had been there several times, but MM. Eagle, Stickleback, Pop, and Co. had not attained to the great dignity. Looking a cross between an English belle and a Spanish hantress, I saw Beatrice De Vaux for the first time in my life. She was, I may as well say so, exquisitely pretty; and her long eyes, soft and dark like Charlie's, shot destruction into the Donkeyshire that day from under the coquettish grey hat of the archery dress.

She has a good dash of her old governor's pride, but mixed with so much grace, softness, and girlish vivacity, that it's very bewitching. She bowed a little carelessly to the rest of the gallant Donkeyshire, who were not, certainly, attractive in appearance to a young lady fresh from her first season, but smiled as she recognised Dunbar, who looked, it is true, among the males of Donkeyshire, something as Apollo might look among the Yahoos. He won the claret-jug; she the neglgé, the two first prizes, and that threw them together the rest of the day. Dunbar seemed to relish his fate extremely, and never to remember Beatrice De Vaux knew—Latin!

Brilliant and witty as he was, he had to put out all his paces with her; she was so clever that it roused him into exerting his intellectual strength, and making her feel that there was still more in him than he allowed to appear. He did not take her in to dinner, but he sat on her left hand, and the ringing fire of their repartees made even Sir Cadwallader relax into a laugh.

"By Jove!" whispered Charlie to me, "Dunbar and Pussy seem to get on, don't they? If she knew how he talked about her last night, wouldn't she give him a licking!"

When we went into the drawing-room she was sitting in a low chair near the piano, looking divine, as Pop would have phrased it, her dress

for all the world like a pile of white cloud; Hunt and Roskell's newest bracelets on her white arms, Paris flowers in her wavy chesnut hair, and her whole style and toilette unmistakably thorough-bred. Dunbar lounged up to her, leant his arm on the piano, and resumed their dinner conversation.

She had in her hand the *Pot-Pourri*, the monthly in which "Charlie Cheroots" was coming out, with sundry other slashing articles by Latakia, political or satirical.

"Isn't he clever, this Latakia, Captain Dunbar?" began Beatrice. "I think all he writes is delightful. I wish I knew his real name. Can't you tell it me?"

"I grieve to refuse you, but I mustn't, indeed, for he wishes to keep his incognito," answered the hypocritical Latakia.

"Do you know him, then?"

"Yes. I know as much of him as most people do."

"Oh! how tiresome you are. Can't you tell me his name?" cried the young lady. "I should so love to know him; he is so amusing. Isn't he very nice?"

Dunbar stroked his moustaches, and looked dissent. "N—no. I don't think so. He has a great many faults, and has done many naughty things in his life. He is very fond of satirising other people, and might look at home with advantage. Like Pendennis, he's his own greatest enemy and best friend. He has talents, perhaps; but he fritters them away."

"Fritters them away, when he writes such things as the May article on the Crimean question!" cried Beatrice, looking charmingly indignant. "Well! you are not very complimentary to your friend; one would think you were jealous of him. Poor Latakia! it is well he cannot hear you."

"You are severe, Miss De Vaux," said Dunbar, with an injured expression. "I was only saying the truth. I like Latakia; nobody better. But he has a good many faults, and I can't be blind to them."

"Well! I am sorry," said Beatrice, arching her pretty pencilled eyebrows. "I like his writing; he is witty, without straining at wit; racy, without ever being coarse; he draws society like a man of the world, and depicts character as only one can who has a deep insight into human nature; and bitterly as he lashes social follies or frauds, you can see under all his satire a true warm sympathy with what is noble in life, and an under vein of sadness which tells you that though he laughs, scoffs, and jests, he has not lived without tasting sorrow."

I don't doubt it was very pleasant to Dunbar to hear himself so energetically defended by such a champion as Beatrice, with her dark eyes beaming, her haughty little head raised, and her delicate cheeks flushed; but he didn't let himself seem so. He merely bowed his head.

"Latakia will be very flattered when I tell him how happy he is in your good opinion."

Beatrice looked a little annoyed at his quizzical smile. "Oh!" she said, carelessly, "I admire talent wherever I meet with it. I like to see any man boldly stemming the current of public opinion, and stating frankly his own thoughts, even where they are most at issue with the

renewed prejudices of society; and you, even, must admit, that your friend does this."

"Yes; certainly," said Dunbar. "I only don't fancy him as clever as he'd make himself out. But are you not terribly anxious, Miss De Vaux, to know whether Charlie Cheroots marries Lucille or Lady Adeliza? Shall I write and ask Latakia?"

Beatrice gave him a pretty half-annoyed, half-amused glance, put her head up and looked disdainful, and, turning to the piano, sang the "Fleur de l'Ame" with a thrilling, *passionnée*, pathetic voice, that went near to making poor Popleton weep. Dunbar asked her to play "Amour et Fanatisme" for him; and addressed the "Chrétienne aux longs yeux bleus" with such artistic style that Beatrice began to forgive him, and they sang Italian bravuras till the rest of the Donkeyshire grew mad with envy.

When he and I, with Eagle and Popleton, drove back to Snobleton in the dog-cart, Dunbar refreshed himself with a good laugh.

"By Jove, Van, that critique was beautiful! I shouldn't be half so flattered if the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, or the *Times* were to tell me I beat every romancist hollow, from Le Sage to Bulwer. Didn't Beatrice come out. I give you my word, when she asked me so seriously if I didn't think myself clever, I could have burst with laughter."

"You'll be more likely to get puffed up with vanity," murmured Pop, who was rather cross, for the Breloques had not been at the meeting, as we know it would kill "the county" to mix for a second with "the town."

"No, most wise Ginger," answered Dunbar, seriously, whipping up the mare, "I shall never be fat, thank Heaven. I'm too muscular; and if I ever require my waistcoats extended one tenth of an inch, I shall turn vegetarian, and drink vinegar, as Adela Breloques has done for the last ten years (if one may judge from the sharpness of her nose), with many other stout quasi juveniles."

Poor Pop shrank into himself. He learnt what it was to try satire with the author of Charlie Cheroots.

"'Pon my life, it's odd how well Beatrice read my character in describing Latakia's," said Dunbar, as we sat smoking that night. "I don't mean in the flattery about my talents, &c., but in the 'underlying sadness,' as the young lady styled it, and in the enjoyment I take in pitching into that double-distilled Donkey Society. She's right enough, Van, that I've had my share of sorrow, though nobody would think it; and she has read my nature truer in my writings than anybody ever did yet."

I smiled. "You've forgiven her the Latin, then?"

"Latin? Oh yes; she's nothing of the *bas bleu* about her, so it don't matter. I suppose she picked up a smattering of Horace from Charlie's tutor; she's a clever little thing—very intelligent, and has something to say for herself. What a treat that is now-a-days, when the girls one meets are all well-dressed puppets—nothing better, and can only lisp their inane nonsense about Lady A.'s last ball, or Lady B.'s new bonnet; or how pleasant a *valseur* young D. is, or what a lovely pug Captain E. has given 'em. There are plenty of pretty heads on pretty shoulders, but precious few with anything inside them. They have

unexceptionable coiffeurs, and hair 'dome' to a nicety; but they're like whipped cream, all outside show, and in the little geese's heads you look in vain for stuffing."

"How eloquent we are! Put that down for Part XII. of Charlie Cheroots, and add that it was inspired by Dunbar's Beatrice, second only to Dante's."

"Who is a charming exception to the general run of young ladies, for which Latakia will amuse himself with her company as often as possible. By George! that reminds me I've got to finish all my October things for the *Pot-Pourri*, the *Liberalist*, and the *Equality Review*. I'll sit up and write to-night. You're off to bed, Van. Push me those Cubas before you go. Thank you. Pleasant dreams, old fellow."

III.

THE REVIEW, AND THE PRESENTATION OF THE COLOURS BY BEATRICE.

TIME slipped away, and the Donkeyshire's best drilled company seemed to me only an awkward squad. We seemed to try with all our might to realise *Fisch's* '48 Militia pictures, and if we didn't parade when it was wet with our umbrellas up, it was merely because half the Donkeyshire didn't possess such articles. The most martial man among us was our Podirious M'Dougall, who had grown the fiercest moustache in the regiment, and, as I have said, never parted with his sword, but went clanking about with it at all hours of the day up the High-street and down the market-place, the ting-ting it played on the pavé making, I suppose, sweet music to his medical ears.

The most notable event that occurred was the arrest of Spoon, an ensign, son of a Snobleton brewer. When stealing at dusk into the garden of Miss Backboard's Academy, to visit the lovely object of his passion, he was ignominiously taken up by a policeman for trespassing, and had to pay the cost of the virtuous Backboard's prosecution. The Covey continued very great guns, Fanny making desperate love to Charlie and Sophy to Dunbar, old Toffy shutting both eyes tight, like a sensible parent as he was.

The Breloques gave carpet-dances twice a week, and waltzed the ensigns into rapturous adoration, and poor Pop nearly into a proposal. Pop would have compromised himself entirely if a Snobleton solicitor hadn't shown him some notes (facsimile of the dainty billets-doux the ensign daily received) which Adela had written him only six months before, which unlucky discovery a little damped the militiaman's ardour, and made him sing, "Hopeless, I've watched thee," and "I know a maiden fair to see," so drearily and dreadfully, that Eagle, who lived next him, was driven to change his lodgings. Dunbar, meanwhile, was constantly riding over to Springley, taking books, floss silk, beads, potichomanie and diaphanie, new crayons, gold for illuminating, or any other little commissions Beatrice chose to give him. There was no duenna at Springley. Lady de Vaux was dead, and Sir Cadwallader's sister, a mild old lady, devoted to lapdogs and knitting, was as good as nobody. There were plenty of guests, to be sure, but none of them thought it their business to spy on their young hostess. Sir Cadwallader was shut up in his library, or out at the sessions, or attending some other magisterial duties; so

Dunbar sang, and read, and chatted with Beatrice as much as he liked, which was whenever he wasn't drilling or shooting over the Springley preserves. And they had at once so much that was akin and so much that was different (*l'harmonie dans les sentimens et l'opposition dans les caractères*, as Dunbar quoted), that Latakia fell in love for the two hundred and sixtieth, and Beatrice for the first, time in their lives.

All the two months through we'd been fancying the Duke of Cambridge, or the illustrious Field-Marshal author of our hat, would come down to review us, but as they didn't, we thought we'd review ourselves, and I don't doubt we pleased ourselves a great deal better than we should have done them. At this review Sir Cadwallader thought he'd bestow a pair of colours on the Donkeyshire, and the little white hands of his daughter were to give them away.

"Il promet plus de beurre que de pain," whispered Beatrice, pointing to our redoubtable motto, "Noli me tangere."

"No, it doesn't," said Dunbar, laughing. "It's quite true the gallant corps never will be touched—by powder. A donkey's ears, with the motto 'Awkward Squad,' would be more appropriate than that rising sun and royal arms."

"Why do you waste your time then, and lower yourself by belonging to them?" asked Beatrice. "I should have thought both your spirit and inclination would have led you long ago before Sebastopol."

"They would, but for an affair with Trelawney, which shut the service upon me. Else I should have been at Alma and Balaklava with poor Jack. But, however, plenty of better fellows than I have been shot down in that thankless cause, and I hope you don't wish I were among the number." And Dunbar made his handsome eyes very sorrowful and touching. The upward look he got answered him fully.

All Snobleton came to see us reviewed. There were three carriages from Springley, and Beatrice in her own little trap, with four black Shetlands that put me in mind of Cinderella's mice; the Popleton vehicle, with a gorgeous hammercloth and coat-of-arms as big as life (the banker's grandfather had kept the Marquis's Arms, but they dropped that reminiscence, you see), and Georgie Pop inside it, cosmetiqued, fixatriced, and got up to a T; the Breloques, in a hired clarence, with entire conservatories emptied out on their bonnets, and a thousand prepared minauderies and ready-made smiles to trap the unwary. The Covey, too, came with their bosom friend Miss Boddington, a job-master's daughter, in a landau from the paternal Boddington's stables, and boldly took their stand in the inner circle, to the immeasurable disgust of the Snobleton "aristocracy."

Then there were a great many on foot who couldn't see themselves and wouldn't let anybody else, who were constantly breaking the line and getting mixed up among the bayonets; and there was Sir Cadwallader riding about very grand and stern on a kicking black horse, and Mount Etna swearing till he was black in the face, and the rest of the gallant Donkeyshire doing all that they ought not to do, and leaving undone all that they ought to do. Our bugler burst forth in the "British Grenadiers," the fife in "The girls we leave behind us," the clarionet in "Cheer, boys, cheer," and the drum in an incessant tattoo in harmony with nothing; and amidst this fanfaronade the manœuvres commenced.

I cannot describe them, they were far too beautifully complex; Williams of Kars himself would have been bewildered by those intricate and marvellous evolutions. It was specially grand when we got mixed up with the crowd, and Stokes, a private in my company, impaled a small boy on his bayonet to the destruction of a pinafore and a leather belt; and when we formed into square, and my servant, firing with his eyes shut, as was his custom, à la Winkle, discharged his blank cartridge straight into Sir Cadwallader's face, thereby ruffling the baronet's aristocratic equanimity to a very unaristocratic extent. The evolutions over, two drums were set in the middle of the cricket-field, with the colours laid upon them; the Donkeyshire formed round, and Beatrice, with her pretty mixture of girl's gaiety and woman's self-possession, descended from her pony-carriage. She gave Dunbar, who was looking at her with admiring approval, a side glance and a smile as she walked to the drums with that thorough air of "lady" that the Georgie Pops and Adela Breloques never can carry, let 'em dress as well as they will. She made the regiment a pretty speech in her soft, clear voice, as she gave the colours to the two youngest ensigns. There was, of course, an immense deal of huzzaing, old Mount made a flowery oration to Beatrice, and we marched round the field, Charlie carrying the Queen's and Spoon the regimental colours, and the band playing "God save the Queen," the bugle at a gallop, the fife at a slow trot, the clarionet at the pace of the Dead March, and the drum performing the variations peculiar to itself. We gave them a luncheon afterwards in a tent used for the Snobleton flower-shows; and Dunbar sat himself next Beatrice, his handsome eyes discoursing most eloquently.

"Who are those two persons Charlie is so dévoué to?" asked Beatrice, when the luncheon was nearly over, glancing at the bottom of the tent, where her brother, in reckless forgetfulness of Sir Cadwallader, had outraged every virtuous feeling of the Snobleton élite by placing the Covey.

"Their name is Toffy. Will you take some dindon désossé?"

"Thank you. Do they live in Snobleton? Who are they?"

"Two handsome women," laughed Dunbar, not willing, for Charlie's sake, to enlighten her concerning the belles of "notre magasin."

"But not ladies," said Beatrice, looking at them with a little disgust, and thinking Dunbar's silence rather odd. "A laugh will tell a lady, you know, as Latakia says." And her own laugh rang clear and musical.

"You flatter Latakia very much by remembering his idle words."

"'Idle' words! There you are, depreciating your unhappy friend again. I am afraid you are of a very envious disposition, monsieur. By the way, I am angry with dear Latakia for his September number. He speaks so naughtily about women, as if we were only fit to be his lordship's toys, and it were supreme condescension to elevate us even so high. He seems to conceive that if we are pretty we must of necessity be silly, and that our highest office in this world must be to warm his highness's slippers and fill his mightiness's meerschaum!"

Dunbar liked nothing better than to set Beatrice off on her sex's rights. She looked so pretty in her animated tilting, when she put her red lance in rest and charged him full gallop.

"Well, those are duties any amiable wife would perform, are they not?" he said, with what Beatrice called his provoking smile.

"Duties? Odious word! If those are Latakia's ideas, he had better marry his housemaid, she'll be more used to waiting on him, and do it better. It is a pity gentlemen with such notions of wives' duties don't turn Mahometans, and keep a thousand slaves."

"It would be pleasant, but I'm afraid it might be expensive," answered Dunbar, thoughtfully. "One would want such a large house, that's the worst of it."

Beatrice pulled her gloves on impatiently, and arched her pretty eyebrows contemptuously.

"And as I say, after all," continued her tormentor, "if one marries a good, sensible girl, not too accomplished, and not pretty enough to be vain, who feels her inferiority to us, and doesn't seek for admiration, but has a needle at hand if a button comes off, and can keep a check on the cook's expenses, and knows when a dinner is well served, why, that is all one wants in a wife."

"And I hope that is all you will ever get!" cried pretty, accomplished, brilliant Beatrice, as innocent of needlework and housewifery as Dunbar himself. "Marry my maid, she will suit you exactly. She has all the serviceable qualities you require, and you will not be troubled with too much wit, beauty, or intellect. If I were you, I would advertise in the *Times*—'A wife wanted, neither head nor heart desirable, but a strong pair of hands indispensable. N.B. Housemaids and pastrycooks are particularly eligible for the situation.'"

And Miss Beatrice spoke very angrily and disdainfully, with her soft eyes flashing, but her cheeks were pale, and tears glistened on her lashes. Dunbar laughed heartily, he was so happy. He thought to himself, "Unless she cared for me, what I say wouldn't trouble her quite so much."

"Hallo, Pussy, quarrelling with Dunbar," said Charlie, leaning over her, having summarily deserted the Covey on catching his governor's eye fixed inquiringly on Fanny and Sophy.

"Quarrelling? Dear me, no, Charlie. What could make you think so? Captain Dunbar and I were only comparing notes, to see how utterly different all our opinions are," answered Beatrice, carelessly buttoning her right-hand glove.

"That's quarrelling, Pussy. Fie! it's very naughty to be cross to Dunbar, when only such a little time ago you told me you loved him," whispered Charlie.

Beatrice stared at him, turned scarlet, then white, caught Dunbar's eyes and dropped her own, in the most miserable fix a young lady ever was placed in. Then her self-possession came to her aid, and she tried to look haughty with all her might, though her hand shook, and she breathed quickly.

"Carlton! what an absurd jest. I should think you scarcely know what you are saying."

"Oh yes, I do, Pussy," answered Charlie, coolly. "I assure you, 'pon my honour, though you may pretend to deny it before him, that you did really and truly say you loved my friend Lennox Dunbar."

Beatrice tried hard to conceal her agitation, and succeeded.

"You disgrace yourself, Carlton, not me. Captain Dunbar, have the goodness to take me to papa."

"Wait a bit, Pussy; just let a fellow speak," said Charlie, in a low tone. "Don't get so deucedly stiltified. I repeat that, whether you unsay it just because Dunbar's here or not, that you distinctly told me, after reading the July number of the *Pot-Pourri*, and some things in the *Equality Review*, that you loved—yes, loved—Latakia!"

"Latakia!" repeated Beatrice, the light dawning on her. "Are *you* Latakia?" she cried, turning to Dunbar, the colour mounting in her cheeks.

"Yes; and happy indeed am I to be Latakia, if anything I ever had the good fortune to write has amused one hour of yours, or won me one word of your approval," whispered Dunbar, bending down to her.

Beatrice put her hand into his offered arm, and looked up with naïve joy in his face, quite forgiving him his heathenish matrimonial doctrines.

"To think that you should be Latakia! How glad I am! If I hadn't been so stupid I should have guessed it long ago. Oh, now you will promise me, won't you, to make Charlie Cheroots marry dear little Lucille?"

"That I will, to please you, though I've had some idea of killing her, to punish Cheroots for his naughtiness; and, Beatrice, will *you* promise *me* not to deny to Lennox Dunbar the love you in jest gave to Latakia?"

He spoke in a whisper as he leant over the pony-carriage, for her old aunt, plague take her! sat on the other side. He felt a tiny pressure of his hand as she dropped the reins and stooped to pick them up; and then the four mice bowled away his fairy queen, and he was obliged to content himself as best he might.

"Clever fellow Dunbar is," said Connyngname of the Tenth, that evening, in the Springley drawing-room. "It's a crying shame to bury himself with such a set of asses. That famous duel of his lost the service a splendid soldier."

"Yes, he is clever, and very agreeable," answered sententious Sir Cadwallader. "I was sorry to hear such reports of him as Mr. Altarcloth told me to-day."

Altarcloth was the perpetual curate of St. Purification's, whom Dunbar caricatured in his church-service.

"What about?" asked Connyngname, listlessly.

"About him and the daughters of Toffy, the confectioner, with whom he lodges," answered the baronet, lowering his tone, lest his daughter should be contaminated. "They are fine women—very fine women, certainly—but Altarcloth tells me Dunbar's conduct with them is—anything but what it should be." And Sir Cadwallader, who, being a county member, thought it expedient to be very puritanic, rigid, and oblivious of his own youth, lifted his eyebrow and shook his head.

Connyngname laughed. "The Covey! Oh, I dare say; crinoline was always his favourite game."

Beatrice turned round, her dark eyes flashing, and her cheek flushed. "Dear papa, do you listen to what Mr. Altarcloth tells you? There is not a greater scandal-monger in all Donkeyshire. Surely you do not allow that hypocritical pet preacher to influence you against an intimate friend?"

Sir Cadwallader stared aghast. He had seen very little of Beatrice: if other people had spoilt her, he had never yielded to such weakness. "My dear Beatrice, when I desire your opinion, I can request it. The subject of our conversation was one it would have been more becoming in you not to have listened to or entered upon."

"You are quite right, papa; scandal is never improving," answered his child, with mischievous humility; though, as she remembered Dunbar's queer manner about the Miss Toffys, Pussy's heart sank twenty degrees, and beat fast as Connyngshame said to her father:

"Sophy Toffy's a very fine woman: I assure you her figure's almost as good as the empress's. She was talking to Dunbar in his room the other day when I called on him, and I'd a—ha! ha!—very good chaff at him, I can tell you, when she left: but, somehow, Dunbar isn't an easy fellow to chaff; you always get a sharper cut than you give."

"I heard he was deucedly smitten; so seriously that he thought of marrying the girl," said another man; "but I wouldn't believe *that*, you know. Dunbar's too old a hand for anything so verdant."

Sir Cadwallader frowned, and changed the subject.

Scorning herself for being jealous of the Covey, but hating them with all the hot, reasonless, fiery hate with which a girl in love hates any woman to whom her "alter idem" only says "Good morning!" Beatrice listened to this gossip, to which, in the earlier stage of his residence at "notre magasin," my friend, to say the truth, had given a corner-stone, which is always enough to build a large temple for gossip in a country town.

Beatrice recalled his unwillingness to speak of the Covey, the haste with which he dismissed the subject, but thought, "Yet, if he likes me, he can't care for such girls as those *now*, whatever he may have done before." With which womanlike reasoning Beatrice went to the carriage to drive to the Snobleton Theatre, her heart as unquiet and fearful as partridges in October, wondering when Dunbar would repeat the question he put to her that morning.

IV.

HOW DUNBAR WENT TO THE MISS TOFFYS' BOX AT THE SNOBLETON THEATRE, AND THEREBY PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.

"HALLO, Charlie!" said I, at mess, that night, "it's lucky your governor can't see without his glass, or you'd have had a pretty row to-day. Why ain't you wide awake, my boy, and make love—if you will make it—more under the rose?"

"A luncheon's not precisely the place for spoonyism," lisped Eagle. "But perhaps he's serious, and took the opportunity to introduce Sir Cadwallader to his daughter-in-law."

"The devil!—no, Eagle," said Dunbar, "Charlie wouldn't stoop to the Covey any more than your love, Lady L——, would stoop to you."

The gin-merchant's offspring winced. Charlie coloured, and talked fast to Spoon about some pointers.

"Does Fanny tell you, De Vaux," asked Ginger-pop, "how many fellows she's sworn fidelity to over cherry-tipple and mock-turtle?"

"You might know, Pop, without asking," interposed the champion of Beatrice's brother. "Does Adela confide to you the rings she exchanged

with Dr. Montrose and Granby of the Twenty-first, or the notes she bothered Stiggins, and Rawlinson, and Spencer with, or the moonlight walks she took young Battson and that good-looking cashier at the Bank? You can tell by Miss Breloques whether ladies are given to favouring one with accounts of previous love affairs that were no go, and baits that wouldn't take."

How pleasant it was to Popleton! Caesar's (future) wife was *not* above suspicion.

"Deuced sharp that fellow is—sharp as a needle—love to hear him pitch into 'em," muttered Mount Etna, approvingly.

We got up to go to the theatre, which was opened that night for the first time by a manager whose spirit of enterprise beat Columbus's hollow, since Snobleton set its face, on principle, dead against anything amusing, and was parson-bestridden till it had no tin for anything but parochial testimonials and red handkerchiefs for heathens. Dunbar slipped his arm into Charlie's as we went down the inn steps. "So, you've actually been green enough to give Miss Fan a promise of marriage?"

"A written one," murmured poor Charlie.

"Oh, of course. Never knew a young one do a thing by halves. So, do you actually mean us to see in the *Times* the nuptials of 'Carlton de Vaux, only son of Sir Cadwallader de Vaux, of Springtey, Donkeyshire, to Fanny, eldest daughter of Nathaniel Toffy, confectioner, Snobleton?' You'll get the wedding-cake for nothing, that's a consideration, certainly. I suppose you'll ask your sister to be bridesmaid?"

"Confound you, Dunbar! you know I never meant anything of *that* sort," burst in the unlucky ensign. "I gave it one evening when, I believe, I'd taken more of old Toffy's rum-and-water than was good for me; and—and—you know a fellow's driven into such things sometimes."

"I believe you, my innocent; and Fanny's a first-rate whip. I'd something of the same kind myself when I was a boy at Trinity. She was the arrantest flirt that ever fixatriced her bandeaux—a wicked little Melusine!—but the rascally jury gave her damages for three hundred, like donkeys as they were," said Dunbar, pausing to relight his cigar. "So you wish, now, that luckless promise had never been given?"

"Yes, by George I do!" swore poor Charlie. "You see, I thought I was very much in love with Fanny—so I was a month ago—but those things don't last, you know; and she's as nasty a temper as my bay mare."

Dunbar laughed for a good five minutes. "Oh! the stuff the boys call love, I declare it's as bad as giving cabbage-leaf for regalia, or gooseberry for chablis! However, I've passed plenty of the counterfeit myself in my time, so I mustn't talk. You goose—you very goose! I didn't think you'd have been trapped so easily, Charlie."

"Well, she's very handsome," began the ensign, apologetically; "and she said, if I didn't promise to marry her, she'd turn me over for that little wretch, young Boddington—at the livery-stables, you know."

"Fugh! Charlie—a De Vaux rivalling a Boddington! The devil! Sir Cadwallader would have apoplexy if he knew it. Why didn't you turn her over to the job-master? It would have been the best thing for all parties."

"Well! but what could a fellow do?"

"Do? Balk his fancy of half a hundred Fanny Toffys rather than entangle himself with such a set of sharps. I dare say old Toffy keeps you well up to hand, doesn't he? Talks no end of nonsense about blighted reputations, withered affections, and all the rest of it, eh?"

"I believe you," groaned miserable Charlie.

"Thought as much. Well, I shall have to help you, I suppose. See if I can't talk the confectioner into reason, and persuade the Covey that they'll never get Springley and the title, and that they may as well take a quiet *douceur* at once, like sensible women. You've taken them tickets to-night, I suppose? Which box?"

"No. Four," answered the Covey's victim. "'Pon my soul, Dunbar, if you can get that unlucky bit of paper out of old Toffy's clutches, I shall never know how to thank you—upon my word I shan't."

"Wait till I've done it, my dear boy; and as for thanks, they only bore me. If I serve any man I like, I serve myself. Here's the lobby. You go to some other box, keep close to Van or the colonel, and show the Covey the rebellion's begun." With which advice Dunbar threw down his four shillings, took off his undress-cap, and proceeded to the Covey's box.

There were the Miss Toffys unchaperoned, shining in great brilliance, in scarlet opera-cloaks and paste jewels. They received the handsome captain with great cordiality. Sophy was always very sentimental with him, sighed as she spoke to him, and put flowers and such-like delicate attentions in his rooms—things which Dunbar, whose head was just then full of higher game, was scarcely so touched by as Sophy anticipated. Dunbar's object being conciliation, he made himself very agreeable to the Covey during the first act of "The Stranger," which lively and inspiring play the manager had selected for his first representation. Regardless of the averted eyes and shocked feelings of the few Snobletonians of the dress circle, Dunbar, intent on Charlie's business, was talking and laughing, leaning against the side of the box, his sash touching Sophy's black ringlets, when, putting his glass in his eye to look round the house, he saw Beatrice De Vaux sitting in the centre box, her soft, long eyes, now haughty and flashing, fixed on him.

"If that isn't the very devil!" thought Dunbar. "The deuce! she may have been here these twenty minutes, and if she thinks herself neglected for the Covey, I shall have been and gone and done it with a vengeance!" With which consolatory reflection he summarily left the Toffys and went into the De Vaux's box. With the remembrance of his parting words to her, and her answer (by eyes), anything but repulsive, Dunbar naturally bent down towards Beatrice with still more *empressement* than ever, and looked a continuation of his valedictory address. But Beatrice sat pale and reserved, with her eyes fixed unswervingly on the stage, replied to his questions with cool monosyllables, and behaved so wholly unlike her usual soft, winning, lively self, that Dunbar's pride, quite as unmanageable and hard-moulded an animal as hers, began to take fright and to kick at its traces. Perhaps his love was unwelcome: besides, possibly her silence had meant *dissent* in the morning, and at the idea my lord rose in his stirrups and turned restive. Proud, high-mettled Dunbar would have shot himself rather than urge an unacceptable suit.

The memory, too, of a thousand encouragements she had given him spurred him up to hiding from this little coquette all she cost him; so he crushed down all he suffered, and, turning away from Beatrice, began talking and laughing with Connyngame. And the two who had talked love in the morning, parted with a chill "Good evening!" that night.

V.

A BALL—AN ACCIDENT—AND A WEDDING.

THE next night we gave a ball in junction with the yeomanry—noble creatures, who squeezed themselves into tight green jackets, and mounted fat cart-horses, one week, annually, when their manœuvres were a sight second in grandeur only to our own.

The yeomen, being volunteers, weren't excluded from their officers' ball. Dunbar tried hard to keep 'em out, but it wouldn't do. It was the custom for Strap the leatherseller's and Last the bootmaker's wives to dance in the same room with the De Vaux, the Fitzcockywhoops, and the Pursangs of Donkeyshire; and dance they would, for all Dunbar or anybody else.

Everybody in Snobleton, I believe, was at that ball. Georgie Pop was there, and waltzed little Spoon so energetically, that he fell to the ground at last with a great clatter. Adela Breloques was there also, leaning on Popleton's arm; he was solemnly engaged to her, and was very much terrified at his own rashness and his new responsibilities. The Covey were there in rose tarlatan, by invitation of young Boddington, who was a yeoman, and much too fat for his green jacket. Sir Cadwallader was there in his capacity of colonel, but very much injured by contact with Strap and Last. And his daughter was there, high bred, haughty, fascinating, but as pale as her own ghost, looking against the Snobletonians like a *Stephanotis* among field poppies. Dunbar and she were as distant as the two poles. Lennox wasn't made of the stuff to stoop to a flirt who had rejected him. He chanced to be talking to that unlucky Covey as Beatrice entered. She was close to me, and I thought I saw tears in her eyes, but I wasn't sure; at any rate, she turned her head, so that Dunbar couldn't see her, and went up the room as dignified as Sir Cadwallader himself, though she flushed scarlet when Dunbar, after waltzing with Adeliza Fitzcockywhoop, whirled round one of the rose tarlatans in a galop.

"The devil, Dunbar," said I that night, when we got home to "notre magasin," "the other day you and Beatrice were playing at *Strephon* and *Chloris*; now you won't speak to each other. What does it all mean?"

"It means that I've been a fool," said he, his teeth clenched hard on his pipe as he sat looking steadily into the fire. "I've let a woman get a hold on me, so that she can make me happy or miserable like a raw boy of sixteen. I'm not given to heroics, Van, but I swear I would have shot myself like a dog to spare that girl a minute's pain, and yet she treats me as she might her fancy work or her lapdog—takes me up and throws me aside at her pleasure. My God! how mad I have been to care so much for her!"

His face turned as white as death, and the veins on his hand swelled like cords as he grasped the arm of the chair. I stared at him.

"By Jove, Dunbar, I'd no idea it was anything so serious!"

He laughed—very dreary mirth it was—as he rose, saying:

"A man always makes a fool of himself some time in his life, you know, Van. My turn's come at last. I've made playthings of women all these years; it's poetical justice that one of 'em should give me a turn at last. But . . . God help me! I never thought any one would have power to torture me as she does!"

With which Dunbar, who was rarely communicative about his private feelings, bade me an abrupt "Good night," and shut his bedroom door with a clang. The next morning, when we came off parade, Dunbar found Sophy Toffy putting some china-asters in a vase on his mantelpiece. She could see him perfectly come in by the mirror; but she let him get up to her before she gave a start and a little scream, and began to apologise for being there. Dunbar, feeling tired, grave, and miserable, consigned her mentally to his Satanic Majesty; but, having Charlie's cause in view, made her pretty speeches, and drew her into talking over the luckless ensign's promise of marriage. Sophy cried and sentimentalised over her sister's deceived affections, which pathos Dunbar pooh-poohed very soon, and induced her to look at the subject from a business point of view, proving the utter hopelessness of Charlie's ever fulfilling the contract, and offering them more in his own name to keep the affair quiet than they would ever get from an action. Sophy was at last gained over to treating the matter, as she sold meringues and muffins, by £ s. d.; and Dunbar, knowing the eloquence most clear to the Covey's intellect, rewarded his new ally with flowery compliments, and a touch of his moustache on her brunette cheek. At that moment he heard a horse's trot beneath his window, in which they were standing. He looked down; Beatrice's eyes were lifted to the window; as she caught his, she turned her head hastily away, struck her horse sharply, and cantered down the street with Connyngname. "Does she love me, and is she annoyed about the Covey?" thought Dunbar, hope flashing in on him, while he swore roundly at himself for being such an idiot as to take up Charlie's cause, and, above all, to hold his congress on it in a window opening on to the street.

That afternoon he galloped over to Springley; Sir Cadwallader received him rather stiffly, told him he had sent Beatrice for a month to Hastings with her aunt, and Dunbar, repressing, out of regard for Charlie, a strong desire to tell the priggish old baronet that but for him he'd have had a confectioner's daughter for his belle-fille, trotted back to mess more down in the mouth than he, gay, brilliant Latakia, would have been supposed capable of being under the gloomiest circumstances. But the truth was, Dunbar was mad about the girl (it was his last love, as he said, and strong in proportion), and when men are at that, you know, my good sir, we are none of us quite accountable.

Charlie was sitting in his lodgings buried in an arm-chair, his feet on the mantelpiece, smoking, and reading a French novel. Down on the fiftieth page of "*Amaranthe, ou les Mystères de Versailles*," fell a sheet of note-paper; Charlie caught it up with a shout as he saw his unhappy promise to make the charming Fanny Mrs. De Vaux, and felt Dunbar's hand laid on his shoulder.

"No thanks, young fellow! Let the warning keep you out of similar

scrapes, that's all, when I mayn't be by to act guardian angel; and take my word for it, Charlie, there's no worse clog to a man entering life than the sort of entanglement you'd got into for the sake of a woman who began by taking advantage of you, and who'd have ended by lowering and dragging you down to her own level had she retained that hold upon you. Remember that, *mon garçon*, when next you're near being trapped into an engagement in your green youth."

"On my word, Dunbar, I don't know how to thank you enough," cried Charlie. "You're a deuced good fellow—on my honour, you are! But the Covey didn't let you have this for nothing, or if they did, old Toffy wouldn't."

"Of course not, my juvenile. But never mind that; you couldn't pay the damage without recourse to the governor or the Jews; it will be time enough to settle with me when you come into the title."

Dunbar wouldn't add that a thousand pounds of his own was lying in Toffy's till, who wouldn't yield for a farthing less, and chuckled much over the good thing he had made out of his daughter's blighted affections, &c. Beatrice didn't guess what a champion love for her had gained Charlie.

She was away a month, which month Dunbar spent in going out with the Donkeyshire hunt, trying hard to gallop down over five-bar gates and staken-bound fences, a passion that had grown a good deal too strong for him, and flamed away in her absence like a carcass-rocket.

"Dunbar looks as seedy as if he'd been cleaned out at the Goodwood or lodged in the Queen's Bench," said Mount Etna to me. "What the deuce is come to him, Van; not in love, I should hope?"

"Dunbar's too old a hand for such bosh as that."

Beatrice came home one Tuesday morning in December, and that same morning, quite by chance, Dunbar and Charlie drove over to Springley for some pheasant shooting. The keepers and beaters were waiting for them at the lodge, so that they hadn't to waste time by going up to the house, but went at once to the covers.

"By-the-by, Dunbar, Pussy's coming home to-day," said Charlie, as they walked on. "We'll go and pay our respects to her at dinner-time. She's a good little girl, after all, Dunbar. Do you know, I used to think she was fond of you, and you of her, but I suppose I was on the wrong hook, as nothing came of it."

"Ware!" cried Dunbar, by way of answer. A beautiful cock-bird rose from the cover, and then fell dead as he fired. The sport was very good. Dunbar was a splendid shot, and when they threw themselves down under a hedge to refresh themselves with cold capon and Guinness's, both were tolerably satisfied with their morning's work.

"Why, look there, that's Pussy strolling along by herself," cried Charlie, as they finished their luncheon. And he looked over the hedge. "She didn't use to be so partial to solitary promenades in the park."

Dunbar's heart beat as fast as an express train as he saw a form in a grey hat, and a black jacket, and a scarlet petticoat, showing tiny kid boots to perfection, walking unconsciously towards them, with five or six dogs about her.

"Go through the gap, and speak to her. Where on earth is your politeness gone?" laughed Charlie.

Dunbar, longing to go, yet not sure that it would be welcome, pushed his way through a break in the hedge, and went towards her. Charlie followed him quickly; the trigger of his gun caught on a twig, went off, and Dunbar, putting his hand to his side, gave a low cry, and fell forwards on the turf.

"Good Heavens! I have killed him," shrieked the boy. "I have murdered my friend, my dearest friend," as he threw himself beside Dunbar, distracted with grief and terror. But with a cry ten times more full of anguish even than his was, Beatrice ran up and dropped on her knees, her face blanched, and her eyes wild, as she spoke almost inarticulately:

"He will die—he will die! Go for help—go at once. Do you not hear? Not that way," she cried, mad for the moment with agony, "the lodge is nearer. Send the men up to the house. Go, go! or he will die!"

Charlie, scarcely conscious of what he did, staggered off to the lodge, while keepers and beaters flew all ways, some to the house, some for the nearest surgeon.

Beatrice knelt beside him, supporting his head against her, holding her cobweb handkerchief to stanch the blood flowing fast from his side, while the dew stood on her brow, and her heart stopped its throbs. Unused as she was to such scenes, his ashy lips, his closed eyes, the deadly pallor of his face seemed death itself; and Beatrice, as she bent over him, learning how much she loved him, believing that his life was stilled for ever, kissed his cold brow as though to call him back to existence, and prayed for her own life to be taken if only his might be spared. She forgot all about the Covey then. As consciousness came back to him, he felt her hot tears on his cheek, and, slowly unclosing his eyes, saw her face bending over him. He thought he was in delirium, but the madness at least was heaven. He tried to speak, the words were under his breath, but she heard them.

"Do you love me, then?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Beatrice, thick sobs choking her voice, and the blood rushing into her cheeks. "You will live yet, oh, thank Heaven!"

"You love me," repeated Dunbar, ecstasy beaming in his face; then his eyes closed, and his head fell back on her knee in utter unconsciousness again.

It was not long before poor Charlie, half beside himself, calling himself a murderer, wishing himself dead, and Heaven knows what other awful retribution, came back, with half the servants and Sir Cadwallader himself, who was secretly scandalised at seeing Beatrice with a man's head on her knee and her hand held to his side, but couldn't, under the circumstances, lecture her thereon. They put him on a stretcher and took him up to the house, where the surgeons pronounced no danger at all, and extracted the shots very easily. He was on the sick list some time though, poor old fellow, but found it very pleasant to be petted, and waited on, and fed with every delicacy she could think of, and made much of by such a nurse as Beatrice, till he couldn't in conscience call himself even convalescent any longer. During that long convalescent time, when she read, and sang, and played to him, and wouldn't let him lift his hand for fear of over-exertion, they came, you're sure, to mutual explanations; and Dunbar said he never was so obliged to any man as

he was to Charlie for shooting him. Beatrice showed him how naturally the attention she saw him pay the Covey verified the reports she had heard; but assured him words could never tell all she had suffered, how much she had loved him, and so on *ad infinitum*. Charlie, in the agonies of remorse, had confided to his governor the affair of the Covey, and Sir Cadwallader, when Dunbar informed him in a decided manner that he wished to marry his daughter, couldn't very well have refused; indeed, I don't know that he desired to do so, for Lennox was as good blood as the De Vaux, and had "very fair expectations."

"But, Lennox," whispered Beatrice, laughingly, on Christmas-day, as she drove him to church in her little trap, "I thought you wanted a plain, quiet, sensible girl, not too much accomplished, who could sew on buttons, and keep an eye on the cook? I'm dreadfully useless, you know. If I were to sew on anything one minute, it would come off the next; and though I can make a party go off well, I haven't a notion of ordering a dinner. You will have head and heart, but you won't have hands."

"Yes I shall, pretty little white ones, that wear 5's gloves. Head and heart will suit me rather better, ma belle. Sewing and housekeeping are all very well where they're wanted, but I must say I prefer an intellect that can cope with mine, and a clever tongue that will amuse me. Depend on it, love, there would be happier marriages if women were capable, like you, of elevating and interesting a man, instead of thinking their duty done when they've ordered the dinner or seen the children dressed. Women should be companions, to raise and to amuse and to *keep* the love won, not nurses or upper servants, as too many think it a credit to be. When I was a boy, hope painted such a one as yourself; later on, I only pictured her in dreams, despairing of meeting my ideal among the inane artificialities or uninteresting common-places with which society is crowded, but now——" And Dunbar dashed straight into passionate praises and assurances that he wasn't half good enough for her, which was all bosh, for he's good enough for anybody, dear old fellow! But that's always the way people talk *before* marriage; *after* it they're given to thinking themselves *too* good, and tell you they've thrown themselves away.

About the middle of February a great and sudden woe fell upon Snobleton. The Donkeyshire were ordered off to Aldershott, where, inspired by the sight of the regulars, I suppose they hoped at the War-office (how vain a hope!) that we might learn in time *not* to march double-quick when "Halt!" was cried, and *not* to kill and slay our brother rankmen with unruly ramrods. Into camp we were ordered, and we and all Snobleton wept. No more could we shirk early parade, no more could we go our rounds on pouring nights with dainty umbrella and shiny goloshes to protect us, no more could we scramble through our manœuvres in any style we chose—no more! We were going into camp with the men of the Punjab and the Cape, and the eyes of a hundred martinets would be on our short-comings.

Dunbar, happy dog! had thrown up his commission, and was going to sun himself at Nice and Florence, instead of being quartered in log huts on snowy ground in damp, disagreeable, chilly February. We gave him *such* a farewell dinner; and the speeches we made him on his desertion of the Donkeyshire were so pathetic, that Popleton, moved either by them

or by too much wine, nearly cried as he reverted to the Monday night's loo at "notre magasin," "now dim memories of an irrevocable past."

The 20th of February was Dunbar's wedding-day, and we came out full force in Springley church, I can tell you. Pop and Spoon, who thought the yellow facings peculiarly embellishing, bemoaned the melancholy fact that mufti was the r gle for wedding breakfasts; but the band stationed themselves in the full glory of their unique costume, and actually contrived to play "Haste to the wedding" all together for once; it wasn't particularly appropriate, but that didn't matter—the amount of crash and noise was the thing aimed at. Beatrice looked very charming in her cloud of bridal gossamer. Dunbar swears to this day, that when she murmured the service after an episcopal uncle of hers, she said, "I, Beatrice, take thee, Latakia!"

There were [a dozen bridesmaids, harassing visions of whom, in white tulle and holly wreaths, tortured Spoon and shook Pop's fidelity for months afterwards. There were all the Fitzcockywhoops and Pursangs, a sprinkling from the Peerage and Baronetage, and a good dash of the Army and Navy. I'm afraid there was more fun and nonsense at the breakfast than Sir Cadwallader quite liked or thought good ton, but it was a jolly affair altogether, though Dunbar worked himself nearly into a fever with impatience at it, and was in a state bordering on distraction till he got Beatrice safe in the carriage, and sprang in himself, with a hasty "Good-by, old fellows!"

"Well," said Mount Etna that night at mess, "I can't say, gentlemen, you've shown much aptitude in learning the drill, but I'll confess you haven't been laggards in learning of Master Cupid."

"By Jove, no!" lisped Eagle. "The Donkeyshire's shown itself a very inflammable corps. Dunbar's got a wife——"

"And Pop a promised one," said Spicer.

"Questionable benefits," chuckled old Mount.

"And Spoon an idol shrined in Backboard's precious college."

"And Fanny, Charlie's turquoise ring and bijouterie unnumbered."

"And Sophy, Spicer's yellow-boys and tender memories of Latakia."

"All which goes to prove that 'Ours' have made asses of themselves," summed up old Mount. "The deuce! this town must be as full of love as a bomb of powder. Thank God we march out of it to-morrow, or I might catch the general disease, and saddle myself with a woman—the heaviest baggage, take my word, boys, that a man can drag after him on a march through life; so heavy, that many a poor fellow I have known has been glad to leave it in the rear."

It was our last mess in the Marquis's Arms. On the morrow, farewell to Georgie and to Adela, to the Covey and cozy luncheons in "notre magasin," to easy parades and mock rounds and feather-bed soldiering in sleepy Snobleton. We sat late and drank deep, toasting our lost loves and bewailing our destinies, cursing the War-office that wrote out our Kismet, and laughing loud over Popleton's poetic fire, which, wrought upon by circumstances, and inspired by whisky, found vent in the following effusion, delivered with some hesitation and a few sighs, and a vast deal of drinking on the poet's part:

SNOBLETON'S LAMENT.

A LAY OF FEBRUARY, 1855.

'Tis over, 'tis over, the pang is past,
 The militia is gone—is gone at last!
 They are "gone from our gaze like a beautiful dream,"
 And are whistled away by an engine and steam.
 And oh! for the pen of a Muse to declare
 The heartrending woe of the brave and the fair;
 No lay of Childe Harold, no poem of Poe,
 Was ever so sad as the tale of our woe.
 Ah! little, too little, the Horse Guards can guess
 Of the pain they have caused by ordaining the mess
 To move to that horrid, detestable camp,
 When the snow's on the ground and the weather so damp!
 The last day has come, and the last day has past,
 The bills and the billets-doux both rained in fast,
 But despite ev'ry obstacle off they are sent,
 And poor Snobleton's doomed to a very triste Lent.
 "Notre magasin" 's shut, and deserted its halls,
 The Covey will figure no more at the balls;
 Latakia and Spicer have both taken wing,
 And all that is left of dear Charlie's a ring;
 Fair Adela's spirits to zero have sunk,
 And poor Georgie Pop's in a very great funk.
 The Backboard's fair students may slumber in peace,
 Not again will our Spoon risk the wrath of police!
 The cricket-field's silent, no more the drum's beat
 Is heard as our fellows defile down the street.
 "The milishee's a coming!" was whilom the cry
 That saluted our ears as the colonel rode by;
 But the town's silent now, from the north to the south,
 And cigar-shops look very much down in the month.
 Ladies and ladies' maids neither can sleep,
 And even a bridegroom o'er whisky did weep,
 As he thought of the Monday nights' whist and the loo,
 And bade his East Donkeyshire comrades adieu.
 And "Pussy," too—Springley's particular star—
 Latakia has stolen and whirled off afar;
 But long shall we think of her sweet dancing eyes,
 And bid her "God speed!" wheresoever she flies.
 So, farewell to ye, mess-room Amphitryons all!
 Farewell, ye frequenters of race, hunt, and ball!
 Farewell to ye, gentle réunions for loo!
 Farewell to ye, officers, clever and moux!
 May you never know sorrow a tenth part so great
 As the fair ones of Snobleton suffered of late,
 When their Donkeyshire darlings were cruelly sent
 From boudoir and drawing-room to barrack and tent,
 To practise the goose-step and study the drill,
 While, in the flirting-rooms, silent and still,
 Their Calypsos, forsaken, bewail the dear corps,
 And in tears vote the Horse Guards a terrible bore,
 For snatching from carpet-dance, pic-nic, and ball,
 The Donkeyshire heroes, so dear to them all!

THE STORY OF FRANCESCO NOVELLO DA CARRARA.

AN EPISODE IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

I.

THE north of Italy during the latter part of the fourteenth century was a scene of great confusion. No romance, however vivid the imagination of the writer, could exceed in deep interest the reality which history here presents. Deeds of the blackest crime and of the noblest heroism are brought before us; we may trace the most marvellous adventures, or follow the intricacies of subtle policy and deep design. At every turn we are startled by the ingenuity of the plots, which only Italian tyrants of the fourteenth century could have conceived—tyrants who cared not by what means their ambition was satisfied, and who never paused to calculate the sacrifice of human life they were about to make.

Set aside humane scruples, and a wide field is opened before the ambitious.

To be powerful at this time, in Italy, might almost have been considered synonymous with criminal; for power was generally, if not always, attained through crime, provided that there was no cowardice in the aspirant.

The north of Italy was a kind of patchwork of dukedoms, republics, and seigniories. Each family reigned supreme over the possessions of their forefathers, which would have been ample for private individuals, but were far too small to sustain petty monarchs. The consequence was, that they were too weak to resist invaders, unless aided by some friendly power, and this gave rise to so many interests and counter-interests, to so many jealousies and quarrels, to such perpetual vacillation and change, where passion and inclination rather than justice ruled, that it is hard to disentangle the intricate web by which we find all events, actions, and motives surrounded, and to draw out the distinct biography of an individual such as Carrara, whose position, adventures, and ambition caused him to be mixed up with most of the quarrels of his time and country.

Confusion is the chief difficulty with which we shall have to combat, and to avoid it, as much as possible, it will be necessary for us first to take a cursory glance at the position of Europe at the time when this biography commences, and, secondly, to consider the general state of society in Italy. By doing this we shall be better qualified to understand the people with whom we have here to treat, and shall be able to transport ourselves back to so distant a period with greater ease and less complication of ideas. The other nations of Europe were suffering almost as much as Italy under bad governments and intestine wars, occasioned by the petty quarrels or ambitious designs of individuals.

The empire of Germany had fallen into the hands of Wenceslaus, a weak prince, wholly unworthy of his illustrious father Charles IV., who had himself been but a sorry representative of his predecessors. Wenceslaus reigned about twenty-two years, at the end of which time he was formally deposed by a majority of the Electoral College, whose very

power to do so shows us the weak condition into which this indolent and voluptuous emperor had fallen.

France was given over to anarchy during the minority, and afterwards the insanity, of Charles VI.

England was distracted by the turmoils and seditions enacted during the reign of her fickle and unfortunate monarch Richard II.

Hungary, in consequence of civil wars, was losing all the influence the brave king Louis had gained for his country.

The House of Aragon, which had assumed considerable political standing under Peter IV., had sunk into insignificance in the hands of his indolent successor John; and Switzerland was struggling for freedom from the tyranny which had long oppressed her.

Thus we find all the nations of Europe, whether influential in their political relations or otherwise, fully occupied by their own intestine divisions, and but little capable of interfering with each other.

Civilisation may be said, in many respects, to have reached no very high standing, when moral culture and restraint were at so low an ebb. Men concealed under the gorgeousness of their costume, and the splendour of their entertainments, much that was coarse, barbarous, and contradictory.

Cimabue and Giotto had revived and improved the art of painting, which had been lost in Italy during the tenth and eleventh centuries; and at the time of this biography the whole country was filled with imitators and pupils of the latter artist, who had far outstripped his predecessor and master, Cimabue.

Ornamental art was carried to great perfection, and illumination is considered by some to have been in its zenith. The superior beauty and costliness of all articles used by ecclesiastics at this period, and in the century preceding, is remarkable. It shows us, perhaps, that the Church reformation, which was ere long to burst over Europe, had as yet no dawn in Italy, and that the priests exercised a peculiar power over the minds of the people.* We find the most elaborately decorated and costly chalices, pastoral staffs, candlesticks, reliquaries, sceptres, cups, &c. The priests' robes were most magnificent, and all books of religion were more carefully illuminated than those on other subjects.

It is true that the dress of the nobility, knights, and ladies of the fourteenth century was very rich. The materials were costly, and precious jewels were worn in profusion.

Ladies bored their ears, painted, tightened in their waists, and dyed their hair. We find satirists, even in those times, inveighing bitterly against the vanity of the age and the extravagance of dress. Armour was very splendid, and the workmanship good. Weapons consisted chiefly of lances, scimitars, pole-axes, &c. The art of gunnery was in its infancy. Engineers thought chiefly of the size of the ball to be discharged, and cared little how they expended gunpowder. Great patience had to be exercised, for they often missed their aim, and more frequently still, in spite of all their pains, the ball would obstinately refuse to be discharged, and both time and energy were wasted. The Venetians are supposed to be the first to have made use of the discovery of gunpowder in

* The year 1376 gave birth to the Bohemian reformer John Huss, who was burned to death in 1415.

war at the siege of Chiozza, and the use of it was then greatly objected to, as being unfair and contrary to all rule. Unwieldy though their mortars were, and unskilful as was the management of them, still when they did succeed in striking the enemy by some lucky chance, the destruction created by these ponderous balls was prodigious. We are told that one of the mortars used by Pisani, in the war of Chiozza, carried a marble bullet weighing one hundred and ninety-five pounds. The loading and firing took so much time and care that it could only be effected once a day.

Animal courage was not wanting in those times of perpetual strife. Men loved fighting for its own sake; it was an accomplishment in which every knight and gentleman was skilled, and the tournament and joust made combat a pastime as well as a defence.

This love of fighting, though it was engendered in some measure by the disturbed state of the times, helped to prolong the civil wars and distractions which impoverished every land, and certainly retarded the progress of more diffused knowledge.

Whilst books were hard to obtain, and very costly, learning was naturally confined to few. National literature of the modern world was nevertheless beginning to spring up and bear fruit of the choicest kind. England had produced Chaucer, the father of her poetry; France had given birth to her famous historian Froissart, who was ere long to show forth his genius; and Italy could boast of her Dante, whose immortal poem was penned at the commencement of the fourteenth century. Petrarch had likewise poured forth his love sonnets, which were heard and admired by all; and his friend and brother poet Boccaccio was famed at this same period, besides many minor authors, whose renown has scarcely penetrated beyond their own country.

Printing was not discovered in Germany till the middle of the following century, and until that art came into general use the privilege of reading was confined to those who could afford to purchase books, or who had access to public libraries. Petrarch presented his collection of books to the Venetians, and it served to form the basis of the valuable library of St. Mark. King Robert of Naples, the Marquis of Este, Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, and a great many other sovereigns, expended large sums in collecting choice books, and thus Italy became very rich in libraries. Men of deep erudition and sound learning existed, to make use of the rare privilege of reading thus afforded to them by the rich, but after Dante's death and that of Petrarch there was a dearth of men of inventive genius. The admiration for the gems of past ages crippled men's imaginations, and they preferred being copyists to originators.

Theologians of merit were not rare in Italy, but no names were of sufficient importance to thrust themselves before the world.

The antagonistic factions of the Guelph and Ghibelin, which had played such conspicuous and yet intricate parts in history, still retained their ancient animosity to each other, though the heads of these factions had lost their influence over those who had originally formed themselves to defend their supposed rights.

The great schism in the Church, the removal of the papal chair to Avignon, and afterwards the absurd anomaly of having two popes, had weakened the pontifical influence in Italy; whilst the feebleness of the

empire had effectually destroyed whatever power Germany might have had in Lombardy. Thus the factions of Guelph and Ghibelin were but shadows of what they had been, and the names rather distinguished personal antagonists than the champions of the Empire and of Rome.

We hear of the Emperor Robert forgetting party prejudices altogether, and aiding the Guelph house of Carrara and the Florentine republic.

Having now endeavoured to bring, as clearly as lies in my power, before my readers, the state of the north of Italy at the period when our biography commences, it is time to enter into more minute particulars, and for the better understanding of the position in which Francesco Novello da Carrara found himself when suddenly placed on the throne of Padua, let us turn for a moment, and see how his father had governed, and what had brought his little kingdom to such extremities.

Amongst the disputants of the north of Italy, none were more ambitious, none more cruel, than Francesco Vecchio, the father of the hero of these pages.

The natural position of his territory, in close proximity to that of Venice, made that republic jealous of him. He had always been the implacable enemy of the Venetians, and a subtle, annoying, though unsuccessful, enemy he proved himself to be.

Carrara, the elder, was of a designing, hard nature, incapable of compassion where it was for his interest to be cruel. His conduct whilst in power was so odious, that it takes from us all pity when we find him overwhelmed by adversities, dethroned, imprisoned, and at length murdered.

We may date the enmity between the Venetians and Carrara from the year 1356, when he afforded aid to Louis of Hungary whilst on an expedition against the republic, and from that time this antagonism was nourished by repeated intrigues and insults offered by either party to the other.

Francesco Vecchio has been accused of endeavouring, by unfair means, to become acquainted with the proceedings of the Venetian senators, and of insinuating his influence secretly into their councils. His spies were to be found everywhere, and they communicated daily to him all that had passed in the senate on the previous evening. A monk of St. Jerome, Bartolomeo by name, was one of his chief instruments, and through him many influential personages were won over to views most advantageous to the interests of Carrara.

Yet darker intrigues are laid to the charge of Francesco Vecchio, for it was whispered that he had formed the diabolical project of poisoning the reservoirs which supplied Venice with water. This may have been merely an invention of popular hatred; but one story is better authenticated. It seems that Carrara had a troop of bravos in his employ, and one night he caused all the senators who had spoken against him and his policy to be carried off from their houses in gondolas, and conducted to Padua. Here he reminded them of the offensive words they had used, and threatened to put them to death.

Carrara did not execute this threat, but, repenting of his meditated cruelty, he promised to restore to them their liberty upon their taking a solemn oath never to divulge what had occurred. He then warned them not to perjure themselves, for that his revenge would be speedy. With

this terrible warning they were dismissed from his presence, and conducted back to Venice by night in the same mysterious manner that they had come. Several years elapsed ere the whole transaction was disclosed by the very bravoos who had been employed in the execution of the design. A woman of the name of Gobba, who kept the house where the bandits were in the habit of carousing, claimed the merit of having been the first to make the disclosures, and her life was spared in consequence, though she was thrown into prison for a term of ten years. Her son was hanged, and some of the minor conspirators, after having been tortured into a confession of their guilt, were torn in pieces by wild horses.

Such intrigues as these were well calculated to nourish the enmity between the contiguous powers of Padua and Venice. The republic doubled its guard for the protection of the city, and resolved to have ample compensation for the wrongs they had sustained. War broke out. The Paduans were attacked in the month of October, 1372, and solicited aid from the King of Hungary, who, to show that he remembered former favours, sent Stephen Laek to the assistance of his ally. Unfortunately for Carrara, this general was taken prisoner, and the soldiers refused to fight under a strange commander. He was thus obliged to sign an ignominious treaty, in which he engaged to pay 230,000 ducats to the republic for the expenses of the war, and, what was still more humiliating to his pride, he was forced either to repair himself to Venice, or to send his son to implore forgiveness of the dogs, and to promise fealty for the future.

Francesco Novello performed this last article of the treaty for his father, and was accompanied to Venice by the poet Petrarck, whose fame was then so great, that a vast concourse of people assembled to hear him make his address to the dogs. The poet was so overcome by his feelings, that he was unable to utter a word on the occasion. The following day, however, he had greater command over himself, and spoke with ease and effect.

The humiliating act thus imposed was so galling to the pride of the Carraras, that it redoubled their animosity, and an alliance was soon after accepted with Genoa, in the hope of having an occasion to revenge the insult they had sustained.

The oath of fealty to Venice was forgotten as soon as uttered. Oaths lay very lightly on the Italian conscience in those days of civil war, and it is strange to think that antagonists should have put any trust in each other, knowing, as they must have done, how little such protestations were worth. Honour was a virtue talked of, but in practice it was considered somewhat too inconvenient to be necessary for a nobleman.

The chroniclers of the times speak of the most heinous and bloody crimes with an indifference which shows in what light they were regarded by society. The most horrible actions, when daily brought before our notice, lose the intensity of their colouring, and as crimes the most foul stained the conscience of almost every Italian noble of the fourteenth century, it was natural that what was so common should in no way be regarded with the abhorrence which would now be called forth by similar exhibitions of cruelty and intrigue.

Carrara perjured himself, and accepted the proposals offered to him by the Genoese.

The riches and power of Venice had excited the jealousy of many princes, and a coalition was formed against that republic, which resulted in the memorable war of Chiozza. A long and bloody siege took place, which was carried on with great skill upon both sides. The Genoese were victorious in the end, and the town of Chiozza was taken in the name of Carrara, according to an agreement in the treaty of alliance.

The consternation which the news of the success of their enemies caused the Venetians, was great. The people assembled around the palace of St. Mark and implored the seignior to negotiate peace at any price, and thus to save the republic from utter annihilation. Three ambassadors were sent to Chiozza with full power to accept whatever conditions Francesco Carrara and Pietro Doria might think fit to impose. All overtures of peace were refused, however, and the Venetians, finding themselves menaced with total destruction, resolved to die bravely. The extremity in which they were placed gave them courage and energy. If they were to lose their liberty, they would not do so without a long and desperate struggle.

Vettor Pisani, who had been thrown into prison after the defeat he had sustained at Pola, was now loudly called for by his countrymen. The sailors had confidence in no other admiral; he must be set at liberty and restored to his former post. The seignior were not willing at first to listen to the popular cry, but circumstances obliged their doing so, and Pisani was accordingly liberated and placed in a position of the utmost importance.

Francesco da Carrara commanded the land force of the opposing army, and so closely were the Venetians pressed, both by sea and land, that it was with difficulty they obtained provisions. The Genoese fleet suffered likewise from a want of sufficient supplies, and the war seemed likely to be a protracted one, as Pisani avoided any decisive engagement. His men were inexperienced, his fleet had only been formed a short time; he would therefore have risked too much in attacking a veteran such as the Genoese commander, who was sure of his men and of his vessels.

Pisani had recourse to the stratagem of sinking some barques at the entrance of the canals, so as to prevent the enemy from approaching too near the city, and behind this barricade he was able to carry on his preparations for the completion of his fleet. Slight skirmishes were perpetually taking place, from which the Genoese derived no benefit, whilst the Venetians had the advantage of gaining experience.

Pisani was anxious to gain time, but he was also desirous of driving off the Genoese without the help of Carlo Zeno, who was pursuing his victorious career in the Levant, but who had been ordered to return, that he might defend his country from a more dangerous enemy who threatened her freedom at home.

Whether Pisani's skill in naval tactics would have prevailed over superior numbers and discipline with the equal success which he had attained in warding off the final attack of the enemy seems very doubtful. The arrival of Carlo Zeno and his fleet, however, precluded all possibility of his showing his powers single-handed, and a fierce battle was fought, in which the Genoese were worsted, driven into Chiozza, and there be-

sieged. The position of the combatants was thus completely changed, and the Genoese found themselves suffering all the hardships they had but a short time before inflicted on their antagonists. In their turn they experienced the disappointment of having their overtures for peace rejected, and were finally reduced by famine and loss of men and vessels to surrender at discretion to the Venetians. The recapture of Chiozza saved the republic, but it did not put an end to the war.

The coffers of St. Mark were exhausted, and the donations afforded by private individuals for the country could not continue.

Pisani, the favourite admiral of the people, died, and Francesco da Carrara, having taken advantage of the distress of the Venetians, was besieging Treviso with the aid of the King of Hungary. The city held out bravely against superior numbers, but was so sorely pressed by famine, that Venice, feeling herself unable in her present reduced condition to aid the unfortunate besieged, and yet unwilling to allow Treviso to fall into the hands of her bitterest enemy—Carrara—thought it best to invite a far more powerful prince to be her neighbour, judging that by so doing the danger to her freedom would be less. To Leopold, Duke of Austria, Treviso was therefore nominally ceded, and he gladly prepared to take possession of his new territory by marching ten thousand men into Italy.

Peace was concluded, but Carrara, whose disappointment was great at the prospect of losing Treviso when he had almost conquered it, resolved to gain by subtlety what he could no longer gain by force of arms. He bribed the Austrian commanders to delay taking possession of the various towns, and he employed every artifice he could devise to make a successful negotiation with the Duke Leopold. Carrara represented to him the burden of possessing a territory so far from his hereditary dominions, and whilst negotiating, he strengthened his own position, and added to the Paduan garrisons.

The Austrian treasury was exhausted, and dissensions and cares at home crippled the duke's power, making him listen favourably to the envoys of Carrara, who offered him 80,000 ducats if he would renounce his claims to Treviso. This was an offer not to be cast aside, and Duke Leopold signed the agreement by which the Venetian policy was overthrown, and Francesco da Carrara installed in his new dominions. Having thus gained what he had so long courted, he would gladly have remained at peace in order to replenish his treasury and allow his subjects time to rest. He was not, however, destined to be permitted to do so.

Antonio della Scala of Verona saw his prosperity with a jealous eye, and, helped by the Venetians, he made war upon Carrara. A battle was fought on the 25th of June, 1386, at a place called Brentella. The troops of Carrara were victorious, and he took eight hundred prisoners.

It was customary at that time to send back prisoners without ransom after having seized their horses and arms; so that the numbers taken in battle only made a pecuniary difference to the combatants individually.

The Signiory of Venice, acting in a secret and underhand manner, supplied Della Scala with money to enable him to continue the war upon their common enemy, and another battle was fought at Castagnoro, in which the troops of Verona were again defeated. Francesco Novello fought in this battle under the command of Giovanni d'Azco and John

Hawkwood, an English mercenary of great repute in Italy, and a man of strong determination, and a consummate general. The success of this expedition opened to the younger Carrara an opportunity of ravaging the country up to the very gates of Verona, but his father chose once again to write and demand peace of the lord of Verona, and Francesco Novello had to content himself by making a triumphal entry into Padua amid the cries of the populace of "Carro! Carro!"

Another formidable combatant was now about to appear on the stage, and to create, by his unquenchable ambition, his cruelty, and his skilful diplomacy, more havoc amongst the northern nobles and republics than any individual had hitherto effected. This was Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, who, by marriage with Isabella of France, claimed the title of Comte de Vertu.

Perceiving the weakened condition of both Antonio della Scala and of Francesco da Carrara, he thought that by aiding to foment their disputes he might look forward to having occasion to annihilate them both. He offered his assistance to both the antagonists. Antonio della Scala listened to the perfidious suggestions of this secret enemy, and returned Carrara's letter negotiating peace without a reply.

Giovanni Galeazzo had succeeded his father, in 1378, to a part of the government of Lombardy, and shared the sceptre with his uncle Bernabo, who fixed his court at Milan, whilst his nephew presided over his at Pavia.

Jealousies and intrigues were rife in the courts of the uncle and nephew. The former wished to possess himself of the lands belonging to Giovanni, that he might increase the portions of his numerous children, whilst the nephew feigned incapacity and a devotion to religious exercises, visiting the sick, praying, &c., that he might the more easily dethrone his uncle Bernabo Visconti.

Waiting an opportunity to put his long-projected plans into execution, Giovanni Galeazzo appeared to spend all his time in making pilgrimages, and in performing numerous acts of devotion. He was everywhere seen with downcast eyes and a rosary in his hand. So well did he play the hypocrite's part, that his uncle was thoroughly deceived, and, in consequence, thrown entirely off his guard.

It was in the beginning of May, 1386, that the Comte de Vertu announced his intention of making a pilgrimage to the chapel of the Holy Virgin in the vicinity of the Lago Maggiore. To reach this place, he had to pass the city of Milan, and his uncle, having been informed of his intention, came out to salute him on his road, accompanied by his two elder sons and a few attendants.

Bernabo must have felt some surprise at the escort with which his nephew thought fit to make his pilgrimage, but fully believing that Galeazzo was too much of a saint to meditate treachery, he rode out fearlessly to greet him.

Scarcely had Galeazzo embraced his uncle with the greatest apparent cordiality, than he turned to his captains Giacomo dal Varze and Antonio Porro, and, addressing them in German, commanded that Bernabo and his sons should be arrested.

Very little resistance was made on his behalf by the Milanese; they were weary of his tyranny and oppression. Probably they thought that

something might be gained by a change of governors, and, therefore, welcomed a new tyrant without once attempting to liberate the old during the seven months of his captivity. Bernabo Visconti was confined in one of his own *châteaux*, and thrice was poison administered without effect. He died at length in the month of December, 1386, and Giovanni Galeazzo reigned alone.

Having satisfied his ambition in obtaining possession of the whole of Lombardy, he turned his thoughts upon the states bordering on his own. The disorders which distracted them favoured his purpose, and, determining to encourage the quarrel, he offered aid, first to one antagonist, then to the other, as we have already noticed.

Suspecting his intentions, they at first rejected all negotiations with him, but the fatal battle of Castagnaro so weakened the forces of Della Scala, that he was glad at length to listen to the flattering proposals of the Comte de Vertu, and a treaty was on the point of being concluded, when Francesco Vecchio resolved to prevent the dangerous coalition, and to accept the overtures made to himself by Galeazzo.

This alliance was signed in April, 1387, and therein it was agreed that the conquest of Verona should be assured to Visconti, whilst Vicenza fell to the lot of Carrara.

The allied armies of Padua and Milan entered the doomed territory of Della Scala in opposite directions, but whilst Francesco Vecchio was engaged before Vicenza, the Venetians had been busy instigating the inhabitants of Udine to attack Carrara on the side of Treviso, which forced him to accept a proposition made to him by the citizens of Vicenza, and to hasten to protect his dominions from another enemy.

This diversion in no way aided the cause of Antonio della Scala: he was utterly ruined. Visconti took possession of both Verona and Vicenza, and, finding himself master of these towns, refused to give up either of them, or to acknowledge the rights of his ally.

Della Scala was forced to seek an asylum in Venice, whilst the Comte de Vertu was the sole gainer by the war, and enjoyed full possession of the territory of which he had been robbed.

In vain Francesco da Carrara implored the Venetians to aid him in obliging the Comte de Vertu to render up Vicenza according to the original agreement; he was answered by a cold refusal on the part of the republic.

Carrara besought the Marquis of Este to intercede for him, but with the same result; and he heard with alarm that, instead of seeking peace, the Venetians were even then negotiating with Galeazzo Visconti to continue the war.

Filled with indignation at finding himself thus duped, Francesco Vecchio wrote to the Emperor, to the Pope, and to all the Christian sovereigns of Europe to complain of the wrong he had suffered at the hand of the perfidious Visconti, and to implore support and succour, that he might have justice done to him.

It was all in vain; and upon the 29th March, 1388, a treaty was signed by the Venetian senate and Galeazzo Visconti, in which it was agreed that the dominions of Carrara should be divided between them, and a war was openly declared, which had for its end the annihilation of the House of Padua.

The community of Udino, Albert Marquis d'Este, and Francesco Gonzaga, all coalesced against Carrara. Thus he stood alone amidst his enemies, and was as much afraid of his own subjects as he was of his powerful neighbours. Surrounded by traitors at home, scarcely knowing to whom to turn or who to believe, Carrara felt that his power was crumbling away from him. Suspicious of every one, and fearing that those who offered their advice were traitors bribed by Visconti, still there was no resource left him but to call his council and lay before them the direful extremity in which he found himself.

The Dukes of Bavaria and Austria had both promised to march to his succour, provided that he would engage to send them the money necessary for the expedition. Francesco Vecchio was incapable of doing this, as the constant wars in which he had been involved had exhausted the treasury, and, to add to his perplexities, the Marquis of Ferrara refused to allow any succour from Bologna or Florence to pass through his dominions.

The short-sightedness of these small Italian princes was obvious, but the influence of the ambitious and powerful lord of Milan was already felt, and so great a dread had they of provoking his anger, that they preferred aiding him to effect conquests which would render him yet more dangerous, rather than run the risk of incurring his displeasure, even if by so doing they might stop his victorious career.

The ruin of the elder Carrara was inevitable, and he felt that it was so. Enemies surrounded him on every side, and his own courage even forsook him. After some days of weakness and irresolution, in which he listened to his various counsellors without gleaning any consolation from what they said, he at length resolved to take the last step which seemed to offer at least a faint chance of saving his territory from invasion—he abdicated in favour of his son Francesco Novello da Carrara.

We are told that, during the few days that the lord of Padua was undecided and averse to taking such a step, traitors were not wanting to pour into the ears of his noble son dark schemes for throwing the old lord into prison, and seizing upon his authority. The advantages they urged were, that the Venetians had a personal, or rather an individual, hatred to Francesco Vecchio, and that it was for revenge that they prosecuted the war, whereas they could have no ill-feeling to the son, and would withdraw their support from Visconti, if he were to sit in his father's place.

Francesco Novello listened with scorn to these dark insinuations; and so low had the sense of honour and religion fallen at this period in Italy, that it was considered a noble act on the part of the son, and one deserving of all praise, that he should refuse to comply with such an advantageous proposal.

VIDOCQ'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Vidocq, the great French detective, distinguished himself at one period of his career by putting down a gang of Chauffeurs—country thieves (many of them rich yeomen)—who used to go about at night in disguise burning the feet of miser farmers to make them confess, by torture, where they had hid their money. My poem describes a sudden foray on the farm-house of a chauffeur-yeoman living near Brest.

SCENE I.—THE UNLUCKY FARM-HOUSE. JULY EVENING.

ONE knew some evil thing would happen there,—
 The poplars stood so pillar-like and dark,
 Pointing their steadfast fingers at the air,
 Like notes of admiration—save the mark!!!

The vine broke from its foster-nurse the wall,
 A houseleek went to seed upon the roof,
 The circling pigeons seemed to keep aloof,
 The rotting jargonelle refused to fall.

One knew the serpent fire would creep and wind,
 Bursting from windows in a spouting jet,
 That doors would shrivel, floor-planks char and snap,
 Till the house perished in its fiery net.

Or some dark crime would mark with scarlet cross
 The sinful door, or Justice' hammer clamp
 The entrance up, leaving the guilty stain
 Barred up unseen, till rased by years of damp.

SCENE II.—THE QUIET SUMMER EVENING BEFORE RAIN.

The place was still, the farm-yard quiet as death,
 A dull weight pressed upon the brain like lead,
 A gloom of inky blue and threatening ashy grey
 Was in the west, dashed with a bloom of red.

The spider, with his fine-drawn telegraphic threads,
 Sent quick, fierce message to the anxious fly;
 The wing-furled beetle, patient on the watch,
 Lurked in the corner, Nature's stolid spy.

The spider, ever answering the door,
 Waited for visitors but slow to come,
 Still running out, then racing furred back,
 Hearing the distant blue-fly's lazy hum;

Or sat, the centre sun of laddered world,
 Thinking himself the Alpha of it all;
 The nave where all the spokes point to and join,—
 There was his poison net on the old wall.

The fly was taking on and off his pivot head,
 Trying it round as fops would try a hat,
 And there 'mid clouds, like dancing dervishes,
 Practised the little trumpet-playing gnat.

VIDOCQ'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

The moth, with mystic cyphers stamped and freaked,
 Flapped at the window, eager for night's death,
 Or skimmed, like Hindoo suttee, to the flame,
 In spite of pitying hands and prayerful breath.

Slugs, with their faces moody to the wall,
 Tarried, dull waiters upon providence,
 The while the pullet's blinking, wicked eye
 Watched with a cautious hope—expectancy intense.

The gold-ringed wasp, for ever on the fret,
 Stung round the roof, and chafed at every pane;
 The racing mice, behind the wainscot board,
 Warned us of sullen heat and coming rain.

The house-flies, shameless, quick, importunate, and gay,
 For ever foraged in and pried about,
 Flesh-hunting, greedy, impudent, and sly,
 Restlessly feeding, ever on the scout.

Across the gravel walk the red ants tramped
 In Indian file, with fretful, honest haste,
 Laden with burdens, quick and hot of blood,
 Bidding the spendthrift drone to mourn his waste.

The leather-coated toad limped lumbering and ashamed,
 Heaving with painful effort through the flowers,
 That shed on him—foul type of sin and guilt—
 The pitying benedictions of dew showers.

The watchful fly-catcher upon his post,
 A customs officer, his toll to take,
 Watched the frontier with bright and skining eyes,
 To see no insect contraband the laws should break.

The moth seemed printed on the garden-door,
 That humble kinsman of the butterfly;
 Not golden-dusted, or yet purple-plumed—
 A simple russet rustic, patient, sleepy, shy.

Now night-flies tracked their shadows on the wall,
 Or walked the ceiling, as a sailor-boy,
 Head downward, clings, without a thought of fear,
 Intent on fruitless search that could not cloy.

The rooks were toiling through the heavy sky,
 Hoarse cawing restlessly: the lonely bird
 Sang us a low, sad song, then silent sat,—
 And no one cared to say a cheerful word.

SCENE III.—THE THUNDERSTORM.

At last it came, as from earth's bursting heart,
 A groan of thunder; then the coal-black cloud
 Split open, belching fire, and flooding rain
 Poured down a deluge, splashing fierce and loud.

The kitchen door stood open, on the threshold stone
 The big drops danced and leaped. How fresh and cool
 The smell of the wet earth came from the garden-beds,—
 The ducks raced joyous round the farm-yard pool.

Yet this was but a foretaste ; darker still
 The sky grew—swift the archangel brand,
 Whose blade's the lightning, flashed and struck the fire—
 Swift as God's wrath upon a guilty land.

The lightning beat and splashed upon the pitchen,
 The blue flame shone upon the gate and road,
 The firs, low groaning in their pain and travail,
 Bowed writhing underneath their dripping load.

It seemed to echo from the right-hand walling,
 It shot in pulses, throbbing to and fro,
 Now dark as hell's antipodes to heaven,
 And then a-blaze with daylight's fullest glow.

Volleys of growling thunder rolled and bellowed,
 Enough to split the welkin overhead,
 Driving down rain in fierce and fiercer deluge,
 Beating the fruit down on the garden-bed,

As it would rain for ever, or as if
 All rain that heaven held were now released,
 Turning the limes to waterfalls, the poplar-trees
 To silver melting columns, oaks to water flowers.—
 Another clap roared out before the last one ceased.

The roof-tiles ran like spouts, the sluicing rain,
 In savage, eager wrath, raged devil hot,
 The thunder-cannon volleys burst and split,
 You saw no inch of sky where light was not.

Look through the dark doorway, a sudden torch
 Burnt blue and spreading, as a flame were lit ;
 Look through the window, and you saw a roof
 Of lightning, and the tree is splintering smit.

And now, as children hid their frightened eyes,
 And women prayed, a lull came down like dew,
 So soft and soothing ; flickering now and then,
 The distant fields and vineyards came to view.

SCENE IV.—THE AVATAR.

In one of these quick bursts of angry light
 Was heard a clash of bells, a roll and rattle
 Of carriages-wheels up through the avenue :—
 The gates flew open with a clash and tumble.

Now they grind nearer, crushing hot and swift—
 A black coach, with the blinds up, funeral black.
 It jerking stops, down fling the rattling steps,
 The door flies open, and a voice cries, " Back ! "

Out springs a bull-dog man, with smouldering eyes,
 Whispers the coachman some short, stern command,
 Throws back his cloak, and shows he is prepared—
 'Tis Vidocq, with a pistol in each hand.

A slash of swords, the quick flash of a pistol,
 And Vidocq through a smoke-cloud reappears,
 Dragging the bleeding Chauffeur, handcuffed now,
 With his hair red about his black scorched ears.

He dragged the Chauffeur in and slammed the door,
 Up went the steps, the horses plunged and pranced,
 Away they flew, quick for the gaol at Brest,
 Leaving the farm-house people all entranced.

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshead.

. . . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—
 Bp. LATIMER's *Sermons*.

OF NOVELS, HISTORICAL AND DIDACTIC.

I.—THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

WHEN Becker tried to combine the tale with the archæological treatise, it is generally owned that he spoiled both. But the mere endeavour on his part to effect such a combination—an endeavour which other writers have made, with similar results—bears witness to the value and importance of the historical novel.

Historical fiction has, indeed, been pronounced by a recent Edinburgh Reviewer, essential as a complement to history—history alone being insufficient to bring out the nature and power of a people's genius—what they thought, hated, loved. To this end, he observes, Thucydides has introduced speeches; and as regards the moderns, history still remains as imperfect as ever, though later writers have learnt to attach essays and disquisitions to it. After the historian, it is argued, has done his utmost, much is left to be done; and there is no faculty to do it but the imagination: every reader will do it for himself according to his measure, linking the great thoughts into the same scheme with the great deeds. And the reviewer maintains that in proportion to its success the historical fiction will be not only more attractive but more completely true than history itself.

There are grave and accomplished novelists who object to historical novels. But then again there are grave and accomplished historians who defend, encourage, and consult them—on principle as well as in practice.

The author of the *Promessi Sposi*, for instance, has given a pretty emphatic verdict against them, which may seem strange, considering that quasi-historical masterpiece of his. When Von Raumer visited him in Italy, the subject appears to have been discussed between them, in some of its bearings. "As I had heard," says the German Professor, "that he had written an unpublished essay against historical novels (consequently against himself), I turned the conversation upon this subject, and undertook to defend this class of works. I maintained, that a bad novel was a bad book, whether founded on history or not; but that a novel or drama reposed better and more firmly on such a foundation than on mere fiction. Manzoni replied, that history and fiction went but ill together, soon disagreed, and never carried truth along with them. The course which novel-writing had taken, he said, showed an increasing demand for truth, manifested by the wish of those who called either for pure history or pure fiction. To mix them only fostered prejudice and delusion. He himself had often been asked what was true and what was not true in the *Promessi Sposi*? and such a question he had always looked upon as a reproach." Von Raumer here thinks himself at liberty to deny the accuracy of such an inference, and expresses a wish to know

whether the *anonimo* did not represent an historical personage? Manzoni replies in the affirmative, and reminds his visitor of Goethe's reproach that there was too marked a distinction between the historical and the personal in the *Promessi Sposi*—whereas the novelist's wish had been throughout to keep them asunder, so that there might be no possibility of confounding them. To this Von Raumer replies, that, viewed with an artist's eye, and treated by an artist's hand, history and fiction both become truth; and that Don Abbondio is, to him, a much more living character than thousands of priests who might be seen running about. "Shakspeare's Cæsar, I said, was more historical to me than the Cæsars of many manuals of history; and Homer I should be sorry to exchange for the historical osteology of all his works. These, Manzoni said, were minds of so superior an order, that, with respect to them, he was ready to concede the point. He expatiated particularly on the unexampled impartiality of Shakspeare, and on his power to throw himself into each of his characters. Besides, the drama (the very form of which must resolve itself into historical narrative) was less calculated than a novel to injure the cause of truth."

On the other hand, appeal to Mr. Prescott for his estimate of the historical novel, and he will answer your question by another: "Who is there, that does not derive a more distinct idea of the state of society and manners in Scotland, from the Waverley novels, than from the best of its historians; of the condition of the Middle Ages, from the single romance of Ivanhoe, than from the volumes of Hume or Hallam?"

Perhaps, however, there is nothing in this view of the case to which Manzoni would object—his strictures bearing on a certain misuse or misappropriation of historical materials, and a fusion which in effect becomes confusion, of the *vero* and the not too *ben trovato*. For, apart from the romancer's creative power, there are diversities of operations in the construction of historical romance, and broad distinctions between this one man's and another's mode of dealing with history. The principle and practice, in this respect, adopted by M. de Vigny, for example, in his *Cinq-Mars*, would, we suppose, be particularly liable to Manzoni's objections. For, instead of following Sir Walter Scott's plan, as M. Demogeot remarks, or that of Victor Hugo in *Notre-Dame*—that is to say, taking from history simply the framework, the spirit and manners of the times to which the action belongs, and inventing a story which is concerned with fictitious characters—instead of this, De Vigny must needs make his events and leading characters historical also—thereby damaging the fiction and falsifying history. But there is at least equal force in Menzel's attack on the other extreme, where, expecting a true and original picture of the age into which we are (by hypothesis) transported, we find certain common-place lovers occupying the foreground, while the historical background is poorly painted with some colours borrowed from the historian. "Whether the scene," Menzel complains, "be laid in Spain or in Poland, in Turkey or in Scotland, in the age of Charlemagne or of Luther, of the Hohenstauffen or of Frederick the Great, we have always in the foreground the young and attached lover, and the sentimental young lady, who long loves and weeps, but at last heroically renounces. These lovers of every age and every clime always speak in the same way, and use the same high-flown phrases about virtue

and song-manship. This then is called an historical novel." If, perchance, our justly indignant Wolfgang adds, a real historical hero should enter, he exultantly walks humbly over the stage, and seldom disturbs, even for an instant, the tedious dialogues of the lovers, or of those who are plotting against them; so that, were we to lop off these dialogues and the modern foreground, we should not have ten really historical pages left of many a lengthy historical romance.

But after all, the value of historical, as well as of other fictions, must be measured—so we hold, with a reviewer of one of Lajatchnikoff's Russian romances—by the power and skill it displays, rather than by the historical accuracy or importance of the events and persons introduced; it being the prerogative of genius to call up princes and heroes from the dust into which they have crumbled, and delight us with a more admirable representation than our own minds could have furnished of some one whose name we have long known, and of whose personal bearing, and habits, and daily thoughts, we had but a vague and misty idea. With such, however, it is that we are most satisfied: if our idea of the person in question be not vague and misty, but definite and determined, the result (so to speak) of accumulated studies and impressions, then is the risk of discontent and failure signally increased. For it is the characters most fully portrayed in history which each man has "pictured to himself with most precision, and therefore those of which he is least likely to appreciate another man's imaginary portraits. The image in our own minds is disturbed, and we feel something of the disappointment we experience when we find some one of whom we have heard much very different from what we had imagined him to be." Hence the critic's conclusion, that the more intimately and generally an historical character is known, the more unfit it must be for the purposes of fiction.

With the same censor we incline to believe that the great attraction of historical prose fiction is not any facility which it affords for the construction of a better story, nor any superior interest that attaches to the known and the prominent characters with which it deals, or to the events it describes; but rather the occasion it gives for making us familiar with the every-day life of the age and the country in which the scene is laid:

"Independent of the merits of the fiction as a work of imagination, we find another source of pleasure; and, if it be written faithfully and with knowledge, of instruction in the vivid light it casts on the characteristics of man's condition, which history does not design to record. This kind of excellence may give value to a work which is defective in the higher essential qualifications of imaginative writing; as old ballads and tales, which have no other merit, may be valuable illustrations of the manners of their time, so by carefully collecting and concentrating scattered rays, a man possessed of talents for the task may throw a strong light on states of society that were formerly obscure, and thus greatly enhance the pleasure we derive from any higher merits we may find in the story."

The historical romance, as Alison points out, in one of his essays, is relieved from the principal difficulties with which the annalist of actual occurrences has to contend—being at liberty to select a particular period into which he may introduce the characters and events most remarkable

for their interest, and observe unity of interest and action, whatever he may do with that of place. "It becomes possible to awaken interest by following out the steps of individual adventures. So great," adds Sir Archibald, feelingly, "is the weight of the load—crushing to the historian—which is thus taken from the biographer or writer of historical romance, that second-rate geniuses can effect triumphs in that department, to which the very highest mind alone is equal in general historical composition." Perhaps Sir Archibald would, if asked, name Mr. Thackeray's "Remond" as a case in point, on the one hand; and his own "History of Europe" on the other; and if so, we should, in either case, certainly not agree with him; though otherwise coinciding with the drift of his remarks. He does, by the way, resort to illustrations, and in the truth of one of them we shall probably all concur, where he says that Scott's "Life of Napoleon" proves Sir Walter to have been "not altogether qualified to take a place among the great English historians"—then adding, "but, to the end of the world, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Queen Mary, and Elizabeth, will stand forth from his canvas more clearly than either from the rhetoric of Hume, or the eloquence of Robertson."

M. Villemain, in his long-ago Lectures on French Literature—once the rage and always a study in his native land, referred on more than one occasion to the "Scotch novels," *les ouvrages tant admirés d'un célèbre écrivain de nos jours*, as being a marksmanship employment of history, in the service of fiction—a method for giving artistic relief to real characters by means of imaginary ones. Mary Stuart, said the lecturer, had never been portrayed with such life-like reality as in the "Abbot." And again in his *Essai sur les Romans grecs*, M. Villemain glorifies Sir Walter, "l'admirable Walter Scott," as having, in his brilliant and multiplied creations, imparted a new life to the world of romance, even making it sometimes more true than history itself—*en le vendant quelquefois plus vrai que l'histoire*. Sir Walter is truly said to have read the literature of the period which he was about to illustrate, not in its historical details alone, but in its lighter, its meaner, its everyday guise,—dwelling on it till he felt himself as though actually living in that age. "Then, out of the abundance of his knowledge he gave us the powerful scenes in 'Old Mortality,' and those witching ones in the merry greenwood and in the castle hall in 'Ivanhoe.'"

Most weary, flat, and unprofitable are details and minutiae of historical lore in the historical romance, if the informing spirit of a vivid imagination be wanting. As Sainte-Beuve says of the author of *Anacharsis*, "Barthélemy a. la, mais n'a pas vu:" the abbé is ingeniously accurate, yet not always true; the literal sense is not always the deepest and most faithful: "il n'y a de vrai souvenir que celui qui vit. Il faut, a-t-on dit, une part d'imagination et de création même pour le souvenir." Many and many are the historical novels, by courtesy and publishers so called, which come under Mr. Carlyle's description of "nothing but a paste-board Tree, cobbled together out of size and waste-paper and water-colours; altogether unconnected with the soil of Thought, except by mere juxtaposition, or at best united with it by some decayed *stump* and *dead boughs*, which the more cunning decoratorist (as in your Historic Novel) may have selected for the basis and support of his agglutinations." Mr. Shaw, the translator of Lajetchnikoff's "Heretic," judiciously en-

forces the duties of the historical novelist, in a summary form. He must follow rather the poetry of history than its chronology: his business is not to be the slave of dates; he ought to be faithful to the character of the epoch, and of the *dramatis personæ* selected for representation; nor is it his business to examine every trifle, to count over with servile minuteness every link in the chain of this epoch, or of the life of this character; that being the department of the historian and the biographer. "The mission of the historical novelist is to select from them the most brilliant, the most interesting events, which are connected with the chief personage of his story, and to concentrate them into one poetic moment of his romance." Things all catalogue and costume, all "certes" and "by my halidome" stuff, are tolerable only in *Dogberry's* use of the term—tolerable being with him a synonym for not to be endured. Well might *Proserpine*, in Disraeli's "Infernal Marriage," reject wholesale and unconditionally all such productions—answering, when *Tiresias* proposes "An historical novel or so," "Oh! if you mean those things as full of costume as a fancy ball, and almost as devoid of sense, I'll have none of them. Close the curtains; even visions of the Furies are preferable to these insipidities."

Not that the novelist, in giving the rein to imagination, may leave it wholly unchecked, so far as to let it carry him whither he would not, should not, and (with historical truth) could not go. History must not be tampered with too carelessly. The romancer must not add to his cap of liberty a cloak of licentiousness—of poetical licence that knows no end in wandering mazes lost. Historical students are justly aggrieved, sometimes, by the romancer's disregard of stubborn facts and positive events. Many are the *romans*, otherwise charming enough, which are "trop voisins de l'histoire pour intéresser véritablement les esprits amis du vrai en matière de faits." Paul Louis Courier condemns, as frivolous and vexatious, all fictions of the *Anacharsis* type: "My conviction is," he says, "that all books of this kind, half history and half romance, where modern are mixed up with ancient manners, do wrong to both, give rise to false ideas, and are offensive equally to good taste and to sound learning." To make an essential alteration in facts, necessarily occasions, as Madame de Staël observes, a disagreeable impression: looking out for truth, we are unpleasantly surprised when the author substitutes for it some piece of fiction specially fabricated by himself for the nonce. Admitting, with a leading journalist at home, that the historical novel, "errors excepted," in many cases conveys more knowledge of the character and meaning of a past age than the mass of readers obtain from any other source—the worst is, as he reasonably enough complains, that there is no calculating with any tolerable accuracy the amount of these errors. "Not obliged to 'swear to the truth of a song,' if we attempt to arrest the author in the historical district he takes refuge in the liberties of the artist; while at the same time he can cover the æsthetic sins with which he may be charged by the cloak of historical accuracy." He can thus play the game of fast and loose, if he will; on the whole, however, and in the long run, a losing game. This, more than one adventurous scribe has found, to his cost, who has alternately historicised romance and romanticised history too far.

Considerable latitude, nevertheless, is freely allowed to him. Ville-

main rules that history belongs to the poet as does the clay to the potter—he is at liberty to transform it, modify it, reject one portion in order to add life and meaning to another. If he bungles, then he has shown himself unfit for this freedom; if he succeeds, he has justified himself fully, and approved this his right of free agency. *Tout dépend du succès.*

Hear Gustave Planche on the same subject. "I will not deny," he says, in his essay on *Les Royautés littéraires*, "that if you push to an extreme the thought of Sir Walter Raleigh, there is no longer such a thing as belief possible; you must burn all books relating to the past, or simply amuse yourself with them, giving up all notion of getting instruction out of them. But between the incredulity of the English adventurer and university orthodoxy there is a middle-term belief, and to this the poet addresses himself. The historian has to discuss conflicting narratives, and, after mature inquiry, to draw his conclusion, according to the relative position and morality of the narrators. The poet has the right of choosing betwixt these narratives that which best suits his purpose. But is he, on that account, at liberty to misconceive, wilfully, the general character of the age to which his hero belongs? I trow not." Philarète Chasles, again, is severe upon the short-comings and misdoings of dullards and dare-alls in this department—whose production turns out to be an abortive nondescript—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—neither this, that, nor the other—*mensonge suspendu entre la science et le conte*—a thing by which no one is instructed, and only the shallowest are pleased—which hoaxes the benevolent reader by unveracious portraiture, and makes false quotations, and smudges over the manners of yore with a coating of modern varnish, and violates the sanctity of history without attaining the ample expanse and free movement of genial fiction.

M. de Pontmartin, in the course of some ably enforced objections to historical romances founded on contemporary events—his text (and warning) being the "Doña Alonso" of M. de Salvandy—observes that all that was required by Sir Walter Scott, to re-create and re-animate an entire epoch, was simply two or three real personages, around whom five or six fictitious ones weave and unravel a romantic plot. "It was Scott's good fortune, considered apart from his marvellous genius, to live at a time when the past which he was to summon from its tomb had been sleeping there long enough to ensure such a lull to passion and party, as to give imagination and memory sovran sway." The same critic, in his *Causeries du Samedi*, dividing the world of readers into two classes, the serious and the frivolous, argues that the only means the historical *roman* possesses, of rallying to its cause these two sections, is, on one side, to make history a gainer to some extent by its contact with romance, and, on the other, "que le roman obtienne grace pour les austérités de l'histoire." Which double condition is possible only when the time of the story is a distant one. Grave men may not be unthankful to the romance-writer for his tact in throwing light on an obscure age, and introducing life and movement into a dead and motionless age—in popularising and quickening what history, erudite and systematic, is occupied in merely teaching and explaining; while lighter spirits will not withhold their forgiveness from this new kind of historian, who in the act of amusing instructs them.

Certes, exclaims M. de Barante, a rare mobility of imagination must

be allowed to the author of "Waverley" and "Ivanhoe." No better way can be suggested of transporting us into past ages, or giving them a more picturesque and lively aspect, and more completely persuading the reader that he "is assisting at the resurrection of buried ages." This, M. le baron goes on to say, is the prerogative of genius. Such a writer imparts an incontestable reality to his creations; the poet seems an historian; the pictures seem portraits. "If, however, we were disposed to examine Scott's romances carefully and in detail, we should find them to be, above all,—and thank God for it—works of imagination. He did not pique himself on either minutiae or exactness. The Scotland of all ages inspired his fictions; he was thoroughly penetrated with it, and he let his pen run on, without other care than to please himself, as he sported with his creations; he clothed them in his favourite colours, and produced them on the theatre of his fancy.

"We [Français] can form a better judgment on this subject in reading 'Quentin Durward,' in which the scene is laid in France, and the story taken from our history. Is it supposed that Sir Walter put himself to much trouble and taxed his learning severely, to draw his Louis XI.? He contented himself with looking rapidly through Philippe de Comines, more as man of the world than historian. Having read this book, he confused the dates of it and made mistakes in the names . . . he talks about the suspicions to which Louis became liable of having put his brother to death, and, a few pages further on, there is a proposal to send and look after this brother; he takes Louis XI., still young, presumptuous, daring in his devices, full of the fatal activity which then inspired him, such in fact as he was when he impudently gave himself up at the Peronne interview; and *this* man is made one and the same personage with that old, apoplectic, gloomy Louis XI. who distrusted everybody and lived drearily shut up within the walls of Plessis. Sir Walter thus draws together two epochs of entirely different dates. In the stead of historical interest, which consists in showing the progress of events and their gradual change, he substitutes dramatic interest with its compact unity and its *marcché instantané*. He creates a Louis XI., who has all that look of mistrustful tyranny, capricious and cruel, the souvenir of which, as it abides in the popular memory, forms his poetical seal; and at the same time the old monarch is made to retain sufficient enterprise and ardour for success to risk the adventure at Peronne. The figure is a living one, we see it, we recognise it; little we care whether an historian could approve of it, and give it a place in his accurate narration.

"So again with the manners of the day; Sir Walter Scott puts himself to no great disquietude about scrupulous fidelity of description. He has made no very profound researches into the revolt of the Liégeois. Little cares he that this people was the most indomitable in all Flanders, and had, for a century and more, waged terrible wars with the dukes of Burgundy. He has no idea that this population consisted, not of traders, but of armouers, rude ironsmiths, an intractable and cruel race. Instead of giving them for their chieftains some burgher of the middle ages, armed with cuirass and dagger, some *syndic de métier*, like Artavelde and Pierre Dubois, the fancy takes him to put in contact with the ferocious Wild Boar of the Ardennes, that honest *syndic* Pavillon, a true Dutch burgomaster, embarrassed in his armour and by the revolt, and resembling

rather M. Pigeon* than a bourgeois of the fifteenth century. Nevertheless, who, unless some professor of history or member of the Academy of Inscriptions, who ever dreams that the picture of the sedition at Liège is not perfectly true? The scenes of it are already imprinted in our memory before we set about our historical verifications." The historian of the Dukedom of Burgundy speaks with authority on this topic.

A recent historical critic in the *Quarterly Review* has remarked, that when the genius of Walter Scott first put forth the historical novel its success was immediate and complete, because it gratified one of the strongest instincts of our intellectual nature, the desire of realising to our imaginations a distinct image of those whose names and deeds are familiar to our memories; but that its popularity subsequently declined, because few but the master spirit which discovered the new vein could work it to advantage. Adding, that the historian has since caught the tattered mantle as it fell from the novelist, so that it has become the fashion to write history on the model of romance. "But the result is not happy. The narrative loses in truth more than it gains in interest; and as the faith of the reader declines, even his amusement is proportionably diminished."

Mr. Carlyle is one of the last men we might count on to say civil things of *le roman historique*, but he does say of Scott's historical novels that they have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others, till so taught: that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state-papers, controversies, and abstractions of men. "Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with colour in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idiosyncrasies, features, and vitalities of men. It is a little word this; inclusive of greater meaning! . . . It is a great service, fertile in consequences, this that Scott has done; a great truth laid open by him;—correspondent indeed to the substantial nature of the man; to his solidity and veracity even of imagination, which, with all his lively discursiveness, was the characteristic of him." Such an historian as the French Revolution has found, and Oliver Cromwell too, and now Frederick the Great,—in whose histories the figures so veritably live, and move, and behave otherwise than as automata, quite otherwise than as Dryasdust's dry sticks—may well be heard and heeded on this much-vent question.

It is the great glory of Scott, observes Mr. Prescott, in a critique upon Chateaubriand's "Sketches of English Literature," that, by nice attention to costume and character in his novels, he has raised them to historic importance, without impairing their interest as works of art. "Who now would imagine, that he could form a satisfactory notion of the golden days of Queen Bess, that had not read 'Kenilworth,' or of Richard Cœur-de-Lion and his brave paladins, that had not read 'Ivanhoe'?" Why, then, it has been said, not at once incorporate into regular history all these traits, which give such historical value to the novel? Because, in this way, the strict truth which history requires would be violated. This cannot be. The fact is, History and Romance are too near akin, ever to be lawfully united. By mingling them together, a confusion is produced, like the mingling of day and night, mystifying and distorting every feature of the landscape. It is enough for the novelist, if he be true to the

* *Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale*, par M. Scribe.

spirit; the historian must be true also to the letter." It is a significant homage to Sir Walter Scott, that his name and works should so often be referred to, in the course of these our remarks, or properly speaking our quotations, on the subject of the Historical Novel—quotations from men of different opinions and different countries—now, too, after so long a time, when so many other men of mark have sown and reaped in the same field—a Bulwer Lytton, a Lockhart, an Ainsworth, a Grattan, a James, a Wilkie Collins—the list might be indefinitely lengthened, but somewhere, sooner or later, it must begin to include the *servum vile pecus imitatorum*, whose name is Legion, and their history (like *Viola's*) a blank.

Some of the modern pilferings amid the marvels of Sir Walter's romance-world, have suggested to one critic the very figure of Paddy unconcernedly cutting slips from the rose-trees in Eden, to plant in his own potato-ground. The critic in question, rather elaborately "shows up" a novel called "The Levite; or, Scenes two hundred years ago," for the purpose of teaching the mere *servum pecus* of the Historical Novel, in one pregnant modern instance, their own absurdity. "The qualities and accomplishments," he warns them, at parting, "are great and many which must go to the successful execution of a work of the class; and where these are wanting, this is one of the forms of literary failure least to be forgiven,—because of its pretension—of the brilliant examples of the class that should have operated as warnings, not lures,—and of the danger which the cause of historical truth incurs from the attempt by inferior hands."

Referring to Scott himself, the remark of another critic, engaged upon Miss Martineau's works of fiction, is emphatically true—that we may understand history better by the aid of historical romance, because the latter supplies a palpable resting-place for our minds. It does not add to the value of Scott's novels, in this writer's judgment, that he has familiarised us with a few facts in history which he might have neglected; nor is he to be blamed for variations from actual facts, which ought not to mislead us. "The true service he has conferred upon us, consists in his having supplied the defect of our imaginations so far as to bring before us men of a distant age as real living men of flesh and blood. Probably their life was not actually such as he describes it; but the life which he represents might have existed, and is, therefore, more like the lost reality than any vague abstraction which we, of the prosaic world, could form for ourselves." Hence, as we said at the beginning, the genuine historical novel is of essential value as a complement to history. The novelist ekes out the scantiness of his materials by the creative resources of imagination. He descries living human forms beneath the dim formulas of the historian. No doubt the historical-novel-reader whose historical researches begin and end with this light and favourite fare, is superficial enough, and may and will, if shallow-hearted as well as shallow-pated, affect the rôle most smatterers affect, of a knowledge which is really far from him. But the historical novel is hardly accountable for the foibles of every historical-novel-reader: were there no such department of fiction in existence, he, the smatterer, would be a smatterer still, about something else. And possibly it is better for him to know a little—be it ever so little—of history, even from non-historical sources, than to know absolutely none at all, which might be the case were historical romance de-

funct. Meanwhile it is certain that many do advance from the historical novel to history itself. As to what the "rigid worshipper of unadorned truth" objects, that history is rather defaced than embellished by becoming the subject of fictitious composition,—let us see what Sir Walter Scott himself once wrote (in this case an interested, but in all cases an interesting, witness) in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*: "These scruples are founded on prejudice—that mischievous prejudice which will not admit that knowledge can be valuable unless transmitted through the dullest and most disagreeable medium. Many are led to study history from having first read it as mingled with poetic fiction; and the indolent, or those much occupied, who have not patience or leisure for studying the chronicle itself, gather from the play [or novel] a general idea of historical incidents which, but for some such amusing vehicle, they would never have taken the trouble to become acquainted with. And it will scarcely be denied, that a man had better know generally the points of history as told him by Shakspeare, than be ignorant of history entirely. The honey which is put on the edge of the cup induces many to drink up the whole medicinal potion; while those who only take a sip of it have, at least, a better chance of benefit than if they had taken none at all."

Sir Walter's apology is, directly, in behalf of the historical drama, as represented by Shakspeare; but it tells, not at all indirectly either, in favour of the historical novel, as represented by himself. And a goodly representative too! Let dryasdust curs and ill-conditioned critical

—dogs delight to bark and bite,

venomously and hydrophobically in their dryasdust way, at those who "degrade" and "distort" history for the "base uses" of fiction: all their snapping and snarling will not silence the thanks or disprove the delight that divers generations, peoples, and languages have testified, and yet will testify, for Sir Walter's "splendid sins" in this respect. And those of us who have been young and now are old, are surely not *too* old, not too far sundered from our summer-morning selves, to be still alive to something of the spell that bound us of yore, when again, once again, for their own sakes and for that of auld lang syne, we take up one or other of the Waverley volumes, and renew acquaintance with the

FAIR MAID OF PERTH and her true Valentine,
 Or tread the Alps with ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN,
 Or pace the high and byways of romance
 With QUENTIN DURWARD in old Commynes' France,
 Or read with kindling eyes and cheeks a-glow
 The TALISMAN and peerless IVANHOE—
 The ABBOT, tale of Mary's drear decline,
 In islet durance doomed to peak and pine—
 Or KENILWORTH, with Amy's heart-distress
 Coupling the strut and fret of Good Queen Bess;
 And NIGEL, picturing on and off the throne
 Her coz and heir, the Scottish Solomon;—
 WOODSTOCK, no "trivial" though a "fond record"
 Of Charles in hiding and of Charles restored;
 Or, tale of austere sire, and maiden meek,
 And merry monarch, PEVERIL OF THE PEAK;
 And that commingled yarn of gloom and glee,
 Red-coats and grey-plaids, OLD MORTALITY.

THE MAZE.

I.

It was a gloomy day, not far off the gloomy month of November, and it was getting towards mid-day, when a train on one of the numerous lines branching from the London-bridge terminus, puffed and shrieked up to a somewhat insignificant station a few miles from town. A young and beautiful lady, without attendants, descended from a first-class carriage.

"Any luggage, ma'am?" inquired a porter, stepping up to her.

"A small black bag: nothing else."

The bag was found in the van, and laid on the platform. A family, who appeared likewise to have arrived at their destination, closed round the van and were tumultuous over a missing trunk, and the lady drew back and accosted a stolid-looking lad, who wore the railway uniform.

"How far is it to the Maze?"

"The Maze?" returned the boy, in a sulk tone: "that's Lord Level's place, ain't it? It be a matter of two mile."

"Are there carriages to be hired?"

"There be one; a fly; as waits here when the trains come in."

"Where does it stand?"

"It stands in the road, down them stairs. But if yer wants the fly, 'tain't of no use wanting. It have been hooked by them folks as is a squabbling over their boxes: they writed on here yesterday for it to be ready for 'em."

The more civil porter came up now, and the lady appealed to him. He confirmed the assertion that there was no prospect of a conveyance, except this fly, when the family had done with it—which might be in about two hours.

"The lady shook her head, impatiently. "Can you come with me to carry the bag and to show me the way?" she asked of the surly boy.

The surly boy, willing or unwilling, had to acquiesce, and they set off to walk.

"Now, which way d'yer mean to go?" began he, when they emerged from the station. "There's the road way, and it's plaguy long, two mile, good; and there's the field way, and it's a sight nearer."

"Is it as good as the road?"

"It's gooder—barring the bull. He runs at everybody. And he tosses 'em, if he can catch 'em."

Not caring to encounter so objectionable an animal, the lady chose the road; and the boy strode on before her with the bag. In due time they came to the Maze: a low, straggling, irregular sort of building, with gable ends, looking more like a commodious farm-house than a nobleman's seat. A room seemed to have been run up here, another yonder, a third somewhere else, without any regard whatever to outward appearance or inward regularity. It was exceedingly retired, and a large garden lay around the house, encompassed by high and thick trees. The boy turned himself and the bag round, and, pushing backwards against the gate, sent it open, branching off then to a side-path.

"Is not this the front door?" asked his companions.

"'Tain't of no use going to that," replied the boy, marching on, without deigning to turn: "the old gentleman and lady gets out o' the way, and the kitchen-wench is deaf, I think. Last time I come up here with a parcel, I rung at it till I was tired, and then I kicked at it, and nobody heard."

He went to a side-door, flung it open, and put down the bag. A servant, with her gown-sleeves stripped up, came forward, and stared.

"Is Lord Level within?" inquired the lady.

"My lord's ill in bed," replied the woman: "he can't be seen or spoken with. What's wanted of him?"

"Are there no other servants, do you know?" inquired the lady of the boy: "no upper ones?"

"I doesn't think so. There's the missis."

A tinge came over the lady's face. "Who is she?"

"She's Mrs. Ed'ards. A old lady, what comes to church with buckles in her shoes: and there's Mr.——"

"What is it that you want here?" interrupted the servant girl, addressing the visitor in anything but a conciliatory tone.

"I am Lady Level," was the reply, in a ringing, imperious voice.

"Call some one to receive me."

It found its way to the girl's alarm. She looked scared, doubting, and finally turned and flew off through a back passage. The boy heard the announcement without its ruffling his equanimity in the least degree.

"That's all, ain't it?" asked he, giving the bag a condescending touch with his foot.

"How much am I to pay you?" inquired Lady Level.

The boy paused. "Yer bain't obliged to pay nothing."

"What is the charge?" repeated Lady Level.

"The charge ain't nothing. If folks likes to give anything, it's gived as a gift."

She smiled, and taking out her purse, gave him half-a-crown. He received it with remarkable satisfaction, spit upon it on both sides, and then, pulling up one leg of his trousers, slipped it into his boot.

"But, I say, don't yer go and tell, over there, as yer gived it me," jerking his head in the direction of the railway station. "We ain't let take nothing, and there'd be the yull lot of 'em about my ears. Yer won't tell?"

"No, I will not tell," replied Lady Level, laughing, in spite of her cares. And the promising young porter in embryo, giving vent to a shrill whistle, which might have been heard at the two-mile-off station, tore away as fast as his legs would carry him.

The girl came back with a quaint old lady. Her hair was white, her complexion clear and fresh, and her eyes were black and piercing as ever they had been in her youth. She looked in doubt at the visitor, as the servant had done.

"I am told that some one is inquiring for my lord."

"His wife is inquiring for him. I am Lady Level."

There was no mistaking that severe glance, those haughty tones, and the old lady curtsayed to the ground. "Oh, my lady! that I should live

to receive a Lady Level in this unprepared state! My lord said you were in foreign parts, beyond seas."

"I returned to England yesterday, and have left my servants in town. What is the matter with Lord Level?"

"That your ladyship should come to such a house as this, all ungar-nished! and—I beg your pardon, my lady, I cannot take you through these back passages," she added, curtseying for Lady Level to go out again. "Deborah, go and open the front door."

Lady Level, in the midst of lamentation, was ushered into a long, low, uncarpeted room, very bare, chairs and a large table being all that it contained. "It is of no consequence," said Lady Level; "I have not come to see the house or furniture; I have come only to see Lord Level, and may not remain above an hour or two. I cannot tell. You are——"

"My name is Edwards, my lady. I was housekeeper in the late lord's time, and, when a young woman, I had the honour of nursing my lord. Since the late lord's death, I and my brother, Jacob Drewitt, have mostly lived here: he used to be the house steward."

Lady Level took off her bonnet and cloak, and threw them on the table: she looked impatient and restless. "Where is Lord Level's room? show me to it."

Mrs. Edwards marshalled her up-stairs, speaking of Lord Level in a low tone. He had received a hurt to his knee when out riding, and it had induced attacks of fever, deepening at times into slight delirium. Queer, in-and-out stairs they were, with long passages and short turn-ings. She gently threw open the door of a good-sized, handsome room: on the bed lay Lord Level, his eyes closed.

"He is off in a doze again, my lady," she whispered: "he is sure to go to sleep whenever the fever leaves him."

"There's no fire!" exclaimed Lady Level.

"The doctor says there's not to be any, my lady. In the opposite room to this, across the passage, there's a good one. It's my lord's sitting-room when he is well."

The housekeeper left the chamber as she spoke, scarcely knowing whether she stood on her head or her heels, so completely was she con-founded by this arrival of Lady Level's—and nothing fit to entertain her! She had her head and her hands full just then, had Mrs. Edwards.

As Lady Level moved forward, her dress came in contact with a light chair, and upset it. The invalid started, and raised himself on his elbow.

"Why!—who—is it?"

"It is I, Lord Level," she said, advancing to the bed.

He looked strangely amazed and perplexed; he could not believe his own eyes; staring at her as though he would discover whether she was really before him, or whether he was in a dream.

"Don't you know me?" returned Lady Level.

"What the——what brings you here?" he slowly ejaculated.

"I have come to speak to you. I——"

"Why are you not still in Germany, where I left you?" demanded Lord Level.

"I thought I had been there long enough; too long; and I quitted it."

"Who gave you leave to quit it?" he exclaimed, raising his voice to anger. "Did I?"

"You sent me word you had met with an accident, and that brought me over. I did not travel alone: Mr. and Mrs. Ravensworth arrived at the place accidentally, and I returned home with them. Lord Level, we must have an explanation: I have come here to tell you many things; one is, that I will no longer submit to be treated as a child——"

"Blanche!" he sharply interrupted.

"Well?"

"You will leave this house, now, at once, and go back to whence you came."

"I will not," she replied. "I will not leave England again at all, and I will not go from here until I have had an explanation from you. If you are too ill, I will wait for it."

"You cannot wait here."

"Lord Level, I will."

His lordship broke into a few oaths. "Where are the servants?"

"In London, at an hotel. When I got there yesterday morning," she continued, slowly and steadily, "I drove to your rooms——"

"Rooms!" interrupted Lord Level. "What rooms?"

"The rooms whence you dated your letters to me."

A flush passed over Lord Level's hardened face. "You—went—there!"

"I went there."

They continued to look at each other: Lord Level as though he could not credit what she said; his wife with a brow of haughty, condemning scorn. His eyes were the first to droop. Then ensued words of re-primination; nothing pleasing or satisfactory; and at length Lord Level worked himself into a return of the fever, his speech became random, his mind wandering. Lady Level grew alarmed, and loudly rang the bell.

She started with astonishment when it was answered, and with difficulty recognised Mrs. Edwards. She was attired in her gala dress of days long gone by: a short, full red petticoat, and a chintz gown looped above it in festoons, high-heeled shoes, buckles, snow-white stockings with worked "clocks," a mob cap of clear lace, large gold earrings, and black mittens. And so long as Lady Level stayed, she never saw her but in this costume.

"Is he out of his mind?" gasped Lady Level, terrified at her lord's words and restless motions.

"It is the fever, my lady. Dear, dear! and we thought him so much better to-day!"

"Something has occurred to agitate his lordship," exclaimed the surgeon, when he paid his afternoon visit, and was made known to Lady Level.

"We were speaking on family affairs, and Lord Level grew excited," was the reply.

"Then, my lady, don't speak of family affairs again, while he is in this weak condition; or of any other affairs, likely to excite him. You must, if you please, put off such, until he is better."

"How long will that be first?" asked Lady Level.

"I can't say: it may be a week, or it may be a month: when once these intermittent fevers get into the system, it is difficult to shake them out of it. Much depends upon his keeping himself tranquil, and upon those around helping him to keep so."

Lady Level, consulting nobody, resolved to remain where she was: as her father, Major Camden, had said, Blanche was setting up a will of her own, and an obstinate one. She sent for the two servants who had attended her home from Germany, Sanders and Timms, and for certain luggage belonging to herself. Mrs. Edwards did the best she could with this influx of visitors to a scarcely-furnished house.

A few days passed on. Lady Level paid a short formal visit to her husband's room twice a day, but she did not enter on the subject which had brought her to the Maze: until one evening, when—whether she led to it, or whether Lord Level did, it is certain that it was reaped up again, and a grievous dispute took place between them.

Lady Level's servants were at supper in the kitchen; Deborah was partly waiting on them, partly gossiping, and partly cooking veal cutlets and bacon in the Dutch oven, for Mr. Drewitt's supper, an old gentleman who went about the house in a plum-coloured suit, and a large cambric frill to his shirt. The supper-tray was laid, ready to take up to his rooms, only waiting for the outlets and bacon.

"You have got enough for two or three there," cried Timms, as Deborah brought the Dutch oven to the table, to turn the meat with a fork.

"He has such a appetite," returned Deborah. "I never see a man eat so much in my life: when I lived here first I couldn't but stare, when I fetched the dinner and supper out o' their rooms. Missis always shows me how much to cook, for fear I shouldn't do enough—didn't you see her come in and show me to-night? It's the same with everything: butter, bread, cheese, nothing comes amiss to old Drewitt. There's a good pound o' bacon, if there's a slice, toasted every morning for his breakfast."

"He keeps pretty well to his rooms," observed Mr. Sanders.

"He don't come out of 'em for days together when my lord's not here," returned Deborah. "His rooms is all at the back; first there's his sitting-room, then there's his bedroom to the side of it, and then there's other rooms further on, which ain't no concern of mine, for I don't have to clean 'em."

Mr. Sanders caught her up. "If you don't clean 'em, who does?"

"Nobody, that I know of. If rooms is empty and not lived in, they don't want cleaning."

"What's the good of rooms being kept empty?" debated Mr. Sanders.

"I don't know what's the good of anything, for my part," rejoined Deborah. "I asked missis once what them rooms was kept shut up for, and she said she and master had no need to use 'em, and my lord was hardly ever down."

"It's a long way to carry it, all up to Mr. Drewitt's parlour," said Timms, as Deborah took up the tray.

"I thought it a dreadful long way when I first had to do it, but I'm used to it now," was Deborah's response. "There's along these pas-

sages and up the stairs, past my lord's room, and down that long passage to the door, and then, through the door, there's another passage before you come to their parlour. I have often wondered why they didn't give less trouble and take their meals in some of the down stairs-rooms, like Christians."

"If they were real gentry, they'd do it," assented Timms, as Deborah finally disappeared.

"It's not all smooth and fair up-stairs," was Deborah's commencement when she returned. "My lord and my lady is at it, like tooth and nail."

"What!" uttered Timms. "Quarrelling?"

"Quarrelling hard. I heard them as I carried the tray by his door, and I heard 'em as I come back. I'm sure it was loud enough and sharp enough for blows to come next, if they wasn't a lord and a lady."

"I don't believe you," said Timms, affecting incredulity.

"You can go and listen," retorted Deborah. "Is she of a cranky temper?"

"No. He is, though: and precious passionate, if he's put out."

"He! Then it's not locked upon as such in this house. To hear my master and my missie talk, Lord Level's just a angel upon earth."

"Ah!" cried Timms, with a sniff. "How long has Lord Level been ill?"

"It was a week, or going on for it, when my lady came down. He was out on horseback, and knocked his knee, a riding through a gate. 'Twas nothing, the doctor said, if he would only be quiet, and fast from good living: but his lordship wouldn't be quiet and wouldn't fast. Wine, and rich dishes, he would have up to him, and then the fever came on."

Timms had tossed her head indignantly when Deborah suggested that she might go and listen. Strange then to say, Timms rose from supper and crept up the stairs stealthily, very much as though she did mean to listen, and, by-and-by, Timms crept down again.

"I only got in at the tail of the dispute," she whispered to Sanders. "My lady said something cutting, if one might judge by the sound, for the words didn't reach me, and went into her room with a bang that shook his; and he—Well, Mr. Sanders, if you will excuse my mentioning such a thing, he raved after her with an oath. I suppose it's over for the night, but it's positive they are at daggers drawn."

The household went to rest. It was the first night that Lord Level had been deemed sufficiently well to be left. Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Drewitt had taken it in turn to sit up with him: but his health had considerably improved, and this night he was left alone. Silence, probably sleep, had reigned in the house for two hours, and it had struck one o'clock, when wild cries of alarm, coupled with the ringing of his bell, broke from Lord Level's chamber. The servants rose up in terror in their beds. Those cries of fear came not from their lord, but from Lady Level.

Sanders, thrusting on his shoes and his pantaloons, hastened thither; Timms, in a huge shawl, opened her door and caught hold of him as he went; and Deborah came flying, just as she got out of bed. Mrs. Edwards was before them, and already in Lord Level's chamber. Lady

Level, in a blue silk wrapping-gown, her cries over, lay, half fainting, in a chair, evidently in excessive agitation; and Lord Level——

Lord Level was in a fainting fit on his bed, with a stab in his arm and another in his side, from which the blood was flowing.

II.

MR. and Mrs. Ravensworth were at breakfast in their residence, Langham-place, when the former was surprised by a visit from Major Carlen. With scant ceremony, he thrust himself into the room where they sat, his purple and scarlet cloak, which had come unfastened, trailing behind him, and his face scared and chapfallen.

Mr. Ravensworth rose in displeasure.

"I must see you, I must see you," cried the major, putting up his hands, as if in deprecation of his intrusion, "it's on a matter of life and death."

"I have finished my breakfast," said Mrs. Ravensworth; and she rose and left them together.

The major strode close up to Mr. Ravensworth, his false teeth actually chattering. "I told you what it would be," he uttered; "I warned you of the consequences, if you helped her to go down there. She has attempted his life."

Mr. Ravensworth gazed at him in inquiring doubt.

"By George, she has! They had a blow-up, and she has stabbed him. It is nobody else that has done it. When these delicate girls are put up—outraged in their feelings, as they call it, idiots!—they'll do murder with the worst. Witness that character of Scott's, that—what's her name?—Lucy, in the *Bride of Lam*——"

"For Heaven's sake! Major Carlen, what are you saying?" interrupted Mr. Ravensworth, scarcely knowing whether the major was mad or sane. "Don't introduce a trashy romance into the woes of real life! Has anything happened at Lord Level's, or has it not?"

"He is stabbed, I tell you. One of Lord Level's servants—Sanders, they call the fellow—arrived before I was up, with a note from Blanche. Here, read it:" but the major's hand and the note shook together, as he held it out to Mr. Ravensworth.

"Do, dear papa, hasten down! A shocking event has happened to Lord Level: he has been stabbed in his bed. I am terrified out of my senses.

"BLANCHE LEVEL."

"Now, she has done it," whispered the major again, his stony eyes turned on Mr. Ravensworth in fear and dread; "as sure as that her name's Blanche Level, she has done it! Who else would attack Lord Level in his bed?"

"Have you learnt any details?"

"Scraps. As much as the man knew. He says they were awake by cries in the middle of the night, and found Lord Level had been stabbed; and her ladyship was with him, screaming, and fainting on a chair. 'Who did it, Sanders?' said I. 'It's impossible to make out who did it, sir,'

said he; 'there was nobody to do it; all the house was in bed.' 'What do the police say?' I asked. 'The police are not called in, sir,' returned he; 'my lord and my lady won't have it done.' Now, Ravensworth, what can be a clearer proof than that? I used to think her mother had a tendency to insanity; I did, by Jove; she used to go into such violent tantrums with me."

Mr. Ravensworth felt shocked and bewildered. "I'll tell you what, Major Carlen, if Lady Level has done this, she has been goaded to madness. You must go down without an instant's delay."

The grim old fellow put up his hands; they were trembling visibly. "I wouldn't go down if you gave me a hundred pounds a mile, poor as I am, and that would make a thousand pounds! Look what a fluster I'm in, as it is: I had to get the man to hook my cloak for me, and he didn't do it properly: I wouldn't interfere between Blanche and Level for a mine of gold. You must go for me: I came to ask you."

"It is not possible for me to go to-day. Every moment of my time is cut out, and on business that I cannot put off."

"Then go down to-night," pleaded the major. "If you had a daughter, or a sister, so placed—or if it were your own wife, just put it to yourself whether you would not strain a point to get to her. Do it for Blanche."

"I would do a very great deal for Lady Level, quite as much as a brother would. She has my deepest sympathy."

"Then go down to Level's and see into it. You know, if she has done it, she must be parted from him; or, the next thing, will be murder done, instead of attempted."

"I wish I knew more. How did you hear there had been a disagreement?"

"Sanders let it out. He said the women-servants heard Level and his wife hotly disputing last night."

"Where is Sanders?"

"In your hall. He wanted to go back at once, but I brought him here, hoping to send word by him to Blanche that you would go. You can have him in, and hear his account of the affair."

Mr. Ravensworth did so, listening in silence. "Lady Level must have been greatly terrified," he observed, when Sanders had finished.

"Oh, very much indeed, sir. My lord had quite fainted; and she, nearly. We got the surgeon, and I wanted to go to the police station; there is one, not a mile from the house; but I was not allowed."

Major Carlen glanced significantly at Mr. Ravensworth.

"Could any one have got in, Sanders?" inquired the latter, "any assassin?"

"Why, there's the curiosest part of the affair, sir: there was no sign of such; we found the doors and windows properly secured, as they had been when we went to bed, so we don't see how anybody could have got in. If they did, they must have been let in and let out again, and no noise made over it."

"Do you suspect any one in the house?"

"Why—no, sir; there's nobody we like to suspect," returned Sanders, coughing dubiously.

"The servants—"

"Oh, there's no servants to do such a thing," interrupted Sanders, in

a decided tone: and Mr. Ravensworth feared they might be getting near dangerous ground.

"Is Lord Level in danger?" he asked, changing the subject.

"No, sir; unless fever should come on. What some of us did suspect, sir," added the man, apparently wishing to make a clean breast of it, "is, whether my lord can have done it himself: and yet it's not likely, for the light-headedness had left him, and he was quite collected."

"The ground was not so dangerous as Mr. Ravensworth had imagined.

"Has any instrument been discovered?" he asked.

"Oh yes, sir; a clasp-knife, with a small, sharp blade. It was found on the floor in my lady's room, which opens from his lordship's."

Mr. Ravensworth wrote a rapid word to Lady Level—that he would be with her that evening—and gave it to Sanders. "You won't tell that I wouldn't go, you know," whispered the major to Mr. Ravensworth; "say I couldn't."

"What excuse can I offer for you?"

"Any excuse that comes uppermost. Say I'm in bed with the gout. I have charged Sanders to hold his tongue."

It was dark night when Mr. Ravensworth reached his destination, so far as the rail would take him. There he found Sanders and the fly.

"Is Lord Level better?"

"He is off his head, sir, and there are two doctors with him," replied the man. "My lady is pretty near beside herself too."

"Have the police been called in yet?"

"No, sir, no chance of it: my lord and my lady won't have it done."

"It appears an old-fashioned dwelling, Sanders," remarked Mr. Ravensworth, when they arrived before the door of the Maze.

"It's the most awkward turn-about place inside, sir, you ever saw. But my lord never lives here; he only pays promiscuous visits now and then, and brings no servants. He was kept prisoner here, as may be said, through jamming of his knee, and so my lady came down, and we are staying here temporary, and putting up with all sorts of inconveniences."

"Who lives here in general?"

"Two old retainers of the Level family, sir: both of 'em sights to look upon, she especially. She dresses up like a pictur."

Waiting inside the door to receive Mr. Ravensworth, was Mrs. Edwards. He could not take his eyes from her: he had never seen one like her in real life, and Sanders's words, "dresses up like a pictur," were exemplified. He had deemed the style of dress completely gone out of use, *but* in pictures; and here it was before him, worn by a living woman! She dropped him a stately curtsy, that would have served for the prelude to a court minuet in the palmy days of Queen Charlotte.

"Sir, you are the gentleman expected by my lady?"

"Yes. Mr. Ravensworth."

"I'll show you in myself, sir."

Taking a candle from a slab that stood against the wall—there was no other light—she conducted him through the passage, and, turning down another which stood at right angles with it, halted at the door of a room. "What would you be pleased to take, sir? and I'll order it brought in."

"I require nothing, thank you."

Quite a housekeeper of the old school, and hospitable, she would not take No. "I hope you will, sir: tea? or coffee? or supper?—"

"One cup of coffee, then."

She dropped another of her ceremonious curtses, and opened the door. "The gentleman you expected, my lady."

It was the long, bare room, spoken of before; singularly bare and empty it looked to Mr. Ravensworth: as he walked forward, his head narrowly escaped the beams in the low ceiling, for he was a tall man. A large fire burned in the grate, half way down the room, and in an easy-chair before it reclined Lady Level—asleep. The door was remote, the housekeeper's movements and voice were soft, and they had failed to arouse her. Two wax-candles stood on the high carved mantelpiece, and the large table, black with age, behind Lady Level, was without a cloth. Everything about the room was dreary, but the fire, the lights, and Blanche Level.

Should he awaken her? He looked at her and deliberated. Her feet rested on a footstool, and her head lay on the low back of the chair, a cushion under it. She wore an evening dress of lavender silk, trimmed with white lace. Her neck and arms looked cold and bare in the dreary room, and they were only relieved by the lace, for she wore no ornaments, not a bit of gold or silver was about her—except her wedding-ring. Was it possible that she had attempted the life of him who had put that ring on? There was a careworn look on her face, now, as she slept, which took from her beauty, and two indented lines rose in her forehead, not common to a girl of twenty; her mouth was slightly open, showing her teeth, and very pretty teeth were Lady Level's. No, thought Mr. Ravensworth, guilty of that crime she never had been!

Should he awake her? A coal fell on the hearth with a noise, and settled the question, for Lady Level opened her eyes. A moment's dreamy unconsciousness, and then she started up, her face crimson.

"Oh, Arnold, I beg your pardon! I must have dropped asleep. How good of you to come!"

With a burst of tears she held out her hands, and Mr. Ravensworth clasped them and kept them. But now, pray don't go dipping your shallow heads into deep water, you sentimental young lady readers, and think you have found a mare's nest. His friendship and his sympathy were hers in no common degree, but his love for his own young wife was of too exclusive a nature for even a fraction of it to stray to Blanche Level, or to any other Blanche in the world.

"Arnold, I am so miserable! I am so frightened! Why did not papa come?"

"He was——" Mr. Ravensworth searched for the excuse and did not find a ready one. "Something kept him, and he requested me to come in his stead, and see if I could be of any use to you."

"Have you heard about it? Did papa tell you?" she asked, in a whisper.

"He told me what little he knew. But it appeared most extraordinary to both of us."

"Sit down," she cried, withdrawing her hands. "I am quite forgetting myself to keep you standing."

"Do you sit down, Lady Level," he returned, drawing a chair near to hers. "You look ill and fatigued."

"I am not ill; unless uncertainty and anxiety can be called illness. I sat here, listening for you, and sleep overpowered me. Have you dined?"

"Yes: but your housekeeper insists on being hospitable, and will send me in a cup of coffee."

"Did you ever see so complete a picture? Like those we admire in the old frames?"

"Will you describe to me this—the details of the business I came to hear."

"I am trying to put it off," she said, with a forced laugh—a laugh that caused Mr. Ravensworth involuntarily to knit his brow, for it spoke of insincerity. "I think I will not tell it you till morning light."

"I must leave again to-night. The last up-train that passes——"

"Oh, but you'll stay all night," she interrupted, in a nervous tone. "Mrs. Edwards is making you up a bed somewhere."

"Well, we will discuss that by-and-by. What is this unpleasant business about Lord Level?"

"I don't know what it is," replied Lady Level. "He has been attacked and stabbed. I know that it nearly frightened me to death."

"By whom was it done?"

"I don't know," she repeated again. "They say the doors were fast, and that no one could have got in."

Now, strange as it may appear, and firmly impressed as Mr. Ravensworth was with the innocence of Lady Level, there was a tone in her voice, a look in her countenance, as she spoke the last few sentences, that he did not like. Her manner was evasive, and she did not look at him openly.

"Were you in his room when it happened?"

"Oh dear no. When I came down to the Maze, a bed was made up for me in the chamber next to his; his dressing-room, I believe it is, at ordinary times when he stays here; and I was in bed there, and asleep."

"Asleep?" repeated Mr. Ravensworth.

"Fast asleep. Till something woke me: and when I got into Lord Level's room, I found—I found—what had happened."

"Had it just happened?"

"Just. I was so terrified. After I had called the servants, I think I fainted. I am not sure. Lord Level fainted."

"But did you see no one? no stranger?"

She shook her head.

"Nor heard any noise?"

"I—thought I heard a noise; I am positive I thought so. And I heard Lord Level's voice."

"That you naturally would hear. A man whose life has been attempted, would not be likely to keep silence. But you must try and give me a better explanation than this."

She made no reply.

"You say something suddenly awoke you. What was it?"

"I can't tell you," repeated Lady Level.

"Was it a noise?"

"N—o; not exactly. I cannot say precisely what it was."

Mr. Ravensworth deliberated before he spoke. "My dear Lady Level, this will not do. If these questions are painful to you, if you prefer not to trust me, they shall cease, and I will go back to town as wise as I came, without having been able to afford you assistance or advice. I think you could tell me more, if you would."

Lady Level burst into tears. Mr. Ravensworth took her hand, and resumed in a low tone: "I came down, hoping to be to you a true friend. If you will let me be so, if you will confide in me—Blanche, come what may, I will stand by you."

There was a long silence. Mr. Ravensworth did not choose to break it: he had said his say, and the rest remained with Lady Level.

"He is a bad man, and he has made me hate him," she broke out. "Arnold, I wish I had been in that fire, before I had ever married him!"

"But will you not tell me what occurred?"

"I have told you," she answered. "I was suddenly roused out of my sleep, and then I heard Lord Level's voice, 'Blanche! Blanche!' I went into his room, and saw the blood upon his night-shirt sleeve, for he had thrown the clothes off, and he told me he had been stabbed. Oh, how I shuddered! I cannot think of it now, without feeling sick, ready to faint," she added, a shiver running through her frame.

"She do it?—nonsense!" thought Mr. Ravensworth to himself; "she no more did it than I did."

"'Blanche, come here,' he said to me. I don't know how I obeyed: I was terrified to go near him; terrified at the sight. 'Don't scream; come here,' he repeated, and when I reached him he stretched out his left arm—it was the right that was wounded—and laid hold of my arm and grasped it like a piece of iron. 'Stop here,' he reiterated; 'don't make a disturbance;' and there he held me. He seemed to fear that I should alarm the house, and kept me there to prevent it."

"For long?"

"It seemed long to me; it may not have been above two or three minutes: and my arm—look at it, Arnold." She raised the lace of her sleeve, and exhibited her arm, high up, above the elbow: it was black with the pressure. "You see how tight his grasp must have been: but soon he loosed hold, and I saw he had fainted. I rang the bell; I rose the house with my cries: he had told me not to scream, but I could not help it: besides, he might be bleeding to death. After the servants came, a mist fell over my sight, and I am not sure but I fainted: they can tell."

"Well, this is a better explanation than you gave me at first," said he, encouragingly: and she had spoken more readily, without appearance of disguise. "Do you think it was Lord Level's calling out that first aroused you?"

"No; oh no; it was not—at least—perhaps it was. It—I can't say." She had relapsed into evasion again, and it set Mr. Ravensworth thinking. He leaned forward towards her.

"I am going to put a question, Lady Level, and you must of course answer it, or not, as you please. I can only repeat that any confidence

you repose in me shall never be betrayed. Did Lord Level inflict the injury on himself?"

"No, that was impossible," she freely answered; "it must have been done for him."

"The weapon, I hear, was found in your room."

"Yes."

"But how could it have come there?"

She made no reply.

"Why do you object to the police being called in?"

"It was Lord Level who objected. I wish the police were stationed all over the house: I should feel more at ease: I shall scarcely dare to go to bed to-night. When Lord Level recovered his faintness, he heard the servants speaking of the police, and he desired me to tell them he would have no police in his house. This morning I went to his room, and told him if he would not have them in, and the house searched, and the facts investigated, I should die with terror. He replied, then if I chose to be so foolish, I must die: that the hurt was to him, not to me, and if he saw no occasion for police, and did not choose to have police, surely I need not. He——"

The coffee interrupted them; and Mr. Ravensworth wished the coffee at the antipodes. Sanders brought it in, and Mrs. Edwards attended to serve it. But Lady Level told her she need not wait.

"You do not inquire how I sped on my arrival here," said Lady Level, as she handed him his coffee.

"Indeed, there are many things I should like to inquire," was his reply, "but wishing for information does not always constitute the right to ask it."

"My coming excited no little consternation: had there not been a Lady Level, Mrs. Edwards could scarcely have been more surprised. She vanished, and reappeared before me in this costume, which, it appears, she only assumes in honour of me. On the floor above, there is a very comfortable sitting-room, nicely furnished, which Lord Level uses when he is here; but it is close to his chamber, and I could hear him raving out this evening in his delirium, and she made me come down to this. Better put-up with bare boards, she said, than with words not pretty for a young lady's ear."

"She was right," said Mr. Ravensworth.

"I have come to no explanation with Lord Level: a fine passion he was in when he saw me, and found I had left Germany. We had some words, and he became light-headed. No further allusion was made to the subject, until last evening, and then it was brought up again, by him, and we had more recrimination. I shall separate from him when he gets better, unless—unless——"

"No you will not," interrupted Mr. Ravensworth. "You have not considered what it is to separate from a husband. You must not think of such a step."

"I have found sufficient cause since I came to England," she returned, her blue eyes flashing. "I knew something of Lord Level's principles before, so I was not ill prepared for it. Do you think these things are not hard to bear?"

"They are very hard : still, they may be borne : and it will be far better to bear them, than to come to an open rupture. I know the world better than you do."

"You counsel me to bear insults tamely?"

"I do, indeed; I do it for your own sake : I know it will be happier for you in the end. Lord Level does not intrude personal insult upon you; and what takes place away from your knowledge you had better not inquire into."

Lady Level shook back her head defiantly.

"Blanche, listen to me. The very last thing you must think of, is a separation from your husband. I tell you that I speak for your happiness."

Before more could be said, the old steward, Mr. Drewitt, appeared. Lord Level was now calm again, and wished to see Mr. Ravensworth. They went up-stairs together. Lord Level fixed his eyes upon Mr. Ravensworth, as he advanced to him.

"So, it's you?" he exclaimed. "They told me my lady had got some intruder down stairs. What brings you here? Did my lady send for you?"

"No. Major Carlen came to my house, and requested me to come down."

"Major Carlen? Oh! very good. I'll make a note of that. I'll blow his brains out, if he interferes between me and my wife; and that he knows."

"So far as I believe, Major Carlen has no intention, or wish, to interfere. Lady Level sent to him, in her alarm, and he requested me to come in his place."

"If Major Carlen has entered into a league with you to ferret out matters that concern me, which he dare not attempt to come and do for himself——"

"I beg your lordship's pardon," was the curt interruption. "I do not like or respect Major Carlen sufficiently to be in 'league' with him. I came down here, certainly in compliance with his desire, but in a spirit of kindness to Lady Level, and to you, to be of assistance to you if I could."

"How came you to bring Lady Level over from Germany?" growled the peer. "You shall account to me for it yet."

"Your wife wished to travel home with myself and Mrs. Ravensworth, and she did so. What fault have you to find with it?"

"This fault—that, but for you and your meddling interference, she would be abroad still. I wished her to remain abroad for the winter."

"If Lady Level returned home against your wish, I am not responsible for it. It was not my place to dictate to her that she should, or should not." Lord Level lay in silence for a while, and the angry expression left his face. "I hope this injury to your lordship will not prove a grave one," Mr. Ravensworth remarked.

"It is a trifle," was the answer—"nothing but a trifle. It's my knee that keeps me prostrate here," striking the bed; "and I have intermittent fever."

"Can I be of service to you? If I can, command me."

"I don't want anybody to be of service to me, if you allude to this stabbing business. Some drunken fellow got in, and——"

"The servants say the doors were all left secure, and were found so."

"The servants say so to hide their carelessness," roared Lord Level, in a contortion of pain. "This knee gives me twinges, at times, like a red-hot iron."

"Had any one got in, especially any drunken man——"

"Mr. Ravensworth," imperatively interrupted Lord Level, "it is my pleasure that this affair should not be investigated. I say that some drunken man got in—a poacher, I'll lay a guinea, and attacked me, not knowing what he was doing. To have a row made over it would only excite me, in my present state of fever. Therefore, I shall put up with the injury, and shall be well all the sooner for doing so. You will be so obliging," he sarcastically added, "as to do the same."

Almost as Lord Level spoke the fever came on again, his face became crimson, his eye wild, and his voice rose to a scream. He flung his left arm about the bed. Mr. Ravensworth looked for the bell, and rang it.

"Drewitt, are the doors fast?" raved his lordship. "Do you hear me, Drewitt? Have you looked to the doors? Now where are the keys? Where have you put them? That door——"

Mrs. Edwards entered and essayed to soothe him. She put cool applications on his head and held his arm gently. "The doctor will be here in a moment," she whispered to Mr. Ravensworth: "that was his ring as I came into the room."

"Has Lord Level been violent?"

"Only in speech, sir. He just dashes one arm about, and rolls his head. I don't know that he could do more, considering his powerless knee and his right arm. He was so much better till this attack upon him last night."

"So, he's off again!" exclaimed the doctor, when he entered: "well, if he will excite himself, he can expect nothing else. Mrs. Edwards, will you call your brother? I shall want his assistance in dressing the wounds. You are a friend of the family, I hear, sir," he added to Mr. Ravensworth. "I hope you purpose to order an investigation into this extraordinary affair."

"I have no authority to do so. And Lord Level does not wish it done."

"A fig for Lord Level! he does not know what he's saying," replied the doctor. "There never was so monstrous a thing heard of, as that a nobleman is to be stabbed in his own bed, and the fellow to be let off, scot-free; not looked after! We need not look far!"

The last words, significantly spoken, jarred on Mr. Ravensworth's ears. "Have you any suspicion?" he asked.

"I can put two and two together, sir, and find they make four. The windows were fast; the doors were fast; there was no noise, no disturbance, no robbery; well then, what deduction have we to fall back upon, but that the villain, he or she, was an inmate of the house?"

Mr. Ravensworth's pulses beat a shade quicker. Was she going to be publicly denounced? "Whom do you suspect?" he boldly inquired, fully prepared to combat the answer: but the answer was not what he anticipated.

"One of the servants, of course."

"But the servants are faithful and respectable. They are not suspected."

"Maybe not, in-doors; but they are, out. The whole neighbourhood, sir, is in commotion over it: and how Drewitt and his sister can let these London servants be at large, is the talk of the place. The most singular thing is, that Lady Level should have slept through it, when the assassin must have gone into her chamber to deposit the knife upon the floor. It was found close to her dressing-table. Look here," he added, opening the door leading to Lady Level's room, "there's where the knife was found, half way down it: and yet her ladyship protests she slept through the visit!"

"It may have been flung in."

"No; it was carried; for the blood had dripped from it all along."

"Has the knife been recognised?"

The surgeon had turned again towards Lord Level, and did not hear the question. In the shadow of the door stood the steward: he stealthily touched Mr. Ravensworth's arm, and beckoned him into the dark corridor.

"Sir," he whispered, "my lady told Mrs. Edwards that you were a firm friend of hers, a sure friend?"

"I trust I am."

"Then let it drop, sir; it was no common robber: let it drop, for her sake and my lord's."

Mr. Ravensworth went down stairs, painfully perplexed. Those few words, spoken by the faithful old steward, were more fraught with suspicion against Lady Level than any other circumstances he had yet heard.

Lady Level was sitting where he had left her, before the fire. He thought he must be going. "I have been of no assistance to you," he observed, "but should anything further arise in which I can be, send for me."

"What do you expect to arise?" she hastily inquired.

"Nay, I expect nothing."

"Did Lord——" Lady Level suddenly stopped and turned her head. Inside the room stood two policemen. She rose with a startled movement, and shrank close to Mr. Ravensworth, as if for protection. "Arnold! Arnold!"

"Do not agitate yourself," he whispered. "I will speak to them. What is it that you want?" he demanded, moving forward.

"We have come about this attack on Lord Level, sir."

"Who sent for you?"

"Don't know anything about that, sir. Our superior ordered us here, and he's coming on himself. We must examine the fastenings of this window, sir, by the lady's leave."

They passed up the room, and Lady Level left it, followed by Mr. Ravensworth. Outside stood Deborah, all aghast, peeping after the policemen.

"They have been here this hour, my lady," she whispered.

"Who have?"

"Them police people. They have had us all before 'em in the

kitchen, my lady, a questioning of us separate: Mr. Sanders first, and Mrs. Timms next, and me last. I never was questioned so close, my lady, in my life. And now they are going round the house to look at it, and see to the fastenings."

The men came out again and moved away, Deborah followed slowly in their wake. She appeared to regard them, now they were inside a house, with somewhat of the curiosity we give to a wild animal. Lady Level returned to her place by the fire, and Mr. Ravensworth looked at his watch. "It is time for me to go," he observed.

"To go! Now?" uttered Lady Level.

"I shall barely reach the station for the up-train."

"Arnold, if you go, and leave me with those men in the house, I will never forgive it!" she passionately exclaimed.

He looked at her in surprise. "I thought you wished for the presence of the police: you said you should regard them as a protection."

"Did you send for them?" she breathlessly exclaimed, the thought striking her.

"Certainly not."

She sank into a reverie, a deep, unpleasant reverie that compressed her lips and contracted her brow. Suddenly she lifted her head.

"He is my husband, after all, Arnold."

"To be sure he is."

"And therefore—and therefore—there had better be no investigation."

"Why?" asked Mr. Ravensworth, scarcely above his breath.

"Because he does not wish it," she answered, bending her face downwards. "He forbade me to call in aid, or to suffer it to be called in: and, as I say, he is my husband. Will you stop those men from searching, and send them away?"

"I do not think I have the power."

"You can forbid them in Lord Level's name. I give you full authority: as he would do, were he capable of acting. Arnold, I will have them out of the house; I will."

"What is it that you fear from them?"

"That they will question me."

"And if they do?—you can but repeat to them what you told me."

"No, it must not be," she shivered. "I could not parry their searching questions."

Mr. Ravensworth paused. "Blanche," he said, in a low tone, "did you tell me all?"

"Perhaps not," she slowly answered.

"'Perhaps!'"

"There! I hear those men up-stairs, and you stand talking idly here! Order them away in Lord Level's name."

As Mr. Ravensworth went up the stairs, the steward met him, pale and agitated, urging him to the same step that Lady Level had done. "It must not be looked into by the police," he whispered; "sir, it must not."

Mr. Ravensworth moved as one in a dream, so perplexed was he. He found the two men in the room where Lady Level had slept, examining the situation of that, and of Lord Level's, and whispering together. They must not leave the house, they said, in reply to Mr. Ravensworth, but

they were willing to retire to the kitchen and there wait for their superior. Accordingly they went down and talked freely with the servants; or rather, perhaps, encouraged the servants to talk freely to them. Mr. Ravensworth remained some little time in Lord Level's room, and then he went down. In one of the passages he met Lady Level, running against her, indeed, in the dark. She appeared to be deeply agitated, and ran from him into the first open door she came to. It was an unfurnished room, and there was no light, save what came from the large bay-window. He followed her in, for she was panting and sobbing hysterically.

"Whatever is the matter?" he exclaimed.

She had rushed up to the window, and stood against its frame. "Give me air, give me air! I shall faint: I shall die."

With some trouble he undid the bolt of the window and threw up its middle compartment: then he turned and held her. A ring at that moment came to the outer gate, and she shook as she leaned against him.

"Blanche, let me be your friend; tell me all: let it be what it will, I promise to stand by you."

"They are saying in the kitchen that it was I attacked Lord Level," she uttered, the words breaking from her by jerks, in her agitation.

"Make a friend of me," he continued to urge, his voice full of earnest sympathy; "you shall never have a truer."

But she only shook as she stood, and grasped his arm.

"Blanche!—did—you—do—it?"

"No," she answered, with a low burst of hysterical sobs, "I only saw it done."

ITALY IN 1848.*

NAPOLEON III. has declared war against Austria from no motives of personal aggrandisement—at any rate he says so: he is prepared to sacrifice the lives of thousands of his soldiers, perchance risk his crown, for the noble motive of liberating priest and soldier ridden Italy. It is a glorious mission, worthy the self-devotion, even immolation, of an empire. How could Frenchmen, themselves revelling in liberty, but hasten to impart the same blessing to the whole world? Is it not the destiny of the Napoleonides to found the great universal republic of Christian fraternity, in which the lion will lie down with the lamb, the Austrian hold the Gaul in brotherly affection?

Unfortunately, however, nations are so perverse, that they cannot be induced to accept what is good for them without some coercion—just as naughty children will not swallow their draught without sundry monitory slaps from the nurse. The Austrians do not yet appreciate the blessings the French offer them; the consequence is, they must be compelled

* *La Guerre de l'Indépendance Italienne en 1848 et 1849. Par le Général Ulloa. Two Vols. Paris: Hachette et C^o.*

to accept them. The Italians (so the French say) are thirsting for liberty, and kiss the hand of the enlightened monarch who offers it to them. But we know the old sad story—general illumination, slight intoxication, the result of little wine and much shouting, tricolors planted on every house, and, when called upon to act, general desertion of the cause. But, in such cases as these, parallels will be found more effective than argument: hence we may be permitted to survey the conduct of the Italians on the last occasion that liberty was in their grasp and they allowed it to slip through their fingers. But, first, a word as to the Italian character.

What is the “national element” to which the emperor has so repeatedly alluded as requiring satisfaction in Italy? For centuries a contest has been going on upon the fertile plains of Lombardy for the supremacy of Germany or France. From the Sicilian Vespers to the battle of Pavia, from the campaigns of General Bonaparte to the victories of Radetzky, Germany’s power and France’s thirst for conquest have been in continual collision on Italian soil. But never, so far as the world’s history can trace back, was Italy *one* kingdom; never was it recognised as such in the negotiations of nations. Even world-commanding Rome never entertained the idea of converting Italy from a geographical expression into a political reality. The Roman right of citizenship ennobled: and raised Gaul and Grecian, Apulian and Etruscan towns and provinces into political importance. Rome, not Italy, was the idea of unity: it was at once the *orbis et urbs terrarum*. In the highest bloom of the Renaissance, when the mental magic of art was poured over the world from Rome, Florence, and Venice, when Bologna founded the first college for jurisprudence, and the thirst for investigating the mental treasures of ancient Greece and Rome spread from Central Italy through European society—even in that memorable epoch of the highest development, Italy only offered a picture of the deepest moral degradation and the most frightful self-laceration. We find one city ever in a death-feud with another; in the interior of every city always two or three classes contending with demoniac fury through centuries; the dynastic races of Italy—more especially those whom the favour and love they displayed for poetry, painting, and the plastic arts have rendered proverbial and immortal—were at the same time branded with adultery, murder, fratricide, poisoning, crime and villany of the most fearful description. The scum of humanity in their worthlessness and corruption favoured the celestial creations of the artistic world; and in Italy, the fair land of contradictions, moral and political villany and degradation fostered the most elevated types of the sincerest expression of art-piety.

Once again Rome became the centre of the world—as the home of Christianity. But the very character she bore, as the capital of the Christian world, forbade any expression of nationality in a political sense. Papacy in Rome was no more specifically Italian in Rome, than violence could render it specifically French at Avignon. As a powerful, admirable ecclesiastical institution, it may become at the same time a political one, but never, in the higher sense of the term, national.

Thus the character of the Italian races has been gradually developed into what it now is: sensual, amiable, agreeable, and passionate, with no

constancy in love, but ardent in hate; morally sunk, and politically confused; unwilling to obey, and yet incapable of self-government; ever hating the man who holds power over them, but detesting even more any progress of an Italian race beyond other cities or provinces, except those from which it has its origin. The law, even the most just, is to the Italians only the external, actual repression, but in no sense the expression of that universal moral order, which they do not understand, but which they all join in despising. The "Italian fatherland" is to them merely a phantasm, because it possesses no historical basis, no national concord, no political foundation. The Italian lazzaroni does not own a countryman in the Lombard, nor the Venetian in the Calabrian; to the Roman, the Sardinian is an utter stranger; the Genoese looks down with contempt on the mixed race which governs in the "haughty city." For political liberty the Italians lack the moral earnestness, for political union the historical substratum, and the slightest feeling for fraternity and that mutual indulgence between races, who for thousands of years have known no common bond of union. Such are Louis Napoleon's new protégés, whom he hopes by his magic influence to convert into a great and powerful nation!

In 1847, Pio Nono, by his ill-judged reforms, raised that cry for nationality which Louis Napoleon is now producing by the presence of his cohorts. Charles Albert put himself at the head of the movement, owing to his detestation of the Austrians, and solemnly declared he did not design war at the very moment his army had orders to cross the Ticino. Never had the position of Austria been more critical: after four days' hard fighting, Radetzky had been driven out of Milan, and the entire population of Lombardy rose in arms. The Neapolitans had compelled the king to send his army and fleet to the support of the national cause: Durando was hurrying up at the head of twelve thousand volunteers, and, worse than all, Austria was in a flame from one extremity to the other of her gigantic empire.

Under these circumstances, the Piedmontese army was enabled to cross the Mincio almost without striking a blow; the heights of Pastrengo were taken after a most gallant action that lasted three days, and the fortress of Peschiera was closely invested. The description General Ulloa gives of Peschiera will prove interesting in the present state of the war.

The siege-train expected from Turin having partly arrived in the middle of May, Charles Albert decided on attacking Peschiera. The artillery he had received consisted of twenty-eight 24-pounders, ten mortars, and seven howitzers. The Duke of Genoa was entrusted with the direction of the siege. Peschiera is situated on the Tyrolese frontier, on the southern border of the Lago di Garda, on the road from Brescia to Verona. At the spot where the Mincio quits the lake and runs in a southerly course, there is a double tête de pont, formed of five bastioned faces, to defend the town. One of these faces commands the lake, two command the left, and two the right, bank of the Mincio. The enceinte contains five bastions, one cavalier, two lunettes, and two counter-guards. On the right bank are the two lunettes la Mandella, which form a sort of bastioned front without a curtain; and also the Salvi lunette, with a covered way in front of the works, running from the lake to the Mincio. It is a fortress of the third class, if we take its size into consideration.

The Tyrollese frontier is intersected by a certain number of routes, some running direct to Peschiera and the Mincio line, while others are to the rear of that line: the road running from Trent or Roveredo to Brescia and Mantua is among the latter. Peschiera protects one of the sides of the Mincio line: it offers a shelter to the lake flotilla, and commands the road from Brescia to Verona, while offering its holder the power of crossing, as he pleases, to either side of the river. It is, therefore, mistress of the navigation of the lake and the Mincio, and by means of the latter communicates with Mantua. It will be thus seen of what advantage the occupation of Peschiera is to an army placed on the line of the Mincio, and which must attempt to cover its flanks before commencing operations in the quadrangle.

It must be borne in mind that in 1848 the Sardinians required seven weeks ere they could reduce Peschiera, while at the present time its strength has been more than doubled.

While these events were occurring in Italy, the Austrian government, justly alarmed, proposed certain terms, in carrying out which they requested the intermediation of the British government. What they were will be best seen from the following most important letter which the Marquis Bossi, Lombardese envoy to London, sent home to his government:

"London, May 21.

"The communication of your despatch of the 13th May, and of the law of fusion annexed to it, has produced a magical effect on the mind of Lord Palmerston, even greater than I had expected. I saw his face un-wrinkle, and he said to me, "That causes me great pleasure; it is the best possible thing for the peace of Europe and the welfare of Italy." He traced with me on the map the new future kingdom up to the Alps, thus comprising the Venetese, Modena, and Parma, and asked me how many inhabitants it might contain. He spoke of the topographical advantage this state would possess, its wealth and strength, so that it would be able to resist any foreign invasion. Then he informed me that M. de Hummelauer had just quitted Vienna, and would probably arrive this very day in London, on a mission to request the amicable mediation of the British government to treat with Italy. That Austria would probably commence by demanding the line of the Adige (thus retaining the Venetese), but that he (Lord Palmerston) was well aware this was impossible, and that the only basis of negotiations was the utter abandonment of Italy by the Austrians. Lord Palmerston evinced an anxiety to come to a speedy settlement, and considered the time thus gained a very important matter under present circumstances, thus evidently alluding to a spontaneous armed intervention on the part of France, which he greatly fears. By my latest advices, I think that is very remote, but it is useful for us that England should fancy it more imminent than it really is."

It is now known that Lord Palmerston strongly impressed on Charles Albert, in behalf of the monarchies imperilled by the revolutionary spirit, and of his own immediate dynastic interests, that he should accept these conditions and treat at once. But the king was so blinded by his personal hatred of Austria, that he would not consent to yield, or realise the ambition of his house, so long as a single foreigner remained in occupation of a corner of Italy. The result was his ruin, and he had only himself to blame.

The tide had begun slowly to turn in behalf of Austria: the King of Naples had effected his counter-revolution, and recalled his troops, while the Pope, even at so early a date as May, had threatened with his interdict those who dared to attack his beloved sons, the Germans. But Austria found a still better friend where she had least expected it: Mazzini, the anti-republican, had begun to arouse suspicions as to the disinterestedness of Charles Albert, and such is the temper of the Italians, that they eagerly listened to the falsehood.

So soon as Radetzky was assured of the retreat of the Neapolitans, he decided on attacking on the offensive in his turn, and, leaving a strong garrison in Verona, he made a flank march on Mantua, where he arrived on the 28th of May. The Tuscan volunteers were stationed at Curtatone, a village about an hour's march from Mantua, on the banks of the Upper Lake. The volunteers fought with the most extraordinary bravery, holding the Austrians at bay for a whole day, which drew from Radetzky the indignant remark, "I shall lose a day through these boys." As a compensation for this, on the same day, an Austrian corps that attempted to introduce provisions into Peschiera was cut off by Durando's volunteers. So great was the alarm produced by Radetzky's movements, however, that Charles Albert fell back on Goito with the greater part of his troops, lest the Austrians might cut off his retreat. The command of the Piedmontese was taken by General Bava, who had about 17,000 men of all arms, and 44 guns.

Radetzky came up to the attack with 22,000 men, hoping to carry with this force a strong position defended by an army almost equal to his own, and which was concentrated on a very small space of ground. The Austrians attacked the Piedmontese left, and gradually the fight extended along the whole line. Five times did Benedek attempt to carry the position of Goito, and was on each occasion repulsed with loss. The Piedmontese artillery was magnificently served, but the Austrians gradually forced their way through the Piedmontese, and threatened to cut off their retreat. At this moment the Duke of Savoy, at the head of the Cuneo brigade and the Second Guard regiment, attacked the enemy at the bayonet's point, and drove him back from the centre and right. At the same moment the Sardinian left succeeded in repulsing Benedek, and Radetzky gave the signal for retreat. At the very moment when the victory declared in favour of the Piedmontese, the news of the surrender of Peschiera arrived.

The Austrian reserves had by this time reached Verona, and Radetzky was enabled soon to resume the offensive. His first move was on Vicenza, which city was held by Durando at the head of about 8000 men. After a day's hard fighting, Durando was compelled to capitulate, and the garrison was permitted to retire with arms and baggage, under a promise not to serve against the Austrians during the next three months. While this brilliant affair was being performed, Charles Albert remained very quietly in front of Verona, hardly supposing that an enemy, immediately after a defeat, would attempt such a daring enterprise. At length he determined on attacking the heights of Rivoli, the possession of which would intercept the Austrian communication with the Tyrol by the left bank of the Adige. The heights were occupied without any opposition, but on the same evening Charles Albert heard of the Austrian

success at Vicenza, and determined on crossing the Adige and taking Radetzky between two fires. The scheme was excellent, but was foiled, as usual, by the king's indecision, for, by the time it was carried out, Radetzky had safely returned to Verona at the head of 8000 men.

The Piedmontese were now beginning to get into a very awkward position; the Austrian army was being daily reinforced, and the Italians were already beginning to grumble at the slowness of their operations. They considered that the walls of Verona would have fallen at the mere presence of Charles Albert, and were much disgusted at the delay in expelling the Tedeschi. Anxious to humour his new subjects, Charles Albert decided on investing Mantua! This was the height of folly: it is, probably, the most impregnable place in Italy, and besides, the king had in front of him an army numerically superior to his own. Under these circumstances, Radetzky decided on assuming the offensive in his turn; he had nothing to fear for Mantua, which was held by 16,000 men, and provisioned for six months, and he had an army at his command of 132,000 men, with 240 guns. Of this number, 82,000 opposed the Piedmontese army of 60,000, and were enabled to manœuvre at their ease on the terrain between Mantua, Verona, and Legnano. The Piedmontese could, therefore, do nothing else than slowly fall back on Custozza, Radetzky following them up with equal slowness, although effectually clearing the environs of Verona before he set out.

Owing to the miserable strategy of Charles Albert, Radetzky was enabled to force Bava into an engagement with only 20,000 men. On the morning of the 26th July, Bava marched on the village of Valeggio, which covered the Austrian centre, with the Aosta brigade, but the superiority of the enemy's strength compelled him to defer any decided attack till the arrival of reinforcements he had requested from the Duke of Savoy. At mid-day a regiment of Guards came up, and, with its aid, Bava attacked the Austrians. In spite of the bravery and efforts of his troops, he could not, however, break through the Austrian line, which held a very strong position, and he was compelled to cease fighting until the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa had gained some decided success on their side. Unfortunately, badly executed orders delayed the march of the Piedmontese and the arrival of the commissariat, so that Gyulai was enabled to occupy the heights commanding the duke's brigade. Thus, the Duke of Genoa, instead of acting on the aggressive, found himself assailed at once by Gyulai and Perrin, who had come up on the other flank. The former, at the head of his brigade, advanced on Somma Campagna, while Perrin attacked the flank on the east. Although the duke had only 5000 men under him, he repulsed the enemy's repeated assaults at the point of the bayonet, and held his ground nobly till nightfall.

In the centre the Duke of Savoy had assumed the offensive, and the Cuneo brigade and a half-brigade of the Guard at first gained some advantage over the Austrians, but Radetzky, having fresh troops continually at his command, did not find any difficulty in repulsing all the attacks of the Piedmontese. At length, Schwarzenberg's brigade, of two battalions and a 12-pounder battery at Goi, compelled the duke to fall back on Custozza. Bava was still waiting before Valeggio for news of the success obtained by the right of his army, but he at length decided on action, and tried to throw back the left wing of the first Austrian

corps d'armée. The Aosto brigade, supported by the brigade of the Guard, charged the heights of Monte Vento, and had almost carried them, when a fresh Austrian brigade came up and drove them back. Bava, being quite unsupported, was forced to retreat, and fell back on Villafranca in perfect order. The Duke of Savoy, who commanded the rear-guard, only yielded the ground step by step, and thus for the third time, since the commencement of the campaign, he checked the progress of the victorious enemy, and saved the army from a heavy disaster.

The loss of the Piedmontese was 1500 killed and wounded, that of the Austrians about 2500. During two days 20,000 Piedmontese had bravely sustained the attack of 54,000 Austrians, leaving in their hands very few prisoners, and having themselves captured 120 of the enemy. But the *morale* of the army was terribly affected by the loss of this battle; it saw that all the efforts hitherto made had been in vain; all the positions gained during three months had been torn from them in a few days, and they were suffering from the added misery of starvation.

After the disaster of Custoza, Charles Albert fell back on Goito, and he decided on trying to carry the heights of Volta, in order to maintain the line of the Mincio. Unfortunately, the Austrians were in too great strength, and after a most sanguinary engagement the Piedmontese were driven back. This completed the demoralisation of the Piedmontese army, and Charles Albert hastily requested an armistice, offering to retreat behind the Oglio. But Radetzky, in the pride of victory, demanded terms to which Charles Albert could not consent. He insisted on the line of the Adda and the return of all prisoners. The king, therefore, determined on resting his army for two or three days, and thus restore the courage of his troops. Unfortunately, the evil was greater than he suspected: the men deserted in large numbers, and the king was forced to retreat once more. He had 50,000 men still under his orders, but his fatal connexion with Lombardy was his ruin; his only chance would have been to fall back on Piacenza and compel the Milanese to rise in self-defence, which would have impeded the advance of the Austrians, but, fearing the accusation of treachery, he fell back on Milan.

The retreat of the army took place in the greatest disorder; the roads were covered with exhausted men, who lay down and refused to move. Much of this, however, was owing to the villany of the Lombardese commissioners, who allowed the troops to starve. Charles Albert arrived before Milan on the 3rd of August, at the head of but 30,000 men; no preparations had been made for his reception at Milan, no provisions collected; and even the 6000 volunteers, recently organised in the city, had gone off to Brescia, under Garibaldi. Under these untoward circumstances the king determined on one more desperate engagement. Radetzky came up on the 4th with 60,000 men and 200 guns, and, after six hours' hard fighting, the king was compelled to fall back on Milan. He then made overtures to Radetzky, and offered to retire behind the Ticino. The Austrian general gave him two days to return to Piedmont, offered a complete amnesty to the city, and promised that persons and property should be respected.

The first person who brought the news of the capitulation to Milan was murdered by the people, who, however, soon turned their entire wrath on the king. At the moment he was preparing to quit the city,

the Palazzo Greppi was invaded by the mob, and he was implored, by a deputation, to defend the city; all the inhabitants, he was assured, would rise as one man to fight. Yielding to his chivalrous nature, the king tore up the capitulation, and promised to find a grave beneath the walls of the city with his army. He then appeared on the balcony, to repeat his imprudent promise in the presence of the people. But the Milanese, ignorant of what had taken place in the mean while, began to insult him, and accused him of treason. The Piedmontese, fearing for the safety of the king, ran up and menaced the people, who had seized the Duke of Genoa, and held him as hostage. In the midst of the confusion the municipality decided on sending another deputation to Radetzky, begging him to renew the capitulation, which he readily consented to. Then the people were informed that those of them who desired to leave the city might do so with perfect safety till eight the next morning. The disorder rose to a fearful pitch to prevent Charles Albert's departure; they threatened to burn the palace down in which he was, and even some shots were fired at the windows. In the faubourgs a large number of houses was burned to the ground, to ensure the defence of the town, and the tocsin never left off pealing.

In the end, Charles Albert, worn out by all this violence, left the city, escorted by two companies, and joined the army, which crossed the frontier again the same evening. In the morning of the 6th of August Radetzky entered the city at the head of his army, and the population assumed an attitude of sorrow and dejection.

At this period both Austrians and Piedmontese had an interest in suspending hostilities. If, on the one side, Charles Albert's army was discouraged, and would not, on any consideration, have fought again for the defence of the Milanese, on the other hand, Radetzky could not venture into Piedmont, leaving behind him Venice and the Legations in a state of insurrection, and the Lombard population ready to take up arms again. He was also aware that the French government would not allow him to draw too close to the frontier. On the 9th, therefore, the two armies agreed on an armistice, whose duration was at first fixed for forty-five days, but which could be prolonged indefinitely, on the condition of the prolongation being announced eight days beforehand. This armistice received the name of *di Salasco*, from the name of the Piedmontese chief of the staff who signed it. It was decided that the frontiers of Lombardy and Piedmont should serve as the limits to the two armies; and the Piedmontese agreed, in addition, to evacuate Peschiera, Rocca d'Anfo, Osopo, Venice, and the Duchies, and withdraw their fleet from Venice.

The leaders of the volunteers generally managed to escape into Piedmont, with the exception of Garibaldi, who determined on carrying on the war upon his own account. He marched with his legion to the Lago Maggiore, and, seizing two steamers, landed at Luino. He intended to remain in the mountainous country between the two lakes and organise a guerilla war. But the second Austrian corps d'armée was sent in pursuit of him, and caught him at Morazzone. Garibaldi fought a very gallant action against far superior forces, and during the night succeeded in falling back on Luino, whence he retired into Switzerland.

It is difficult to decide where the fault lay that ruined the Sardinian

army. Some ascribe it to the incapacity of the king, and though there is no doubt he did considerable mischief by his indecision, still it should not be forgotten that, had he accepted Lord Palmerston's offer, and the campaign had terminated in June, when the army had forced the line of the Mincio, carried the positions of Colà and Pacengo, gained the battles of Pastrengo and Goito, and occupied Peschiera and Governolo, the capacity and military ability of the king would have been exalted to the skies. One battle lost was sufficient to convert all the praise into blame; but this is unjust. Radetzky lost two pitched battles, was defeated in several engagements, but in less than three months he received more than 47,000 men as reinforcements, well armed, well equipped, and well commanded. He only gained one battle out of three; but, owing to the weakness of his adversary, the result was decisive: the public applauded the victor, and considered him a skilful general. Charles Albert, on the contrary, is cried down, and considered a miserable tactician, in spite of two battles gained; but he found it impossible to fill up the gaps in his army except with poor recruits drawn from the reserves, with volunteers, ready-made generals and officers, and naturally the loss of one battle left him without resources.

We need not enter into details of the campaign of 1849, when Radetzky, by a skilful countermarch, crushed the power of Piedmont in a couple of days; but we think the narrative we have given will prove of assistance to those who wish to study the coming campaign in Italy. The Austrians are still suffering from the same defect as in 1848: they are badly handled and clumsy in their movements, and their nimble opponents will continually get the best of them in the field. Still the Austrian troops must be better, or the French worse, than they were in 1796. We hear of none of those frightful defeats which unloosed all the bands of discipline and covered the country with a flying army. On the contrary, the Austrians now engage with a stoicism that would not do discredit to Englishmen. Heavy masses are opposed to heavy masses, and a fearful scene of carnage takes place, until the Austrians fall back sullenly, and ready to renew the fight if called upon. In the days of the first Napoleon we knew of no such engagements as Magenta: he cleft his way through the Austrian centre, took both flanks in the rear, and, presto! the battle was over. But he had the great advantage of fighting with a small compact corps, full of dash and pluck, which would go through anything, while in the present day the character of an action is completely changed. There is something terribly depressing in the thought that masses of men are brought up to within a mile of the battle-field by railway and then sent in to conquer or die—there appears no alternative. It is like a fight in the prize-ring between two heavy weights: there is plenty of pluck and hard hitting on either side, but very little real science is displayed.

Before quitting the subject, what shall we say of the grateful nation for whose sake Charles Albert sacrificed his army and his throne? At the outset, the Italians were enthusiastic for Sardinia, and by an overwhelming majority called Charles Albert to the throne. Everything went on famously: the Milanese danced and sang, and greeted the liberating army just as they have now done Victor Emmanuel; but suddenly there was an awkward hitch—whichever city, Turin or Milan, should be the capital

of the newly-created kingdom. The excitement this simple incident produced was intense, and when the king evinced a slight leaning towards the capital of his forefathers his popularity sank to zero. He was a *traditore* to the holy cause!

And the brave Milanese took a revenge that was quite worthy of them: while the Sardinians were fighting with tremendous pluck and perseverance to expel the Austrians, their new countrymen left them to starve. It is well known that, prior to Custoza, many of the Piedmontese troops had taken no food for more than twenty-four hours. The Milanese remained at home squabbling about their dignity, and listening to the crafty insinuations of Mazzini and his fellows. Before long they were quite convinced that Charles Albert was a traitor to the cause, and when, from motives of compassion, he wished to save the city from the horrors of a bombardment, they treated him in the way we have attempted to describe.

Certainly the Italians are worthy of liberty—of liberty like that Louis Napoleon will eventually give them. And who can say that they will not fully deserve their fate, however harsh it may be!

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

WE wonder whether any psychologist will eventually succeed in gauging the profundities of the Gallic character—draw up a moral chart of its shoals and abysses, and indicate the sunken rocks on which the best reputations are too frequently shattered? Such a work is a decided desideratum, and to none more so than ourselves at the present moment, for we have a very difficult task before us: it is neither more nor less than to analyse one of the passing *affaires de cœur* of a celebrated French authoress, and regard it from two different sides—the one presented by herself, the other by an enemy.

In one respect French authors are decidedly beyond their English confrères: not only do they enjoy all the sweets of love, but when the passion has died away by mutual consent, the gentleman very speedily converts it into capital by writing a book, in which he analyses his last great passion, and shows in what it differed from the one immediately preceding it. He does this with such minuteness of detail; describes all the *nuances* of the passion—its birth, its apogee, and its decline—with such precision, that the English reader is almost tempted to cry, "Name, name!" In France, every action of the successful novelist is carefully brought to publicity, so that the patrons of the circulating library need only turn to the latest purveyor of literary garbage and say to themselves: "Stay, at the time Monsieur Chose was writing this book, he was the friend of Madame de St. Amour," or as the case may be; hence, he reads the story with double zest, because he imagines, and has good reason for doing so, that he is getting behind the secrets of two persons, whom he may yet chance to meet in society.

We believe M. Eugène Sue was the first among the great French authors who brought this system of holding up one's hidden loves to the glare of day into fashion. At any rate, it is quite certain that "Mathilde" became the rage in Paris, because the heroine could be pointed at with the finger. Both the Dumas indulge in the same bad habit; but the old gentleman is the worse of the two in this respect: he is not satisfied with describing his own volatile loves, but he introduces ladies belonging to his friends and relations. Thus, we remember reading in the "Mousquetaire" a most glowing account of his first introduction to his son's "Dame aux Perles," and the paternal benediction he gave her. In the same way M. Jules Janin has sinned more than once; and, probably, few things are more repulsive to the English taste than that introductory chapter to the "Dame aux Camélias," in which he describes his first interview with the real Marguerite Gauthier. Vice, to be rendered in any way palatable to the English taste, must be carried beyond the verge of probability; but when we have it thus realised, when we are conscious that the author is drawing from the living model, the sensation produces a moral revulsion. Not all the skill of word-painting Dumas the younger possesses can make us forget that his are no fancy sketches, but that he has lived through the scenes he depicts only too well.

One of the latest instances of this instinctive revulsion we can call to mind is produced by a work called "Fanny," which we sincerely trust none of our readers have read, nor intend to read. We dare only hint the embroglio, which is that of a lover jealous of the husband, and finding just cause to be so; and we who have been compelled to read it as part of our daily duty, were forced more than once to lay the book down, so truthfully sickening were the descriptions.

This fancy of turning illicit love into money has not, to our knowledge, sunk deep into the feminine writers of France, but we have one magnificent specimen in herself worth a host. She has carried out the system successfully, and any time during the last twenty years it has been impossible to read one of her love stories and not feel that she had drawn herself as the heroine. We may be quite sure that she forgot to put the shadows in, but she was safe so long as she did not bear too harshly on the other party. For more years than she would like to own to, Madame Dudevant has been working herself up into the stock heroine, and, more marvellous still, time could not change nor custom pall her infinite variety. We had the same picture standing forth prominently in her Memoirs which we could trace through hundreds of her love-tales, the passionate, self-sacrificing woman, whose only sin was that she loved too well.

Emboldened by past successes, Madame Sand has lately passed the Rubicon: in her desire to prove herself a spotless though much-injured woman, she assailed the memory of a dead man in "Elle et Lui," and has drawn down a terrible reprisal from the brother of the erring lover, whose character she had drawn in the darkest colours, to form a foil to her own immaculate purity. "Lui et Elle" soon appeared in reply to her attack, and the publication of some of her letters, which had been discreetly preserved for fear of such an attack as the present, have knocked down at one fell blow the airy scaffolding on which her reputation, such as it was, was supported. There can be no harm in our alluding to the

notorious fact that both books revolve round the same hero and heroine in the shape of Madame George Sand and Alfred de Musset, the poet. The lady's romance shall, as in duty bound, have precedence of the avenger's stern reality.

In "Elle et Lui," then, we have Mademoiselle Thérèse Jacques and M. Laurent de Fauvel, both artists, and, at the outset of the story, living on amicable terms of Platonism. The lady, in fact, is quite maternal, and reads the impetuous young man moral lectures about having due regard to his health, and not indulging too much in "folles soirées." Laurent is not at all in love with Thérèse—how could a Frenchman entertain that passion for a woman five years his senior?—and yet there is a Mr. Palmer, an American, who seems to spend more time in her company than is exactly right. Besides, there is altogether a mystery about Thérèse—no one knows who she is or where she came from—and so Laurent cannot help prowling round her garden, to see who it is that prevents him passing his evenings as usual with his friend. He overhears her say to a companion, whom he cannot see, "What do I care? I have only one love on earth, and that is yourself!" Straightway the demon of jealousy seizes on him, and he soon produces a scene. The friends go through a grand weeping duet, and, in his frenzy, he proposes serious marriage to her. Thérèse shuts him up with the quiet word "Impossible!" and off he goes, slamming the door after him, and uttering more improprieties than become a lady's pen to write down.

Mr. Palmer intervenes as the *Deus ex machinâ*, and calms Laurent's jealousy by telling him Thérèse's life-history. It is certainly an instructive one: her mother had made a mistake before marriage, and was compelled to keep it a secret from her husband; hence Thérèse had never known a mother's fostering love, for her husband had his suspicions aroused, and carried her off to Belgium. After a time, Thérèse's real papa, a rich banker, took charge of her and gave her a splendid education, and at his house she formed Mr. Palmer's acquaintance, who was moved to love. Unfortunately, a noble young Portuguese stepped in and carried her off. Her father died, the money he left her was disputed, and, on the top of her troubles, her husband's first wife came to dispute him too.

Thérèse gave him up at once, to prevent a scandal, but he was not to be got rid of on such easy terms. He was continually coming back again, like a bad shilling, and when he found that Thérèse was resolute, he determined on coercing her by carrying off her child. It strikes us that we have met with this situation before—but no matter. The child was taken to America, where it died, or was supposed to have died. Of course it did not, because its presence was required for the dénouement; but such things continually happen in romances.

Here was a pretty position for a respectable young woman, neither maid, wife, nor widow! and, worse than all, with nothing to live upon. Of course she indignantly refused the income her share of a husband offered her, and determined to live by art. Equally, of course, she had a tremendous talent, and set up her establishment in Paris, the only city where true art is appreciated. Here she soon became rich, respected, and respectable; not a shadow of a shade rested on her character: no

young men were seen to enter her doors, till, in a luckless hour, Laurent came to destroy her felicity.

This revelation naturally destroyed all hopes Laurent had entertained about wedded bliss, and an English romancer would be probably puzzled how to get him out of the hobble. Not so the clever Frenchwoman: if they could not marry, they might at any rate be as good as married, and those little matters are common enough in France. If every Madame Telle were compelled so show her marriage certificate as a passport to society, the salons of Bohemian Paris would soon be left desolate. Still, there is something suggestive in this facility with which a woman drops into such an anomalous position in Paris: in London, it is true, much the same sort of thing unhappily goes on, but it is very rare for a woman, holding such a frail tenure of respectability, to thrust herself into society which she instinctively feels herself beneath, but in Paris nothing is more usual.

We will spare our readers all the "Ohs!" and the "Ahs!" and the "Ciel, quel bonheur!" the languor of the soul, the tender fatigue, the "doux abandon" which are the obligato accompaniments of all French love scenes. We can comprise it all in one line: Laurent says to Thérèse, "Notre saint (!!) amour est indissoluble!" Still, Madame Sand finds it necessary to offer some sort of apology for this "facilis descensus Averni," in the following insidious manner:

Rien n'est périlleux comme ces intimités ou l'où s'est promis de ne pas s'attaquer mutuellement, quand l'un des deux n'inspire pas à l'autre une secrète répulsion physique. Les artistes, en raison de leur vie indépendante et de leurs occupations, qui les obligent souvent d'abandonner le convenu social, sont plus exposés à ces dangers que ceux qui vivent dans le réglé et dans le positif. On doit donc leur pardonner des entraînements plus soudains et des impressions plus fiévreuses. L'opinion sent qu'elle le doit, car elle est généralement plus indulgente pour ceux qui errent forcément que pour ceux que berce le calme plat. Et puis le monde exige des artistes le feu d'inspiration, et il faut bien que ce feu qui déborde pour les plaisirs et les enthousiasmes du public arrive à les consumer eux-mêmes.

The happy couple proceed to Italy to spend their honeymoon; but Thérèse, who will not be beholden to Laurent for any pecuniary aid, has made arrangements to copy Titians, &c., for publishers in the chief Italian towns. The consequence is, she is obliged to stay six weeks in Genoa, at which Laurent soon grows disgusted. He becomes tired of home after a day or two, and, consequently, of Thérèse.

So matters go on from bad to worse: Laurent takes advantage of Mr. Palmer's arrival to assume a convenient jealousy, which eventually leads to a rupture. The following is the language Madame Sand places in the mouth of the man who has made up his mind to a rupture, and it is so thoroughly feminine in its tone that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

Ma liberté morale est chose sacrée, et je ne permets à personne de s'en emparer. Je vous l'avais confiée et non donnée; c'était à vous d'en faire bon usage et de savoir me rendre heureux. Oh, n'essayez pas de dire que vous ne vouliez pas de moi! Je connais ces manèges de la modestie et ces évolutions de la conscience des femmes. Le jour où vous m'avez cédé, j'ai compris que vous pensiez bien m'avoir conquis, et que toutes ces feintes résistances, ces

larmes de détresse, et ces pardons toujours accordés à mes prétensions n'étaient que l'art vulgaire de tendre une ligne et d'y faire mordre le pauvre poisson ébloui par la mouche artificielle. Je vous ai trompée, Thérèse, en feignant d'être la dupe de cette mouche : c'était mon droit. Vous vouliez des adorations pour vous rendre, je vous les ai prodiguées sans efforts et sans hypocrisie ; vous êtes belle, et je vous désirais ! Mais une femme n'est qu'une femme, et la dernière de toutes vous donne autant de modestie que la plus grande reine. Vous avez eu la simplicité de l'ignorer, et à présent il faut rentrer en vous-même.

Setting aside the utter impossibility of any man addressing such insults to a woman who had made sacrifices to him, the vulgarity and coarseness defeat Madame Sand's purpose. It could not be that a man of poetic temperament would utter such language, and madame puts herself out of the court of love in her action against the memory of Alfred de Musset. We must, consequently, regard "Elle et Lui" as a work of fiction founded on a very slight basis of reality.

Of course Laurent goes to Florence, leaving Thérèse in Genoa ; and what do our readers imagine she does next ? As they never can guess, we will give them the solution at once. Mr. Palmer tells her that her husband is dead, and offers her his hand ! He is certainly quite right in saying that he is a philosopher. No sooner has she consented to make him happy, than she receives the following billet—anything but doux—from Laurent : "J'ai joué, j'ai perdu ; j'ai eu une maîtresse, elle m'a trompé—je l'ai tuée. J'ai pris du poison. Je me meurs. Adieu, Thérèse !"

Of course, carrying out his character of philosopher, Palmer insists on his affianced going to the relief of the old lover, and accompanies her. Laurent was mad, but had committed none of the atrocities of which he had accused himself. Thérèse and Palmer nurse him into convalescence, and it was decided that he should return to France. Philosophic Palmer orders Thérèse to accompany him to Spezzia, where he will come and join her. In vain, however, does Laurent try to persuade her to come with him to Paris ; she thrusts all her money on his man-servant, is herself landed on the island of Porto Venere, where she sets to work at lace-netting, to obtain a livelihood, till money could reach her from Paris. Here Palmer joins her, but having dared to display a little jealousy—unpardonable in a philosopher—she defers the marriage.

At length the happy couple make up their disputes, and it is agreed that they shall proceed together to America, to be married under the nuptial benediction of Palmer's mamma. When all preparations are made, Thérèse's unlucky mother turns up, and begs to see her child once more, ere she loses her for ever. Of course Thérèse obeys, and they proceed to Paris, much to Palmer's disgust. When Thérèse reached her home, by a fortuitous concurrence Laurent happened to be in the house, surveying the scenes of past happiness, as repentant lovers are so fond of doing in novels, and Palmer turns jealous again. At last, Palmer does the only sensible act of his novelistic life : feeling convinced that Thérèse really loves Laurent still, he disappears, and leaves her to her renewed happiness.

The couple come together again, and the old story is recommenced. After a time, Laurent introduces the dagger which plays so prominent a

part in all Madame Sand's stories, and Thérèse is quite resigned for death. Then he insults her again by sending her a domino and a ticket for the masque ball at the Opera, and, of course, she goes to hear herself insulted by Laurent's female companions.

All at once the long-lost child turns up : Thérèse hears her bell rung thrice, and, on opening the door, finds a boy, aged ten, standing there. Mr. Palmer had brought him and left him there ; he had discovered the story of Thérèse's child being dead to be a falsehood, and had brought him to her as a consolation. In his pocket was a portfolio containing a large fortune. Mr. Palmer was not the man to do things by halves. Thérèse makes up her mind to fly Paris and Laurent, for "elle était mère, et la mère avait irrévocablement tué l'amante."

Such is an outline of the very charming romance in which Madame Sand bespatters the character of a dead lover, and we now come to the other side of the story, as given in "Lui et Elle," which certainly possesses many internal evidences of truth.

We have here the hero and heroine in Edouard de Falconey and Madame Olympe de B., both distinguished musicians, the latter signing herself William Caze. At the outset we find the lady anxious to get rid of her old lover, Jean Cazeau (Jules Sandeau), and writing him letters to prepare the inevitable separation. These letters are given by M. Paul de Musset, and are decidedly original, especially when the lady says, "L'ardeur de votre âge, l'emportement de votre passion, vous ont empêché de comprendre la chasteté de ma tendresse, la maternité de mon amour." To compel him to depart, she goes to his lodgings in male clothes, and packs his trunk for him ; but, after he is safely under weigh, she returns to his room, breaks open his secrétaire, and secures all the letters she had written him during the glow of her passion. These matters satisfactorily settled, she looks around for fresh fields and pastures new.

She has not to search long. At a dinner given by their mutual publisher, Olympe meets Edouard de Falconey, and they are attracted towards each other. The young man (whose character is very gracefully drawn by his brother) will not listen to the advice given him by his friend Pierre, an artist, who warns him against the fascinating ways of the bronze-coloured beauty, but soon writes her a letter brimful of admiration, to which she responds in a very Bohemian fashion. Before long the alliance is declared, much to the disgust of the friends of William Caze, who have been hitherto accustomed to turn the lady's rooms into an amateur cabaret. Her best friend is a gentleman universally named Caliban, and it is easy to distinguish through the thin disguise Gustave Planche, the distinguished critic. Here is another capital descriptive bit. Prior to sending his declaration to Olympe, Edouard consults his friend Pierre on the subject. After reading the billet, the latter replies :

Tu peux achever ce billet-doux et l'envoyer : je n'y vois pas d'inconvénient. On te répoudra, "Enfant que vous êtes ! j'ai huit ans de plus que vous !" et l'on t'offrira la chaste sympathie et la sainte amitié, refrain obligé de la chanson ; jusqu'au jour où l'on consentira par charité, par pure bonté d'âme, à devenir ta maîtresse pour t'empêcher de souffrir : en sorte que l'amour se présentera orné de tous les charmes d'un médicament ou d'un régime hygiénique.

Unfortunately for Edouard, prior to his acquaintance with Olympe, he

had ventured to make some alterations in his copy of her score of "Les Chansons Créoles," and she noticed them on visiting his room. Pierre was convinced that William Caze's vanity had from that day received a severe blow. Not that she evidenced it, however; she was still full of tenderness, and was delighted when Edouard proposed to her a tour through Italy.

The first quarrel between the couple took place at Genoa. They were visited by two young Italian gentlemen, whose acquaintance they had formed on board the steamer, and the conversation naturally turned on the defence of Genoa by Massena, and the second Italian campaign. Olympe mentioned that, at the period they were speaking of, her mother accompanied to the army a general officer, from whom her father carried her off and married her, and that her own birth had been such a prompt result of their union, that the marriage ceremony only preceded her appearance in the world by a month. Edouard, passably disgusted by this abominable revelation, tried to change the conversation, but Olympe turned to him deliberately, and said, "Trouvez bon, mon cher, que je parle de mes proches et de moi-même comme je l'entends. Je ne fais pas la guerre à vos préjugés de gentilhommerie; mais je ne puis pousser la complaisance jusqu'à m'exprimer comme si je les partageais. Ma mère était une femme forte, et parce qu'elle obéissait au vœu de la nature, à son cœur, à son caprice, si vous voulez, je la tiens pour égale en mérite, sinon pour supérieure, aux filles bien élevées, dociles et hypocrites, de votre caste." It was with some difficulty that Edouard made her understand that a daughter has no right to imperil her mother's reputation for the sake of supporting a thesis; but "a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still," as Madame Sand has sufficiently proved in her *Memoirs*.

After this quarrel Genoa appeared odious to Edouard, and they went on to Florence.

Here another quarrel took place in a very curious way: Edouard had gone to the Palazzo Pitti, and could have sworn he saw Olympe pass on the arm of a young man. He taxed her with it when she came home, but she declared she had only been to a jeweller's to purchase a ring as a present for him. Edouard was satisfied, but at the theatre the same young man bowed to Olympe, who returned his salutation. Edouard again taxed her, when she stated it was the jeweller's son. Edouard innocently addressed him at the buffet, and was soon undeceived. The gentleman was a Count Miretti, who had formed the lady's acquaintance at the Palazzo Pitti during the morning. Of course, this deception produced another scene; but Olympe cleverly turned it off by saying she had acted thus on purpose to give him a warning against forming unfounded suspicions. Edouard was happy again, and they went on to Naples.

Here the young man was attacked by a violent brain fever, and a doctor was sent for: he was old and nervous, and did not dare to blood Edouard. He promised to send a younger man, and when the latter arrived (a very handsome fellow, by the way), Olympe rushed into his arms, shrieking, "Save him!" In spite of his illness, Falconey, astonished at this pathetic outbreak, muttered to himself, "Why on earth did she not embrace the old man?"

After a few weeks' oblivion Edouard returned to his senses, but was far too weak to lift a hand. He saw the young Dr. Palmeriello and Olympe seated by his bedside, and eagerly talking; then his senses deserted him for a time again. When he recovered, he was astounded at a sudden revelation of Olympe's perfidy, which he afterwards described to Pierre in the following terms :

Ce fut alors que j'aperçus un tableau que j'aurai pris moi-même pour une vision de malade, si d'autres preuves et les aveux les plus complets n'eussent changé mes soupçons en certitude. En face de moi, sur le mur de la chambre, je vis deux grandes ombres projetées par la lueur des bougies, qui se trouvaient alignées de façon à ne fournir qu'un foyer de lumière. Ces deux ombres représentaient une femme assise sur les genoux d'un homme, et comme renversée, la tête en arrière. Je n'eus pas la force de soulever mes paupières pour voir le haut de ce groupe, où la tête de l'homme devait se trouver, mais cette tête que je cherchais vint d'elle-même se poser dans mon rayon visuel. Elle s'approcha de celle de la femme, et l'attitude des deux ombres était celle d'un baiser. J'avoue que, dans le premier moment, ce tableau ne fit pas une vive impression sur mon esprit engourdi. Il me fallut quelque temps pour comprendre la portée d'une telle révélation; mais bientôt j'arrivai par degrés à l'étonnement, à l'indignation et à l'honneur.

But this was not all. Olympe invited the young doctor to sup with her, and Edouard overheard them arranging pleasure-trips they were going to make together. They evidently thought him dead, for Palmeriello said: "Se non è morto, poco manca." By the time Edouard had regained a little strength, he taxed Olympe with her treachery, but she declared it was a fever fantasy. Subsequent events, however, turned suspicion into certainty, and then the hardened woman threatened to confine him in a madhouse if he dared to breathe a syllable on the subject. Edouard was only too glad to escape from such a fury, and returned to Paris, broken-hearted. The shock had been too great for his enfeebled frame, and, worse still, he yet felt an ardent passion for the fallen woman.

Not long, and Olympe also came to Paris, with the young doctor in her train. She felt convinced that Edouard had told his story, and she, therefore, determined to brave public opinion. A trial of strength then ensued between Olympe and her old lover, in which Olympe was defeated, and in her rage she dismissed the doctor, who returned to his nothingness, cursing the hour in which he had yielded to the syren.

Thus disarmed, Olympe made an attack on Edouard, pleading her faults and praying his forgiveness. She declared that she would kill herself, go into a convent, cut off her hair and send it to him if he did not relent. Edouard, however, remained firm, and she was as good as her word. One evening, when seated at his piano, he received a parcel: on opening it, he found it contained Olympe's beautiful tresses. Then she changed her batteries: she began writing him the most frenzied letters, which M. de Musset cruelly immortalises, and from which we will quote a passage, illustrative of the grande passion as felt, or at least described, by Madame Sand in her stormy youth :

L'heure de ma mort est en train de sonner. Chaque jour qui s'écoule frappe un coup, et dans quatre jours le dernier coup ébranlera l'air vital autour de moi. Alors, s'ouvrira une tombe, où ma jeunesse et mes amours descendront pour jamais: et que serai-je ensuite? Triste spectre, sur quelles rives iras-tu

errer et gémir? Grèves immenses! hiver sans fin! Il faut plus de courage pour franchir le seuil des passions et pour entrer dans le calme du désespoir que pour avaler la ciguë.

Pourquoi m'avez-vous réveillée, mon Dieu, quand je m'étendais avec résignation sur une couche glacée? Pourquoi avez-vous fait passer devant moi le fantôme de mes nuits brûlantes? Ange de mort, amour funeste, ô mon destin, sous la figure d'un enfant blond et délicat, oh! que je t'aime encore! Quel est ce feu qui dévore mes entrailles? Il semble qu'un volcan gronde au-dedans de moi et que je vais éclater comme un cratère. O Dieu! prends donc pitié de cet être qui souffre tant! Pourquoi les autres meurent-ils? Ne pourrai-je succomber sous le fardeau de ma douleur?

Tall language this, as the Americans would say—so tall that we could not dare to translate it, for fear of rendering it worse nonsense than it is in the original. The English language cannot attain such an altitude of bombast. We leave it to our readers to make any sense of it.

Still Edouard remained stern: for at the very time Olympe was sending him these despairing effusions, it was the current rumour that the fickle Ariadne was consoling herself by the society of a German musician, Hans Flocken (Chopin). Piqued by Edouard's obduracy, the lady tried one supreme effort: she called up Pierre one night, confessed all her faults to him, and implored his intercession with Edouard. She only wanted to see him once more and be assured of his forgiveness: then she would die happy. Edouard at length weakly consented, and the result was a revival of the old liaison and a condonation of all that was passed.

But it did not last long: Edouard had again causes for jealousy. Hans Flocken wrote, asking an interview; and though Olympe assured him she had not answered the letter, Edouard was certain that she had. Then, another male friend wrote, seeking consolation, and the reply was shown to Edouard. He noticed in it these words: "Chasteté et sainte amitié," which Olympe was very fond of using, and he remarked on it thus: "Ma chère, vous parlez si souvent de chasteté que cela devient indécent. Votre amitié n'est pas plus sainte que celle des autres." This retort sent Olympe into a furious passion, and she threatened to stab Edouard, who laughingly disarmed her.

Before long they separated again, and though Olympe did her utmost to lure him back, Edouard was firm. A curious incident quite extinguished the last spark of love. Meeting Olympe one afternoon, she so earnestly begged him to come and dine with her, that he consented, for fear of causing her pain; but when they reached the door, she said, with unusual hesitation, that she hoped he would have no objection to meet a friend she had already invited—Hans Flocken. Edouard burst into a loud laugh, and quitted her for ever.

Twenty years later, Edouard was lying on a bed of sickness, Pierre reading to him the paper. On coming to the name of William Case, Edouard remarked:

"Voilà celle qui m'a empoisonné. Je suis comme ces gens qui avaient dîné une fois chez les Borgias ou les Médicis et ne se remettaient jamais."

"N'exagérons point," dit Pierre, "examinez les choses en philosophe. Il y a, selon moi, des circonstances atténuantes."

"Ah!" s'écria Falconey, "je suis curieux de voir cela."

"Si l'on y regardait bien," reprit Pierre, "on trouverait peut-être dans les

facultés et le talent du maestro l'excuse de la femme. William Caze, obligée par son art à faire parler les passions, éprouve un ardent besoin de les connaître, d'en écouter le langage, de les voir de près, d'observer dans le cœur des autres toutes celles qu'elle est incapable à sentir. De là cet appétit déréglé de complications, d'aventures, de changements, d'amours interrompues, reprises, abandonnées. Le calme et le bonheur, si doux qu'ils soient, ne lui enseignent plus rien après certain temps : de là le désir de rompre, de passer à autre chose. La femme aimerait encore volontiers : mais le compositeur s'impatiente et dit, 'Assez d'amour, nous savons cela par cœur ; occupons-nous un peu de jalousie, de désespoir, de tromperie, d'infidélité.' C'est ainsi qu'elle trompe et devient infidèle."

The apology is ingenious, and, we dare say, true ; still it did not justify Olympe in destroying the reputation of those she had loved, and, when all was over, describing one as a madman, another as an imbecile, a third as a man without delicacy. Aware of this amiable weakness on the part of the lady, Edouard, before his death, drew up the narrative we have analysed, and handed it to Pierre with the letters he had fortunately preserved. Pierre solemnly promised his dying friend that if the day came when (to use Edouard's words) "elle avait l'audace de mentir à Dieu et aux hommes jusqu'à dire que j'ai été un ingrat, un fou et un méchant, quand c'est elle qui m'a trahi, enlevé la raison et empoisonné le cœur—arrive alors, comme la statue du Commandeur au souper de Don Juan."

The day has arrived : Olympe has charged her lover with being all this, and worse ; but Pierre has kept his word. Never has a more frightful revelation of woman's perfidy been laid bare than that presented to us in "Lui et Elle."

It may be that there is a degree of harshness in thus dissecting a woman's heart, and showing what terrible thoughts it can treasure up for so long a time, but it must be confessed that George Sand courted the reprisal. She wrote a book to blacken the character of a dead man, and his brother has come to the rescue. That "Lui et Elle" is in every respect true there cannot be a shadow of a doubt ; and at the same time it is equally certain that "Elle et Lui" is a tissue of falsehoods, strung together with most malicious design. If this severe lesson produce the proper effect, and Madame Sand be induced, through fear of further reprisals, to refrain from drawing other pictures from her own life-history, we shall be only too glad. But we fear it has arrived too late. Were a new edition of Madame Sand's works to be published, they might justly be collected under the title of "Elle et Eux," for the system of revelation of past amours has become a monomania with her.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

THE present attitude of Great Britain is universally felt and admitted to be neither dignified nor satisfactory. The lovers of Peace, the worshippers of Mammon, and the trucklers to Power, are for the time being in the ascendant. There are peculiarities in the position of the potentate who has lighted the firebrand of war and devastation in the heart of Europe, which to a certain extent vindicate their cause. It is just possible that the Emperor Napoleon III. is a highly ambitious chieftain—ambitious in the noblest sense of the word—and that he is prepared to sacrifice men and treasure, his subjects and their resources, in the liberation of an alien people from the rude and haughty exactions of the Kaiser. It is utterly needless to argue with those who have adopted such a conclusion that it is opposed to all historical precedents—to all precedents on the part of the said chieftain himself—that it is unlikely, and almost impossible; they will persist in it till events bring with them the conviction that they are duped—just as they stoutly maintained that there would be no war at the time when the French were actually toiling over the Alps or being shipped for Genoa, and the Austrians were grouped along the Ticino. It is well, perhaps, that there should be differences of opinion, or the publicist would have nothing to record but bare facts. Still more marvellous and strange are the springs that move diplomatic action. They defy and set at naught that opinion which alone is likely to be correct in the long run—public opinion. It would be easy to show that that opinion has already veered round from due peace to a point half way between doubt and discontent and opposition. Already they say war was undertaken and countenanced for the liberation of the Italians from the yoke of Austria, but what has the occupation of Leghorn and Florence by the French, and the expulsion of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany—what has the revolutionising of Parma and Modena, and, above all, what has the rebellion of the States of the Church, to do with the rights and claims of the Lombardo-Venetian territory? They were not under the yoke of Austria, even if their sovereigns were in some cases in the interest of that power. But if being interested in a cause is a sufficient excuse for insurrection, revolution, and war, not a state in Europe would be safe from invasion beyond the moment which was propitious for such an act. Diplomats have begun, then, by disavowing the self-elected and usurping government of Tuscany—the precedent is not precisely a safe one. Other events will soon follow to show how slippery and treacherous is the ground upon which the confiding and eclectic Anglo-Frankish politicians have taken their perilous stand.

But even the partisans of peace, of Napoleon III., and of economy (we purposely leave out of Lombardo-Venetian liberation, for all would be in favour of that if accomplished by themselves), are at variance among themselves. One party, appealing to the prodigious cost of preceding wars of intervention and the accumulation of the national debt, advocate inflexible neutrality. They forget that sometimes outlay made in time

saves far greater expenditure in the future. Mr. Bright went so far as to insult the intelligence of the Birmingham people by propounding that the whole of the continental wars had been a mistaken and useless expenditure of money. Why, if it had not been for Aboukir and Trafalgar, for Vittoria and Waterloo, where would Great Britain have been at the present moment? Such utter perversion of the teachings of history is unworthy of any man who pretends to be a political teacher, still more so of a professed statesman.

But, say another party, neutrality is an abstract idea, and an impracticable state of things. Not a day may elapse before neutrality is imperilled by word or deed. It is non-intervention that we would imply. The conclusion, so far as it goes, is a wise one, but even it is not felt to be perfectly satisfactory. All Europe is arming against the great disturber of peace—the adventurer who has cast the incendiary torch into the midst of everything that is inflammable and dangerous. They pant to extinguish the flame ere it spreads further. They love peace as much as any of the classes we have before described, but they feel that with such a state of things to deal with, the only way to bring it about is not to truckle or to hold aloof, but to unite and put the upstart and the dangerous down. It is not surprising that under such circumstances, there are some—and their number is daily increasing—in this country who feel that to stand by in insular selfishness and surliness, folding their arms and buttoning up their pockets, scorning to sympathise with any of the belligerents, contemplating with gloomy moroseness the remote possibility of getting somehow or other involved, and still ever waiting for a long-dreaded invasion, is not only undignified and discreditable, but is still more unwise and impolitic. If we have no interest in the balance of power, in the fate of nations, and in the disasters of our fellow-creatures, albeit, aliens, have we no interests at stake outside of our islanded home? have we no moneys invested, no commercial relations, no rook and island strongholds, no active intercommunications with other allies, friends, or dependencies to uphold? Truly the position is untenable, and can only last so long as circumstances permit it to do so.

But why not assume a tenable position—one that shall at once mark a bold, a manly, an honourable, and a decisive policy? A bad man is abroad, ready to step in the footsteps of his great predecessor; all Germany is arming to resist or to put down the disturber; why not stand forward and unite in the great and holy cause? Would it not be better than to wait to be humbled? That nation which has no allies when friends are in trouble, deserves none when trouble in its turn comes to it. That nation has no policy which sympathises with one, and fears to anger another. Some go so far as to say, if the great disturber is victorious, Egypt will be his reward; if conquered, he must invade England to propitiate his people and soldiery. Why, if such was really the position of things, where is the policy of non-intervention? If Napoleon succeeds, we must go to war; if he fails, we must go to war; the logical result would be, then, to go to war as soon as possible, while the devastator's hands are full, and while there are potent and efficient allies in the field. But, while we wish to confront the difficulty, in a fair and manly way, we by no means wish to involve ourselves in

the same dilemma as our opponents, who arrive at so warlike a conclusion upon peaceful premises. We see no necessity for taking up the cudgels, and interfering between two belligerents, neither of whom have any well-established claim for being in the countries for which they are now striving in sanguinary conflict. Nor, should Austria succeed in repelling the invader, would there be any cause for war, unless, as opined by some, our faithful ally should seek to re-establish his reputation upon our ruin. Austria would not invade us; and in case of war with France and Russia, we may yet regret not having assumed a more friendly attitude in her cause. But, supposing the anticipated liberation of Italy to turn out a sham—supposing France on the Adriatic, excluding, according to the traditional policy of Napoleon I., Great Britain from the Mediterranean, extending her protection to Egypt, and cutting off India from the west—suppose Germany rising as a man at the attitude thus assumed by France, and threatening the Rhine, is it possible for us to preserve the same position in which we are now placed, of alliance with a power that we mistrust, and of truckling to a nation that tramples upon our rights, and spurns our privileges as it does our friendship.

Should such a state of things come about, and call for armed intervention, surely it is possible to make war in a great and European cause, without paying here and subsidising there, and ruining half the country to save the other half? Other powers are as much interested in putting down the great disturber as we are. They must pay their part, and we will pay ours. But even if not, still a small outlay at first would be better than a vast expenditure, if not utter loss and extinction—without an ally or a friend—at the last.

If one thing could be brought forward more strongly than another to show that the country at large does not feel the present aspect of affairs to be either safe or satisfactory, it is the anti-invasion movement, the attempt to secure each his hearth and home, by arming throughout the length and breadth of the land. This is not as it ought to be. Who is about to invade us? Not France; she is engaged on the Po, and will possibly soon be threatened on the Rhine. No; but the instinct of the people tells them that long-continued neutrality, or non-intervention, are delusions; that the time must come when we shall have to make our alliances and adopt a policy, and that when that time does come, that policy will be opposed to that of the great disturber. When the mask of covert friendship is thrown off, there will be chances of invasion, chances greatly increased if Russia sides with France, for the sake of indemnification in the East, and therefore it behoves us to be ready and prepared. And public instinct and popular opinion are unerringly correct.

Plans, it has been justly observed, for the defence of these islands, that are worthy of consideration, must be influenced by a variety of circumstances. They must not, for example, violate any constitutional principle, or be in opposition to recognised principles of political economy, yet must they be suited for the objects in view and the modern art of warfare. All such plans divide themselves, however, naturally under two heads: defence by sea, and defence by land.

In reference to the first, there can be no two opinions as to the fact

that this country can only remain a great power by maintaining its naval supremacy. The imports into this country for eleven months of 1858 amounted to 144,022,000*l.*; consequently, for the year 1859, may be taken at upwards of 157,000,000*l.* Now, one of the immediate effects of Britain's losing the command of the Channel would be that this enormous and necessary supply would not reach her. This alone would create a loss and consternation in the country, which the mind, in pure speculation, can scarcely reach. The whole of the cotton trade would at once be struck down; the woollen and iron trades severely damaged; and what substitute would be found for the food, under the heads of grain, meal, and provisions, to the value of 23,557,090*l.*, imported into this country in 1858? The fact is, that Great Britain, being essentially a manufacturing and commercial country, its working population exceeding its productiveness in food, is the most exposed to vital injury of any country in the world. The whole system is corrupt and bad, and the moment that the great social wheel should become clogged and stopped, if we had not devastation from without we should have riot and revolution within. It therefore behoves all classes alike to look closely to our maritime supremacy. It is plain that goods to the value of 157,114,909*l.* do not come to this country annually without being paid for by the products of the industry of this country to an equal extent; so it is clear that the producers in this country would to that extent lose their employment and means of subsistence, and the whole mercantile navy of Great Britain and Ireland would come under the same category. It is impossible to imagine a more fearful or a more disastrous state of things.

Naval warfare, it is to be observed, has now assumed a totally new aspect. Naval actions will now be fought more upon the principles which guide the tactics of battles on land than hitherto, for the masses, in each case, can now be moved with a precision resembling each other. Naval actions will hence depend in future on superiority of firing. Granting the superior energy and spirit of the British seaman, that is no reason why he, more than the soldier, should be allowed to be overmatched. The introduction of steam has had another effect in increasing the difficulty of naval blockades. Our line-of-battle ships only carry coal for about seven days' consumption, and blockading by anchorage could not be relied upon.

It is almost inconceivable how the country could have been so blind to her actual position with the nations of the world, as not to have kept pace with the naval preparations of France since the public announcement by the French commission in 1850 of the intention to increase their navy to fifty ships of the line, with at least an equal proportional increase of frigates. That England, indeed, should have, up to 1850, had always about double the line-of-battle ships and frigates that France had, and that France is considered at one time since 1850 to have had a superior steam navy to England, is so astounding a fact, that it is hoped the legislature will take care, in future, that the subject is never neglected.

The question as to whether, with a superior Channel fleet to that of France, this country is secure against invasion, introduces that of land

defences. Admiral Sartorius has pointed out how the power of steam has given means to France to direct, upon any named point of the coast, steam vessels from any number whatever of the ports of France, so as to arrive at the named point at almost the same hour. General Shaw Kennedy has added other views under which invasion might be attempted. One of these would be for the French fleet to bring the British fleet to a general action, the troop-ships proceeding, regardless of the issue, direct to a fixed point on the British coast. A general action would, in the present state of maritime armaments, it is supposed, so cripple both navies, that neither would be of any use afterwards! The French have, therefore, only to sacrifice their fleet to entail the loss of ours. They would indemnify themselves by the subjection of Great Britain. France has now a steam naval force at least equal to that of this country.

The possibility of the landing of one or more hostile armies being admitted, there is also no doubt that the existing fortifications and land forces are unequal to the defence of the country, and of the metropolis in particular, but with all due deference, we stand at once at issue with General Shaw Kennedy and his co-advisers upon the question of the strength of which the regular forces should attain. It is admitted by the general that in case of the landing of a hostile force, the line and militia must be launched against the invading force, with all the rapidity that could be attained by the assistance of railways and other means of conveyance. Now, 50,000 regular troops and 50,000 embodied militia we consider to be totally inadequate to the defence of the country. Suppose the French and Russians, or the French alone, were to land two army corps of 100,000 men at two different and distant points of the coast, we should only have 25,000 line and 25,000 militia to send against each 100,000. Certainly not less than 100,000 regular troops and 100,000 militia should be kept up. We should prefer 150,000 of each for Great Britain and Ireland. As to the local militia and volunteers, no doubt they would be of the greatest possible use in the system of defence proposed by General Kennedy, but in the open field they would be simply swept away like sheep before the highly disciplined, efficient, and warlike troops of France.

From the instant also that a landing was known to be effected, or about to be effected, the local militia force of 300,000 men should be put in motion, assisted by all the means of conveyance possible to be obtained, for the purpose of reaching the seven places before named. By these movements, an enemy, were he 200,000 strong, could not by any possibility possess himself of nor destroy London, nor any of the great arsenals, without a siege. But during such a siege it is evident that the besieger would be much the most besieged, for no enemy could invest the seaports; nor is it seen how London could, [from its extent, be fully invested on both sides of the Thames.

The attacking forces would, on the contrary, have only the ground they stood upon; they would be pressed upon from the surrounding country by a thoroughly hostile population, by all the remaining forces beyond what formed the garrisons (160,000 men), and by a great portion of the garrisons of the arsenals that were not themselves attacked.

What we suggest in regard to the forts is, that thirty should surround London, on a circumference sufficiently indicated for our present purpose by a line drawn through Hammersmith, Wormwood Scrubs, Willesden-green, Hampstead, Highgate, Tottenham, River Lea till its junction with the Thames,

Deptford, Lewisham, Sydenham, Upper Norwood, Lower Streatham, and Wandsworth. A circuit measuring thirty miles, and therefore requiring thirty forts.

From Plumstead by Shooter's Hill and Eltham to Lewisham, being about six miles, would require six forts for the defence of Woolwich, Greenwich, and Deptford, on the right bank of the Thames, and three more would be required opposite to Woolwich on its left bank; making a total number of thirty-nine forts for the defence of London, Woolwich, Greenwich, and Deptford.

The defence of Woolwich may in this way be connected with that of London, or it may separately be surrounded with six forts on the right bank, and three on the left bank.

General Kennedy estimates the general cost of each fort, including price of land and other unavoidable expenses, at 100,000*l.*—that is to say, for the whole system proposed, 6,600,000*l.* It must not be lost sight of, however, in all estimated expenses, whether for ships, forts, or men, that the productive powers and resources of this country are now so great that, so long as they are maintained in full and free operation, and that they are secured against being struck by any vital blow, the payment of any mere insurance for their security, paid in the form of military means for their complete protection, if judiciously applied, will be an insignificant quantity, having reference to, and comparing it with, the property that it protects. It is, indeed, altogether a false state of things that other neighbouring countries—take France for an example, having fewer colonies and dependencies, and infinitely less trade and commerce than ourselves—should be able to hold our navy in check, and look upon our military means with contempt. How do they manage to afford it better than we can? Do their taxes go to the support of the military, and ours to that of the officials? or are we so essentially a non-military nation as to ever remain a prize for the first crowned bandit to snap at? Nothing but a totally erroneous system of domestic political economy, mistaken notions of constitutional prerogatives, and extremely fallacious views with regard to the invincibility of every ship of war, and of the prowess of every "true Briton," would have allowed such a state of things to exist for a moment. And if we are to have a narrow-minded and parochial ministry in the place of one of more capacious intellect and a wider grasp of policy, the evil will be augmented instead of being courageously grappled with. Until recently, however, General Kennedy justly remarks, an insuperable bar presented itself to the adoption of any comprehensive plan for the permanent defence of this country, the opinion of the majority of the nation being that such a measure was uncalled for. That opinion is, seemingly, now quite reversed; and the probability seems now to be that the pressure of public opinion will cause some measure or measures of defence, good or bad, to be adopted.

Troops to be employed in the defence of the country may be so highly disciplined, in the case of those portions of the militia that have been long embodied, as well as the regular army, as to be fit to perform all the duties required in the presence of an enemy in the field—such as rapid and accurate manœuvring, outpost duties, skirmishing, and advanced and rear-guards. The other class of troops that may be employed would be much less completely disciplined—such as yeomanry, cavalry, volunteer corps, and forces composed of a local militia. Sir Charles Napier has left some characteristically quaint and pointed remarks upon the amount of

drill necessary with such a class of troops, but as it is universally admitted that it would be a grave error to employ such in the open field against highly-disciplined troops, perhaps General Kennedy's suggestion, that they would be of most value in the defence of positions prepared with a regular system of defensive works, is the best. If, again, forming a line of battle round London and the arsenals, they would, according to the same system, be supported on their right and left, at each eight hundred yards, by heavy armed forts impregnable to assault, and throwing their shot across the whole front of the position; and which, besides, would be prepared with fortified houses, and enclosures, and earthen field-works, the latter being probably best adapted to meet the contingency of the new rifled great guns.

The yeomanry and militia are in part already organised, and nothing further is requisite than their embodiment and drill. But the volunteer system is still in abeyance, and is the matter of some discussion. Lord Panmure and others have lately advocated that the arms and accoutrements be supplied by government.* The reason is obvious, and, indeed, we do not doubt that, without acquiescence in such a preliminary measure, the whole thing will be a failure. As it is, it would require, in case of threatened invasion, a compulsory ballot before the number requisite for the defence of the country could be obtained. The arms might be kept in the interim in the arsenals, or with the stores of the militia. The clothing, which should be of the most simple description, they should supply themselves with, and they should be allowed to elect their own officers, subject to the approval of the lord-lieutenant of the county. In addition to the volunteer rifle corps and yeomanry, it will be requisite that power be given to the Crown to call out by ballot 100,000 additional local militia, as a reserve. This would be a proportion of nearly one in ten of all the male population between the ages of twenty and forty, but would be still less if the selection was extended, as it should be, to between eighteen and forty-five.

A naval peer, author of "Our Naval Position and Policy," goes still further in the painful view of the case than General Kennedy, for he holds that our naval forces, as at present organised, are worse than none at all! We have a navy, he urges, but considering what it is, we might more safely be without one. In that case we should have a large army, inland fortifications, entrenched camps, and all the other securities of continental nations. (And why, now that the Channel is, to use Lord Palmerston's own words, bridged over by steam, not have the two—the naval resources of an island, and the military resources of a continental nation?) But we rely upon our fleet, which is never in readiness, and upon a system of naval administration only comparable in its impotent dilatoriness with an old-fashioned Chancery-suit. Eight millions sterling, our naval peer justly remarks, are yearly paid for the British navy; but what of the results? This is a question that involves the honour and the

* The French bayonet is, in military parlance, also used as a side-arm, but the expression would be equally true if inverted, and it were said that the French use a sword for a bayonet. This, with considerable length of the musket, gives to them an incredible advantage over old Brown Bess, with her short regulation bayonet, in the field. The English bayonet, attenuated into a long, fine, triangular rapier—one third as long again as the present weapon—might puzzle even a Zouave!

credit of all past and existing governments, as well as the future of England. Is there no Hercules to cleanse the Augean stable of red-tapism?—no intellect capable of sifting the question as to how much of the money paid in by the nation goes to the purposes for which it is voted, and how much goes astray? The resources of nations just emerging from barbarism, as Russia and Turkey, are proverbially wasted by the speculation of officials; our system seems not only no better, but worse, when nearly all the moneys voted for a particular object are exhausted by a kind of general, incomprehensible, diffusion and draining.

France, the naval peer affirms, in concurrence with Sir Charles Wood and Sir Charles Napier,* has secured a far larger supply of seamen for her fleet, and has superior facilities for equipping her naval forces upon a sudden emergency. To oppose her, or any other enemy at sea, we have but our blockships and our aggregate of liners, scattered over all the waters of the globe.

It is worth mentioning here, that about the time when an English minister was making *his* statement of our invulnerability, a French naval officer was upon a mission to this country, which brought him into contact with an English officer peculiarly and officially conversant with our maritime population. The Frenchman, referring to the immense number of our merchant seamen, observed that in practice they were not, as in France, available for manning our ships of war. This was admitted by the British officer, who qualified the admission by saying, that although we could not get men at the beginning of a war, yet we should after a time; and that of course it would always be our policy to prevent any other power obtaining command of the Channel. "Obtaining command of the Channel!" said the French officer; "France could do so at any time, under her present arrangements, or rather, *has* command of the Channel at this moment."

Is so disheartening and so disgraceful a view of the subject upheld by the facts of the case? In efficient ships France nearly equals us, our force being (of the line) forty-two to their forty. She, as before said, greatly surpasses us in the power of manning these ships for any sudden emergency, and she possesses, in Sir Charles Wood's words, "infinitely greater facilities" for equipping her ships. The yard at Cherbourg is as large as Portsmouth, Devonport, and Keyham put together; the French have one hundred and thirty acres in all their yards to our thirty-four acres, and they can not only bring their vessels nearer to their quays, but, from the depth of water at the entrance of their docks, ships can be taken in at all times of high water, while in Portsmouth and Plymouth we are obliged to wait for spring tides!

This is, most assuredly, not a very consolatory state of things. It is in vain that the self-satisfied Briton hugs himself upon his oft-sung "Jack-tar," his "walls of oak," his "never, never will be slaves," his Blake, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson, and all his other now traditional glories; times are changed. "What would Napoleon I., who proposed to carry 120,000 soldiers across the Straits in row-boats, have given for steam power?" And has not Napoleon III., whose recognised mission it is to avenge Waterloo, got that which his predecessor so yearned for, with which to avenge "six ages of shame and insult"—the

* Sir Charles Napier has been taunted with cowardice for exposing the nakedness of the land. So true it is that if ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise.

means to cross, if not to command, the Channel? Whosoever lulls suspicions, and stays the clamorous demand for timely preparations in such a case, is no true lover of his country.

And yet what is the outcry of the great mass of dissentients, such as there always will be in every country where there is perfect freedom of opinion. Why, they cannot deny the facts, or the state of things; but after prattling about the virtues of the British seaman, which nobody denies (if they could be got together), they declaim against arousing the vengeance which they deprecate. Thus unprotected, they say we are incessantly chafing, goading, and challenging the continental powers, particularly France, which the British press has marked for ignominy, insult, and vituperation. We must change this line of conduct, be good boys, smile, bow, congratulate, extol, and fawn upon the enemy. We doubt if the line of conduct thus advocated, laying aside its want of honesty and candour, would be even politic. Who ever saw a little boy truckle to a big bully, who got better treatment by such an act of pusillanimity? Barbarians infallibly mistake humility for cowardice. What better should we, as a nation, have to expect, if, admitting that we have permitted a neighbour to outvie us in power, even on what is traditionally considered as our own element, we are not to lift our voice in favour of new and unprecedented exertions, to call upon our fellow-countrymen for great sacrifices, and to speak the truth with regard to the danger that threatens us and the means that happily still remain to us to avert it? Shame upon the recreants who would thus gag and stultify us. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." There are no necessities as yet for either raging or warring, but the time may come when it may be necessary either to defend ourselves or our possessions, or to take a part in the liberation of the world. What if the humiliation of Great Britain is a foregone conclusion, an accepted portion of a mission, as before suggested—what, then, of all the chafing and goading of covert enemies? It is as the rustle of the breeze that precedes and dies away before the dark impending storm. The sheep crouch behind the bank or hedge, but the shepherd piles the furze and stack, and shields himself and flock. The generality of men, in their praiseworthy but humble confidence, place implicit faith in their guardians—they are taught to reverence and respect them; but those who are in authority should not, by exposing the nation to a vast calamity, put themselves in that position which would deprive them of all possible claims to either.

The policy of the existing ministry is what is designated as an unswerving loyalty to the Anglo-French alliance. This, it is to be observed, to be accompanied by an incessant watch over French proceedings, whether in the south of Europe or in the Channel. A ministry of mongrel elements may well be felicitated upon such an impossible policy: a professed alliance united to a secret distrust—open friendship and covert hostility—professions of cordiality and esteem—real apprehensions, doubt, perplexity, and weakness! This is the acme of the policy of fear, the apotheosis of national humiliation. We sacrifice our old and ancient allies, our allies by blood and policy, for our traditional enemy, and we are not sure even of his neutrality, still less of his friendship. The bargain is scarcely a fair one. The Germanic system, as it is called, is

no longer to be upheld, but what is to be exchanged for it—truckling to a despot whom we despise and dread. Alas, for the shades of Pitt, of Nelson, and Wellington! The day must soon come when the miserable weakness and imbecility of such a policy will be exposed, and the whole system blown to the winds, if it is not—as seems most likely—a political sop held out to a party, to win over their adhesion to a temporary tenure of place, but to be abandoned the moment the force of circumstances will supply an excuse for an act of tergiversation. In the mean time, a new movement, by which to cover an advance or shield a defeat, is never wanting to the practised politician. The new ministry are said to take their stand upon a few sentences uttered by the emperor to the Italians on his arrival in the capital of Lombardy. He has no plan, he says, of dispossessing sovereigns nor of imposing on the Italians his own will. He will place no obstacle in the way of a free manifestation of their legitimate wishes. This proclamation, we are told, is to be made the basis of intercourse between the new ministry and France and Austria, and they have every hope of localising the war and achieving the peace of Europe. Let us hope that success may attend their efforts. But has the emperor never yet falsified his promises? What is the meaning of “legitimate wishes?” The desire of independence so long expressed is to be realised “if” the Italians “show themselves worthy of it.” But, above all, they must begin by placing themselves under the flag of King Victor Emmanuel. If it is in the nature of things to expect the establishment of liberal institutions by the dictator of a grinding despotism which tolerates no revelation of opinion, which jealously represses the growth of intelligence, and which rewards patriotism with a dungeon or servitude in a penal settlement, we may expect the establishment of liberal institutions in Italy by a Napoleon backed by an English Whig-Radical ministry; and if it is in the nature of things to expect nothing but disinterestedness and self-sacrifice in two great and notoriously ambitious powers like France and Russia, avowedly now, on the best understanding, yet seeking only the liberation of the Italians, then we shall yet have peace, and a glory greater than that which ever fell to the share of any combatant will fall to those who upheld their honour and integrity in the hour of triumph. We can only say, that while we ardently sigh for so desirable a solution of the present position, we have little faith in the likelihood of its occurrence.

GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER I.

LE COQ D'OR.

COMMOTION was in the land. A dynasty had been expelled, and once more, after changes innumerable, all the old landmarks were removed, and in the fulness of expectation men prepared themselves for something better, though in what the remedy for the past was to be found few ventured to predict.

Of experience, if that counted for anything, there had been enough, and more than enough; but the people to whom it had been taught recked little of experience. Novelty, an inherent restlessness, and the belief that they, at least, were wiser than all the generations that had gone before them, made even the worst welcome; though, in the estimation of this people, the worst had no place, all seeming good that brought the fulfilment of their momentary desires.

France was the scene of the change thus spoken of, and her latest revolution the event which had called forth this expectation, and at the period when the revolution happened there lived at Amiens an innkeeper named Jean Lalouette. He was the landlord of the Hôtel du Coq d'Or, and within the last few months had also become its proprietor, a tolerably thriving business having enabled him to put by money enough to purchase it.

The Coq d'Or was not a very large hotel, neither were its approaches the most attractive in the world, for it stood at the corner of a very narrow and somewhat dirty street, which went, and still goes, by the appellation of the Rue des Tripes; but the house was well known to travellers, it was not far from the cathedral, whither all travellers resorted, and though the entrance—over which, resplendent with gold, appeared the *vera effigies* of a very warlike cock—was in the Rue des Tripes, the principal windows looked out on the Marché aux Herbes, the largest market-place in the city. Its situation was, therefore, a lively one, and whoever knows anything of the French will at once agree that, in their eyes, it could have had no greater recommendation.

The local condition of the Coq d'Or corresponded with the disposition of its proprietor. His humour was emphatically *gai*, such as no trouble could long depress, if even he were for a moment affected. Like the valiant bird whose name he bore—a bird looked upon as the type of the frank and joyous Gaul—Jean Lalouette's cheerful notes began with day-break, nor stinted while there was light. To this gaiety of temper might be added something of the pugnacity of the fowl which was at the same time the national emblem and his own particular sign, so that, in an

ornithological point of view—and it is as characteristic as any other—Jean Lalouette might be considered “vrai Français et de bon aloi,” a true and genuine Frenchman.

As a matter of course, Jean Lalouette had married early—he was now five-and-forty—and the *placens uxor*, fully meriting the title, was still by his side. Three children—the ordinary complement of a French family—were the fruits of this marriage, two of them boys, and the third—not to excite an Irishman’s surprise—a girl! Pierre, the eldest, with the qualities described in his father greatly in excess, was a soldier on service in Algeria; Louis, the second, of a more domestic turn, was preparing one day to succeed to the management of the Coq d’Or, had the care of the stable, and drove the *patache* when that vehicle was put in requisition; and Marie, the youngest, was a very pretty girl, nearly if not quite of a marriageable age, and certainly of opinion that she belonged to the last category, as every pretty girl must think who has an acknowledged lover.

It has been intimated that Jean Lalouette was prosperous. He began life as a simple *garçon d’écurie* on the estate of a country gentleman near Gournay, a small town on the confines of Normandy, some twelve or fourteen leagues from Amiens; was taken, an orphan, into the *château* while yet a lad, and employed in household service; and on the death of Monsieur Gournay, his only son Bernard being then in Italy, was sent, at eighteen, to seek his fortunes in the ancient capital of Picardy. Not unprotected, however, for he was consigned to a tenant of young Monsieur de Gournay, the heir, who had some property in Amiens, one of his houses being the inn of which Jean Lalouette subsequently became the owner. For three years he devoted himself unremittingly to the duties of his new calling, acquired so much knowledge of the business, was so useful in the establishment, so necessary to Monsieur Filliot, the landlord, and so agreeable to his daughter Justine, that, at the expiration of the period mentioned, he was rewarded with the damsel’s hand, a wedding portion of three thousand francs, and the promised reversion of the sovereignty of the Golden Cock.

Two years after the marriage of Jean Lalouette, Monsieur Filliot was borne to the cemetery of La Madeleine, where a handsome monument, with its sculptured owl, its hour-glass, and its burning torch reversed, attested the skill of the local artist and the filial piety of the successors to all his worldly goods. The funeral over, Jean Lalouette dried his eyes, and recovered the gaiety which had been slightly compromised during the mournful ceremony, and from that time forward until the opening of the present history—save upon one occasion—none of his neighbours could say they had ever seen a cloud upon his brow.

The solitary occasion of Jean Lalouette’s sadness was that of all others when he might have been expected to appear the most merry—the day on which the Coq d’Or became his own. And more than usually merry he, doubtless, would have been, but for the circumstances under which the hotel was acquired.

Monsieur Bernard de Gournay had married while in Italy—a short time after his father’s death—a beautiful Venetian lady. Fortune she had none, but that signified nothing to her lover, who succeeded to a fair inheritance. Not equal, it is true, to what it might have been had the

family estates remained unimpaired from the period of their original acquisition by a successful soldier and courtier in the reign of the *Roi Chevalier*; but there had been passages of ill fortune in the later history of the Gournays, and through causes not quite clear to their descendant, Bernard, the estates had shrunk considerably from their first dimensions. Quite enough, however, remained for a country gentleman to live upon, and Bernard de Gournay might have done very well, had the state of his affairs continued unaltered. But, with her soft Venetian beauty, Madame de Gournay had also the pleasure-loving disposition of her clime, and half the year was always spent in Paris, where enough of pleasure may be obtained to satisfy even a Venetian, provided you are able and willing to pay for it. Monsieur de Gournay was not indifferent to the value of money, but he held it lightly in comparison with the gratification of the woman he loved, and the consequence was that he lived at a much greater expense than he was able to afford. At first he found no difficulty in raising the sums he required, the Gournay property being unencumbered; but when his necessities increased, when interest accumulated upon principal, when personal security no longer sufficed, when mortgages began to eat into the estate, and the terms for accommodation became heavier, Monsieur de Gournay sought the advice of a certain Monsieur Trécourt, a very clever man of business, and one full of expedients, but, unfortunately for his employers, less honest than ingenious. Like a man of business as he was, Monsieur Trécourt plainly told Monsieur de Gournay that his system of borrowing was utterly ruinous, and that instead of procuring money to spend it, he ought to think rather of recovering what was gone. This was a self-evident truth, but how was Monsieur de Gournay to profit by it? Monsieur Trécourt would tell him. Had Monsieur de Gournay never heard of the fortunes that were made on the Bourse? By close attention and dexterous management, rehabilitation—that was the word he used—was certain. The Gournay property was good for some time to come. Monsieur Trécourt undertook to raise a particular amount, a part of which might be applied to a very desirable speculation. This was done, and some success attended—or seemed to attend—upon the earliest ventures. On the other hand, there were some contretemps, inevitable ones, because of circumstances which no foresight could baffle, and so the alternate game was played till it suited Monsieur Trécourt to make an end of Monsieur de Gournay, and a good many others who were in the same predicament. One day, then, it was announced on the Bourse that Monsieur Trécourt had failed for two or three millions of francs, and was no longer to be found in Paris. This announcement followed closely upon the last and largest mortgage on the Gournay estate.

A few words have sufficed to show in what manner the ruin of Monsieur de Gournay was effected: a few more will be enough to tell what had befallen him during the period of his married life. Like Jean Lalouette, to whom Monsieur de Gournay had always shown much kindness, two sons and a daughter had been born to him, but, unlike the innkeeper, neither of these sons survived beyond the age of infancy; Madame de Gournay, too, was dead, within the last year of her husband's vain efforts to retrieve himself; and nothing was left him now

but the name he inherited—that name was all he hoped to bestow on his only child.

In some countries—in England, for example—when a man is said to be ruined, you may always be sure he has plenty left to live upon; but in France, where this kind of thing is not so well managed as other matters are, the phrase has a literal meaning, and when Monsieur de Gournay's creditors came in with their claims, everything was swept away—the *château*, with its lands and all the outlying property, including the Coq d'Or and the rest of the tenements in Amiens.

It was not much that Jean Lalouette had to spare, for, with all his economy, he found a growing family expensive; but he was content to be pinched for a time provided he could secure the house he had lived in so long, and accordingly, when the sale took place, he outbid everybody else, and—to the entertainment of all his acquaintance—paid a good deal more for it than they said it was worth.

Was he sad, then, that day because of money wasted?

No! A deeper feeling it was that made him sigh and look grave: the ruin of Monsieur de Gournay, of which every one was talking.

"Ruined!" said Jean Lalouette, when the Coq d'Or was knocked down to him. "Ruined! Well, we shall see!"

And straightway his cheerfulness returned, and he laughed like the rest at what they called "le caprice de Monsieur Lalouette."

The whim, indeed, may appear singular, particularly in one who seemed as if no touch of sentiment had ever stirred him, but Jean Lalouette had conceived an idea which more sober-minded persons—people esteemed more thoughtful—might have gained some credit in originating.

He had bought the Coq d'Or; he had laid out almost every *sou* he possessed in the purchase. But then? Ah! he only knew what was his intention. The place was his, according to every form of law; but in his secret heart Jean Lalouette thought otherwise. He owed all his success in the world to the kindness of Monsieur de Gournay. He could not give the purchase-money to his protector; he could not ask him and Mademoiselle to come and live at the inn; but he could send him the rent the same as usual: and this he resolved to do.

But a difficulty arose which Jean Lalouette was not prepared for.

Monsieur de Gournay had unexpectedly quitted that part of the country, and where he was gone to not even his former intendant knew: at least, he persisted in saying so when Jean Lalouette went over to Gournay to make the proposed arrangement. No! He had left no instructions. And Mademoiselle de Gournay? Of course she had accompanied her father. There were no demands unpaid; that, at any rate, the intendant could assure Monsieur Lalouette. Monsieur de Gournay's reputation was intact, though all his means were wasted, for it was no secret to the world that expenses not his own, but which he had wanted firmness to avoid, were the cause of his impoverished condition. "Well!" said Jean Lalouette, when he received this intelligence, "pleasure deferred is not lost!"

And with this proverb he consoled himself, being one to whom consolation, in some shape, was never denied.

CHAPTER II.

THE MARKET-PLACE.

REVOLUTIONS, we know, are not made with rose-water; neither are they always cemented with blood; but revolutions cannot take place without somebody being the worse for them.

On the day after the news had been received in Amiens that Paris had set an example which she expected all France to follow, this conclusion seemed indisputable; to those, at least, who chanced to be eye-witnesses of what occurred in the *Marché aux Herbes* of the former city.

As a matter of course, all the world was out of doors, a much smaller matter than a revolution being sufficient to produce that result. The new flag—or the old one, rebaptised—was hoisted on all the public buildings; inscriptions in honour of the newest form of liberty were chalked up everywhere; patriotic placards graced or defaced the corners of the streets; the *préfet*, the *sous-préfet*, the mayor, and his *adjoints*, in fact, all the civil and municipal authorities, paraded in their scarfs and ceremonial dresses, proclaiming the abolition of royalty, and reminding their fellow-citizens of the social virtues which Frenchmen (save now and then, by mistake) never lose sight of;—nothing, in short, was wanting to make the revolution go off with *éclat*, but some event that should call forth a display of the courage, heroism, magnanimity, and so forth, with which every bosom in Amiens was ready to explode.

It was market-day, and if this did not add to the general excitement, at all events it greatly increased the number of people who thronged the *Marché aux Herbes*, and a crowd is in itself a true revolutionary feature. It is not to say that all crowds are disturbative, or woe betide fashionable assemblies; but the element of disturbance is always at hand wherever a crowd is collected. On this occasion there was so much unanimity of opinion, every one was so elated at he knew not what, there was such a universal anticipation of coming good, though nobody knew where it was to come from, that the inhabitants of Amiens must have felt far more inflammable than usual to have been stirred to any “sudden flood of mutiny.” Alas for that word “sudden!” As if nine-tenths of the rows we get into were not caused by something sudden! It is only in the sister isle that people go to a party of pleasure in the full expectation of returning home with a broken head; and even there no one can tell whose *luck* it may be to begin the fray.

Not amongst the least curious spectators of the inauguration of the republic at Amiens were Jean Lalouette and his family—that is to say, so much of his family as was represented by his wife and daughter, Pierre being abroad on service, and Louis absent for the moment on some affair of business. At the open windows, facing the market-place, of one of the rooms on the first floor of the *Coq d’Or*, Madame Lalouette and Marie were stationed, each occupying a window to herself, and occasionally leaning forward to exchange a word, or say something to acquaintances below, where—in the centre of a knot of talkers—stood the lively innkeeper, sustaining the chief part of a very animated conversa-

tion. The new order of things was naturally the subject of discussion, and Jean Lalouette professed to know more about them than any one else.

"Look here! my friends," he said. "This revolution would never have taken place if the king had not made a most ridiculous mistake. He permitted himself to entertain the idea of suppressing a public banquet! Conceive such an absurdity. Suppress a public banquet! That is at once to attack a vital part; for not only does it affect those who are prepared to dine, but also those who supply the dinner; the whole community, in short, the consumer and the producer at one blow! The force of that observation is striking, is it not, Monsieur Borel?"

The individual appealed to was a *marchand de volailles*.

"Yes, certainly," he replied; "that a grand dinner should be eaten without poultry is a thing altogether impossible, and where there is no dinner poultry cannot be sold!"

"Nor beef, nor mutton!" remarked Monsieur Grassot, a stout, asthmatic butcher.

"Nor vegetables, nor fruit!" chimed in Madame Feuillebois, an elderly lady who dealt in those commodities.

"The king's mistake, then," resumed Jean Lalouette, "is at once evident. Had the public banquet been given, all the world would have been content: many hundred bottles of wine would have been drunk, and several speeches made; and my experience tells me that speeches caused by wine do little harm!"

"Provided the wine be good," sententiously observed Monsieur Cruchon, a rival *aubergiste*.

"Like yours, for example!" said Jean Lalouette, smiling.

As Monsieur Cruchon's cellars had no great reputation, a slight titter arose at his expense.

"When I say, 'good wine,' persisted Monsieur Cruchon, rather angrily—

"We all know what you mean," interrupted Jean Lalouette; and the titter increased till a broad grin was on every countenance. But without giving his rival time to reply, the host of the Coq d'Or went on: "After all, broken pots, as the proverb says, must be paid for——"

"That is true!" murmured Madame Brou, a *marchande de faïences*.

"And," continued Jean Lalouette, "if the king breaks the law, he must take the consequences, like the rest."

"What then, in fact, has happened?" asked Monsieur Borel. "We, who live on our farms, do not get the news so quickly as you of the town."

"Nor is every one," said Jean Lalouette, "so directly in relation with the capital as myself. This, then, it is: the royal family—as a royal family—exists no longer! They are not dead, not one of them. God forbid that such should be the case! But they are all scattered; some here, some there—straggling about like a dog coming home from vespers. It was the work of a moment. Up went the barricades in Paris. A shot was fired. Paf! Somebody was killed. The *ambulance* told the story all along the Boulevards. The compliment was returned by the people, and almost before the smoke from their muskets had cleared away the Tuileries were empty. A provisional government was established, the

republic proclaimed, and the right of public dining respected. *Vive la république!*"

The cry was loudly echoed by all who listened to this epitome. Another group took it up; a second and a third followed suit; it spread like a *feu de joie* all over the market-place, and was borne on the wave of sound to the uttermost parts of the city.

Yet, in spite of the far-spread exclamation, the cry of "*Vive la république!*" fell upon some unwilling ears.

Before we explain to whom they belonged it will be necessary to go back a little.

CHAPTER III.

THE PATACHE.

THERE had been journeying all the previous night, and chiefly through the cross-roads which lie to the east of Amiens, a vehicle already mentioned in this history—to wit, the *patache* of the Coq d'Or, the driver of which was Louis Lalouette. A few days before he had conveyed a friend and his wife to Senlis, and was leisurely pursuing his way homeward without a freight, when, at the small village of Conchy les Pots, where he meant to have passed the night, a circumstance occurred which made him change his intention. He had already stabled his horse, and, seated by the fireside, was waiting for his own supper in the public room of the little inn at which he put up, when two strangers entered the apartment.

By a very dimly burning candle Louis perceived that one of them was a female, and, with the good-nature that was natural to him, he rose immediately, and, observing that the night was extremely cold, requested "*la dame*" to occupy his place. She seemed a very tired lady, for she almost fell into the vacant seat; not, however, without thanking him, in a faint voice, for his politeness. There was another chair in the room, but her companion, instead of bringing it forward, remained standing a little behind her, and for a time there was a general silence.

At length the lady spoke, but it was only in a whisper.

"I hope so, madame," was the respectful reply; "at all events, the opportunity is favourable."

The *blouse* which Louis wore over his ordinary dress to a certain extent indicated his calling, or suggested to the last speaker the idea that he might learn from him what he wished to know. He accordingly touched Louis on the arm, and, drawing him towards the window, inquired if it were possible to procure a conveyance of any kind to travel that night?

"Dame!" replied Louis, shrugging his shoulders, "such a thing may, indeed, be had; but it is a bad night for travelling, and the roads just now are none of the best."

"As for the weather and the roads," said the other, "we are indifferent on that point; our principal object, being pressed for time, is to get on."

Louis, who now stood close to his interlocutor, glanced at the lower part of his dress, which was covered with mud, and observed, with a

smile: "Apparently monsieur has been making haste already, and, it would seem, on foot."

"No matter for that, my good fellow," returned the stranger; "or, rather, supposing it to be the case, the greater my desire to have a carriage. Can I obtain one?"

"As I said before, monsieur, a carriage—yes! There is my own—the one I drive—though I may call it my own, since it belongs to my father. But then my horse has already made a day's journey, so I am afraid it cannot well be."

"If you knew how anxious that lady is to join her friends," said the stranger, pointing towards the fireplace, "you would help me, I am sure. Besides, you shall be well paid: anything in reason."

Louis hesitated. "It is not so much for the money," he said, "but on account of that poor beast. It is true, however, that Fleurette's work has not been heavy, for the *patache* was empty all the way; but then it is night, and a wet one. It would be far better for Madame to take some rest, and set out early in the morning—at daybreak, if you will."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the lady, turning suddenly round, "we must reach Amiens to-night. In half an hour my strength will be quite restored. Let me entreat you, sir, to assist us!"

There was something in the lady's tones that sounded more like command than entreaty, but whether influenced by habits of obedience or a feeling of compassion, Louis yielded.

If madame so greatly desired it he would see what could be done.

At this moment the mistress of the *auberge* came into the room with the supper provided for her accustomed guest.

"Ah," she said, "you were getting impatient; but here it is! A famous *potage aux choux*, and—*pardon—soyez les bien venus*. I did not see you before. What may there be for your service?"

This question was addressed to the latest comers who had entered by the front door while the hostess was engaged in the kitchen.

"A little refreshment for this lady," said the male stranger; "anything you have that can be got ready directly; but you must be quick!"

The landlady measured the speaker with no friendly expression.

"Quick!" she repeated. "You English are always in a hurry. But we French—*nous autres*—are in the habit of caring for our own people: my rule, besides, is first come, first served."

"Not on my account, Mère Copinot," interposed Louis; "the lady is exhausted with fatigue. My supper, if she will do me the honour"—and he removed his cap—"is entirely at her disposition—and that of monsieur."

The landlady stared at Louis.

"Do you think," she said, "that a *potage* and a *ragoût de veau aux ognons* are to be had for the asking. Ma foi! No! I can assure you! If you choose to give them up to these foreigners you must go without yourself."

"*A la bonne heure*," replied Louis, laughing; "but don't be cross, Mère Copinot: we are old friends, you know. Some bread and wine will do for me."

"Certainly not," said the lady, who now spoke; "I cannot permit that you should be inconvenienced!"

"She, at least, is not English," muttered the landlady. "She is somebody, too! And to come here on foot! *C'est drôle, ça!* I do not comprehend!"

But Louis was resolute: he insisted on relinquishing the dainties prepared for him, and, to cut the matter short, took Mère Copinot out of the room to explain how matters stood with him.

"Ah," said she, when he had told her of his proposed departure that night, "your good-nature, *mon enfant*, will be your ruin. You can never say 'No?'—as a man always should."

"But if I don't mean 'No?'" pleaded Louis.

"It is all the same," replied the strong-minded woman. "'No' is never out of place."

If Mère Copinot had not forgotten the precept upon one great occasion, her late husband might have been a happier man.

The question in debate was, however, settled. Louis ate his supper in the kitchen, nor went, after all, without the *ragoût de veau*, the *potage* alone supplying the wants of the lady and her English companion, whose inevitable accent had betrayed his country.

Half an hour afterwards the *patache* was at the door, and if any national prejudice lingered in the mind of Mère Copinot, it was quite removed when the Englishman put a golden coin into her hand, in recompense for the entertainment afforded.

"After all," she said, "if they cannot speak French as we do, they know how to pay. I would give something, though, to know where that lady came from, and why she is in such a hurry!"

Mère Copinot's guests left her, however, without a word of explanation, and the *patache* was soon out of sight and hearing. The order of travelling was this: the lady sat alone, occupying the back seat of the interior, which, lined with fresh hay, had been made tolerably comfortable, and the Englishman took his place beside Louis, beneath the hood.

It was a dreary journey. The pace was slow, partly because Fleurette had no mind to hurry herself—thinking, perhaps, that she had been ill treated—partly on account of the darkness of the night and the state of the road, of which Louis had spoken truly; and when day broke at last the travellers were still some miles from Amiens.

On learning this, the lady, who had never slept, appeared much distressed, and asked many questions, her anxiety being now as great to avoid the city as it had previously been to reach it. But all Louis's good-nature could not accomplish what she desired.

"Fleurette," he said, "was nearly dead-beat already; a further circuit would knock her up quite. He had taken the *petits chemins* to gratify the lady, though the high road was so much easier; but Fleurette knew every inch of the way to her own stable, and if he turned her aside there he knew what would happen: she would lie down and refuse to stir, a thing that had occurred before."

And he whispered confidentially to the Englishman that the sex was capricious; the word "*endiablée*" being used to express the temper of Fleurette under certain peculiar conditions.

"However this may be," replied the Englishman, seriously, "I must urge you to obey—that is, to do what this lady requires. There are reasons, very strong ones, why we should leave Amiens behind without

her being seen there. I have said that you shall be well paid. A hundred francs were to have been yours for this journey : they shall be doubled if you take us safely beyond the city."

Louis was greatly disconcerted.

"I would do so with all my heart, monsieur, but it is impossible. Since yesterday morning Fleurette has travelled sixty-three kilos with only two hours' rest between. If you have a secret—and what I heard yesterday at Senlis makes me think secrets likely—I will help you to keep it all I can. If madame will consent to be accommodated at the Coq d'Or—my father's house, monsieur—she may rest there to-day in perfect safety, and to-night, when able to renew the journey, I shall again have the honour of conducting her. Fleurette by that time will be as fresh as any of us."

The simplicity with which Louis spoke was an earnest of his good faith, and, after a brief consultation with the Englishman, the lady assented to the young man's proposition. With her head straight towards home, Fleurette responded to the "Hi! hi!" of her driver, pricked up her ears, and, mustering all her energies, got into a hobbling trot, which brought her in an hour's time to the *faubourg* of Royon.

Louis was so well known at the barrier that a mere nod to the official who stood there sufficed to pass him through, and he drove quietly into Amiens ; but knowing nothing more of the revolution than a rumour of disturbances in Paris, he was unprepared for the progress of events in his native place, and was consequently very much surprised at finding all the exterior streets completely deserted. He accepted it, however, as a good omen, and observed that it was lucky so few people were about : there would be no difficulty now, if he took a by-way close at hand, in reaching the Coq d'Or unobserved.

There is scarcely a large town in France that does not show, by the nomenclature of its streets, what, during the middle ages, was the social condition of its inhabitants. Amongst other signs of past insecurity is the indication of their being exposed to the incursions of wolves ; and Amiens, like the rest, retains its Rue du Loup. It was Louis's intention to have turned down the street so named, in order to reach the Coq d'Or by the least frequented route, but when he arrived there he found it under repair, and the pavement up. While he paused to consider which way he had better go, a tremendous shout, as of a multitude of people, suddenly filled the air, and that spontaneous cry of which we have already spoken, hoarse but distinct, came floating on the air.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the lady, from the depths of the *patache* ; "those fearful words! I am lost! I am lost! Oh, my children! my children!"

"Calm yourself, madam!" said the Englishman ; "the voices are distant : there is no danger here."

"Diable!" ejaculated Louis. "To think of the Rue du Loup being blocked up at this very moment! The further we advance the worse it will be."

"This is no time for hesitation," said the Englishman. "If the carriage cannot get on, the street offers no impediment to people on foot. Leave the *patache* with me. I will persuade the lady to descend, and trust herself to your guidance. I may depend on it?"

"I swear to you, monsieur," returned Louis, "by the honour of a Frenchman, I will take the lady safely. It is the best course—I believe the only one; for see, there is a crowd issuing from the Place d'Armes yonder."

In reply to a hasty communication the lady quickly left the carriage, eager to profit by any chance of escaping a meeting with the excited populace; and, for the first time, Louis saw her by the light of day. She looked pale, and worn with fatigue, but her features were fine; and, in spite of her crushed bonnet, and torn and bedraggled dress, there was an air of great distinction about her person; for her age, she could not have been more than five-and-twenty.

"But I am leaving you in peril," she said, extending her hand to the Englishman.

He bent over it respectfully. "Be under no apprehension for me, madame; I am nobody here! Consult only your own safety. I shall remain in this place till our friend returns."

"And that will be soon, monsieur. Mind and keep quiet, Fleurette! If madame will permit me?"

With no touch of awkwardness, but as if to the manner born, though the distinction of rank was so manifest, Louis offered his arm, which the lady unhesitatingly took; they turned the corner swiftly, and disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

A CONTRÉTAMPE.

WHEN the Englishman said he would stay where he was, he had relied too confidently on himself—a fault, if it be one, common to Englishmen. For a few minutes nothing occurred to disturb his resolve, but as he looked up the street he perceived a movement amongst the crowd of which Louis had spoken.

"Those fellows," he said, "are coming this way. They have raised the *drapeau tricolor*, and the drums are striking up. They imitate our Paris friends very well; but this kind of thing is instinctive in a Frenchman. What are they stopping for? Oh—a functionary in a scarf steps out in front, he is reading a paper. I need not ask the contents: there goes the cry again: 'Vive la république!' It is a change from 'Vive le roi!' That's why they like it. Now they are in motion again. Beating the boundaries, I suppose—or something of that sort—that all Amiens may learn the joyful news. Asses! In six months—in three—in 'a little month,' as Hamlet says, they will be sick and sorry enough! Bray away, my fine fellows! You would kick up twice as much row if you knew who was in your town. But I trust in God the duchess is safe! So far she has well escaped."

During the progress of this soliloquy the procession had drawn gradually nearer, and before it was ended the head of the column filled the street where the Englishman stood.

Again the cheering *programme* was read, and again the shout arose. One person alone refrained from joining in the demonstration: the temporary guardian of Fleurette.

This lack of enthusiasm did not pass unnoticed.

Shocked at the disloyal silence, or annoyed at the failure of the well-turned periods, the *adjoint* who read the proclamation, and had assisted in its composition, desired a *gendarme* at his side to bring the delinquent before him.

The Englishman stared, but obeyed the summons.

"Are you deaf, sir, or stupid?" demanded the irritated mayor's substitute.

"Neither, I hope," replied the Englishman, coolly.

"Why then, sir, this culpable indifference to an announcement which stirs the hearts of all true Frenchmen?"

"It is no concern of mine."

"How, sir? Who then are you, to whom the interests of France are nothing?"

"I do not say that. The interests of France are those of all the world: her form of government affects herself only. I am an Englishman."

"I might have supposed so. Sympathy from your countrymen would be a miracle. But has it not occurred to you, sir, that while shielded and protected by the *égis* of France, respect for her institutions is a primal duty? *Vive la république!* Now, sir, repeat that cry!"

If the Englishman's lips moved no sound came from them, and what he said could only be inferred from the expression of his countenance. It was an evident refusal, and, perhaps, in his own language, rather strongly worded.

The preceding colloquy had passed rapidly, but those who pressed behind the *adjoint* and were the closest auditors, caught up something of its meaning.

"*A bas les Anglais!*" cried several voices; and fierce eyes flashed from amidst the crowd.

"Stay!" cried the *adjoint*, waving his hand. "No violence. Observe the law—in my person! You, sir, if an Englishman, must have a passport. Produce it."

The required paper was placed in his hands.

"Monsieur et Madame Gurney" (the *adjoint* called the name "Gournay"). "That is a French name, ill spelt."

"Ill pronounced, rather. It is English. There is my description. There is my ambassador's signature."

"Your description? True. May I ask where is Madame Gournay?"

For the first time during this interview the Englishman was confused.

"I am alone," he said.

"But your passport declares otherwise. When and how did you arrive in Amiens?"

Mr. Gurney was silent.

Another *gendarme*—one who had come up from the barrier—now stepped forward.

"I saw him," he said, "sitting beside the driver of this *patache*—young Lalouette, the son of the innkeeper in the Rue des Tripes."

"Where is he?" asked the *adjoint*.

At that instant, breathless with haste, Louis made his appearance. He was no sooner seen than in custody.

Submitted to the same interrogatory as Mr. Gurney, Louis could only stammer out that monsieur was a stranger to whom he had given a seat in his vehicle.

"For what reason, then, did you leave it? This person was found alone. Your absence has been prolonged. Relate what you know about this Englishman."

Louis vowed and protested that he was ignorant of the quality of his companion, but while his asseveration did him no good, it told against the other.

A man not known, one surreptitiously introduced, one whose passport was informal, one who refused to cry "*Vive la république!*" that man's antecedents, that man's present conduct, were suspicious.

So said the mayor's substitute, and the crowd, hot with impatience, cried out: "A spy, a royalist spy! Down with the English! *Vive la république!*"

Once more the welkin rang with "*Vive la république!*" mingled with threats and phrases untranslatable. It was a truly joyous occasion for the mob. They had met with a ripple in the current hitherto so smooth—too smooth for their complete enjoyment. Their heated imaginations beheld in the solitary Englishman the forerunner of a royalist host, aiming at the subversion of the republic. One man, with the voice of a Stentor, struck up the *Marseillaise*, and instantaneously, from a thousand throats,

Aux ar-mes, citoyens!—Aux ar-mes, citoyens!

burst forth the warlike chorus.

The egotism of the song was the safety of the prisoners—poor Louis and the Englishman Gurney—who, surrounded by *gendarmes*, were hurried along till the flood of population overflowed in the *Marché aux Herbes*.

"What is the matter?—what is the matter?" cried the knot that was gathered beneath the windows of the *Coq d'Or*.

"Tell us then, Marie, what is going on out there. You can see from where you are standing. Say, Madame Lalouette!"

But the innkeeper called in vain. Those to whom he appealed were no longer there.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

WHEN last we addressed our readers the tide of war was flowing swiftly, and everything portended the accomplishment of the ambitious *programme* with which the Emperor of the French heralded his aggressions on Austrian Italy. Unprecedentedly favoured by fortune, and successful—though at a heavy sacrifice of life—in every contest, he had already crossed the Mincio, his own troops were before Verona and Mantua, those of his allies were besieging Peschiera, a fresh *corps d'armée* had replaced the losses of Solferino, a large naval and military force was about to attack Venice, and, to judge by the past, victory seemed to be the probable, if not the inevitable, issue of his expected operations. At that moment, when every ear was strained to catch the sound of another triumph, came the sudden intelligence that “the Liberator of Italy” had paused in mid-career, and that, instead of fighting a battle, he had proposed an armistice. This was surprising enough, but what followed immediately was stranger still. Not only was an armistice arranged, but before the ink was dry which fixed its duration, the Emperor of the French was again—an intercessor we must not call so mighty a victor—a negotiator for peace!

And peace was forthwith concluded: the peace of Villafranca, which—can it be doubted?—secured to Italy all the objects for which the Emperor of the French had taken up arms!

Let us see what those objects were, as set forth in a Manifesto, addressed by Louis Napoleon to the French Legislative Body.

The leading principle of this declaration was contained in the phrase: “*Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic!*” And this was further amplified: “*I boldly avow my sympathies for a people whose history is mingled with our own, and who groan under foreign oppression.* * * * When France draws the sword, it is not to dominate, but to liberate. *The object of this war is to restore Italy to herself, not to impose upon her a change of masters, and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people, who will owe to us their independence.* We do not go into Italy to foment disorder or to disturb the power of the Holy Father, whom we have replaced upon his throne, *but to remove from him this foreign pressure, which weighs upon the whole peninsula, and to establish there order based upon legitimate satisfied interests.*”

We shall not stop to examine the question of Austrian right to rule over Lombardy and Venice—though, as Count Buol declared, in his well-known Circular, that right was “solid”—but confine ourselves to the simple terms of the Imperial announcement, than which nothing could be more definite or unequivocal.

Admitting, for argument's sake, that Lombardy and Venetia groaned under the yoke of Austria—that a foreign pressure, which it was necessary to remove, weighed upon Parma, Modena, and Tuscany—that it was the mission of the Emperor of the French to “liberate” those provinces, and seeing that, with this end in view, the armies of France advanced along the modern “Via Sacra,” and fought six bloody battles in as many weeks, it may fairly be asked—History will one day ask—

how far the result of this great war corresponded with the pretext on which it was based ?

You went, you say, to rescue Italy from the oppression of foreign rule ! We will not quarrel with the generous impulse. You emancipated Lombardy, you freed the Duchies, you removed from the States of the Church all fear of future tyranny, you restored to the Queen of the Adriatic that liberty for which she so long had languished. All this you did, of course, for you had conquered Austria in Northern Italy—or, if not conquered, had raised your trumpets to blow the blast which should cause the walls of Mantua and Verona—like those of Jericho—to fall before it !

But, no ! the trumpets were not blown—at least, not then. Neither were any of the magnificent promises fulfilled which had made the heart of Italy beat with such joyful anticipation ; for the transfer of the Milanese to Sardinia—just as one would toss a *franc* to a *facchino* for his hire—was, after all, little in accordance with the real wishes of republican Lombardy. Instead of freeing Italy from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic—a bombast circumstance,

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war—

and bearing a strong family resemblance to the threat of “mon oncle,” when he promised to drive the Leopard into the sea—the Emperor of the French no sooner set his foot within the famous Quadrilateral—the Austrian Torres Vedras—than he made the discovery that “the better part of valour is discretion.” There is Louis Napoleon’s own authority for arriving at this conclusion, else we might have supposed, in common with those who extolled his “moderation,” that generosity and magnanimity were the sentiments by which he was inspired : the generosity of giving away a kingdom—the magnanimity of forbearing to strike a fallen foe. For how stands the fact, as we now find it set down in the apologetic allocution of the Emperor of the French, in reply to the adulatory addresses of Monsieur Troplong (*beaucoup trop long*), the Count de Morny, and Monsieur Baroche, when they threw themselves at his feet in the Salon de Mars, at Saint Cloud ?

“When, after a successful campaign of two months, the French and Sardinian armies arrived beneath the walls of Verona, the struggle was inevitably about to change its nature, as well in a military as in a political aspect. I was fatally obliged to make a front attack upon an enemy entrenched behind great fortresses, and protected on his flank by the neutrality of the surrounding territory ; and in commencing the long and barren war of sieges, I found myself in face of Europe in arms, ready either to dispute our successes or aggravate our reverses.”

It was impossible to give better reasons for refraining from carrying out the pretentious *programme* of the war. Without doubt there was the enemy entrenched behind great fortresses, there were the sieges in perspective, there was the neutral territory. But, for one so far-sighted as the Emperor of the French it was scarcely necessary to cross the Mincio to make the discovery. The strong fortresses were not mushrooms, sprung up in a single night—sieges, if you wish to capture them, are ordinarily their concomitants—and as to the neutral territory, that we presume had never changed its position. All these things were as

well known to Louis Napoleon at Saint Cloud as when he came into disagreeable proximity with the stubborn facts at Valleggio.

"Nevertheless," continued the Emperor of the French, "the difficulty of the enterprise would not have shaken my resolution, if the means had not been out of proportion to the results expected."

The results expected—or, at any rate, declared—were "the restoration of Italy to herself"—the removal of "that foreign pressure which weighs upon the whole peninsula." Surely, with such an object originally in view—and this we may suppose, if words imperial have any meaning—no means could have been out of proportion to so desirable an end!

These disproportionate means were the fruits of another discovery: "It was necessary to crush boldly the obstacles opposed by neutral territories, and then to accept a conflict on the Rhine as well as on the Adige. It was necessary to fortify ourselves openly with the aid of revolution. It was necessary to go on shedding precious blood, which had already flowed too freely, and at last risk that which a sovereign should only stake for the independence of his country. If I have stopped, it was neither through weariness nor exhaustion, nor as abandoning the noble cause which I desired to serve, but because there was something which in my heart I deemed more precious—the interests of France."

But the attitude of confederated Germany was scarcely a greater novelty than the Quadrilateral or the neutral territory: was the aid of revolution not contemplated when Klapka and Kossuth were encouraged—when countenance was given to every act of the insurgent duchies? Ah! but something yet remained: "The interests of France?" And the interests of Italy? The interests, too, of Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Romagna, where the *status quo* is to be established *malgré tout*.

Enough, however, of the task of criticising a declaration which kept the word of promise to the ear and broke it to the hope. The solution of the mighty riddle is, we believe, to be found in considerations remote enough from those avowed which touch us nearer. To conquer your enemies in detail, to humiliate them to a certain point, and then forbear—if prudence counsels forbearance—appears to be the *idée fixe* of him who is called the inscrutable. Russia and Austria have each had their turn, Prussia may follow, and England, peradventure, remains for the *bonne bouche*—unless, indeed, we take warning from the past and lose no time in setting our house in order, so as to set at nought the danger of invasion.

On this subject a well-timed and strongly written article has appeared in the number of the *Quarterly Review*, just published. The writer demonstrates in the most convincing manner the utter inefficiency of our present means of defence, and the almost hopeless condition of the country in the event of a surprise, the danger which should ever be present to our thoughts with neighbours such as those who are only separated from our shores by an interval of a few hours. As to the motive for an invasion of England by France, hear what the writer of this article says, and consider its truth. The "one idea" of the Frenchman, he observes, "is the might and majesty of an armed host conquering the world and lording it over subject nations. The form of patriotism which he appreciates is his desire to see his country thus made powerful, and

thus respected ; and his greatest pride is to form a fractional part, however insignificant, in this great mission." The applicability of this feeling as regards England is thus set forth : " Ludicrous as it may sound in our ears, it really seems to be felt by the French people as an intolerable grievance that any country should exist in Europe over which the tricolor has never floated ; and it is this, and not any sober calculation of the risk of the attempt or of the ultimate gain that may result from it, which would induce France to invade our shores. Now that her armaments both by land and sea are, to say the least of it, equal to those of any other continental nation, *nothing that human foresight can discern will prevent her from making the attempt to avenge the past, and to realise what she conceives to be the destiny of the future.*" We lay far too much stress, continues the same writer, on the individual character or intentions of the present emperor. " Our conclusions must not be based on the interest or ambition of any individual ruler who may happen to be on the throne of France, but on what we know and all history teaches us of the feelings and aspirations of the great body of the people of France. The present emperor may or may not be desirous of undertaking the task ; but *the crown of France will certainly be one day offered to any man who can and will raise the standard against England.*"

The motive thus clearly shown, attention is drawn by the Quarterly Reviewer to the actual condition of the warlike resources of the two countries. A terrible, though it may be a too-highly charged picture, is painted of the fearful perils in which England stands, but thus much cannot be gainsaid : that every means in our power ought to be employed to meet the possible catastrophe, and make us as well prepared as the French when the hour of trial shall arrive. " There, in fact," says the Reviewer, " lies our whole danger. They can choose their own moment for picking a quarrel and declaring war, and will, of course, do it at such time as we are least and they are best prepared." The Reviewer reiterates his belief in the absolute certainty of the invasion being one day attempted. " On one point," he says, " no man need deceive himself—that the fleet, which is now being built in the harbours of France with such skill, and at such enormous cost, will one day be applied to the purposes for which it is avowedly being constructed ; and when the time arrives, it will be the most serious danger that England has ever incurred since the days of the Spanish Armada. The attack will, probably, be like the tiger's spring—stealthy, but vigorous ; and, if successful, may be fatal to us. The stake for which the game is to be played is so enormous, and the risk so great, that every man with a spark of patriotism in his bosom ought to look the danger fairly in the face, and be prepared to do what he can to save himself, his children, his fellow-citizens, and his country."

As regards individual exertion, there can be no safer course than the instant formation of volunteer artillery and rifle corps in every part of the kingdom, nor should we cease their organisation till their former are adequate for all our coast defences, and the latter are spread over the length and breadth of the land, leaving neither nook nor cranny of vantage to the invader. We may then rely upon our national boast, and—come what may—defy the world in arms.

THE BAR AND THE BUSH;
OR, COMING HOME FOR A WIFE.

BY OUIDA.

I.

WILLIE DE ROHAN AND MYSELF; AND WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT.

"I SAY, Mount, who the deuce do you think is coming home? Guess. You can't? Why, Goring—dear old Tom! I'd a letter from him this morning, written just before he started from Nelson. Ten years, as I live, since we saw him. Poor old Tom!"

So spake my chum De Rohan, bursting into my chambers as I sat drinking Glenlivet and reading a yellow-papered *roman*. "Goring?" I repeated, in bewilderment; "my dear Will, you don't mean it. 'Pon my life, I'm delighted! I've mourned over him as quite as much buried away from anything like life as if he were under one of those tipsy-looking tombstones up at Kensal-green. Will he bring his squaw and all the papooses with him? I hope not—I hate black women."

"For Heaven's sake, Mount, clear up your queer ideas of New Zealand before we see Tom, or he'll think they're very shadowy, to say the least, for a (should-be) well read embryo Q.C. He'll be here some time next week, I suppose. He's made a fortune out there one way and another; gold turned up on his land among other things, lucky dog! I'm afraid we might dig a long time in the Temple-gardens without chancing on a farthing's worth. He's coming home for a wife on the strength of it."

"Is he so sure he'll get one?"

"What! a man worth 2000*l.* a year? He'll find the market overstocked, my boy. No woman ever refused a good income. Master Tom will find only too many fish to snap at his fly."

"But the Bush isn't such a charming prospect?"

"Pooh! Mount, any marriage (leave alone the certainty of a good settlement) is a godsend to a woman. Goring will only have *l'embarras des richesses*, take my word for it; and whoever has his handkerchief thrown at her will pick it up with thanksgiving. Poor Tom, won't you be glad to see him? It seems only the other day that we were boys together fishing for surreptitious Jack and smoking smuggled Queens in bars; and here is he coming back to get married, and you and I are growing old in chambers."

"I'm much obliged to you, Will," said I. "If you choose to fancy yourself feeling old at four-and-thirty, I don't. The deuce! we're mere infants at the Bar, and ten years hence, if we like to take a fancy to any pretty girl, we shall be young enough."

"And keep her on a farthing a week? Pleasant, certainly. Tom can marry, you and I can't, and I'm sure I don't covet the privilege—not half as much as I do his power of shooting anything he likes, from bandicoots to pigs, without license or fear of the keeper."

"By George! I should say so. Well," said I, as a bright idea struck

me, "I wish he'd take one of the Lessingham girls back with him. They ain't exactly Bush style, to be sure; but that don't matter, it would be an intense comfort to their poor old governor."

"What are they like?" asked Willie.

"Very pretty, I've heard. I haven't seen 'em the last two or three years. There are three, and two little ones coming up after 'em and four boys—horrible! How's any man to expect to get them off his hands? It's enough to make the old rector shoot himself!"

"Or them," said De Rohan. "Well, we'll see about it. I dare say I shall be Tom's commissariat in the matrimonial department, and if I can do anything for your cousins, I will. Didn't you say they were coming to town?"

"In a day or two, to stay with my mother, and Goring will be here by then."

"Mounteagle turning matchmaker! By George, what a novel rôle!" laughed De Rohan. "I say, I'm going to dine at Richmond with Ferrers and Maberley. We want a *partie carrée*; you may as well come. Do."

"Very well," said I. And go we did accordingly.

De Rohan, Goring, and I had been boys together at one of our great public schools, no matter which, and chums ever since the day Willie fought (and licked) us both, all the lower school looking on. Willie was one of those slap-up foreign races who take the shine out of the British peerage as a thorough-bred Arab, whose descent is traced up to Kadijah's course, takes it out of some pretentious colt who can go no further back than to a winner of sweepstakes or Innkeepers' Plates. Willie's governor had dropped his title when he had to fly for his life, and Willie, living in the Middle Temple and going the Home Circuit, with about 400*l.* a year, was given to calling himself a beggar, and flinging pointed sarcasms at the difference between his name and his means. Will was a dear old fellow, and cut me and Tom out in society as he used to do in football, swimming, and cricket. He'd the handsome clear-cut intellectual features of his race, and all the women he met fell in love with his "dear dark eyes," as girls termed 'em, as naturally as I take my pipe of Cavendish before turning in. Willie had made love, too, plenty of it, in his time, though he chose to call it bosh now. His pluck and energy and high spirits made him go fast, as young fellows will; and I don't suppose, when he and I and Goring did the grand when we were about twenty, that any wilder men patronised the Château des Fleurs, wore dominoes at bals d'Opéra, and took grisettes to the Bois du Boulogne. Oh! the jolly days when we sang with hearts as light as the wine with which we washed them down, and made love as free and evanescent as the perfumy smoke curling out of our meerschauams. You remember days like them, too, don't you, *ami lecteur*? The first-rate Steinberg you drink now hasn't got the flavour that bad Hock had, and the fine cheroot you smoke in fear and trembling lest madame up in the drawing-room should scent it out, hasn't the fragrance of that cabbage-leaf tobacco, eh?

Well, we came back. De Rohan and I entered our names at Middle Temple, and Goring, after his Paris life, had no taste to accept the quiet living his governor had in his gift (Goring senior's a county M.P. and

a crusty old cove), and made up his mind to levant to New Zealand. His governor told him he could do as he liked; what was Tom to him—only one among many. Tom told him he'd rather shear sheep than take orders, and so it came to pass that one morning Willie and I saw him off on board a clipper for Nelson, and I don't think De Rohan was ever more down in his mouth in his life than he was about losing his old chum. I myself wasn't sorry Tom was gone. I was very fond of De Rohan, and was jealous of any other man he liked, as a young fellow is sometimes jealous over his pet Pylades.

Fourteen years had passed. By Jove! I shall be finding my first grey hair in a few years. De Rohan and I went the circuit, he, young though he was, astonishing the old stagers, I can tell you, when he did get a junior's brief, taking occasional runs up the Rhine or down the Mediterranean, shooting blackcock on the moors, and trolling in the Wye or the Severn whenever we could, and boring ourselves at drums, crushes, whitebait dinners, and Star and Garter luncheons, while Tom was living his nomadic life in patriarchal fashion among his herds and flocks, retrograding in civilisation as far as ever he could, and trying hard, I dare say, to think he enjoyed it.

II.

VIVIA LESSINGHAM.

"LET'S see," said De Rohan, as we drove in a Hansom to my mother's house, up in St. John's Wood, taking out Goring's letter, "Tom says, 'I'm coming home for a wife, and mean to take back a pretty, accomplished girl, who'll put me in mind of old times, to be mistress of my new house, which is just three parts built of the finest timber you ever,' &c. &c. Well, Mount, will any of your cousins answer that?"

"See for yourself," said I, "for here we are. The young ladies little know they're on trial before the commissary-matrimonial. Do your best for 'em, old boy."

"That's Bertie Mounteagle, I know. What a horrid bore, just as that dear Vavasour is in such trouble!" cried one of my cousins, shutting a Parlour Library book as the Buttons opened the drawing-room door.

"I'm sorry I'm a bore, ma cousine; it's the first time I was ever thought so," said I, going up to a young lady, who, when I'd last seen her, had been little Maude in the nursery, and was now got up very grand in crinoline, fixatrice, organdie muslin, and all the rest of it, and stood as high as my shoulder, and I'm six feet two inches. I kissed her, by right of my cousinship, and Maude blushed and looked pretty, and I thought her decidedly improved since the nursery and pinafore days. What a pity it was those girls had no tin: they were certainly very good style, though their father had only a living of 700*l.* a year, and nine children. Heaven help him, poor fellow!

"What a comfort it would be if Tom would but take one off his hands," I thought, as I introduced the commissary to the goods he was to choose from. He talked to Helen, the eldest, who's one-and-twenty, tall, fair, and handsome, looked at Maude (the prettiest of the trio, to my mind), and then crossed over to Vivian, the second, who's a great pet with all the men, and, though not strictly pretty, is very picturesque and

winning. I don't know what it is about that girl; she's no remarkable beauty, though it's a mignonne face, but she can bewitch us by dozens, and distances regular belles by twenty lengths. Upon my word, I think women are like racers: your wild little filly will often go in and win at an easy canter, while the favourite, whom everybody has backed from the day she was entered, can't keep the pace at all against her.

"I say, mother, Tom Goring's coming back," said I, while Willie was amusing his mind looking at Vivia's drawings. "He's worth two thousand a year, and is come to get a wife to——"

"Good gracious, Bertie," interrupted Vivia, arching her eyebrows—very contemptuous, mobile little eyebrows they are—"you talk of getting a wife as you might of buying a flock of Southdowns, or the last new drilling machine. You speak as if girls were to be bought for all the world like horses at Tattersall's."

"Well, Miss Lessingham," said De Rohan, "I think society is very much like Tattersall's; young ladies, like young fillies, are trotted out to show their paces, and are knocked down to the highest bidder. A ball-room always makes me think of an auction-day at the Yard."

Vivia looked at him with superb disdain. "Gentlemen with such ideas of women had better never bid for a wife, or they may find one that will turn restive at being estimated no higher than his hunter or his hack. Every woman will not so easily submit to 'that alien tyranny,' with its dynastic reasons of larger bones and stronger sinews."

De Rohan laughed. "Nevertheless, few ladies are happy till their necks are under the yoke of that 'alien tyranny.' As soon as our poor friend Goring arrives, he will be surrounded by clever mammas, like skilful featherweights, bringing their darlings up to the winning-post."

Vivia broke her crayon in impatient disgust. My mother smiled. "I dare say Mr. Goring will not be long before he finds somebody willing to share his two thousand a year."

"If he make it such a matter of business," said Vivia, "I should advise him to go about with a placard before him, 'A Wife Wanted. The bidder worth two thousand a year.' It will advertise his intentions admirably."

"Oh! he won't need to take that trouble," said Willie, with a side glance to me, as much as to say what fun it was to hear her. "His only difficulty will be the superabundance of choice."

"To hear you, one would imagine the Bush was a species of Jannat al Aden," retorted Vy, quickly, "and not a wretched existence, a cross between a savage and a general servant, with damper for your only delicacy, and black snakes for your companions; if he want a wife, he must search among cooks and laundresses; nobody else will sweep out his warry."

"Yes they will, Miss Lessingham," laughed De Rohan. "Tom's not a wild man of the woods; he wants a pretty, accomplished girl, to——"

"Grace his soirées, I suppose, and head his dinner-table," said the young lady, sarcastically.

"And he'll find plenty, I don't doubt," continued Willie, composedly. "There are too many girls now-a-days who, unless they can get a house of their own, have to turn out as governesses or companions, for a man like Goring to be obliged to throw his float in twice."

"I dare say, to those who think so meanly of all women as to imagine they only marry for a home, the rejection of 2000*l.* a year does seem a fabulous folly," said Miss Vy, with immense dignity, rising and sweeping past De Rohan to the piano, where, at my mother's entreaty, she sang the "Power of Love," and sang it very well too.

"That's the one," said De Rohan, as we drove away after luncheon.

"Do you mean Maude?" said I, for I'd just been thinking Maude was too pretty for the Bush.

"No, no; that little plucky, accomplished, amusing thing. I bet you she's the one Tom will like, and it will be such fun to see her caught and shipped off to the Bush, after all her eloquent tirades against it."

"But perhaps she wouldn't go?"

"My dear fellow! Didn't you tell me she was one of nine children, and would have to go out as a governess if nobody took compassion upon her? Of course she'll go. Women talk a great deal about disinterested affection, but I never saw one of them practise it the moment after good settlements offered," said Willie, whose experience had made him decidedly sceptical, leaning back in the Hansom and lighting a cheroot. As I've told you, Willie is a splendid fellow, and his feelings, when they are roused, are very hot and strong; but his family, to my mind, hadn't ever understood him: they weren't fond of him, nor he of them. He'd been knocked about in the world, which, as we know by snowballs, has sometimes a hardening process; he'd never seen any clever women who were not actresses, nor any affectionate ones who weren't fools, and his experience had naturally given him anything but a high opinion of the beau sexe. But Willie had a very warm heart under his sarcasm, and though he was given to repeating the nursery ditty, "I care for nobody, no not I, and nobody cares for me," would have been glad to find somebody to care for him for all that.

One morning late, when I was sitting at breakfast (I'd been waltzing with Maude till five that morning), my boy, who is cautious in admitting callers, since he has had many duns and few clients to deal with in his time, after some parley showed in a man, tall, bronzed walnut colour, with a beard down to his waist. By Jove! I shouldn't have known him one bit. Ten years of the Bush had altered him as much as ten seasons' hard running after obstinate eligibles will alter a pretty fresh débutante into a rouged, tinted, and padded *passée belle*.

Poor old Tom! how he and Willie and I did talk! How late we sat that night over our regalias and toddy, recalling the old days when we'd robbed orchards and run to see the North Warwickshire throw off, cut our names during the Doctor's sermon, and hooked prohibited Jack for delicious secret suppers. How we talked of the old Paris times, too; of that black-eyed fleuriste that Tom was so spoony over, and that actress at the Odéon that we used to chaff Willie about; of the Bar, and the little we made at it; of the Bush, and the sport Tom had in it; of George Watson's fox-hounds and Hall's rifle powder; of shooting wild-ducks on the lagoons and hunting kangaroos, till our own deeds, trouting in the Derwent, shooting blackcock on the moors, and partridges among the stubble, looked quite tame beside this Nimrod of the West.

"And so you're come to get married, Tom?" said De Rohan, looking with eyes of love upon his ancient obum. "Pity, I think; but, however,

that's your affair. I have been looking about for you, and I think I've found what may do very well."

"Thank you, my dear fellow," answered Tom, filling his pipe. "Unless women have altered wonderfully since I went out, as soon as they know I'm a marrying man they'll be coming round me in flocks, like so many pretty little Rosella parrots."

"That they will, for (not to disparage your manifold attractions, Tom, and to say nothing of that wonderful beard) you have the precious gilding that ladies love," smiled Willie. "You won't have to play Slender's part, for customs are sadly changed since Master Ford's time, and now, *au contraire*, 'Money buys wives, and lands are sold by fate.' So you will have a hundred wives coming to your call, and I may whistle till I'm hoarse for the governor's Hungarian acres."

III.

TOM GORING.

THE next few days Tom employed in making himself look like a Christian again, getting rigged out in Regent-street, and shaving off that atrocious beard, which made him look for all the world like an ourang-outang, though he's a good-looking fellow enough—when he's not seen beside Willie, who has an air of good blood about him which takes the shine out of most other men, and a sort of fascination in his ways that nobody else can imitate. We took Goring up to St. John's Wood, where the Lessingham girls were going to stay for some time, very glad, you are sure, to leave their own little dismal village on the Norfolk coast, where they caught anemones instead of conquests, and had nothing nicer to fascinate than the coast-guardsmen or a puritanical curate.

"Well, Tom, which do you like the best?" asked De Rohan, the first night we dined there, when my mother had given the move, and we were left to that pleasant period of unlimited claret and unrestricted chat which kind-hearted men like myself should enjoy still more thoroughly if we didn't know how the poor girls in the drawing-room were watching, and wanting us to come up-stairs for coffee, singing, and flirtation.

"I like that little, spirited, plucky one who hits repartées so sharp at you, and looks so disdainfully at me for having vegetated for ten years in a warry," answered Goring, eating his olives leisurely. I dare say they tasted doubly delicious after two lustres of damper and tough mutton.

"I said you would," laughed De Rohan. "She's very amusing, isn't she? Try if you can't conquer her disdain."

"Oh! I don't suppose it would be very difficult," answered Tom, contentedly. "Not that I'm a vain man, as you know, Willie, but ladies don't generally decline good settlements."

When we went up-stairs I saw Miss Vy singing away in impassioned style, her face full of light and animation, and I wondered if "good settlements" would eventually buy her bright eyes and clever brain and myriad accomplishments. "Thank you, Miss Lessingham," said Goring, going up to her. "After ten years' exile from sweet sounds, a song like that is, indeed, delightful."

Vivia bent her head, and looked a little bored. "I should think that

any person of tastes primitive enough to like living where the chattering of macaws is the best music to be heard can scarcely care much about it," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders, to De Rohan. Poor Tom was happily out of earshot.

"I don't know that there are such things as duty, circumstance, obligation——"

"There can be never any obligation to renounce the civilisation (result of the skill and experience of ages) and reduce yourself to the level of an illiterate and brainless boor, unless you have the animal tastes that lead you to prefer such an existence," answered Vy, with profound contempt.

"Well! dear me, why shouldn't we use our hands instead of our brains if we like," said Willie, who loved to tease her. "There, in the Bush, we are free from the trammels of society; if we cook our own dinners, we're not obliged to say grace unless we like; if we don't know precisely what opera is the favourite nor which minister is uppermost, we are developing our muscles, strengthening our limbs, and enjoying the faculties nature has given us."

"So does Bill Stubbs, our garden-boy; but I can't say that he benefits his generation much, nor is he an elevated ideal to set up for imitation," retorted Vy, quickly. "A man who can voluntarily spend his days shearing sheep and shooting quails, with his herdsmen for companions and savages for neighbours, buried away out of all intellectual life, can have little elevated feeling in him."

"Well, what good does the intellectual and elevated feeling, and all the rest of it, do a man?" urged De Rohan. "Here are good examples in Goring and myself. He's cultivated the animal strength that you so condemn, and is on the high road to be a rich, prosperous man; and here am I, who have kept to an 'intellectual' profession, am not much better off than a beggar; which is the best?"

"You might as well ask me which is the most euphonious name, historic William De Rohan or plain Tom Goring," said Vivian, with immeasurable scorn. "I don't wish to disparage your friend—he's a very nice man, I dare say—but to acknowledge that to lead a life about as refined as the ancient Britons, and realise a few thousands by the time you are unable to enjoy them, and must spend them on nurses and gout-stools, is better than to cultivate your talents among books and people that sharpen your intellect and awake your ambitions, that give your youth enjoyment and your manhood use, is really more than I can do." And Vy stopped, quite out of breath, and played with her fan impatiently.

Willie laughed. "I'm not of your opinion, Miss Lessingham, and I often think I shall throw cares and briefs to the winds, and turn my back for ever on London fog, to go and enjoy myself, fishing for cod, and camping out to shoot pigs and bandicoots with Tom among the primeval woods and ferns."

Vivian looked at him earnestly. "You? I do not believe it," she said, impetuously. "You are only jesting. Such an existence would never satisfy you!"

"Oh, indeed it would!" said Willie, quite gravely, except the quizzical corners of his lips. "Why shouldn't it? With Tom, and a pipe of good Cavendish—and one would have no export duty to pay there—and shoot-

ing and fishing, and perhaps—though that I shouldn't care about—a wife, who can sew neatly, and cook me nice little dinners, and bake, and dust, and wash for me——”

“*Monseigneur, que d'honneur!*” cried Vivia, her head erect and her eyes flashing.

“Why, what more should I want?” continued De Rohan, tranquilly. “At least, it would be as good as walking about London streets in July dust and November fog, sitting mewed up in glorious summer days in a close court, puzzling my mind over other men's misdemeanours, or being bored to death in the mill-wheel routine of society, hearing women's silly gossip and men's lengthy platitudes.”

“Well, go!” said Vivia, rising quickly, with her cheeks flushed; “lower yourself to the level of a Bushranger if you will, but remember my words—of such a life you, of all men, will tire, and your mind will weary and your heart grow sick for something higher and better.”

With which impetuous words Miss Vy turned away from him into the back drawing-room, while Willie, half grave, half amused, stood leaning against the mantelpiece—looking very fascinating, as I heard a young lady whisper in confidence to one of her allies, for Willie had a strange way of his own, and all women went down before the Excalibur of his smile.

We went about with the girls a good deal: I owed them some attention, as their cousin, and Maude amused me very much. I had got rather bored with young ladies, but Maude, whom I remembered when she couldn't speak plain, was another affair, and her face would sometimes come up in the smoke of my Cavendish, and look at me in court or in late supper parties, and over the top of my *Times*, in an unaccountable manner—unaccountable, at least, to me, who, since a French widow, a very handsome Baronne, had first made love to, and then jilted me at three-and-twenty, had never permitted any woman's face to haunt my mind longer than two minutes. So we went about with 'em, as I say, a good deal—to the exhibitions, where Vivia and De Rohan criticised the pre-Raphaelites with a sarcasm which it would have been profitable for those eccentric and misguided gentlemen to hear; to Epsom, where the girls made innocent bets according to the jockey's colours, after the curious and ignorant custom of their sex; to Wyld's Globe, where Vivia asked Tom how he could bear to be at the bottom when he might be at the top; to Frikell's, where sceptical Willie delighted Vy and disgusted Maude by explaining all the tricks (there's nothing in the world Willie can't explain if he likes); to Richmond and the Opera, and Hampton Court and Sydenham, and all the places that, to my mind, fatigue one to death, but seemed to give great delight to these innocent young ladies, brought up among anemones and algæ. And during all these days and evenings Tom bid fair to make an exception to the generality of mankind, and really to take the wife that had been found for him. Whether, after the farmers' daughters and wives he'd lately been in the habit of seeing, he was in a ductile state for the impression of the first attractive English girl he met, or that in truth little Vy's violet eyes and animated manners had an attraction for us, as men said, something or other certainly made Tom incline towards her. I began to think our plans would come into fruition, and that Vy's lively voice

would be heard ringing through the rough timbers of Tom's unfinished house, and that her pretty ways and fascinations would be buried away in the dense shadow of the western woods as delicate perfumes and spices were buried away by those extravagant Egyptians in the sarcophagi of their mummies. Willie, of course, wished to know something of the girl he'd fixed on for his chum's wife, and to study her character and opinions, to see if they were likely to ensure Goring's happiness; he was very often at Vivia's side, arguing with her, teasing her, drawing her out and being drawn out himself, talking on every subject with the brilliance and talent they had in common; and the cross flashes of their repartee put me uncommonly in mind of the shower of fireworks at Cremorne on a grand night. Whether Tom meant to be married by proxy, like the old monarchs, I can't say, but his ambassador seemed to me to take the most of the initiative business, though, when De Rohan was at his chambers or in court, Goring had plenty of time to mark his quarry, and began to follow Vivia about in very spoony style.

"Well, William, I think you've shown good taste as commissary," said Tom, one night, when we sat smoking in De Rohan's chambers after a supper at the Rainbow. "I agree with you that little Vivia is something still more than pretty, and 'pon my life I don't believe I could do better."

I thought I saw Willie give a slight start, but he merely said, with his pipe in his mouth, "Better than what?"

"My dear fellow, where the deuce is your memory gone?" asked Tom.

Tom was always singularly confiding about his loves, and from his first passion, a hazel-eyed Hebe, whom we used to buy tuck of, we'd known and heard all about 'em, when his soul was warmed with the smoke of the good-night pipe.

"Didn't you yourself take the matrimonial department off my hands, and tell me one of the Lessingham girls was the best investment I could make?"

"More fool I," muttered De Rohan to himself, too low for Tom to hear him.

"And I think so, too," continued Tom, with a contented smile on his lips. "I've never seen a more amusing little thing, and she's the prettiest foot of any woman I know——"

"What a sensible basis for a deep affection," said Willie, with a sneer. "Good Heavens, Goring, you analyse her as you might your Scotch staghounds!"

"That was generally the way you used to look at women," said Tom, opening his eyes. "What's made you so scrupulous all of a sudden, Willie? If you've changed your notions of the grand passion, I haven't. I don't understand all your soul and spirit affairs, your rapports, and your amour, qui naissent à la fois de la sympathie et de la diversité—that style's beyond me. I can admire a girl, and her foot too; where's the harm? and can get quite fond enough of her to make her a very good husband, and I certainly do feel myself getting wretchedly spoony about little Vy; but as to breaking my heart about a girl, I don't understand it."

Yea, I have died for love as others do;

But, praised be God, it was in such a sort

That I revived within an hour or so."

Willie busied himself filling his meerschaum, and poked in the Cavenish fiercely.

"*Such a sort will scarcely suit Vivian.* I'm afraid she'll want something a little deeper," said he, sharply. "To be analysed like your beagles, and valued a little higher than your crops and sheep, will be scarcely her style."

"Oh, by George! I couldn't be swearing interminable devotion all the day long to please any girl," said Tom, in consternation. "I'll be very kind to her, and let her do as she likes, and buy as many dresses as she pleases, and all that. I'm sure I can't say more; but as to violent, vehement, never-dying love, that's eternally burning and firing away like one of our hot springs—no! I couldn't get up that amount of steam for anything, and I never thought to hear you preach the doctrine, Will. I thought your opinion was, that love's all bush and folly?"

"It may be mine, but I don't suppose it's hers," said De Rohan, with the pipe in his teeth.

"Very likely not," said Tom, stirring his toddy, nowise disturbed by the contemptuous sarcasm with which Willie looked at his once-beloved Orestes. "Girls are all more or less romantic—have an ideal of a Sir Augustus Amandeville de Vere, and end by marrying plain John Doe or Richard Roe with a good income. Their high-wrought visions come down before the practical consideration of settlements, as I've heard you say many a time, and a girl without tin never rejects a man who has it."

"It's ridiculous folly," interrupted Willie, contemptuously, his eyebrows contracted, and his handsome mouth set. "The idea of taking out a delicate, accomplished young girl, of superior intellect, who likes society and adorns it, to play the part of mingled cook, washerwoman, seamstress, and maid-of-all-work, that a wife in the Bush must be, it really is absurd, Tom; I don't think she's at all suited to you."

"Then why the devil did you recommend her?" asked Tom, staring at him.

"Oh! I didn't know then what she was," said Willie, now coolly leaning back in his chair, with his head against the top of it, so that I couldn't see his face. "I heard she was a poor clergyman's daughter, and I naturally supposed she might be used to domestic affairs, and after a hard life at home, teaching her little sisters and brothers, the Bush might have been palatable. But Vivian's a girl to amuse a drawing-room, not scour a kitchen. I've heard her say she hates work, and I dare say she knows as much about cooking as that terrier. Her singing, and drawing, and conversation, and wit, will be so much dead loss in the backwoods. Of course I only speak from interest in your welfare, but I must say, one of the Dresden shepherdesses off Mrs. Mounteagle's mantelpiece will be as much appreciated in the Bush, and as much use to you, as her niece."

"Ah! well, William, I can't help it; you should have thought of all that before you introduced me to her. It's too late now," said Tom. "Commissaries should know if their goods will bear warranting, and are likely to suit, before they recommend 'em; and I can't see why I mayn't please myself in the matter of my own wife. I haven't had much fun the last ten years, I may surely have something to amuse me now; and

as for your Dresden shepherdess, Will, why, if I can afford Sèvres instead of common willow pattern, why the deuce shouldn't I have it?"

"Take care it doesn't break in your hands, Tom," said De Rohan, sarcastically, springing up, and frightening his Skye, who was dreaming of a delicious rat-hunt, into the middle of the room. "By Jove! it's five o'clock: I think I shall turn you two fellows out, for the sun is staring us in the face, to shame our symposia."

But when Tom and I did turn out, I have a strong suspicion that Willie sat down by himself, and smoked two or three pipes more, instead of going to bed, in a gloomy reverie, of which the Skye was sole spectator.

IV.

SHOWING WHAT PROGRESS TOM GORING MADE IN HIS SUIT.

THE season whirled on till whitebait dinners and water parties brought it near its close. The sweet odours of the Thames were beginning to penetrate into the senatorial halls of St. Stephen's, and its benches were fondly yearning towards their preserves and moors, grouse and black-cock, the Pytcheley and the Two Thousand. Tired belles began to think of winding up their town campaign, and commencing fresh manoeuvres in Spanish hats and country simplicity, or, *en Amazone*, leading the field over staken-bound fences. Véry's and Epitiaux's began to look for a respite, the Ride and the Ring to thin by degrees, fewer carriages to block the way before Howell and James's, and senators and singers, belles and ballet-girls, clubs and chaperones, to take breath from their incessant toils. The season was drawing to a close, and Willie had an invitation to spend August with a Fellow of John's on his moor, but, for some reason or other, put off accepting it. In three weeks or so, the Lessingham girls would be off to their little Norfolk village, to vegetate again among misembryanthemums and Sunday-schools, and Tom began to get as hot in pursuit of Vy, as in a day's pig-sticking. You're sure that, like all the rest of us in those affairs, De Rohan's words of advice not to do it, was the surest method to make him want to do it ten times more. Willie never opened his lips about it again to Goring or me. Sometimes he'd spend whole evenings in his chambers, smoking (and reading, I suppose), alone; sometimes he'd come up to St. John's Wood, and be very kind to Vivia, talking his old brilliant badinage, criticising her etchings, and tilting with her in his usual witty strain; and sometimes he'd come, looking haughty, cold, and stilted, talking only with my mother or Helen, and, if Vivia addressed him, cutting her off short, with more brevity than was exactly consistent with courtesy, or with Willie's ordinary suave high breeding. As for myself—I may as well confess it at once—I, who ever since that wretched French widow jilted me, have been as proof against love as Mahomet professed to be against wine—I was let in for it at length. Steel ourselves how we will, we always fall a prey to somebody in the end, and after three months of flirting rooms, deux temps, tête-à-tête in conservatories, whispers in opera-boxes, and, what was more dangerous still, long quiet mornings in my mother's drawing-rooms—I, who ought at four-and-thirty to have been more on my guard, let that little monkey, Maude, make a fool of me, and, as I rowed her one evening on the Thames, by Twickenham, her

soft eyes, or the moonlight, or the glorious vintage of Champagne that Harrison sings about, made me talk a good deal of nonsense, I dare say—nonsense, however, to which Maude listened very willingly—so willingly, indeed, that when I went back to Middle Temple, I, who ought to have known better, found myself, to my profound astonishment, not only in love, but engaged to a girl whom I remembered in long clothes, or, rather, might have done so, if I hadn't, to my aunt's disgust, refused to look at her in that ugly and uninteresting stage of existence. The morning after I'd been thus inhumanly trapped, I was sitting on a dormeuse beside Maude, who was pleasing herself with sketching my profile, an operation which progressed but slowly, as she told me it was quite impossible to do it if I would keep turning my head round to look at her. I'd been there about an hour, when Tom came in to offer them an opera-box he had taken. Vivia was leaning back in a low chair, pretending to read Emerson's "Orations," but really only playing listlessly with a kitten and looking out of the window. She started every time the door-bell rang, and glanced hastily round when the drawing-room door opened. A shade passed over her face when she saw it was for Tom, who sat down near her, and began to talk. Now, Tom's a well-read man enough, and clever too, but, whether the Bush has kept his mind at a stand-still, there not being Mudies, morning papers, and British Museums in that horrid exile "up country," or that, as I often think, Willie's brilliant fencing, ready argument, and general knowledge make anybody else's conversation seem tame, certain it was, that Vivia did not think poor Tom had the same skill in *l'art de causer* as his friend.

I was too occupied with my artist beside me to hear their conversation; but as Maude darted across the room to the rescue of the kitten, who was being browbeaten by a cockatoo, I caught Tom expatiating on the delights (!) of a Bush existence.

"Especially taking your own flour seven or eight miles to be ground, felling your own timber before you can have a house to live in, growing your own vegetables, and washing them with your own hands—all that must be so pleasant," cried Vy, with a toss of her head, and a mischievous, disdainful smile, calculated to make poor Tom much worse than ever.

"Oh! but I've done with all that, you know," said Tom, earnestly. "I've got over the hard work, and can enjoy myself."

"Enjoyment in the Bush! a gross anomaly!" said Vy.

"Yes, enjoy. Do you think that when my sheep were voted the best in Nelson, and my butter the finest in the province, that was no pleasure?"

Vivia made a little *moue* of contempt: "One I really can't sympathise with. You didn't make your sheep nor churn your butter, so I can't see that they brought you many laurels."

Tom stared. He hadn't expected penniless girls, who wanted a home, to treat him so nonchalantly. Then he laughed, for he was a good-natured fellow. "Well, if you won't see any merit in my poor butter and sheep, I can assure you there is enjoyment in the Bush. There's grand scenery and good sport—woods such as you've never seen—and when the moon shines on the lagoons, with the blue cranes wading in the low water, and herons, and teal, and Nankein birds floating about among the tall reeds, you can't want anything prettier. Then there's no bother of society——"

"Some people don't think it bother," interpolated Vivia, quietly.

"Well, I do. There's nobody to stare at you, and gossip about you, and say how badly you dress, or what a horrid temper you are to your wife; there's no dressing for dinner, no hot crushes, no white gloves——"

"In short," interrupted Vy, "there are no *agrémens* of life at all. There is no intellectual element, no thought beyond just what we shall eat, and wherewithal we shall be clothed; no existence better than that of the animal, who has instinct enough to make his lair and kill his prey! Some people, you know, Mr. Goring, like the white gloves of existence, and I am one. The ambitions of having the best butter, cutting the most timber, and sticking the most desperate pig, are such as I can't sympathise in; nor can I fancy any man lowering his intellect to them."

"Well," said Tom, rather crossly, "I suppose William De Rohan's a man of intellect, and at one time he wasn't above seeing the delights of pig-sticking, and had serious thoughts of joining me."

"William De Rohan!" repeated Vy, her eyes flashing, and her colour varying. "Yes, he might think of New Zealand as he thinks of the moors, or a week's fishing in the Tay—as a month's sport, not as a life's aim and end. He can enjoy his days among the blackcock or the trout. Any man worth anything likes sport, but the trout and the blackcock alone would not satisfy him. He may not know himself, but I know him; and I know, too, that with his talent, and social attractions, and warm heart, the narrow aims and isolated life of the Bush would be utterly insufficient for him, and that he would sicken and weary for a higher existence——"

Vy stopped short and coloured as the door opened, and the man announced Mr. De Rohan. Willie's eyes fell on Vivia and Goring as they sat close together, Tom bending eagerly forward. Vy's face was hidden from him by the back of the chair; he hadn't caught what she said, and I saw, as he noticed their tête-à-tête, his lips closed tight, and his cheek grew paler. Vivia felt caught and confused, and as Willie came up to her coldly, she grew as stately with him as a lively young lady of the kitten tribe could.

"Good morning, Mr. De Rohan. Quand on parle du loup——We were just talking of you——"

"Indeed," said Willie, listlessly.

"Haven't you any curiosity to know what we were saying?" asked Tom.

"No. 'Les absens ont toujours tort.' So I don't suppose I should be much gratified," answered Willie, with a short laugh.

"Sceptical people are often very unjust," said Vy, carelessly.

"But they are oftener right, Miss Lessingham. If I imagine my dear friends are blaming me, I shall be nearer truth than if I let my vanity mislead me into fancying they are praising me," said Willie, taking up the *Times*, and glancing through it. "Good Heavens! Mount, Julia Valletort is married to that old Bloxham she used to quiz so mercilessly. Upon my life! it's disgusting how women marry now-a-days. So that they get a good home, they'll take up with a paralytic, or a hypochondriac, a drunkard, or a gambler—no matter what."

"Was this unfortunate Julia Valletort an old love of yours, that you speak so bitterly about her marriage?" asked Vy, quickly.

"Love? No," said Willie, contemptuously. "I never saw the girl half a dozen times, but I know she's young and pretty, and has, for the sake of being called 'My lady,' sold herself to an old roué of seventy-five, that she hates and ridicules. But he's a baronet, and can give her a first-rate establishment, and that is all ladies look at. They never show much taste in actual life for the love in a cottage that they are given to talking of so pathetically. Just state your value, and promise them a good dowry, and any man may have a wife who likes."

"A wife, of course," said Vy, impatiently; "but perhaps not *the* wife."

"Yes, *the* wife; unless, indeed, she has a more profitable speculation in her mind," said he, looking at her with a haughty sneer.

"What women you must have met!" cried Vivia, rising impetuously. "You cut them all down in your bitter sarcasm like a mower cutting down hay—you forget that with the rank grass you may chance to destroy a corn-flower here and there."

"Well, the prettiest corn-flower is only a weed," said Willie, with something of his old smile. Nobody has a chance against him in the tournament of repartee.

Vy gave a short sigh, and busied herself playing with the kitten and detailing its manifold perfections to Goring, talking as fast as ever she could, while Willie, seemingly absorbed in the paper, watched her over the top of it. Soon after he got up to go. Vy was standing by the cockatoo's stand, and as he went up to her with a very child "Good morning," she looked hurriedly up at him. "Are you vexed with me? are you angry about anything?"

Willie kept his face cold and impassive as a statue's. "Angry? Dear me, no, Miss Lessingham, why should I be so?"

Vy dropped his hand and turned away.

Willie bowed with the grace of the *vieille cour*, and turned away also.

"Will," said Tom, suddenly, that night when we were at his lodgings, and the men who'd been playing at whist there were all gone, "I don't think that girl would like the Bush."

A sudden gleam of joy like a sun-flash passed over Willie's face for a minute; then he said, carelessly, "Don't you?"

"No I don't," said Tom. "Certainly. I don't mean that she wouldn't go if I asked her, because, poor little thing, she's no choice between marrying now and governessing by-and-by. But I don't think that she'll be happy there. You see, she likes all the things that I couldn't give her: society, and new books, and intellectual talk, and all those weaknesses. She's not the smallest taste for farming, and you can't get her to see any interest in butter. No, I don't fancy she'd be happy there, and you know I could never stand a wife always with tears in her eyes, and home-sick, like a child the first half at school. So I've been thinking—it's a great sacrifice, because there's no pig-sticking here, and I hate evening parties, and I shall miss the free, jolly, *sans gêne* life and the camping-out, and the splendid sport, horribly—but I really think I shall stay in England, be content with my two thousand a year, turn over the whole affair to my partner, and take a house somewhere here such as little Vy will be easy in. Don't you think it's the best plan, Will?"

Willie got up to open the door for a cat to come in, and made a great business of it. When he came back to his arm-chair he looked grave, and his lips were pressed tight together.

"Do you think Vy likes you, then, Tom?" I asked.

"Well, she don't dislike me," answered he, tranquilly.

"That isn't much to go upon," said De Rohan, shortly.

"Well, I mean I think she likes me quite well enough not to refuse me," continued Goring, with the same complacency. "I can give her what you fellows say will buy any wife in the present state of things, when they average three women to one man, and two-thirds of the criminals must be doomed to single blessedness. I suppose that's a merciful provision for us, because each of us has several dozen loves in the course of his existence——"

"And will you be content, Tom," interrupted Willie, with most unnecessary bitterness, "then, to be accepted for the sake of the house you can hire and the servants you can keep? Will you stoop to a pretence of love, made to you because you are in an 'eligible' position? I should have thought you had more pride, more sense, more spirit. No man with proper self-respect would marry a woman who didn't love him for himself."

Tom took his pipe out of his lips and stared hard at him. "You talking romance, Will? I should as soon have thought of seeing St. Paul's set itself down in Nelson. You seem to have a very low opinion of me, old boy, to think it such an utter impossibility for any woman to tolerate me. I know they always liked you much better, and you had a way with 'em I never could get, but I don't fancy I'm such an ogre. Vivia may like me for myself; it's possible——"

"True, I beg your pardon, Tom," said Willie, with an evident effort at his usual manner, though he spoke with his teeth clenched hard.

"No need, my dear fellow. I've known you too long, and liked you too well, William, to take exception at it when you get on your stilts and sneer a little bit at me," laughed Goring. "I bet you Miss Vivia and I shall have settled matters soon, and you may hold yourself in readiness to be *garçon d'honneur*."

Willie gave a slight shudder, and turned to the mantelpiece to light a fusee.

"Poor old fellow!" thought I; "with all his vows never to marry he's in for it at last."

V.

HOW THE BAR GOT THE BETTER OF THE BUSH.

"I SAY, De Rohan," said I, as we walked back to the Temple, "what's come to you lately? You snap poor Tom off so deucedly short, he must find the difference since ten years ago. What's the reason?"

"The reason is that I hate him," said Willie, fiercely; "yes, hate as my bitterest enemy the man I have loved since boyhood. My God! that a woman, a girl like that, who ten to one cares not a straw for either him or me, should come and part us and make feud between two men, such true and tried friends as we have been. I love Vivia—love her passionately, more than life; I have struggled against it, fenced myself against her fascinations, but I cannot help it. I love her now and for

ever; and I tell you, when I think of *his* winning her—*he* who can no more appreciate or understand her than this pavement can—when I think that she will give herself to him for the sake of the gewgaws of wealth and position—that he with his gold can buy the joys I by my mad folly have let slip, I swear to you, Mount, that I could strike out of my path the man I once loved so well, with as little compunction as I would crush a worm.”

This fiery avalanche of words nearly stunned me. “My dear Willie!” I involuntarily exclaimed.

“You are surprised, Mount? Not more than I am,” said Willie, with a short laugh. “If any one had told me that a girl I didn’t know four months ago would break the friendship between me and Tom, I would have given them the lie to their face!”

“No, I’m not surprised,” said I, “for I know by myself what we all come to some time or other. But in the name of all the gods, Willie, why the deuce, if you care so much for Vivia, do you let her be carried off before your very eyes?”

“Because 400*l.* a year would have no chance against 2000*l.*, if the 2000*l.* offered first,” said he, between his teeth. “Besides, I first put Tom on the scent; it is only due to him to give him play to succeed if he can. But for my folly in proposing her to him he might never have thought of her, and, if she choose to accept him, neither he nor she shall ever know I grudge him the toy he has bought with his wealth.”

He paused. I heard his loud, quick breathing, and as the light of a lamp fell on his face, it was tired, worn, and deathly pale. “But if Vivia’s fond of you? and I would bet a good deal she is,” said I.

He seized my arm with an iron gripe. “Hush, hush! give me no hope, or I shall lose all control over myself. If she love me, and be worth loving, she will not marry Tom, being indifferent to him, had he the wealth of all the diggings. But I will not hope, I will not suffer myself to dwell on it, for all women are alike; and why should I expect her to be different from all her sex, and reject what from her cradle she has of course been taught to value? I cannot expect it. I will not dare to hope it.”

We had reached his chambers; he bid me a hasty good night, and went in at his own door.

The day after we were going to Sydenham, to “bid the darling Palace good-by,” as Maude said, and Tom and Willie were to meet us there, in the Alhambra Court. To the Court of Lions came Tom, but without De Rohan; he hadn’t seen him, he said, at all that morning; and Vivia, who’d been silently looking after every distant hat with black whiskers under it, grew pale and distraite, and, joining my mother, left Helen to amuse poor Tom, who looked exceedingly blank thereat.

“What’s come to Vivia?” I asked Maude, as we strolled together into the Rosery. “Her spirits are so variable; sometimes they’re unnaturally wild, and at others she’s as sad and silent as possible.”

“Well,” whispered Maude, confidentially, “I’m afraid she cares a good deal too much about that friend of yours.”

“What, Tom?” said I, disappointed and annoyed, to say truth, for I didn’t care about Goring, poor old fellow, as I did about Will.

“Tom? No!” repeated Maude, disdainfully. “He’s a good-natured,

agreeable man enough, but he hasn't the fascination of that clever, charming Mr. de Rohan; for clever and charming he is, though I think he behaves very capriciously to Vivia, seeking her one day and scarcely speaking to her the next. No man has a right to do that; he should know his wishes one way or another."

"Quite right, my young philosopher," said I; "but perhaps Willie can't do what he wishes."

"Then he should tell her so," said Maude, "and let them sorrow over it together. It isn't so pleasant to have to think one day that a man idolises you, and the next that he doesn't care about you more than about his cigar-ash. I've tried it, monsieur, so I can tell you."

Here our conversation took a personal turn, and—to the shame of my friendship be it spoken—I forgot De Rohan's happiness in my own. About six we came suddenly upon him; he had just come in, looking tired and ill, as men do look who've sat up half the night smoking over anxious and bitter thoughts.

"Where is"—he was going to say Vivia; but, instead, said—"the rest of your party?"

"I don't know," laughed Maude. "We have not seen any of them. Where have you been? Mr. Goring came in proper time."

"I have been engaged all day," he answered; but I saw he winced at Tom's name like a hound at sight of the whip.

Willie soon left us, thinking, I dare say, that he was *de trop*; and, as he told me afterwards, strolled listlessly about, longing to meet Vy, and yet dreading it. As he passed the great winged bulls into the Egyptian Court, he came suddenly on her. She was standing there with Tom, who was leaning down over her. Willie says, that if he'd had a pistol in his hand, he could have shot his best friend dead like any dog, in the fierce misery of the moment; and I don't doubt it.

"And will nothing change your determination, Vivia?" Tom was saying, his voice very hoarse and low. "I will stay in England; live wherever you wish, do whatever you wish, if you will only try to——"

Vivia put out her hand with a gesture, entreating him to be silent. "Hush, hush! pray don't—it is no use, you only pain me."

"Tell me only one thing, do you care for any one else?" asked Tom, eagerly.

Vivia's head drooped; she blushed scarlet, and tears started into her eyes.

Tom knew what that meant, and he turned away without another word; his gay, good-humoured face white as death, he brushed past Willie like a madman, and went hurriedly out of the court. A miracle had come to pass—a girl who wanted a home had refused 2000*l.* a year.

Willie strode up to her, half wild, too, with conflicting passions. "Is it possible, Vivia—tell me the truth—you have rejected him?"

"Yes, yes," said Vivia, passionately. "Do you think so meanly of me as to dream that I was to be bought by money? Low as you hold women, I should have thought you might have known——"

Willie interrupted her vehement harangue by pressing her wildly to his heart and kissing the lips that had sealed poor Tom's doom. "Thank God—thank God!" he murmured. "Vivia, you will not send me after him?"

She didn't send him after Tom. Willie was not a man to be sent away by any woman ; and we were admiring the transept by moonlight, when he and Vy at length saw fit to join us—Willie's dark eyes glistening with the warmth and tenderness that had so long lain slumbering in his heart for want of the right touch to waken it. His family, as I've told you, weren't worthy of him ; the women he'd met had been frivolous, worldly, and heartless, as the generality of women unhappily are. People hadn't understood him—had liked him for his conversational powers and attractive manners, and looked no further. So Willie had kept all his deep feelings locked up out of sight, and only those who, like Vivia, loved him, by their love had power to see all that lay hid from ordinary eyes in his warm and generous nature.

Poor Tom ! who'd been so very sure of winning a wife the moment he did a girl the honour of asking for one ! He was more cut up about it than I should have thought he ever would be about anything ; but I couldn't feel half for him as I might have done otherwise, because I was so delighted for Willie.

"It serves Mr. Goring perfectly right," Maude averred. "What business had he to suppose that, just because he happened to have some money, he could buy any girl he liked with a wedding-ring, as easily as he could buy a meerschaum or a terrier ? I only hope it may take his vanity down a little."

"But I know somebody," interrupted Vivia, with an arch glance at De Rohan, "who was quite as bad about women, and worse."

"And who hasn't got punished at all, you mean," laughed Willie. "Poor old Tom ! I could have shot him last night, I can pity him now. But there's one thing, with his light temperament it won't go as hard with him as it would have done with me, I'm afraid. Really, my pet, you're as destructive to men's peace as the Sicilian Syrens : we shall have to label you 'Dangerous,' and shut you away from society !"

Vivia laughed.

"But *you* deserved to be punished for your horridly sceptical opinions. The idea of your putting yourself on a level with Tom if he'd had a million a year and you only a private's pay ! Money will not make the man, monsieur, to every woman, and I'm not sure that I shall forgive you for believing that 2000*l.* a year would win me over, whether or no I cared for the donor. And," said Miss Vy, putting her head on one side, and looking at Willie with a mischievous tenderness calculated to drive him still more mad about her, which, Heaven knows, was needless—"and if Mr. Goring really wished to win, he should have been more careful in choosing his ambassador, for all the gold out of the diggings, to *my* mind, isn't worth one of those dear, dark curls of yours."

Whereat, Willie of course vowed more gratitude for the frank compliment than any mortal could pay in a lifetime, and thought what a blessed chance it was that, among the rank weeds of society he'd been wont to mow down with such ruthless sarcasm, this little wild flower had sprung up for his special benefit.

He was quite right—it didn't go so hard with Tom as it would have done with him ; but I suspect that Tom felt it much more than he'd confess, though he carried it off with a laugh at his own expense, and quoted—

If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be.

"Well," said he one night, when we three were alone, "we've lived to see a miracle, Willie, and 'pon my life it's as hard to swallow as Balaam's talkative quadruped. Unless I'd seen it, I wouldn't have believed in a young lady who wouldn't snap at a golden bait. The next time I try the matrimonial line, I'll be obliged to you, De Rohan, to keep out of the way, for if they catch sight of you they won't look at me. I think I'd better make up to Maude. I like the family."

"Hallo, Tom! I hope you won't," said I, "for I've a weakness for that young lady."

"By Jove!" whistled poor Tom. "Well, Helen, then?"

I laughed outright. "Helen's engaged to a man out in India. He's coming for her this winter."

"Was ever man so unlucky!" sighed Tom. "Why, all the streams have been whipped before me. I'll go back to the Bush; women are seven to one there, and they can't be so deucedly hard to get. I did think of taking your mother rather than have none, for she's an amiable old lady; but I overheard her last week say that 'Mr. Goring was nice enough, but William de Rohan was a *dear*'—her acme of praise and adoration, as everybody knows, and I won't enter the lists with Will again, if I know it."

But though Tom thus made jest at his disappointment, he was very down in the mouth about it, and not being stoic enough to stay and see Willie's elysium, soon went off to the moors to try if he could stalk and shoot his sorrow away; but he says he shall go back to the Bush, and I suspect it will be as he came—a bachelor. As for myself, I am very happy—I must say, happier than I ever thought I should be; and as for Willie—dear old fellow—he beats me, if possible, for if your deep, intense natures do get hold of love at last, it's wonderful how strong it is, and how they appreciate it when they get it returned to 'em. Vy spurs him on, and gives him an interest in everything. Willie can work with all the energy and vehemence of his nature now he's got an object to work for—all the high spirits of his boyhood have come back, and I don't believe there would be a single shadow on his present and his future, if in the race for the gold Cup of happiness the BUSH could have stood winner as well as the BAR.

THE POMPADOUR.

BY WALTER THORBURY.

VERSAILLES.—Up the cheanut alley,
 All in flower, so white and pure,
 Strut the red and yellow lacqueys
 Of this Madame Pompadour.

“Clear the way!” cry out the lacqueys,
 Elbowing the lame and poor
 From the chapel’s stately porches—
 “Way for Madame Pompadour!”

Old bent soldiers, crippled veterans,
 Sigh and hobble, sad, footsore,
 Jostled by the chariot-horses
 Of this woman—Pompadour.

Through the levee (poet, marquis,
 Wistful for the opening door),
 With a rippling sweep of satin,
 Sailed the queenly Pompadour.

Sighs by dozens, as she proudly
 Glides, so confident and sure,
 With her fan that breaks through halberds—
 In went Madame Pompadour.

Starving abbé, wounded marahal,
 Speculator, lean and poor,
 Cringe and shrink before the creatures
 Of this harlot Pompadour.

“Rose in sunshine! summer lily!”
 Cries a poet at the door,
 Squeezed and trampled by the lacqueys
 Of this witching Pompadour.

“Bathed in milk and fed on roses!”
 Sighs a pimp behind the door,
 Jammed and bullied by the courtiers
 Of this strumpet Pompadour.

“Rose of Sharon!” sings an abbé,
 Fat and with the voice of four,
 Black silk stockings soiled by varlets
 Of this Rahab Pompadour.

“Neck so swan-like—*Dea certe*,
 Fit for monarchs to adore!”
 “Clear the way!” was still the echo,
 “For this Venus—Pompadour.”

OPEN!—with the jar of thunder
 Fly the portals—clocks strike four:
 With a burst of drums and trumpets
 Come the KING AND POMPADOUR.

Mingle-Mangle by Monks'hood.

. . . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—
 Bp. LATIMER'S *Sermons*.

OF NOVELS, HISTORICAL AND DIDACTIC.

II.—THE DIDACTIC NOVEL.

THE last paragraph of the last chapter of Currer Bell's "Shirley" is a short one, and runs thus: "The story is told. I think I now see the judicious reader putting on his spectacles to look for the moral. It would be an insult to his sagacity to offer directions. I only say, God speed him in the quest!" *Voilà tout*.

In a not unlike manner, and with kindred (though more articulate) significance, does Mr. Carlyle wind up his story of the rise, progress, grandeur, and decadence of that quack of quacks, Count Cagliostro. "But the moral lesson? Where is the moral lesson? Foolish reader, in every Reality, nay, in every genuine Shadow of a Reality (what we call Poem [or prose fiction, if you will]), there lie a hundred such, or a million such, according as thou hast the eye to read them!"*

Mr. Hawthorne expresses his persuasion that when romances do really teach anything, or produce any effective operation, it is usually through a far more subtle process than the ostensible one. Hence he considers it hardly worth his while, relentlessly to impale his story of the seven-gabled House with its moral, as with an iron rod—or rather as by sticking a pin through a butterfly—thus at once depriving it of life, and causing it to stiffen in an ungainly and unnatural attitude. "A high truth, indeed, fairly, finely, and skilfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the development of a work of fiction, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first."†

Take the confession or profession of faith of another master craftsman. "Moral! God bless you, sir, I've none to tell! And I'm not sorry for it either—though I observe that writers, now-a-days, think so much of their moral, that, when they have not sufficient leisure or art to embody it, they tack on an essay to the beginning or end of a chapter for fear they should miss their aim—where it looks like a red elbow or horny toe protruding through the finery that clothes the rest of the design." For which reason, according to Colonel Hamley, many devoted novel-readers have begun to taste fiction of late with a mixture of longing and distrust—from the same cause which makes us, for many years previous to adolescence, suspect a latent dose in every spoonful of pleasant insidious raspberry jam.‡

It is satisfactory, in these matters, to be dealt with openly and candidly, as a Quarterly Reviewer long ago remarked. With him we object

* Carlyle's Crit. and Miscell. Essays, vol. iii.

† Preface to "The House of the Seven Gables."

‡ Lady Lee's *Widowhood*, ch. xiii.

to buying a song which "turns out a sermon." The late Lady Corke, he says, understood this feeling. When her invitation was on pink paper, you might expect people of this world—men who would mix no argumentation with the dowager's champagne—women who, not to mention their principles, could keep their passions in their pockets. If it was a blue billet, you knew your destiny: you were to have the company of the immortals—nectar and ambrosia of course.

"According to the *Almanac des Gourmands*, the prime Amphytrion in Paris [1845] boasts that a dozen friends may eat through his most voluptuous bill of fare without the least fear of having to send for the apothecary next morning. His patés are blown-up pills. A bolus lurks in every entrée. He sacrifices his capon to Æsculapins. We no longer blush to own that French cookery seemed to us, from our youth upward, detestable. 'We thought so once, but now we know it.' But even in a doctorial point of view the system is bad. One man's medicine may be another man's poison. We object to the wholesale as well as to the underhand style of the physicking; and question more than ever M. Véry's right to the magnificent monument at Montmartre, inscribed, 'Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles.'"^{*}

Romance is now your only teacher, ironically said the late Samuel Phillips, when introducing to the myriad morning-readers of the *Times* the autobiography of "Alton Locke." And he showed how Tractarianism condescends to accept the aid of romance, nor Exeter Hall scruples to employ it; how statesmen with eloquence enough to thrill a legislature are grateful for her pleasant offices, and theories as bitter and crude as apples in June are swallowed with relish, made palatable and sweet by her magic touch. "Why were pills first wrapped in tinfoil, but that mortals love to be improved and instructed, whilst taking pains only to be gratified and amused?"

Prince, exclaims La Fontaine, at the close of one of his fables, Delphin edition, that is to say, composed for the delectation and instruction of the Dauphin (Louis de Bourbon),

Prince, j'aurais voulu vous choisir un sujet
Où je pusse mêler le plaisant à l'utile :
C'était sans doute un beau projet
Si ce choix eût été facile.

A fine project, no doubt—this commingling of the agreeable and the useful, in works meant to teach the young idea how to shoot, or the old idea how to amend its ways, and renovate itself, and turn over a new leaf. But not easy to accomplish with success. So, at least, one may conclude from the want of success in the common run of such works. Else, were one to judge by the numbers who adopt this line, nothing easier.

The novel is now-a-days acknowledged to be the most popular form assumed by our current literature. Thanks to its supple, plastic, pliant character, as Gustave Planche says, it addresses itself in effect to all classes of society: it is available with equal felicity for the portrayal of manners and the analysis of passions; and may even, without injury, provided always the confinement of it within due limits, enter the pro-

^{*} *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxvi. p. 1.

vince of social questions of the highest interest. Provided always that it succeed in duly subordinating "purpose" to narrative, and disguising didactic intent under the movement of its living characters, it reigns with sovran authority over the whole range of sentiment, and over every class of ideas of which the soul of man is composed. Not a sentiment, in fact, not an idea, but what the novel may appropriate to its uses.* But with so wide a scope for self-evolution, with so free and far-extending a right of way, the modern novel is apt to take cross-paths that are not convenient, and to trespass over enclosed ground where it loses itself, or comes to (or does) mischief that may take time and pains to repair.

Division of labour, it has been said, is a principle scarcely less commendable in literature than in manufactures; the attempt to combine many objects being often productive of a failure in all. "Many writers, in order to avoid the stigma of having indited a mere novel, have stuffed the pages of an ordinary love-tale with grave and weighty disquisitions; but we question if the most elaborately didactic of the tribe has, after all his pains, produced anything which the philosopher or politician would think deserving of serious attention, or which would excite the jealousy of a tenth-rate essayist. To works of this heterogeneous and deceptive class, which allure to the well-cushioned sofa of the novel-reader, and leave us seated in the uneasy chair of the scholastic disputant, we do not scruple to confess that we prefer the *mere novel*; we prefer, that is, that a work should be solely and completely of the class to which it professes to belong." And the case of dramatic literature is appealed to, for confirmation of this view of the subject, no objection ever being heard to the most popular dramatic works in our language that they are *mere plays*, and that the introduction of discussions which no audience would tolerate, would be very improving, and raise them considerably in the literary scale. Now a novel and a play, it is argued, are only two different modes of telling a story, and there is no reason why an infusion which would spoil the one should be considered beneficial to the other.†

* Gustave Planché: Portraits littéraires.

† Suppose the narrative and didactic portions of a philosophical, or doctrinal, or didactic novel to be equally good, it is still, as the amusing author of Letters to Eugenius affirms, essentially two books in one, and should be read once for the story, and once without. We are repeatedly told that people are induced to peruse, in the shape of a novel, what they would have avoided as dry and uninteresting in the shape of an essay. "Pray," asks this shrewd correspondent, "can you get people to take knowledge, as you get children to take physic, without knowing what it is they swallow? So that the powder was in the jelly, and the jelly goes down the throat, the business, in the one case, is done. But I rather think, in gaining knowledge, one must *taste the powder*; there is no help for it. Really the manner in which these good nurses of the public talk of passing off their wisdom upon us, reminds us of the old and approved fashion in which Paddy passes his bad shilling, by slipping it between two sound penny-pieces. To be sure it is but twopence after all, and he gets neither more nor less than his twopennyworth of intoxication, but he has succeeded in putting his shilling into circulation." Just such a circulation of wisdom, this Letter-writer intimates, is what we may expect from novels which are to teach philosophy, and politics, and political economy, or what you will.

‡ "If books were written, like the History of Herodotus, to be read aloud, this position would be too evident to need enforcement; but an author now thinks he is excusable in being dumb, if he only informs his readers that they may skip what they do not like." (*Edinb. Rev.* cii.)

Of one of Miss Mackintosh's American "tales with a purpose," written with a kindly-meant endeavour of reconciling hostile feelings between North and South, it was remarked with justice, that seldom it happens that stories undertaken with an argument such as this are more successful than stories intended to raise a war-cry. "The constrained face of one balancing himself on the tight-rope resembles the natural expression of that person's features as little as do the flushed cheek, distended nostril and bloodshot eye of the same individual when he has been taking a violent leap." Justly is it affirmed, by the same critic, that perpetual consciousness, whatever be its object, spoils the work of Art. And he recalls, for an example, Miss Edgeworth's "Harrington," written professedly by the authoress to make her peace with the Jews, whom she had been accused of treating unhandsomely in former fictions: what a stupid, stilted tale is it compared with her "Castle Rack-rent," her "Ennui," her "Vivian." Barante objects to Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*, among objections of another and graver kind, the mad pretension it sets up of being a course of morals. Over and above the general aim of his romance, Rousseau must needs be specifically didactic; he would let slip no single opportunity of dogmatising. Elsewhere, and on similar grounds, Barante also objects to the tragedies of Voltaire, that the author had mistakenly endeavoured to endow them with a higher purpose than that of exciting emotion, pleasurable and pathetic. Voltaire, he remarks, affected the part of instructor of his age, in this capacity of dramatic author. Now there is nothing so hurtful to Imagination as to give it a "purpose," to cramp it down to the requirements of a system. Coldness and affectation are the inevitable result.* Boileau himself complained of the didactic element as *de trop* in Fénelon's *Télémaque*; for when Joseph Addison, then a young man on his travels, asked the oracular old Despréaux, at that time "a little deaf," but able and willing to talk "incomparably well," whether he thought *Télémaque* was not a good modern piece, the French Augustan dictator spoke of it "with a great deal of esteem," but undertook to say, *suo periculo* (and small the hazard!), that it "falls, however, infinitely short of the *Odyssey*, for Mentor, says he, is *eternally preaching*, but Ulysses shows us everything in his character and behaviour that the other is still pressing on us by his precepts and instructions."

The *Odyssey* was not, apparently, or on the face of it, written "with a purpose." But its critics have, some of them, thought otherwise, and detected a purpose so big, so plain, indited in such staring capitals, that whose runs may read. The *Batrachomyomachia* has been similarly served, or worse. Melancthon "proved" that the Poet's object was to discountenance a too prevalent tendency to sedition. Pierre la Seine "proved" that it was, to induce his younger contemporaries to be more moderate at table—to load their plates less, and not fill their glasses quite so full, or so often. Every moralist finds his own moral in this and every other work of art. And in a certain sense he is right in so doing. But he may get hold of a wrong moral, or foist in one that has no earthly or un-earthly business there. Nay, in his sense of the term, there may, perhaps, be no moral there after all.

* Barante: *Tableau de la Littérature française*.

What is the moral, for instance, of Homer's *Iliad*? Mr. Landor has intimated one; but one "so fantastic, that," says Mr. de Quincey, "I decline to repeat it." As well might Mr. Landor have said, in the Opium-eater's opinion, that the moral of "*Othello*" was—"Try Warren's Blacking." There is no moral, De Quincey asserts, little or big, foal or fair, to the *Iliad*. Up to the seventeenth book (he allows) the moral might seem dimly to be this—"Gentlemen, keep the peace: you see what comes of quarrelling." But *there* this moral ceases;—there is now a break of gauge; the narrow gauge takes place after this; whilst up to this point, the broad gauge—viz. the wraths of Achilles, growing out of his turn-up with Agamemnon—had carried us smoothly along without need to shift our luggage. There is no more quarrelling after Book 17, how then can there be any more moral from quarrelling? But, the facetious commentator then goes on to say, "if you insist on *my* telling *you* what is the moral of the *Iliad*, I insist on *your* telling me what is the moral of a rattlesnake or the moral of Niagara. I suppose the moral is—that you must get out of their way, if you mean to moralise much longer." And further on again: "A peach is the moral of a peach, and moral enough; but if a man *will* have something better—a moral within a moral—why, there is the peach-stone, and its kernel, out of which he may make ratafia, which seems to be the ultimate morality that *can* be extracted from a peach."

In his review of the writings of the Abbé Prévost, M. Gustave Planché refers to those readers who, insisting on it that every work of imagination should contain *un enseignement moral*, will of course ask what is the lesson conveyed in Prévost's romance (such a favourite in France, and not unread in England) of "*Manon Lescaut*." To which query he thus replies: "If, as I am of opinion, the morality of a poetical production consists, not by any means in the explicit expression of it, but really in the implicit expression of advice applicable to practical life, then [not otherwise] is the story of *Manon Lescaut* eminently moral." The fact is, obtrude your moral, and you repel your reader. Dogmatise directly, and directly you disgust him.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot,

says Pope; and writers of didactic fiction might profit amazingly by a closer cultivation of this particular *ars celare artem*. In one of his subtle and most suggestive criticisms on the old dramatists, Charles Lamb finely remarks, that "we turn away from the real essences of things to hunt after their relative shadows, moral duties: whereas, if the truth of things were fairly represented, the relative duties might be safely trusted to themselves, and moral philosophy lose the name of a science." When *Lady Roseville*, in Sir Bulwer Lytton's first novel of mark and likelihood, asks, speaking of morals, whether her companion does not think that every novel should have its distinct object, and inculcate, throughout, some one peculiar moral, such as many of Marmontel's and Miss Edgeworth's—"No!" is *Viviani's* prompt and peremptory reply; for *he* contends that every good novel has one great end—the same in all—viz. the increasing our knowledge of the heart. It is thus, he says, that a novel writer must be a philosopher. Whoever succeeds in showing us

more accurately the nature of ourselves and our species, has done science, and consequently virtue, the most important benefit; for every truth is a moral. *This* great and universal end is, he argues, rather crippled than extended by rigorous attention to *one* isolated moral.

“Thus Dryden, in his *Essay on the Progress of Satire*, very rightly prefers Horace to Juvenal, so far as *instruction* is concerned; because the miscellaneous satires of the former are directed against every vice—the more confined ones of the latter (for the most part) only against *one*. All mankind is the field the novelist should cultivate—all truth, the moral he should strive to bring home. It is in occasional dialogue, in desultory maxims, in deductions from events, in analysis of character, that he should benefit and instruct.” And the speaker proceeds to maintain that it is not enough (“and I wish,” he says, “that a certain novelist who has lately [1828] arisen would remember this”) for a writer to have a good heart, amiable sympathies, and what are termed high feelings, in order to shape out a moral, either true in itself, or beneficial in its inculcation: before he touches his tale, he should be thoroughly acquainted with the intricate science of morals, and the metaphysical, as well as the more open, operations of the heart. But he must not be demonstrative of his ethics, or administer his morals in medicinal forms, or “exhibit” them as such to patients who, simply as novel-readers, are anything but patient under any such infliction.

It may here be noted, that more than twenty years after Sir Bulwer Lytton had propounded, in his early romance, the views stated in the foregoing paragraph, he produced a work of fiction—by far the most elaborate, finished, and artistic of his *opera omnia*, against which the objection has been urged by otherwise panegyric critics, that, rich as it (“My Novel”) is in lessons of wisdom, and abounding in passages of rare beauty, its artistic value is marred by the prominence given to the didactic element:—the characters thereby lose their spontaneity, and want the breath of life; they seem not so much to have sprung into being from the fervent depths of a creative imagination, like the goddess of beauty emerging from the wave, as to have been called into existence for the purpose of embodying certain moral ideas. The moral tone—his objectors add—should be felt through a work of fiction, like the pulse of health through a living organism, never obtruding itself into notice, but imparting grace and elasticity to every movement.*

The question has even been agitated,† Should a work of Art have a moral at all? Seeing that the merely didactic tale frustrates, in a great measure, its own objects—that the reader resents having his pill gilded—resents having the leaves of a religious tract slipped in between the pages of a novel—in the spirit of reaction it has been said that the Artist has nothing to do with morality. For instance, that

—large-brain'd woman and large-hearted man,
Self-called George Sand,‡

* The same authority commends the unobtrusiveness of the moral elements in Mrs. Gaskell's “*Ruth*,” as constituting one of its greatest charms, and enhancing its merit as a work of art. Yet if ever book of fiction was written “with a purpose,” we suppose this painful story of one purified through suffering, was so.

† See *Westminster Review* for April, 1853.

‡ E. Barrett Browning.

(in many respects so consummate an Artist, while his or her Morals may be algebraically expressed by the minus sign, or at best as x , an unknown quantity)—this pseudonymous Epicene (as Byron called De Staël) declares that art cannot, nor should be expected to, prove anything:—if the vessel in “Paul and Virginia” had not been wrecked, would it have proved that chaste love is always crowned with happiness? and, because it is wrecked, what does “Paul and Virginia” prove? It proves that youth, friendship, love, and the tropics, are beautiful things when Bernardin de St. Pierre describes them. If *Faust* yielded not, would it prove that the passions were weaker than reason? and because the devil triumphs, does it prove that philosophy can never vanquish the passions? What does *Faust* prove? It proves that science, human life, fantastic images, profound, graceful or terrible ideas, are wonderful things when Goethe makes out of them a sublime and moving picture. So far George Sand. But, it is answered,* this does not meet the question. Although a narrative is not a demonstration, the details may be so grouped as to satisfy the mind like a sermon. The debaters of the question are reminded—of what they seem to forget—that in fiction as in real life, while our emotions are excited by the narrative, and physical accidents of the story, our moral sense requires to be gratified;—poetical justice means that such satisfaction of the moral sense should be furnished in the finale. If we hear of an actual injustice done upon earth, remaining unpunished, we are indignant and dissatisfied, and exclaim, “Oh! I wish I could punish that fellow.” So in a fiction, we are angry with the author for not doing what our moral sense demands should be done.†

Novalis said of Goethe's “Wilhelm Meister,” that the spirit of the book is artistic Atheism. *Künstlerischer Atheismus ist der Geist des Buchs.* This phrase, remarks Goethe's English biographer, is easily uttered, sounds well, is open to many interpretations, and is therefore sure to find echoes. “I take it to mean that in ‘Wilhelm Meister’ there is a complete absence of all moral verdict on the part of the author. Characters tread the stage, events pass before our eyes, things are done and thoughts are expressed; but no word comes from the author respecting the moral bearing of those things. Life forgets in activity all moral verdict. The good is beneficent, but no one praises it; the bad works evil, but no one anathematizes it. It is a world in which we see no trace of the preacher, not even a glimpse of his surplice. To many readers this absence is like the absence of salt at dinner.” Mr. Lewes freely allows that “Wilhelm Meister” is not a moral story, that is to say, not a story written with the express purpose of illustrating one of the many maxims in which our ethical systems are expressed: hence it is frequently pronounced immoral. But *this* he conceives to be an absurd judgment; since, if the book have no express moral purpose, guiding and animating all the scenes, neither has it an immoral purpose. It may not be written for the edifi-

* *Westm. Rev.* ubi supra.

† French practice clearly shows, the same reviewer observes, that, without formally inculcating any immoral *dogma*, the novelist may very successfully produce an immoral *effect*. “Who can mistake the immoral moral which breathes through the pages of Eugène Sue? Who can mistake the foregone conclusion employed in his selection of main incidents and characters? in his flattery of the people . . . linking together, as in necessary connexion, virtue and dirty hands, maculate consciences and immaculate linen?”

cation of virtue, but neither is it written for the propagation of vice. All that can be said, he maintains, is, that the Artist has been content to paint scenes of life *without comment*; and that some of these scenes belong to an extensive class of subjects, familiar indeed to the experience of all but children, yet by general consent not much talked of "in society."^{*}

(Here, however, and *par parenthese*, we cannot forbear alluding to the estimate set on "Wilhelm Meister" as a radically immoral book, by two of our leading English poets, of very different intellectual character and social habits—Wordsworth and Rogers. "I inquired," says Emerson, in his record of a visit to Rydal Mount, "if he [Wordsworth] had read Carlyle's critical articles and translations. He said, he thought him sometimes insane. He proceeded to abuse Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister' heartily. It was full of all manner of fornication. It was like the crossing of flies in the air. He had never gone farther than the first part; so disgusted was he that he threw the book across the room. I deprecated this wrath, and said what I could for the book; and he courteously promised to look at it again."[†] Such was the impression produced on the mind of the greatest of Moral Philosophers among philosophic poets. Mr. Rogers's opinion is intimated in a fragment of the Table-talk: "I cannot forgive Goethe for certain things in his 'Faust' and 'Wilhelm Meister': the man who appeals to the worst part of my nature commits a great offence."[‡] To both these Englishmen of credit and renown—the one a placid table-talker, familiar with "high life," and contemporary with the Court of the Regency—the other a contemplative recluse, whose daily law was plain living and high thinking—to both of them was the "immorality" of the German *chef-d'œuvre* a thing too flagrant to be looked over, as well as too patent to be overlooked.)

However, to return to the management of the moral in didactic novels. Philosophic criticism, says Mr. de Quincey, is so far improved, that, at this day, few people, who have reflected at all upon such subjects, but are agreed as to one point: *viz.* that in metaphysical language the moral of an epos or a drama should be *immanent*, not *transient*; or, otherwise, that it should be vitally distributed through the whole organisation of the tree, not gathered or secreted into a sort of red berry, or *racemus*, pendent at the end of its boughs. § Elsewhere the same deeply meditative critic asserts the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*; or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by moving*. For, the commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of right and wrong, sustains and quickens those affections—calling them into action it rescues them from torpor. || Whereas the directly and obviously didactic fiction chills, *ipso facto*, by the mere fact of its didacticism. There is nothing, as the Spectator said, a century and a half ago, which we receive with so much reluctance as advice: we look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots;

* G. H. Lewes: *Life and Works of Goethe*, vol. ii. book vi.

† Emerson: *English Traits*.

‡ Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers.

§ De Quincey's *Essay on Milton versus Southey and Landor*.

|| See De Quincey's *Essay on Pope*, in the *North Brit. Rev.* No. XVIII.

we consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the seal which any one shows for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. Hence, "there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves one among another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of, to render this bitter potion palatable!"* And almost it may be said—the few exceptions proving the rule—so many devices, so many failures.

The clockmaker of Slickville hits the mark when he "lets out," in his Down Eastern fashion, against the worse than uselessness of certain forms of controversial literature—what he says being thoroughly applicable to the polemico-didactic novel. "It appears to me," quoth the pedlar, "that I could write a book in favour of myself and my notions, without writin' agin' any one, and if I couldn't I wouldn't write at all, I snore. . . . Writin' only aggravates your opponents, and never convinces them. I never see'd a convert made by that way yet. . . . You may happily your enemies, cantankerate your opponents, and injure your own cause by it, but I defy you to sarve it."† And certainly you transport fiction out of the region of *belles lettres*.

The *Edinburgh Review* took occasion, on the appearance of one of Mr. Kingsley's "Christian Socialist" novels, to object on principle to stories written with the purpose of illustrating an opinion or establishing a doctrine. This, it argued, is an illegitimate use of fiction; for fiction may be rightfully employed to impress upon the public mind an acknowledged truth, or to revise and recal a forgotten one—never to prove a disputed one. Its appropriate aims, according to this reviewer, are the delineation of life, the exhibition and analysis of character, the portraiture of passion, the description of nature. Polemics, whether religious, political, or metaphysical, lie wholly beyond its province. "The soundness of this literary canon will be obvious if we reflect that the novelist *makes his facts* as well as his reasonings. He *coins* the premises from which his conclusions are deduced; and he may coin exactly what he wants."‡ Nay, it is further evident, the writer of fiction need not actually *make* his facts; he needs only to *select* them. A novelist, in short, as Sir Walter Scott, writing of an old and now forgotten novelist, himself remarks—like the master of a puppet-show, has his drama under his absolute authority, and shapes the events to favour his own opinions; so that whether the Devil flies away with Punch, or Punch strangles the Devil, forms no real argument as to the comparative power of either one or other, but only indicates the special pleasure of the master of the motion.§

A fiction "contrived to support an opinion is," said Lord Jeffrey, "a vicious composition."|| "I invariably tremble," writes M. Sainte-Beuve, "when I see a philosophical idea explicitly attached to a novel."¶ And elsewhere, in almost piteously plaintive tones of pleading and remon-

* The Spectator. No. DXII.

† Savings and Doings of Samuel Slick.

‡ *Edinb. Review*, January, 1851.

§ Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works: Biographies—Robert Bage.

|| *Edinb. Rev.* L.

¶ *Causeries du Lundi*, t. I.

strance: "Ah! laissez, laissez le lecteur conclure sur la simple histoire; il tirera la moralité lui-même plus sûrement, si on ne la lui affiche pas."* The writer of a work, which interests and excites the spiritual feelings of men, has as little need, in the words of Mr. Carlyle, "to justify himself by showing how it exemplifies some wise saw or modern instance, as the doer of a generous action has to demonstrate its merit, by deducing it from the system of Shaftesbury, or Smith, or Paley, or whichever happens to be the favourite system of the place and time. The instructiveness of the one, and the virtue of the other, exist independently of all systems or saws, and in spite of all."† Rarely, Madame de Staël observes, were the mythological fables of the ancients directed in the way of moral exhortation or edifying example, and it is by no means a proof of the superior worth of modern fictions that these frequently aim at a useful result; it rather argues a deficiency of imaginative power, and that they transfer to literature the tendency which "business habits" induce, of constantly bearing towards a definite end and aim.‡

When *Margaret* archly prescribes *Carduus Benedictus* for heart-ack *Beatrice*, the latter briskly exclaims: "Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus." "Moral?" echoes the other; "no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy-thistle."§ Whatever *Margaret* did or did not mean—and her meaning is pretty clear—there is many a moral-writing novelist who might improve his wares by emulating, to some extent, her sublime abnegation of a moral. Not that we would so far take up with the "un-moral" principle as to put up with the no-moral no-meaning trash, in the shape of novels fashionable and frivolous, vulgar and vicious, nonsensical and nondescript, which come to market from time to time, and even at all times—vapid, washy balderdash—flavourless or else sourly undrinkable, with no "body" about it, much less soul—too insipid to be compared to "trifle," or called "light as air," being after all such heavy reading—too milk-and-watery to be likened to whipped cream, not to mention the chalk and other deleterious ingredients wherewith the milk and water are combined. Μὴ γένοιτο! But there is a middle-term between the extremes of the dogmatically didactic and the utterly purposeless (unless purposely unmeaning) product of shallow pate and soft brains. We do but harp, with too irregular and fitful touch, on the note sounded in the "Moral" attached to Tennyson's "Day-dream:"

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,
And if you find no moral there,
Go look in any glass and say,
What moral is in being fair.
Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wildweed-flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?

But any man that walks the mead,
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.

* Portraits Contemporaines, t. ii.

† Carlyle's Life of Schiller.

‡ De Staël: De l'Allemagne. Troisième partie, ch. ix.

§ Much Ado about Nothing, Act. III. Sc. 5.

And liberal applications lie
 In Art, like Nature, dearest friend;
 So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
 Should hook it to some useful end.

Every work of Art, says Hegel, has its moral; but the moral depends on him that draws it. We should prefer, however, the Tennysonian development of that principle* to the Hegelian.

In his preface to an intermediate work between "Pelham" and "My Novel"—to both of which, allusion has been made in the foregoing pages—Sir E. B. Lytton takes some pains to discuss the "important question," so much ventilated by critics, especially in Germany (the native land of criticism), whether to please or to instruct should be the end of Fiction—whether a moral purpose is or is not in harmony with the undidactic spirit perceptible in the higher works of the imagination: and the general result of the discussion he reports to be in favour of those who have contended that Moral Design, rigidly so called, should be excluded from the aims of the Poet; whose Art should regard only the Beautiful, and be contented with the indirect moral *tendencies*, which can never fail the creation of the Beautiful. Sir Edward, for his part, fully admits that to elevate man from life's grovelling realisms into a higher and ideal region may, without other moral result or object, satisfy the Poet—meaning by that term any writer, whether in verse or prose, who invents or creates—and may constitute the highest and most universal morality he can effect. But he contends, at the same time, that, subordinate to this, which is not the duty but the necessity of all Fiction that outlasts the hour, the writer of imagination may well permit to himself other purposes and objects, taking care that they be not too sharply defined, and too obviously meant to contract the poet into the lecturer, the fiction into the homily. "The delight in Shylock is not less vivid for the Humanity it latently but profoundly inculcates; the healthful merriment of the 'Tartufe' is not less enjoyed† for the exposure of the Hypocrisy it denounces. We need not demand from Shakspeare or Molière other morality than that which Genius unconsciously throws around it—the natural light which it reflects; but if some great principle which guides us practically in the daily intercourse with men becomes in the general lustre more clear and more pronounced—we gain doubly, by the general tendency and the particular result."‡

Notwithstanding a foregone plethora of illustration, we must here take note of the quite note-worthy protests, consistently renewed when—

* Of Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith" it was remarked at the time, in the pages too of a Review virtually at one with himself in antagonism to orthodoxy, that the writer seemed to have been seduced by the high-flying theory, that an author ought to pour forth from the depths of his soul without caring for a moral. "This is all well, if the soul be itself in perfect harmony with truths and God; for then the moral will find itself: so again, it is well if he utters in truth his own deepest and most matured feelings; for it will then be our fault if we cannot make a moral for ourselves. But if fictitious characters and events are to be paraded before us, and mere amusement is not aimed at, we must exact some unity in the story and some truth to be elucidated by it."

† By the way, not every one "enjoys" *le Tartufe*. Not every shrewd, satirically-disposed, cultivated man of the world even. Witness Mr. Thackeray. See his *Irish Sketch-Book*.

‡ Preface to "Night and Morning." (1845.)

ever occasion arises, by the most vigorous and influential of our recently established Reviews—which has next to no mercy, in fact, for stories “written for an instructive purpose”—with a mission to preach sanitary reform, homœopathy, church principles, general philanthropy, or the advantages of a decimal coinage. “Rather would we wade through all the metaphysics north of the Tweed than encounter one of these atrocious violations of the principles of good taste and common sense, in which the facts are twisted to suit the argument, and the argument weakened to harmonise with the facts.” Again, of another hybrid class: “It is a pity that these untiring preachers cannot appreciate the distinction between moralising and inculcating a moral. To construct an amusing story which shall leave a wholesome lesson engraved on the reader’s mind, is a work which is neither useless nor ephemeral; but an alternation of love-scenes and copy-book apophthegms, an attempt to macadamize a sermon into a bed of romance, is apt to produce a tendency to somnolence very fatal to edification.” Elsewhere again: “The didactic novel appears to be the peculiar heritage of this generation. . . . Nothing spoils a tale like a moral purpose. As soon as the verisimilitude of the character and the plot become, not the first, but the second consideration, they necessarily suffer in their truth to nature. It is impossible to make a story point a moral without making the actors in it incarnations of the qualities which the author intends to reprobate or praise.” At the same time—in another place—this authority affirms that a reflective story-teller is never without a specific purpose—which purpose in inferior hands degenerates into a moral or religious lesson, which the story is supposed to teach; but, with a great writer, it is nothing but the outpouring of the particular thoughts which happen to fill the author’s mind at the time of composition. The clearest exposition, however, of this journal’s views is perhaps contained in its review of M. Masson’s “Thirty Years of French Literature,” when referring to that gentleman’s “severity” upon the principle of *art pour l’art*—of writing, that is, without any specific moral purpose. Surely, his critic argues, in so far as art is regulated by essential and eternal rules, it is its own justification. The argument is, that Art is but a version of life so contrived as to make a deep impression on the imagination. “Unless, therefore, life is immoral, art can hardly be so. If, in point of fact, the wicked are not plagued like other men, neither tormented like other men, why should not the novelist say so? If the lessons of history are sometimes stern and hard to read, why should not those of fiction, which is its shadow, be so too? A novelist is no more disrespectful to morality in simply imitating the world as he finds it, than the analyst is disrespectful to geometry in representing the conic sections under algebraical forms. If, indeed, the novelist represents the world as worse than it is, that is a fault of art; and it is the more serious because it may have bad moral consequences.” The reviewer would by no means deny, for example, that French writers of fiction have often erred in this matter, or that many of their books are very immoral indeed; but they do seem to him to have kept in view a fact which some of our most popular English novelists appear altogether to forget—the fact that a work of imagination ought to be considered, not as a child’s plaything, but as a great and serious undertaking, to be executed according to the rules of its own art, and not to be mutilated

for the sake of pointing any moral which may strike the fancy of the writer.*

M. Eugène Poitou, who has distinguished himself in the home crusade against immoral fiction, is careful against being supposed to ask the novel to become a preceptor of morals. He expressly maintains that neither lectures on virtue nor sermons of any sort are within the sphere of art. It is not the aim of drama or prose-fiction, says M. Saint-Marc Girardin, to vanquish or extinguish human passions, but to make use of them as an exhibition which will please a man, because it moves him through the emotions of others. The duty of drama and prose-fiction simply is, not to make the image of passion more *corruptive* than passion itself—not to mingle with it sophism or exaggeration—not to turn pleasure into poison.† This, M. Poitou remarks, is not asking too much from literature, but it is asking a good deal: let its pictures be true, and they will cease to be dangerous.‡ To ensure which, however, the painter must be a true artist, with a true heart in his bosom, as well as a true eye in his head.

* M. Taine, the well-known French critic, who goes un-English lengths in his opposition to didactic fiction, makes war upon Mr. Thackeray even, for an afflict-
ing tendency to sermonise. "Il nous semble entendre des instructions de collège ou des manuels de séminaire." "Ces vieilles moralités, quoique utiles et bien dites, sentent le pédant payé, si commun en Angleterre, l'ecclésiastique en cravate blanche planté comme un piquet au centre de sa table, et débitant pour trois cent louis d'admonestations quotidiennes aux jeunes *gentlemen* que les parents ont mis en serre chaude dans sa maison."

This assiduous presence of a moral intention, M. Taine continues, is hurtful alike to the romance and its author. "Confess it we must: a volume of Thackeray's has the cruel misfortune of repeating Miss Edgeworth's novels or Canon Schmidt's tales. . . . We have no wish to go back to school: we shut the book, and recommend it as a pill to our little cousin. . . . It is clear from the first page that the author wants to make us affable, and we kick against an invitation so direct; we have no fancy to be scolded in a novel; we lose our temper at this intrusion of the schoolmaster. We meant to go to the play, but have been duped by the play-bill, and so we growl in under tones at having to hear a sermon."

"One consolation there is: the characters of the story suffer as much as we do ourselves; the author spoils them while preaching to us; they, too, like us, are sacrificed to satire. They are not beings he gives life to, but puppets he makes act. . . . The events and sentiments of real life are not arranged in a manner to form contrasts so well calculated and combinations so clever. Nature does not invent these *jeux de scène*; we soon discover that we are"—in the critic's own language—"devant une rampe, en face d'acteurs fardés, dont les paroles sont écrites et dont les gestes sont notés." And then follows a comparison between Thackeray and Balzac—or rather between the *Rebecca Sharp* of "Vanity Fair" and the *Valéria Marnaffe* of "Les Parents pauvres"—which is far too long, not to say too invidious (the constant epithet of such comparisons), to allow of further citation. See, whosoever will, *Essais de Critique et d'Histoire*, par H. Taine (1858), pp. 193 *seq.*

† Saint-Marc Girardin, *Cours de Littérature dram.* t. iii. p. 47.

‡ Du Roman et du Théâtre contemporains, par M. Eugène Poitou (1857), p. 327.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

IN those fabulous times, when men and wild beasts stood on a more familiar footing to each other than is the case in our degenerate days, a mighty hunter once showed a lion a picture of the monarch of the desert being maltreated by his two-legged opponent. "Ah!" replied the lion, sagely applying his claw to his nose, "but suppose the lion had painted the picture?" This apologue appears to us specially applicable to the relations subsisting between author and publisher; we have heard the one side of the story *usque ad nauseam*, but the publisher has hitherto maintained silence. Authors may hiss, but he consoles himself by reckoning up the money safely stowed away in his chest. At length, however, this rule has been broken by M. Edmond Werdet,* who has produced a very amusing and characteristic book about the great French author to whose *lâches* he owed his ruin. Before analysing it, we will first show how the connexion commenced between Balzac and Werdet. The latter was engaged as commercial traveller to a publishing house, and thus was commissioned to make an offer to the rising young author for a new book. So large was its sale that M. Werdet determined on turning publisher and making his fortune by subsidising the "future marshal of French literature." He had but modest resources at his command—just 120*l.*—to commence the campaign, but he was young and hopeful. He made the offer to De Balzac, who laughed at him, and he quitted his presence in disgust. In less than a fortnight, however, the author was in want of money, and recommenced negotiations, which ended in Werdet's purchasing the reprint of "*Le Médecin de Campagne*," for which he paid his entire capital. But this was not all: Werdet determined on becoming exclusive publisher of Balzac's works, and there was some difficulty in getting them together, for the author had no less than six publishers—probably on the principle of the bankrupt, who had half a dozen banking accounts that he might overdraw them all. At last, however, M. Werdet succeeded in carrying out his design, and for seven years he enjoyed the ruinous honour of being Balzac's banker and publisher. At length, when he was obliged to confess himself ruined, owing to Balzac's delay in sending in copy, the author coolly turned on his heel, saying that *his* publisher must be a millionaire, and resold the copyrights at an advance to another enterprising publisher, leaving to M. Werdet the glory of having been his sole publisher, and the costly honour of his intimacy. In the present volume, M. Werdet, then, gives an animated account of their connexion, and from it we shall be enabled to draw up a description of one of the greatest novelists France has yet possessed.

Honoré de Balzac was born at Tours on the 16th of May, 1799. His father had been saved from the guillotine in 1793, by being appointed commissary to the army of the north; in 1797, he married the daughter of one of his colleagues, and retired to Tours, where he enjoyed an easy competency. At the age of seven, young Honoré was sent to the College

* *Portrait intime de Balzac, sa Vie, son Humeur et son Caractère, par Edmond Werdet, son ancien libraire-éditeur.* Paris: E. Dentu.

de Vendôme, then conducted by the Oratorians, where he remained seven long years without a single holiday. At the expiration of this time, the lad was attacked by a species of *coma*, and his father bore him home to be cured. Soon after, the family removed to Paris, where the father had been appointed commissary-general to the first division, and Honoré, having recovered his health, was placed at a private school in the Marais, being the despair of his master by his inattention and carelessness. At the age of eighteen he took his bachelor's degree, and was received as *avocat* when twenty. In obedience to his father's wishes he entered as clerk in the office of Guyonnet de Merville, where he met with Eugène Scribe and Jules Janin, both equally disgusted with their profession; and the result was that Honoré refused all the excellent offers of partnership, and decided on becoming a literary man. This decision could not have been arrived at during a worse moment, for his father had been superseded, and had lost a heavy amount by bad speculations; but nothing would move the young man from his determination. He occupied the traditional garret, receiving an allowance of five pounds a month, and had a fine prospect of starvation before him. Of course, he began with a tragedy, on the subject of Cromwell, which was read in family council in 1825, and Andrieux, a literary authority, asserted that it did not contain the slightest trace of talent. But the young man would not own defeat; Cromwell was consigned to the flames, and he began writing a romance; but even at the outset his fatal habit of indecision was predom-

inant. It was the period when the "Manuels Roret" were creating an intense excitement. Young Balzac, in a toilet which required renovation from head to foot, went one day to Levassesseur, the publisher, with the idea of a work, to be called "Manuel de l'Homme d'Affaires." The idea was accepted, and the author received on account 200 fr., on promise of delivering the copy a month later. Of course he did not keep his word, and at length Levassesseur went to look up the author. The latter, to pacify his severe creditor, offered to read him some passages from a romance he was then writing. The proposition was accepted, and the publisher was so struck by the originality of the novel, that he said, "I will buy your MS. for 2000 fr., and annul the bargain for the Manuel. Come with me, and I will give you 1000 fr. on account, and you shall receive the other 800 fr. the day the MS. is delivered in. Does that suit you?" Balzac gladly accepted, and, although the MS. was delayed a very long time, Levassesseur at last published, in 1829, "La Physiologie du Mariage," which produced an enormous sensation. From that day literature counted a master—France a new Molière.

But before the new author woke up one morning to find himself famous, he had many a bitter ordeal to undergo. Pressed by his family to undertake some respectable enterprise, he had accepted the money a friend advanced, and started as publisher of one-volumed editions of the French Classics. On the failure of this scheme he determined on becoming a printer in partnership with Barbier, neither of them knowing anything of the business. Very naturally they soon raised a flourishing crop of bad debts. Balzac was just on the verge of bankruptcy, when his mother came forward with 50,000 fr. and saved him. Then his resolve was fixed: as printing had robbed him of a fortune, he must recover it from the same source; he buckled resolutely to work, and by the year 1831 he had attained the position he coveted. It was at this period that his connexion with Werdet commenced, who Balzac glowingly expected would become the

Constable of the French Walter Scott. The publisher then speedily found that he was not on a bed of roses. Balzac was constantly in hot water: the patrician *de* was openly carped against, and Balzac was very proud of his family scutcheon, more so perhaps than his literary renown, although he was wont to say, "There are only three men in France who can write our language: myself, Théophile Gautier, and Victor Hugo." Of his former foible, Philarète Chasles supplies a suggestive anecdote:

After the appearance of M. de Custine's work on Russia, it was stated that the emperor had expressed an extreme desire to secure the services of a French pen capable of refuting the calumnies of the marquis. De Balzac, if we may believe the *Augsburg Gazette*, took post for St. Petersburg, and, on arriving there, addressed to the emperor a letter drawn up as follows: "M. de Balzac the writer and M. de Balzac the gentleman solicit from his majesty the favour of a private audience." The next day, according to the same *Gazette*, an equerry of the emperor brought De Balzac the following reply in his majesty's own handwriting: "M. de Balzac the gentleman and M. de Balzac the writer can take the post again as soon as they please;" whereupon De Balzac started home again.

Another evil from which the publisher suffered was the sudden caprices which De Balzac would take. Thus, when copy was earnestly wanted to save the credit of the house, nothing would satisfy him but going straight to Vienna, where he promised to write like a tiger. Needless to add, that the publisher had to advance the funds. Three weeks later he received a letter from De Balzac stating that he was hard at work, and terminating with a postscript that he had drawn on him at sight for 1500 fr. on Rothschild. When the author at length returned at the expiration of a month, he did not bring a line of MS. with him. A curious anecdote connected with the journey is worth quotation. It was told our publisher by Auguste, the great man's valet:

"I was much embarrassed at each relay to pay the German postboys. I did not know a word of the language, but my master supplied a plan. He gave me a little bag of silver groschen, and on arriving at the post-house the boy would come to the carriage door. I looked attentively between his two eyes, and put in his hand a groschen, then another, and another, till I saw him smile. Then I saw I had given him a piece too much. I took it back quickly, and the man was paid."

In 1835, De Balzac hit on the magnificent idea of being chief editor of a grand literary and critical review which should surpass all others, and for this purpose induced Werdet to buy for him the *Chronique de Paris*. The first authors in Paris joined him, as will be found from the following extract:

Here are the names of the contributors: De Balzac, editor-in-chief, especially charged with foreign politics; Jules Sandeau, theatres; Emile R——, light literature; Gustave Planche (whom I gained for the *Chronique* by paying his debts and buying him decent clothes), serious critiques; Jacques de Chazades-Aigues, light criticism, under the orders of his master, Gustave Planche; Raymond Brucker, novels and romances; Alphonse Karr, squibs and epigrams. Théophile Gautier published in it a "Tour in Belgium," "La Mort Amoureuse," and "La Chaîne d'Or;" and, lastly, Charles de Bernard wrote for it "La Femme de Quarante Ans," and "La Rose Jaune."

The *Chronique* appeared every Thursday and Sunday, and on the previous day the contributors always dined with Werdet, in which they

never failed, even if they forget their copy. By midnight, however, they would have grown sufficiently sober for serious work, and began writing in a cloud of tobacco, which De Balzac detested, saying that nothing good could come from the brain of a man given to that custom. We can easily foresee the only result of such a system, and, although the prestige of De Balzac's name sent up the circulation for a time, his habits of idleness soon gained the upper hand. The review went down very fast, and the editor was glad to dispose of it at last at a considerable loss. There were three great peculiarities about De Balzac, which furnished never-ending topics for jests: these were his hair, his mania for nobility, and, lastly, his jewelled cane. The origin of the latter, and the mysterious rumours spread about its value, justify us in examining more closely into its origin. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that De Balzac received more than eleven thousand letters from lady admirers, and very many valuable presents, only due to the chivalrous author who so nobly championed the "femme de trente ans." It must also not be forgotten that De Balzac had an intense aversion for serving in the Garde Nationale, and Marshal Lobau was very strict in calling out all the soldiers in their turn. Numberless were the evasions to which De Balzac had recourse, until one fatal day a refractory sergeant got hold of him, and locked him up in the Hôtel des Haricots for forty-eight hours. In his despair he sent off for Werdet, who was to be sure and come to dinner, and not forget some money. A splendid repast, was sent in from Véfour's, and laid in the refectory, where they noticed, to their surprise, a still more magnificent cover for one person: this belonged to Eugène Sue, who soon made his appearance. De Balzac wanted him to join in his repast, but Sue declined, for his people had come expressly to wait on him. This simple incident quite destroyed Balzac's good spirits, and the sight of the white-gloved domestics was most indigestible. De Balzac was evidently defeated on his own field. The next day, when Werdet arrived at the prison, he found De Balzac's room completely crowded with good things, sent in by his admirers. No temptation would induce De Balzac to return to the refectory and meet Sue: he was disgusted with his aristocratic airs and pretensions, which harmonised so ill with his plebeian name. So the word was passed to all his allies to visit the prisoner in his cell, and help to demolish the dainty eates. During the dinner a parcel was brought in for the host, which, on opening, was found to contain a tress of hair, passed through an emerald ring of great value. A piece of paper, accompanying it, bore the motto, "An unknown friend." All at once an idea struck Balzac: it was impossible for him to do justice to all the presents he received; he, therefore, determined to pick out the handsomest stones, and send them to Gosselin, to be mounted as the knob of a cane. This was done; and such was the origin of the historic cane.

But while De Balzac was the lion of Parisian society, and courted by all the beauty of the capital, he did not neglect his work. Whenever the "furia" assailed him, he shut himself up in his study, and worked tremendously hard. No one was allowed to approach him. All the letters that arrived were collected in a china vase, and not opened till the fit for writing had passed off. The curtains were drawn, the shutters closed, four wax tapers, in silver candlesticks, were lighted, and

De Balzac wrote indefatigably at a small table. His dress was most curious, as our author describes it :

He was always attired in the white gown of a Dominican, made of cachemere in summer, of fine wool in winter, his legs free in their movements, encased in wide white trousers, his feet elegantly covered by red morocco slippers, richly embroidered with gold, and a long Venetian chain fastened round his waist, from which hung a golden paper-knife and a pair of scissors of the same metal. At eight in the evening, after a light repast, he usually retired to bed, and returned to his modest table at two in the morning. Until six his light and rapid crowquill-pen flew over the paper, and was the only sound to break the solemn silence. Then he took a bath, in which he remained an hour, plunged in meditation. At eight o'clock Auguste brought him a cup of coffee, which he swallowed without sugar. From eight till nine I was admitted, to bring him proofs or tear from him some copy ; the labour of composing them began again with the same ardour until mid-day. Then he breakfasted on plain boiled eggs, and terminated this temperate repast by another cup of coffee, still without sugar. From one to six, labour—incessant labour ; then he took a very light dinner, to which he drank a wine-glass of Vouvray, a wine he liked much, and which brightened him up. From seven to eight I was again admitted to his presence. Thus De Balzac lived and worked. After six weeks or two months of this cenobitic life, he would be seen abroad again, with his features pale and fearfully sunken. He, however, soon recovered, thanks to his marvellous constitution, and re-entered the world to collect fresh colours for his palette, and hum from flower to flower like a bee.

Now and then, in his study of character and strange search for quaint names, which he assiduously collected from signs, he would invite M. Werdet to accompany him through the lower parts of the Cité, and have a regular day's debauch, in which the publisher paid the piper. On one occasion Balzac invited him to dine with him at Véry's after a long day's research. This was the bill of fare which De Balzac conscientiously selected and devoured for himself, as his companion was suffering from a bilious attack : one hundred Ostend oysters ; twelve cutlets, with parsley, au naturel ; a duck and turnips ; a brace of roast partridges ; a sole à la Normande ; without counting the hors d'œuvre and dessert, all washed down by the finest wines. When dinner was over, De Balzac asked the publisher for money, but, unfortunately, he had only forty francs, and besides, had been invited to dinner. Of course that was not enough for the author, so he only accepted five francs, which were passed him under the table, and then called loudly for the bill. When it arrived, he took out his pencil and wrote a few words at the bottom ; then, handing it with the five francs to the waiter, he told him to give it to the dame de comptoir from M. Honoré de Balzac. M. Werdet, naturally curious about this new way to pay a debt, inquired what was the meaning of it all when they reached the Palais Royal gardens, but De Balzac merely told him he would find out to-morrow. All at once, they met two friends, and De Balzac insisted on Werdet producing some money for one of them to play with. Twenty francs were soon lost, while De Balzac was entering into a profound calculation of how he would spend the money when the bank was broken. Then De Balzac went and borrowed forty francs of his heraldic engraver, which followed the others, and the author, finding luck was against him, all at once decided on going to the Funambules. Here, however, he became so excited that the *titis* insisted on his being turned out, and the party only saved themselves by a precipitate

retreat. Last of all, they went to Balzac's and drank tea, when he entered into a profound explanation of his infallible system to break every bank. The next morning M. Werdet received an explanation of the dinner and its consequences. First, he was handed a bill from Véry's for sixty-two francs, then an order from the engraver for forty francs; altogether, the day's debauch cost him about one hundred and fifty francs. But that was little enough for the honour of having been in De Balzac's company a whole day.

The jewelled cane led to many expenses; of course the author could not go on foot with such a superb ornament, so he hired a coupé at 20*l.* a month. His liveries were splendid: he kept a coachman nearly as majestic as him who drove the British ambassador, and a groom as modest in his proportions as General Tom Thumb; he had his box at the Opera and at the Italiens, and assumed his proper place among the lions of the day. At times, too, the cane would be mislaid, and then De Balzac suffered agonies. Nothing would satisfy him until it was regained, and everybody of his acquaintance was sent off in search of the inestimable plaything which formed so integral a part of the admired author. Strange to say, however, that while De Balzac affected a fairy-like luxury in his home, and went the most extravagant lengths to gratify his sensual fancies, which formed a portion of his existence, he was frequently utterly neglectful of his own appearance. Here is a curious instance:

I returned with him one day from Chaillot in a hired cab. As usual, he was dressed—although it was winter—in a brown paletot, well worn, and which had done good service. A cravat of red merino was twisted like a cord round his neck. Wide trousers, of a dark colour, scarcely came down to his ankles, exposing coarse stockings of black wool, and clumsy shoes tied with pieces of string. His hat, now very brown on the brim, did not appear to have been brushed since the day he bought it. When De Balzac had left the cab, I turned to my driver, and asked him, "Can you guess who that was?" "Why, bourgeois, that is as clear as day," replied my numbered Automedon; "who else could it be but a drover of Poissy?"

The Wandering Jew, we are told on the best authority, always had five sous in his pocket, but De Balzac had never more than two, which Auguste always took care to provide, for in those days you had to pay to pass over some of the bridges. During the time our author enjoyed his acquaintance, De Balzac only had three servants—Rose, Auguste, and his groom Grain de Mil. Auguste, his valet de chambre and factotum, was a young man of about twenty, very short, most discreet, and dumb as a valet ought to be. He adored his master, who was less a master to him than a friend; but in 1840 he left him for some unexplained reason, and became clerk in a linendraper's. Rose, usually known by the name of "la grande Nanon," was a perfect cordon-bleu, and her only cause of unhappiness was when her master would not eat her nice dishes. Often and often would she tickle his olfactory nerves by a dainty consommé, which her master would rudely repulse; then she would cry, and declare she would leave Mossieu, as her talent was rusting through his neglect, and at last, from sheer compassion, he would swallow the consommé, bidding her not to let that happen again. As for the microscopic groom, he died in 1837, in Rose's arms, and during the whole of his illness De Balzac never failed to visit him every day.

M. Werdet estimates that up to the period of their rupture in 1838, De Balzac had drawn more than 450,000 francs from his works. This without taking into account all he received up to the date of his death. Strangely enough, he never lost a single penny by one of his publishers. Money exerted an irresistible attraction over him—not as money, for he was not greedy of it, but as the representative of a luxury which he loved almost to madness. We have already alluded to the magnificence he displayed in his apartments. The description M. Werdet gives of his rooms in the Rue Cassini will show that we have not exaggerated :

The gallery led into a small salon, lighted by a large window : from this room you passed into the author's study. On one side was the bedroom, on the other was the dining-room, from which a private staircase led to the kitchen. I will now describe, with the accuracy of a broker, two rooms—the study and the bath-room ; that will suffice to make known how the other rooms would be furnished. Under a curtain, between the window and the wall of the salon, was a small secret door opening into the bath-room, whose walls, covered with white stucco, and bath of white marble, received light from a window in the roof, of which the panes were pink, and diffused a rosy hue over the room. Two high-backed red morocco chairs were the sole furniture of this elegant bath-room, which was quite worthy of a pretty woman. Hence we reach his sleeping apartment, which quite dazzled the visitor. It was furnished with that taste, richness, and sumptuousness, so white and pink, so perfumed with the rarest flowers, so glistening with gold, that it would have been an admirable nuptial chamber for a duchess of fifteen. The study was furnished, on the other hand, with marked simplicity : the floor was covered with soft carpeting of black and blue ; a handsome ebony bookcase with glass-doors occupied all one side of the wall. This splendid piece of furniture contained a selection of rare and precious books, bound splendidly in red morocco, and bearing on the back and sides the arms of the Entragues. All the French classics were there, a few Latin authors, and—very few volumes of the most celebrated modern writers. There was also a very curious collection of all those authors who, like Swedenborg (of whom De Balzac was a passionate admirer), had written about mysticism, secret sciences, and the religious faith of nations. On a bracket opposite the bookcase was a plaster statue of Napoleon I., presented to De Balzac by one of the competitors for the statue on the Vendôme column. To the hilt of the sword was attached a small piece of paper, on which the author had written in his minute characters, "Ce qu'il n'a pu achever par l'épée, je l'accomplirai par la plume.—HONORÉ DE BALZAC." On the chimney was a glass of average height, with a pendule, and a couple of Sèvres vases. All over it were spread strange trifles, exclusively feminine : here a crumpled glove, which seemed to have belonged to a child ; there a little satin slipper, too dainty even for an Andalusian marchioness ; further on, a small iron key, quite rusted. When I asked De Balzac about it one day, he replied that it was his talisman, and that he attached great value to it. The rest of the furniture in this gloomy and peaceful retreat was a large fauteuil covered with red morocco, a modest writing-table with a plain green cloth, and four high-backed ebony chairs covered with brown damask.

So great was our author's horror of being again arrested for not serving in the Garde Nationale, that he determined on never again having a local habitation, or even a name. He kept on his house in the Rue Cassini, putting up a bill for lodgings to let, and his friends received a password, which was changed weekly. Then he hired a house at Chaillot under the name of Madame Brunet, which he furnished with the most astounding luxury. Thence he was driven by the indefatigable sergeant, who sent him a note through the post, addressed to "M. de Balzac, *dû*

Mme. Veuve Bunnet, homme de lettres, Chasseur de la 1^{re} Légion," &c. He had made up his mind not to serve, and consequently built at Jardies a splendid villa, which was the subject of Jules Janin's jokes. "I am glad to hear it," said the talented critic. "I am certain the villa will be for sale within a year, and I will buy it." His last abode was in the Allée Fortunée, now known as the Allée de Balzac, which was superbly fitted up, although the author was quite ruined. But then he had a faith in his good fortune, as will be seen from the following anecdote, supplied by Amédée Rolland :

De Balzac's fixed idea during his whole life was to gain millions. His ambition was to rival in luxury MM. Alexandre Dumas and Lamartine, who, prior to the revolution of 1848, were the two most luxurious authors in the world. To gain those millions he would have gone to China; and he wanted his friend Laurent-Jan to go with him to the Grand Mogul, asserting that he would give him tons of gold in exchange for a ring De Balzac possessed, and which descended in a straight line from Mahomet. He woke the poor fellow at three in the morning to impart this noble project, and insisted on setting off at once in a post-chaise—of course, at the expense of the emperor. He was seriously angry with Laurent-Jan for twelve hours because he refused to go.

Henri Monnier also tells a characteristic anecdote of the great author. After the success of "Père Goriot," he had an idea worth half a million: it merely consisted in opening a grocer's shop on the Boulevard des Italiens, where all the world would flock to buy from the distinguished writer. At Jardies, when he could not carry out his fantasies, he had a simple way of satisfying his desires. He would take a piece of charcoal, and write upon the walls and ceilings: "Here a chimney of Parian marble;" "Here a ceiling painted by Eugène Delacroix;" "Here a mosaic flooring made of all the rarest woods."

De Balzac was an indefatigable writer: from 1827 to 1848 he published ninety-seven works, every word of which he wrote himself, without the aid of a secretary or a corrector of proofs. For the theatres he did not work so industriously, owing to a certain want of the poetical afflatus: thus, he once gave Théophile Gautier a five-act tragedy to put into rhyme, and was quite surprised that it was not finished in three days. His first piece was "Vautrin," brought out at the Porte St. Martin in 1840, and suppressed, as one of the actors mimicked a very high personage. His next piece was the "Ressources de Quinola," performed at the Odéon; and his last, "Mercadet," which met with enormous success at the Théâtre-Français. In 1849, he had in rehearsal a play called "Le Roi des Mendiants," which was, however, never performed.

In 1850, De Balzac returned to Paris with a wife whom he adored, and whom he had loved for many years, the Countess Eve de Hanska. Her fortune would have enabled him to live in comfort for the rest of his life, but death was eager for its prey. He died on the 18th of August of the same year, at the age of fifty. His funeral was attended by all the celebrities of the capital, and the cords were held by M. Baroche, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Francis Wey. The funeral oration was pronounced by Victor Hugo at Père Lachaise, in the presence of an enormous crowd. He lies between Charles Nodier and Casimir Delavigne, and his bust in bronze, by David d'Angers, crowns the summit of the monument. A few days later, a special decree ordered his bust to be

placed in the museum at Versailles, that Pantheon of French celebrities. Like Béranger, the author of the "Comédie Humaine" had not the honour to be a member of the Académie Française: he failed twice in his attempts to enter it, just as he had missed the Monthyon prize in 1835 with his "Médecin de Campagne." The learned Arcopagus, when the question of admitting De Balzac was discussed, gave as the pretext for refusal his want of sufficient fortune. "As the Academy does not want me in my honourable poverty," the candidate wrote on this occasion to his friend Charles Nodier, "it will have at a later date to do without my riches."

That De Balzac should not have been honoured during his life is not surprising, for he had raised himself a relentless band of enemies by his haughtiness and vanity. No occasion was neglected to hold him up to ridicule: his smallest and most harmless weaknesses were branded, and men even sought, at rare intervals, to doubt his ability. It is possible that in England a fairer appreciation of his talent can be obtained than in his fatherland, and what strikes us most in his works is his thorough nationality. We know no other French author who reproduces in such photographic wise the virtues and defects of his countrymen and women, or is so thoroughly French in his ideas and incidents. For this reason his works will never become popular in England, nor do we wish to see them so, for the doctrines they generally inculcate are quite subversive of those ideas of morality which fortunately obtain among ourselves. Still the study of such a man's life is interesting, as proving that the minutest observer falls into the self-same errors which he ever so stringently rebukes, and it is only another instance of the truth of Burns's lines:

Oh! would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us.

Now that the man is beginning to be forgotten in France, and his failings regarded as amiable weaknesses, his writings are growing more popular than ever, for there is no doubt that in his peculiar line he is unapproachable. Whether De Balzac prostituted his undoubtedly great talents by the selection of such subjects we need not here discuss, but it seems to us that, unless the French people encouraged and admired such dangerous books, we should have fewer imitators of Balzac, and more followers of Souvestre. We regret much, for the sake of France, that we are forced to the conviction that every work written by De Balzac gave one more blow to French morality, and that the deplorable condition of society in that country is in a great measure owing to the success of the school of which he was the arch teacher. The author of "Le Père Goriot" has passed away from us, but the terrible influences his pernicious doctrines exercised upon society will last as long as the reputation of the author.

THE BARRED-UP ROOMS.

I.

THE clocks of a small country place were chiming ten on a dark night, as one, dressed like a police-inspector, made his way across a piece of waste land. His destination was the Maze, a house belonging to Lord Level. A mysterious occurrence had taken place there the night previous, which caused the police to intrude: Lord Level had been stabbed in his bed. The officer rang a loud peal at the outer gate, and a policeman, expecting who it was, came from the house in answer to the ring. He waited when they got inside: he knew he should be questioned. His superior closed the gate, walked up the garden path, and placed his back against a tree in the vicinity of the house.

"What have you learnt? Any clue to the assassin?"

The policeman dropped his voice to a whisper and began to answer, as though afraid the very trees might hear. "Speak up," sharply interrupted the inspector: "the open air does not carry tales."

The man obeyed. "It's a clear case, sir, as ever we came across; against Lady Level."

It takes a great deal to astonish a police-inspector, but the words certainly astonished the one in question. "Against Lady Level?" he repeated. "His wife!"

"She's the one, sir. But who'd think it, to see her? Only nineteen or twenty, and enough beauty to knock you over, with blue eyes that look you down in their haughtiness. She's dressed out like them high ladies do dress, in light blue silk, with her neck and arms uncovered. There's a gentleman with her now, some friend of the family, and he won't let us go on with our investigation. He came and stopped it, and said we were acting against Lord Level's wishes."

"But why do you suspect Lady Level?"

"Look here, sir. It's a sure thing that nobody got in; the doors and windows were safe when the house went to bed, and safe when it got up; there has been no robbery, or anything of that sort, and there's no suspicion to be attached to the servants: and then there's the facts themselves. The servants were roused up in the middle of the night by Lord Level's bell ringing violently, and my lady screaming, and when they got to his room, there he lay, fainted dead off, stabbed in two places, and she pretty near fainting too, and dropped down in a chair in her silk dressing-gown, and the knife it had been done with flung or carried into the chamber opening from it——"

"An unoccupied chamber?"

"Lady Level's; the one she had been sleeping in. Not a sign or symptom was there of anybody else being about, or of anybody's having been there. Her ladyship's version is, that she was woke up by Lord Level calling to her, and found him stabbed and bleeding: that's all she'll confess to knowing of it."

"And he?"

"He says nothing, as I hear, except that he won't have the police

meddle with it. But as he's off his head, he mayn't know what he's saying."

"How does Lady Level account for the knife being in her room?"

"There it is," cried the man. "Whenever these violence-workers, let 'em be duchesses or chimney-sweeps, do a deed, and think they do it securely, there's certain to be some outlet where suspicion can creep in. They over-do it, or they under-do it. If anybody else had done it, and put the knife in her room, she must have seen it done.—And why did she put it there? They have got a fatality on them and they can't help themselves: if she had dropped the knife in his room and not taken it to hers, things would not have looked so strong against her."

"But her motive for attacking him—her motive? Is any apparent?"

"They were on bad terms," said the policeman. "The servants heard a violent quarrel between them that night, previous to her going to her room."

The inspector mused. "Did they tell you this, as confirmatory of their suspicions against her?"

"They don't suspect her," he replied. "I and Cliff have drawn our own deductions by what they have said, and by self-observation."

"It appears scarcely credible that a young woman like Lady Level, hardly six months married, should attack her husband," observed the superior, as he moved from the spot. "Where are these servants?"

"In the kitchen, sir. This way. There's no establishment, because the family never live here. Lord Level came down and got his knee hurt in some way, and then my lady followed him, against his will, it's whispered, and sent for her maid and man-servant."

The lower part of a window, close to where they had halted to speak, was hidden by dwarf shrubs, and the ever-observant eye of the inspector, less observant, perhaps, in the darkness of night than at noonday, had failed to detect that it was open. Yet at this open window, listening to his words and drinking them in, stood Lady Level.

Partially standing, partially leaning against a strong arm which was thrown round her for her support—the arm of her early friend, Mr. Ravensworth. Half fainting, she had listened to the words of the officers. Mr. Ravensworth, strangely perplexed and doubting—perplexed by the aspect things wore, yet unable to believe her guilty—had besought her to tell him the truth, whatever it might be.

She quitted Mr. Ravensworth as the men moved away; she leaned against the side of the window, shocked, indignant, terrified, as might have been seen from her countenance, had there been light to view it.

"Arnold, is this to be borne?"

He folded his arms. He felt for her deeply: were she connected with him by near ties of blood, he could not have been more anxious to protect her: but a strong doubt that she *might* be guilty, was working within him. He knew that she had received much provocation from Lord Level.

"How can they dare to entertain such suspicions? If they—if they—oh, Arnold, they never will arrest me!—they never will publicly accuse me!" she uttered, as a new phase of possibilities occurred to her.

"Blanche, listen. All that can be done for you, I will do; but I cannot work in this uncertainty. Tell me the truth; be it good or be it

bad, I will stand by you; but, if I am to be of service to you, I must know the truth. Did you—did you”—he hesitated to put the question so pointedly—“was it you who struck Lord Level?”

“No. Have I not just told you so?”

“What you told me I do not understand. You say you saw it done—”

“Then I did not see it done,” she petulantly interrupted; and no more questions would she answer.

“Let me take you to the lighted room,” said Mr. Ravensworth; “you are trembling with the cold.”

“Not with the cold,” was her reply.

The fire had gone low, but he stirred it into a blaze, and drew the easy-chair near it for Lady Level. He stood by, saying nothing.

“Suppose they should openly accuse me?” she began, after a silence.

“Would they take me?”

“Blanche,” he retorted, in a sharp, ringing, imperative accent, “are you guilty? Tell me, one way or the other, that I may know what to be at.”

Lady Level rose and confronted him, her dark blue eyes wearing their haughty expression—for the first time, to him. “You have known me for many years, known me well.”

“I have.”

“Then, are you not ashamed to repeat that question? I guilty of attacking Lord Level!”

“I would rather believe myself—I could as soon believe my own wife guilty of such a thing; but why have you equivocated with me? You have not told me the truth, as to what passed that night.”

“He charged me not to tell.”

“Five minutes ago you told me yourself you saw it done: now you say you did not. What am I to think?”

“In saying I saw it done, I spoke hastily: what I ought to have said was, that I saw who did it. And then, to-day, Lord Level insisted that I had been dreaming,” she abstractedly continued. “Arnold, do you believe that we can see visions or dream dreams that afterwards wear to the remembrance the semblance of realities?”

“I wish you would not speak in riddles. The time is going on, those men of the law may come in to accuse you, and how am I to defend you? I cannot, I repeat, work in the dark.”

There was a long pause: Lady Level was deliberating with herself. “It may be better that I tell you all.”

“You know that you may trust me,” he replied.

“I went to rest last night angry with Lord Level, for we had spoken irritating words to each other. I lay awake, I dare say for an hour, indulging bitter thoughts, and then I dropped asleep. Suddenly something woke me: I cannot tell you what it was: whether it was any noise, or whether it was the opening of the door between my room and Lord Level’s. All I know is, that door was wide open, and some one stood in it with a lighted candle. It was the strangest object, Arnold: it seemed to be dressed in flannel, flannel drawers and a flannel shirt, with long hair and wild eyes. In the confusion of the moment I believed it must be Lord Level, and I was struck with amazement, for Lord Level was

not able even to turn in his bed without assistance, on account of the injury to his knee, and I thought how long his hair had grown—that was, you know, when I was between sleep and wake. It came across the room——”

“Blanche,” he interrupted, “you speak just as if you were speaking of a vision. ‘It!’”

“That is what Lord Level says it was. Let me go on. It came across the room as far as the dressing-table. I started up in bed then, for I saw it was not Lord Level, the wild eyes turned upon me, and at the same moment Lord Level called out from his bed, apparently in agitation or pain. The figure dropped something, turned round, and darted back again through the open door to Lord Level’s chamber, and I saw the candle fall from its hand to the floor, and the place was in darkness again, save what little light came from Lord Level’s night-lamp. Terror overwhelmed me, and I cried out, and then Lord Level called to me by name. I ran to his room, flinging on my warm dressing-gown as I went, and there I found him hurt in some way, for he was bleeding from the arm and from the side. Arnold, as I live, as I breathe, that is the whole truth,” she concluded, with emotion.

“Did you see the—the figure?”

“It was not there. I saw no trace of it. I remember I picked up the candlestick, for it was right in my path, and I screamed as I went in: I screamed worse when I saw the blood upon Lord Level. He grasped me by the arm, as I have told you, and kept me by him, and I saw how white he looked, and his brow was damp. ‘What was it? what was that?’ I exclaimed to him. ‘Say nothing of what you have seen,’ he answered; ‘I charge you, nothing.’ I don’t quite know what I replied; it was to the effect that the house must be called, and the figure seen after. He grasped my arm all the tighter; no wonder it is black: I thought he would have broken it. ‘You are my wife,’ he went on; ‘my interests are yours; I charge you, by your duty and obedience to me, that you say nothing: bury this in silence, as you value your life and mine.’ Then he fainted and his hold relaxed, and I screamed out and the servants came: had my life depended on it, I could not have helped screaming. What had been dropped in my room proved to be the knife.”

“This is a very strange account,” exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth.

“It is so strange that I lose myself at times, wondering whether I was dreaming. But it was true, Arnold; it was true.”

“Did the figure, as you call it, bear a resemblance to any of the servants? Was it one of them, man or woman, in disguise?”

“I am certain it was not. It was too tall and young for the steward, too short for Sanders; and as to the women-servants, it is absurd to think of them in connexion with it. It had the strangest face; not, it seemed to me, like a human being’s: I don’t think it was one,” abstractedly continued Lady Level. “And it wore neither shoes nor stockings, and the white tapes of its flannel drawers were hanging about its legs.”

“And you saw no signs of it afterwards?”

“None whatever. There were no traces, I tell you, of its having been there, save the injury to Lord Level, the knife, and the fallen candlestick. The candlestick was one left in Lord Level’s room the previous night, so

that it must have been seen, and lighted from his night-lamp. But, would you believe it, that Lord Level wants now to persuade me all this was a dream of the imagination?"

"That his wounds are?"

"Not his wounds, of course—or the found knife, but all the part that I saw. He ridicules the bare idea of what I say I saw, this strangely-dressed creature, looking like nothing human. He says he caught a full view of the man who attacked him; that he should know him again, that he was dressed in fustian, and was no more wild-looking than I am, and he suspects he was a poacher who must have got in through one of the windows. Do you wonder that I fear to go to bed to-night? Whatever it may have been, ghost, or man, or demon, if it came last night it may come again."

Mr. Ravensworth pondered over the tale: and he could not help deeming it a most improbable one. But that traces of some mysterious presence had been left behind, he would have regarded it as her husband appeared to do—a midnight freak of Lady Level's imagination. "Yet the wounds are realities," said Mr. Ravensworth, speaking aloud, in answer to his own thoughts.

"Arnold, it is all a reality. There are moments, I say, when I am almost tempted to question it, but in my sober reason I know it to have been true. When one, near and dear to us, is taken by death from our hearth, we have interludes in our sorrow, when we say to ourselves, 'Is it not a dream? has death really been busy?' but, all the while, a secret consciousness is with us that it is only too true, that we are but essaying to cheat ourselves. So it is with me in this: while I ask myself, 'Was it a dream?' I hold a perfect, positive conviction that it was only too terrible a reality."

"I have heard," continued Mr. Ravensworth, still in abstraction, "of maniacs breaking loose from their places of durance and entering houses to do mischief in the dead of night. Blanche, did it look like a madman?"

"I never saw a madman, that I know of. This creature looked wild enough to be mad. There was one thing I thought curious in connexion with the finding of the knife," proceeded Lady Level. "It was Timms who picked it up, while Sanders was gone for the surgeon, and she brought it into Lord Level's room, calling out that she had found the weapon. 'Why, that's Mr. Drewitt's knife,' exclaimed the house-girl, Deborah, as soon as she saw it; and the old steward, who had but just reached the room, asked her how she could assert such a falsity. 'It is yours, sir,' said Deborah; 'it's your new knife, I have seen it on your table, and should know it anywhere.' 'Deborah, if you repeat that again, I'll have you punished,' sharply called out the housekeeper, without, you understand, quitting Lord Level, to whom she was attending, to look whether it was or was not the knife. Now, Arnold," added Lady Level, "ill and terrified as I was feeling at the moment, a conviction came across me that it was his knife, but that he and Mrs. Edwards were purposely denying it."

"It is impossible to suspect them of attacking, or conniving at the attack on Lord Level."

"They attack Lord Level! they would rather attack the whole world

combined, than that a hair of his head should suffer. They are fondly, blindly attached to him. And Deborah, it appears, has been convinced out of her assertion. Hark! who is that?"

"It was the inspector, exploring the outlets and inlets, followed by his two men, who had done the same before him."

"I thought you had forbidden the search," cried Lady Level. "Why are they disobeying you?"

"Blanche, after what you have told me, I consider there ought to be a search."

"In opposition to Lord Level?"

"I think that Lord Level has not taken a sufficiently serious view of the case. The only solution I can come to is, that some escaped madman got into the house before it was closed for the night, and concealed himself in it—and is in it now."

"Now! In it now?"

"Most probably. The house has been on the alert since it happened, and he has not been seen to leave it. Madmen are more cunning than sane ones."

"And you would have gone away, and left me in it, Arnold!"

He smiled. "You had not told me then what you have now. I shall go and speak to the inspector."

"Shall you tell him this?"

"Probably. Or part of it."

The inspector had evidently made up his mind—that it was Lady Level, though he did not say so in so many words. Mr. Ravensworth repeated to him the substance of the account he had heard, and the officer, keen and practical, revolved the story to himself, and his faith grew in it. There were mysterious points about it he could not yet explain, but he deemed it of sufficient weight to justify a closer search of the premises.

Not a soul went to bed that night. Lady Level set the example by sitting up, and the servants followed it. Mrs. Edwards was in attendance on Lord Level; and the steward, who appeared most exceedingly to resent the presence of the police, shut himself in his rooms.

The inspector, accompanied only by Mr. Ravensworth, went about the house, looking here, there, and everywhere, but nothing wrong could they find or discover. Passing Lord Level's room, and down the long passage beyond it, which was divided by a door in the middle, they came upon another door, which was fastened. The inspector shook it. "It must lead to the back rooms," he observed, "and they are uninhabited."

"I think these are the steward's apartments," observed Mr. Ravensworth.

Whose ever they were, nobody came to the door, and the inspector rattled it again.

It brought forth Mr. Drewitt. They heard him draw and fasten a chain, and then he pulled the door a few inches open, so far as the chain permitted him.

"Will you let us in? I must search these rooms."

"Search for what?" asked the old man. "I cannot have my rooms searched. This morning, after the alarm, I went over them, to be safe, and that's sufficient."

"Allow me to search for myself," returned the officer.

"No, sir," answered the steward, with dignity, "nobody comes in to search these rooms in opposition to the wish of my lord. His orders to me were, that the affair should be allowed to drop, and I, for one, will not disobey him, or give help to those who would. His lordship believed that, whoever it might be that attacked him, came in and went out again: the country might be hunted over, he said, but not his house."

"I must enter here," was all the answer reiterated to him by the officer.

"It shall be over my body, then," returned the steward, trembling with emotion. "My lord forbade a search, and you have no right whatever to proceed to it."

"My good man, I am a police detective."

"You may be detective-general for all I care," retorted the old man, "but you don't come in here. Get my lord's authority first, and then you are welcome. And I beg your pardon, sir," he added to Mr. Ravensworth, "but I would inquire what authority you hold from my lord, that you should set at naught his expressed wishes?"

The door was shut and bolted in their faces, and the inspector leaned against the wall to think. "Did you notice his agitation?" he whispered to Mr. Ravensworth: "there's more in this than meets the eye."

He called his men to him. "There must be rooms on the ground-floor, looking to the back, as well as these: how are they led to?"

How indeed? It seemed a puzzle. They took lights and went to explore. Plenty of rooms looking to the front of the house and the two sides, but none to the back; or, if there were, they could find no entrance to them. "We'll go outside at daylight, and have a look at the windows," said the inspector to Mr. Ravensworth.

Easier said than done. With the grey light of the November morning, they were out of doors, those two alone. A high wall, running from the house on either side, like two spreading wings, enclosed the garden at the back, and that wall was enclosed and sheltered by a grove of dwarf shrubs and tall trees. They found a door right in the corner, completely hidden by the shrubs before it. It was locked, and they went to Deborah for the key. She knew nothing about it, she said; she believed there was a key, but it was kept by Mr. Drewitt.

"I can undo the door, sir, if you want it undone," spoke up one of the policemen, who had heard the colloquy.

"Are you prepared?"

"All right, sir."

Whether he was possessed of a skeleton key or keys, he and his superior alone knew. He opened the door, and Mr. Ravensworth and the inspector entered. They found themselves in a large square plot of ground, gravelled, the whole enclosed by the high wall, by dwarf shrubs on this side it also, and by more lofty trees. The windows of the back of the house looked into it, curious looking windows, long and narrow, most of them whitened over to obstruct the view, and all encased outside with strong iron bars. A small iron door was visible leading to the garden, but it was fast and firm, and there were no apparent means of opening it.

"Not much danger that he could have effected an entrance on this side," remarked Mr. Ravensworth, alluding to the mysterious visitant of the previous night.

The inspector was taking a survey and softly whistling to himself: now standing afar off to gaze up at the whole, and now peering in through the lower windows. Of course, being whitened, he had his trouble for his pains.

"It puts me in mind of a prison," cried Mr. Ravensworth.

"It puts me in mind of a madhouse," was the laconic rejoinder of the inspector.

They passed out, but Mr. Ravensworth lingered a minute behind the other. In that minute his eye was attracted to one of the windows on the floor above. It opened down the middle, like a French one, and was being shaken, apparently with a view to open it—and if you are well acquainted with continental windows, or windows made after their fashion, you may remember how long it has taken you to shake a refractory window before it will obey. It was at length effected, and in the opening, gazing with a vacant, silly expression through the close bars, appeared a face. Just such a face as Lady Level had described, with wild eyes and uncouth features, scarcely like a human being. But he had no long hair, and appeared to be fully dressed. He remained in view but a moment; the window was immediately closed again, Mr. Ravensworth thought by another hand. What was the mystery?

That there was one, there was little doubt, and that the steward, Mrs. Edwards, and Lord Level were privy to it. Were they keeping a madman there? But who was he? And had he broken loose that night from keeping, injured Lord Level and frightened his wife? Or was it some madman who had got in, and was concealing himself there with impunity, owing to the obstinacy of the old steward?

Mr. Ravensworth held his tongue, joined the inspector, and the gate was locked again. The latter took his departure, to return again later, and the former sought Lady Level. She had changed her dress for a morning one, but she looked wan and haggard.

"Lady Level, you must go with me up-stairs."

"For what?" she asked.

"To make old Drewitt open his door. He will not do it for me, so you must try your authority. I want to get into those shut-up apartments."

Mr. Ravensworth was right. The steward did not presume to dispute Lady Level's mandate, which she gave somewhat imperiously. They found themselves in the old gentleman's sitting-room, and he placed chairs for them. "I have not come to sit," said Mr. Ravensworth, "I have come to explore those further rooms."

"You must not do it, sir."

"I will," said Mr. Ravensworth. "I have authority to act from Lady Level, and these rooms I shall examine." He penetrated to an inner passage as he spoke, where a door barred his further progress. "I will go on, if I use force," he continued: "he who attacked Lord Level is concealed here."

"Are you an enemy of my lord's?" asked the old man, greatly agitated.

"I do not wish to be an enemy to Lord Level, but I am the early friend of his wife, and in this business I will be her defender. An in-

famous suspicion has been cast upon her: I must do what I can to remove it."

"My lady," called out the old man, visibly trembling, "I appeal to you, as my lord's second self, to forbid this gentleman from entering these inner apartments. It must not be."

"Be firm, Blanche," whispered Mr. Ravensworth, as she came forward; "I must enter, and it is for your sake. Trust to me."

She turned to the steward. "I am sure that Mr. Ravensworth is acting for the best. Open the door."

For one moment the old man hesitated, and then he wrung his hands. "That I should be forced to disobey the wife of my lord! My lady, I crave your pardon, but I may not open these rooms."

Mr. Ravensworth bade her remain where she was, near the door. He then went to obtain the skeleton key from the policeman, one that would open any lock, and came back with it. "Now," said he to Lady Level, "you will oblige me by going down stairs again to your sitting-room. Leave the rest to me."

The old man opposed him with all his feeble power, but he had lost courage. "I am a determined man, Mr. Drewitt, when I believe that I am acting in the line of duty," remarked Mr. Ravensworth, as he undid the door; "I think there is no necessity to call the officers down stairs to aid me."

The rooms, very large, were but three, a sitting-room, a bedroom, and a bath-room, self-supplying. A staircase descended to those below. In one of them were some gardener's tools, but of a less size than a grown man in his strength would use, and by their side were certain toys, tops, hoops, ninepins, and the like. One of the rooms had no furniture, and in that, standing over a humming-top, which he had just set to spin on the floor, bent the figure; the figure Mr. Ravensworth had seen at the window, and the one, no doubt, which had penetrated to the rooms of Lord and Lady Level. He had a child's whip in his hand, and was whipping the top, and making a noise with his mouth in imitation of its hum.

Half madman, half idiot, he stood out, in all his deep misfortune, before Mr. Ravensworth, raising himself up and staring at him with a vacant stare. He was apparently young, too, not more than twenty. The expression of Mr. Ravensworth's face changed to one of pity.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, in a kind tone. "What is your name?"

"Archie!" was the mechanical answer, for brains and sense seemed to have little to do with it; and, catching up his top, he backed against the wall, and burst into a distressing laugh. Distressing to a listener; not distressing to him, poor fellow. "Who is he?" asked Mr. Ravensworth of the steward, who had followed him.

"An imbecile."

"So I see. But what connexion has he with Lord Level's family?"

"He is a connexion, or he would not be here."

"Can he be—be—a son of Lord Level's?"

"A son!" returned the steward, "and my lord but just married! He never was married before. No, sir, he is not a son, he is none so near as that; he is but a connexion of the Level family——"

He came forward from the wall where he was standing, and held out his top to Mr. Drewitt. "Do; do," he cried, spluttering as he spoke.

"Nay, Archie, you can set it up better than I: my back won't stoop well, Archie."

"Do; do," was the persistent request, and the top held out still.

Mr. Ravensworth took it and set it up again, he looking on in greedy eagerness, slobbering and making a noise with his mouth. Then his note changed to a hum, and he whipped away as before.

"Why is he not put away in an asylum?"

"Put away in an asylum!" retorted the old man, indignantly; "where could he be put, to have the care and kindness that is bestowed upon him here? Imbecile though he is, madman though he may be, he is dear to me and my sister. We pass our lives tending him, doing for him, soothing him: where else could that be done? You don't know what you are saying, sir. My lord comes down to see him; my lord orders that everything should be done for his comfort. And do you suppose it is fitting that his condition should be made public? The fact of one being so afflicted is slur enough upon the race of Level, without its being proclaimed abroad."

"It was he who attacked Lord Level."

"Yes, it was; and how he could have escaped to the other part of the house will be a marvel with me for ever. My sister says I could not have slipped the bolt of the passage door upon him as usual, but I know I did. He had been restless that day; he has restless fits, and I suppose he could not sleep, and rose from his bed and came to my sitting-room. On my table there I had left my pocket-knife, a new knife, the blades bright and sharp; and this he must have picked up and opened, and found his way with it to my lord's chamber. Why he should have attacked him, or any one else, I know not; he never had a ferocious fit before."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Ravensworth.

"Never. He has been imbecile and harmless as you see him now. He has never disturbed us at night; he has, as I say, fits of restlessness when he cannot sleep, but he is sufficiently sensible to ring a bell communicating with my chamber if he wants anything. If ever he has rung, it has been to tell me he wants meat."

"Meat!"

The steward nodded. "But I have never given it him. He is cunning as a fox, they all are, and were we to begin giving him food at night we must continue it, or have no peace. Eating is his one enjoyment in life, and he devours everything set before him—the kitchen-maid thinks I eat all that comes up, and sets me down as a cannibal. He has a hot supper every night: about a year ago we got to think it might be better for him to have a lighter one, and we tried it for a week, but he moaned and cried all night long after his hot meat, and we had to give it him again. The night this happened he had had veal cutlets and bacon."

"Do; do," interrupted the imbecile, holding out his top again.

"I shall never be able to account for it, I say," proceeded the steward, "for he has never shown symptoms of violence. We put him in a warm

bath yesterday and cut his hair close, but I saw no ferocity about him. After attacking my lord, he must have come quietly back to his room, for I heard nothing and knew nothing, until Mrs. Edwards ran to awaken me and tell me what had happened. I looked after him; he was in his own bed, and burst out laughing when he saw me. 'I got your knife, I got your knife,' he called out, as if it were a feat to be proud of."

The steward stopped at an exclamation from Mr. Ravensworth. Lady Level, like a true daughter of Eve, instead of going down stairs as Mr. Ravensworth requested, had lingered to peep and to listen. Her curiosity was excited by Mr. Ravensworth's determination to enter these closed apartments, and by the steward's agitated refusal. She looked after them; growing bolder, she followed them, cautiously peeping here and there, and, guided by the sound of voices, she had gone down the stairs. She was standing now inside the door, her eyes fixed in affright at the object stooping there over his top. With a wild cry of alarm, she sprang for protection to the side of Mr. Ravensworth.

"Oh, Blanche! how could you come here?" he whispered.

"It is the same I saw! I know it is the same I saw!" she uttered in her terror: "but he had long hair then."

"He will not harm you," said Mr. Ravensworth. "Do not tremble. Reassure yourself. See: he is playful and imbecile, but not fierce."

"Who and what can it be?"

"My lady sees now why I could not permit these rooms to be entered," cried the steward, with a tone and air that seemed to say he washed his hands of the consequences. "It is a connexion of the Level family, my lady."

He whipped his top too hard and it ceased to spin. Catching it from the floor, he stalked up as before, "Do; do." Lady Level shrieked out as he neared her, and turned to fly from the room, drawing Mr. Ravensworth with her. The unfortunate being followed them up: "Do; do;" and Lady Level sobbed convulsively in her agony of terror.

"Set his top going for him," hastily exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth, as he tossed it to the steward. "I must take Lady Level from here."

II.

THAT same day they stood round Lord Level's bed, who was then himself again; Lady Level, Mr. Ravensworth, the steward, and Mrs. Edwards. A scene of recrimination was going on: it had been told to Lord Level that the closed apartments had been penetrated, and he was abusing them all right and left.

"Go further off, every one of you," he suddenly exclaimed in a lull of the storm, "I must speak alone with Mr. Ravensworth. Now then," he continued to him, as the rest moved away, "you must swear that what you have seen there shall never escape your lips."

"On the contrary, it is my intention to proclaim it," fearlessly replied Mr. Ravensworth. "The disgraceful suspicion, that she was the attacker, has fallen upon Lady Level, and she must be cleared from it."

"I am obliged by the anxiety you express for Lady Level's interests,"

ironically rejoined the peer, "but I believe I am capable of taking care of them myself. Paha! she is my wife, sir; is not that sufficient?"

"Yes, my lord, if you will allow it to be: but this cruel suspicion has attached itself to Lady Level, and you seem inclined to let it remain upon her. I promised her father to protect her in this matter: if you will do it, my interference is unnecessary."

"Pray what may be your motive in all this?" demanded Lord Level, as sarcastically as before.

"Motive! My lord, I can have but one motive; Lady Level's comfort and welfare: and surely I may say your own, for your interests and hers are identical. It is imperative that this should be cleared up, and the truth made known abroad."

Lord Level lay, regarding him with a keen, searching eye: he saw that he had a spirit to deal with every whit as resolute as his own. "You look true-hearted enough," he exclaimed at length: "I have a great mind to make a confidant of you. Would you reply to it in a generous spirit?"

"No confidence placed in me was ever ill repaid," replied Mr. Ravensworth.

"You harp upon this ridiculous suspicion, which you say has been cast to my wife; why, it would be rejected at once by any mind of common sense: her interests really lie, and mine also, in the matter's being kept a secret."

"You say so to stop my mouth, Lord Level. It will not avail."

"No I don't. You must stop your mouth, whether or not: and that shall be proved to you. Mrs. Edwards."

"My lord?" she answered, coming from the opposite room; and, at a sign he made, bending down her head to listen to some whispered words. Then he waved her and Mr. Ravensworth away.

"And Blanche, do you come here," he added to his wife. He put out the hand and arm he was able to use, as she approached, and drew her close to him. "Do you wish this affair noised abroad?"

"I did wish it," she replied. "Think what it is for me to be suspected of such a thing! But if you are so very much opposed to it, why let it go untold."

"The best refutation, Blanche, will be our cordiality with each other."

"Your own conduct has put that out of the question," she returned, tears of pride and vexation filling her eyes.

"Don't be a little simpleton. What was it you said to me, the other night, about wanting a separation?—or else I imagined it in the fever. Have you ever thought, Blanche, what it is for a wife to be separated from her husband—separated by the law, so that they do not meet, and may not, if they would? A wife may entrench herself in her anger, while the legal steps are in progress; her temper, bitterly indulged, buoys her up and urges her on; but she does not reflect upon the future of her lonely days; her repentance, her sad isolated state, far, far more bitter and more hopeless, more wearying than aught she had to put up with in her wedded life. Have *you* reflected on what it would be?"

Lady Level did not answer. Some such gloomy doubts had penetrated to her mind; and what with the fright she had undergone, and what

with other things, she had a little cooled down from her heroics. He was her husband, after all, as she had said to Arnold Ravensworth.

"Blanche," he continued, drawing her half-reluctant face close to his, "you have something to forgive: but it is not as black as you think. I am not strong enough yet, but when I am we will have a long talk together."

"You cannot explain away what I saw and heard in London."

"I can explain away a dark part of it that you have wrongly got hold of: and don't I tell you, Blanche, you have something to forgive? We must live more for each other."

"If you would only treat me as you are doing now, with confidence, and not as though I were a child, I should have no wish but to live with you, and for you. What other wish had I when we married?"

"I know. Well—we must try and get along better for the future. But a man is not an angel of perfection, Blanche, or a woman either. If he has his failings, she has her aggravating temper."

"Oh, Lord Level! I am not ill-tempered."

"Not unless you get it in your head that you are provoked to be so, and then up it rises. Let us forget what has been amiss in the past, and do you forgive. Will you, love?" he softly whispered.

Her tears rained on his face as she kissed him. "Only let me see that you thus care for me, and you may make me what you will, Archibald."

Lord Level threw his arm round her waist and held her there. "What is there in this world, after all, like a true-hearted English wife," thought his lordship.

But where was Mr. Ravensworth? Listening to a tale of astonishment that went very near to make his hair stand on end. "We were abroad in Italy," Mrs. Edwards had said to him: "the late lord went for his health, which was declining, though he was but a middle-aged man, and I and my brother were with him, his personal attendants, but treated, sir, more like friends. The present lord, Mr. Archibald, named after his father, was with us—he was the second son, not the heir; the eldest son, Mr. Level—Francis was his name—had been abroad for years, and was then in another part of Italy. He came to see his father when we first got out there, but he soon left again. 'He'll die before my lord,' I said to Mr. Archibald; for if ever I saw consumption on a man's face, it was on Mr. Level's. And I remember Mr. Archibald's answer as if it was but yesterday: 'That's just one of your fancies, nurse: Frank says he has looked the last three years as he looks now.' But I was right, sir; for, before the death of my lord, we received news of the death of Mr. Level: and then Mr. Archibald was the heir."

"Did the late lord die in Italy?"

"He died at Florence, sir. My lord—I speak now of Mr. Archibald—was in no hurry to move from it, and we stopped there three months after his father's death. 'Level stops for the beaux yeux of the Tuscan women,' the world said—but you know, sir, the world always was censorious; and young men will be young men. However, we were on the move; everything was packed and prepared for leaving, when there arrived a young woman, with some papers and a little child, two years

old. Its face frightened me when I saw it: it was, as a child, what it is now as a man: and you have seen it to-day," she added in a whisper. "What is the matter with him?" I asked, for I could speak a little Italian. "He's a born natural, as yet," she answered, "but the doctors think he may outgrow it in part." "But who is he? what does he do here?" I said. "He's the son of Mr. Level," she replied, "and I have brought him to the family, for his mother, who was my sister, is also dead." "He the son of Mr. Level!" I uttered, knowing she spoke of Mr. Francis, "then how can you, for shame, bring him here, and parade him off before us? we English don't recognise children that are not born in wedlock." "They were married three years ago," she coolly answered, "and I have brought all the necessary papers to prove it. Mr. Level was a gentleman, and my sister was a peasant; but she was beautiful and good, and he married her, and this is their child. They died within two months of each other."

"Was it true?" exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth.

"It was true, sir, every word she said. I remarked that it was strange Mr. Level should not have mentioned it to his family, but she said he was ashamed of the child, not being like others, and he did not think he was going to die. He would say when he had a boy born worthy of being shown to his father, then he would declare it, she told me: and one morning he got up in his usual health, broke a blood-vessel, and was gone in an hour. The woman left the child and the papers with my lord; that he might have his rights, she said, though in evident ignorance what those rights were: and she left again the same evening."

"Then that—that—poor wretch down there," pointing with his hand to the back apartments, "is the true Lord Level!"

"Had my lord not desired me to inform you of this, I should have shrunk from it," returned Mrs. Edwards. "That unfortunate creature is the true Lord Level!"

"The present peer no peer—a usurper!" murmured Mr. Ravensworth to himself. "What a secret!" he uttered aloud.

"Sir, you will be true to my lord and keep it," she returned, with a dignified but yet a half-defiant glance, born of her love to Lord Level.

"I have no right to betray it," he slowly replied. "It has been confided to me, and I will hold it sacred. But I wish I had not known it."

"My lord kept on the title, kept on his vestiges of rank and fortune, as if he had been the true peer, which he had believed himself to be. There was great excuse for this," she impressively added, "for the poor little thing was a helpless imbecile, and we none of us thought it would live through the year. Our plans were changed then, and I and my brother stayed abroad with the child. He got no better, but he lived on, and was hearty, and when he was five years old we brought him here: and here he has ever since been. It would have been a hard thing, almost a sin, for my lord to have divested himself of his rank and wealth for one who could not understand the one or enjoy the other. Archibald has every kindness shown him, he wants for nothing, and my lord upholds the honours of his house. I and my brother have acted throughout under my lord's orders, and we have not repented it, for it seems to us that it would be a cruel wrong to dispossess him for a being so fated."

"Is it a secret to the neighbourhood, his being here?"

"Sir, you might have gathered that. Even Deborah has no idea of it whatever. And it is well that it should be so, for prying questions, though they could do no harm, would not be pleasant. My lord, my brother, and myself, are the sole keepers of the secret."

"Has she informed you?" demanded Lord Level when Mr. Ravensworth returned to him.

"Of all."

"You perceive then why I have trusted you; why it is expedient that the existence of Archibald should not be suspected."

"I do. I shall tell my friend, the inspector, that I have become a convert to Lord Level's view of the mystery, and am firmly persuaded the intruder was no other than a poacher."

"You must not betray it to Blanche. I have told her he is a poor relation taken care of in the house to avoid disgrace, and she is satisfied. Ravensworth, you will forget this tale: if not for my sake, for that of Blanche, and the children she may have."

"On my good faith as a man," replied Mr. Ravensworth. "There's my hand upon it."

"A pretty fellow you are, to send on an errand of life and death," grumbled Major Carlen when Mr. Ravensworth got back to London. "A whole night and a day away, and I waiting upon thorns! What the dickens kept you?"

"We were looking after the fellow."

"Was it Blanche did it?" whispered the old man, with compressed lips.

"Blanche, indeed! No, that it was not, and you ought to take shame to yourself, major, for suspecting her."

The major brightened up, and swung on his trailing cloak more jauntily. "Then who was it?"

"Some scapegrace of a poacher, who managed to get in—as Lord Level suspects. He says he should know him again."

"And are my lord and my lady at loggerheads still?"

"Not a bit of it. I left them better friends than they ever were."

"Hurrah!" shouted the practical major, "then I shall hope for some more tin out of him when I'm hard up: if Blanche had turned against him, there was good-by to it. But women are not such fools to act, as they are to talk: and, talk as fast as they will, they generally come down right, in the long run."

THE STORY OF FRANCESCO NOVELLO DA CARRARA.

AN EPISODE IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

II.

FRANCESCO NOVELLO was of a noble, generous nature when compared with his contemporaries. He was affectionate, courageous, and possessed of a spirit of great determination and perseverance. He would have been well deserving of a life exposed to fewer vicissitudes and privations, and yet it was his misfortunes which brought out all the better parts of his character, and handed down his name to posterity as commanding our admiration and respect.

In personal appearance he was not prepossessing, if we may judge by the coins of the period. Gataro describes him as being of the middle stature, well made, though, with advancing years, he was somewhat inclined to corpulence. His complexion was dark, and his expression thoughtful and grave even to severity. Francesco Novello was an accomplished man, and his attainments were varied for the time in which he lived. He married Madonna Taddea, a daughter of Niccolo, Marquis of Ferrara, whose fortitude and courage amidst dangers and privations evinced that she was worthy of her illustrious descent, and of the lively affection of her noble husband.

One of the old chroniclers gives an entertaining account of the ceremonies before and after the marriage, which, though occurring some years back, may not be thought out of place here :

On May the 28th, 1376, Francesco Novello, with a large concourse of gentlemen, departed from Padua and rode to Ferrara, where he repaired to the palace of the marquis, his intended father-in-law, and was honourably received by him.

On Sunday, the last day of May, he was married to the marchesa with great splendour. There was a royal tournament immediately afterwards, and on Monday jousts, after which he quitted Ferrara and returned to Padua.

On Wednesday, the 5th of June, a company of very beautiful women left Padua for Moncelise, to greet the Lady Madonna Taddea, and arrived there on the following day. The news of this movement was conveyed to Francesco Novello, who immediately set out likewise for Moncelise.

On Sunday, the 7th of June, six large barges, filled with citizens, also repaired to that town, and there was great rejoicing in honour of the young bride—feasting, tournaments, jousts, &c.

Several troops of soldiers, clothed in cendal and taffeta and rich silks, with their horses similarly caparisoned, proceeded to the Piazza, and there drew up in order on either side. Each troop was preceded by its band, which kept up a continual trumpeting.

Then came the bride, mounted upon a horse covered with white cloth, she herself being clothed in pure white embroidered with coral. Over

her head was a canopy, carried by divers gentlemen, and six knights managed her horse. The damsels who accompanied her were robed in white, and walked beside her to the Piazza.

No bride had been so attended before, unless indeed she had been an empress.

The Lady Taddea dismounted and ascended the steps of the tribunal, whilst on either side stood a goodly company of knights and ladies. The crowd, which pressed around her, was composed of the merchants, grocers, and drapers of the city, clad in gowns half scarlet and half blue. There was great delight amongst them, and universal rejoicing.

The women stayed to partake of supper, which was most abundant; all sorts of viands were provided, and so goodly an entertainment had not been witnessed for long. The next day another tournament was given, which ended these noble festivities.

We must now turn from this scene of prosperity to a more trying and dangerous period for the house of Carrara. Let us remember that Francesco Novello has long been married, and that he is now about to commence a new career, fraught with adventure, hardships, and perplexities. The power which his father had transferred to him, by abdicating in his favour, was but nominal. A council of the people was called, as in the times of the republic of Padua, and they assembled in the palace, there to receive at the hands of their lord the insignia of the seigniorship, which he had inherited, and which he now resigned without stipulating for any conditions.

Seventy years of oppression had stifled any feeling of affection or loyalty in the hearts of the Paduans, and they regarded this abdication with indifference. Francesco Vecchio was universally hated, and they cared little for his son, yet they quietly invested him with the seigniorship without reserving to themselves any privileges, or attempting to check the tyranny to which they had so long been exposed. On the 29th of June, 1388, Francesco Novello da Carrara was declared to be lord of Padua in lieu of his father.

The bâton, the gonfalon, the book of statutes, and other insignia of office were placed in his hands. They were but the paltry shadow of a power which was sliding from him, and which the morrow might take away.

On the morning of the 30th of June, Francesco Vecchio set out for Treviso, the sovereignty of which town was reserved to him by right of acquisition, and on the same day two trumpets of defiance were sent to Francesco Novello from the allied forces of Venice and Milan.

Visconti, in his manifesto, appealed to the justice of his cause, and invoked Divine protection. He accused his adversary of being the aggressor, and of having provoked the consequences by his treason.

Carrara replied with dignity to these unjust accusations; he informed the Comte de Vertu of the change that had taken place in Padua, and concluded that the defiance, as it could not apply, was a mistake, and not intended for him.

No answer in writing was vouchsafed to this remonstrance, and the Paduan envoy was commanded to quit the city without loss of time;

whilst Visconti was heard sarcastically to remark, "Che chi da gatta nasce, sorci piglia."*

Peace was far from the policy of Giovanni Galeazzo: he aimed at the destruction of the lord of Padua, and cared not for the justice of his cause, although he wished others to believe that he acted uprightly. He deluded the Venetians with fair promises of gain in the event of the fall of Carrara, which seemed inevitable. The republic might have taken warning by the treachery which the Comte de Vertu had practised on the elder Carrara, in the non-fulfilment of the treaty of alliance in the war with Della Scala, but they were blinded by a hope of vengeance, and gladly seized this opportunity of annihilating an old enemy without considering the danger to which they exposed themselves by aiding to increase the territory of so formidable a power as that of the Visconti.

War began in earnest, the Venetians entering their victim's dominions by the Brenta and the Adige, whilst the forces of Galeazzo penetrated in the direction of Padua from the cities of Verona and Vicenza.

These last were stopped in their progress for a time by the clever generalship of the Count of Carrara, a natural son of the ex-lord of Padua; but though he succeeded in checking the advance of the Milanese, he could not keep them at bay for long. Treason was rife in his own camp, desertions weakened his forces from hour to hour, and so great was the dread of the invaders, that where treason was not, a panic possessed the troops, who fled before the enemy without waiting for the combat. Towns and castles surrendered without a struggle, and the inhabitants of Padua threatened to open the gates of the city to the enemy if peace were not immediately concluded.

Pressed on all sides, deserted by his own followers, and threatened by his subjects, there was but one course left to Carrara, that of throwing himself on the mercy of his enemies. Knowing the implacable hatred of the Venetians to his house, he chose rather to trust to the generosity of Giovanni Galeazzo than to them, and for this purpose he demanded a safe-conduct from Giacomo dal Verme, that he might journey to Pavia, and conclude a treaty of peace with the Comte de Vertu. It was not till he saw that all hope of making resistance was vain, that he agreed to undertake this step, but the citizens of Padua were against their lord, and had resolved to surrender to Visconti at all hazards. He was therefore driven, in a great measure, to act as he did. It was the only honourable course left open to him, and though councillors were not wanting to advise his capitulating unconditionally to Dal Verme, he rejected their insidious proposals, and was strengthened in his resolve by the Lady Taddea.

"I think, my lord," she said, when asked her opinion, "that it is better to die free than to live in bondage. I approve, therefore, of your setting forth immediately on this journey, before these unworthy councillors betray us to our foes."

Carrara conducted his family on board some barges that were lying in the river, and having placed the most valuable of his possessions under their care, he despatched them to Ferrara, and started himself *en route* for Verona. As he was quitting the town where his family had lived

* "Sons of cats are fond of mice."

and governed for the last seventy years, he had the mortification of witnessing the joyful preparations which his subjects were making for the reception of his enemies. Wherever he went he found the people in revolt, and at Moncelise and Este he was greeted with the insulting cries of "Viva il Conte di Virtù."

The unsympathising, nay, offensive, conduct of his own subjects did more to dispirit the ill-fated lord of Padua than the overwhelming power of his numerous enemies. He felt that he was unjustly condemned by them, and pursued his journey with a heavy heart.

At Verona and Brescia, where he might have expected to receive insults from the populace, he was greeted, on the contrary, with the respect due to his rank and to his misfortunes. It was the same also at Milan, and Carrara naturally began to hope more from his enemy than from his own people. Doubtless his reception was part of the deep-laid scheme which Galeazzo was intent on carrying out. He wished to lull Carrara's suspicions and to entertain him honourably, as a guest of distinction should be. Everything was done at Milan that hospitality could suggest, and it was not till after repeated excuses for the postponement of the conference at Pavia, and the refusal of Visconti to allow the Lady Taddea to join her husband, that Francesco da Carrara perceived that his safe-conduct was broken, and that though apparently free, he was a prisoner in the hands of the most powerful prince of the north of Italy.

Whilst thus detained at Milan, a similar plot to obtain possession of the person of his father was being planned by the wily Visconti. The ex-lord of Padua was urged by the principal envoy of the Milanese, Spineta, to visit Galeazzo at Pavia, where he pretended a treaty was being entered into for the protection of his territory.

Spineta protested that he had been sent by Francesco Novello, and that his son recommended him to trust to the generosity of his enemy.

The elder Carrara was in a still more dangerous position at Treviso than his son had been at Padua. He was surrounded on all sides, hard pressed by the forces of Venice and of Visconti; he had to guard against the knife of the assassin and the treachery of the Trevisans, who were ripe for revolt. Having retired into the fortress, nothing seemed left for him but to await in patience the cruel death which would be sure to overtake him if captured by force.

Perplexed by the overwhelming nature of his misfortunes, the old man listened to the fair speeches of the envoys. Tears of agitation stood in his eyes, and his hands were convulsively clasped together. Silence reigned in the assembly: it was for the old man to reply to the proposal that had been made to him. He strove to compose himself, to gaze on those who surrounded him with his usual unmoved countenance, and grave, dignified bearing. He spoke with difficulty, however; he felt that the step which now alone remained open to him was fraught with danger, and yet he saw no alternative. He told the envoys this, or something to the same effect, and demanded a safe-conduct, the conditions of which Spineta swore to observe inviolate. Vain Italian oath!

If the old man could have seen the dreary years of close imprisonment which were destined to shroud his future in the gloom of suffering, he

might not have been tempted to trust to an oath of so little meaning, but would rather have chosen the speedy death from which he sought to save himself. He trusted, doubtless, to the integrity of Giovanni Galeazzo, simply because compelled to do so; for it is absurd to suppose that he could have had any real confidence in a prince who had already deceived him.

Francesco Vecchio called for Giacomo dal Verme, and having given up the citadel of Treviso, he started with the envoys, as he thought, for Pavia.

The old man was greatly changed by adversity; his spirit was broken; and when the mournful cavalcade reached Verona, and he was unexpectedly greeted by the Lady Madonna Taddea, who cast herself at his feet, weeping, he could not restrain his tears, but raising her from the ground, he fell upon her neck and wept like a child. It was a most affecting spectacle, and those who stood near could not help being touched with compassion for the fallen tyrant. They forgot what he had been, and saw only his suffering and that of his fair daughter-in-law.

On the morrow, feeling himself refreshed from the fatigues of the previous day, he proposed that they should continue the journey without further delay, but was respectfully informed that he could not be permitted to proceed till the envoys had orders from Visconti. The elder Carrara bowed his head submissively; he saw that he was a prisoner, that he could no longer exercise his own will, and that the safe-conduct which had been granted to him was a vain form. There was no remedy, no alternative, but to obey, and to await the pleasure of his treacherous enemy who had robbed him of all his worldly possessions, and now sought to deprive him of liberty.

The city of Treviso was for a time in the power of the Milanese general, Giacomo dal Verme, who, careless of the treaty which assigned it to Venice, planted the standard of Milan upon the citadel. This proceeding enraged the inhabitants, and cries of "Viva San Marco!" resounded through the streets.

In vain Dal Verme threatened military punishment; the citizens ran to arms and barricaded the different thoroughfares, determining to hold out till the arrival of the Venetians should put an end to the strife.

Popular feeling was so evidently against him, that Dal Verme thought it best to desist from his meditated treachery, and to deliver up the town with the greatest apparent frankness to his allies.

The conduct of the Milanese general alarmed the Venetians. They saw their worst fears about to be realised, and began already to repent having assisted Visconti to obtain possession of the territory of Padua, which brought him so close to the dominions of the republic.

The lords of Verona and Padua had been too weak in themselves to be dangerous to Venice, and had acted as outworks against her more powerful neighbour. They had now with their own hands removed this barrier, and their territory lay exposed to the irroads of an army which, though allied with them, only sought some excuse to break the alliance and turn against them. It was not difficult to penetrate into the deeper designs of Visconti. The goal towards which he was directing all his energies was the subjugation of the north of Italy; and when the deputies of Padua were introduced into his presence, that they might tender their

homage to him, he did not attempt to conceal the truth, but remarked that, if five years of life were accorded to him, he would make the Venetians their equals, and thus put an end to the jealousy which Padua had so long felt towards a city half submerged in the Adriatic.

The standard of the Comte de Vertu floated before Venice, and rumours of his dark designs made the inhabitants of the republic tremble and look back upon their conduct with regret.

The power of Milan was daily increasing; victory crowned their arms wherever they turned them, and yet Galeazzo, their ruler, never showed himself at the head of his troops, or exposed his person to any danger. He even took means to protect himself against his guards in the interior of his own palace.

Aware of the treachery he himself practised upon others, it was little wonder that he should be suspicious of those who surrounded him, and feel unwilling to repose that trust in them which he knew no one could place in him. If he judged of human nature by his own heart, it must have appeared black indeed. Despite his naturally suspicious temperament, Galeazzo was too wise to cripple his generals by the exercise of it: he trusted in them, because he saw that it was good policy to do so, and testified great skill in his choice of those whom he raised to offices of distinction. The character of Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti would in itself form an interesting study. Many contradictions were apparent in it: he was suspicious, but not mean; cautious, but not cowardly. Ambition was his most prominent characteristic, and with it he coupled cruelty, determination, and rapacity. He yearned for power, and he knew the right means by which to attain it, and, what was more effectual, he knew how to preserve it when attained.

His vices were numerous, and yet he possessed qualities which gave a degree of grandeur to an otherwise depraved character.

To all appearance occupied entirely by schemes for the acquisition of territory, still he protected men of letters, collected books, had a taste for the arts, and raised glorious monuments of his magnificence (amongst which the cathedral of Milan, founded by him in 1389, is the most conspicuous). He knew how to appreciate talent, both political and military, and it was universally admitted that his councillors and generals were the best that Italy could produce at that period of its history.

Giovanni Galeazzo married, first, Isabella of France, and afterwards, his cousin Catarina, daughter of Bernabo Visconti, the uncle whom he had dethroned and murdered.

Of all the petty seigniories which, since the fall of the republics, had existed between the Alps and the Apennines, but four remained unspoiled by the Visconti. These four were the houses of Savoy, of Montferrat, of Gonzaga, and of Este.*

Amé VII., surnamed the Red, Count of Savoy, was so entirely occupied by the intrigues and wars of France that he carefully avoided any collision with the Comte de Vertu.

Theodore II., Marquis of Montferrat, from whom Giovanni Galeazzo had seized Asti and several other important places, was himself a prisoner in some sort at the court of the lord of Milan. Francesco Gonzaga

* Sismondi: "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes," tome v. p. 60.

governed Mantua only by submitting to every wish of Galeazzo's, and by entering into every alliance, whatever its conditions. Thus he had taken part in all the wars, without expectation of deriving any advantage save that of retarding the moment when he himself should be despoiled.

Albert, Marquis of Este, had succeeded his brother Nicholas, to the prejudice of Obizzo, son of an elder brother, who had died before his accession. At the suggestion of Galeazzo, Albert had beheaded both Obizzo and his mother, whom he accused of treachery to his own person. Not content with this act of cruelty, he ordered the wife of his unfortunate nephew to be burned to death, and one of his uncles to be hung. After such atrocities as these had been perpetrated, the Marquis of Ferrara was rightly held in abhorrence by his subjects, and there was no one to whom he could trust himself save to the instigator of these crimes, Giovanni Galeazzo. Thus the bond of union between these houses was crime, and it was Albert of Ferrara's interest implicitly to obey the councils of the lord of Milan. This explains to us why the Lady Taddea had no connexion with her family—why her uncle gave her no assistance in her misfortunes, but sided with the enemy of her husband.

It was Visconti only who benefited by the war with Della Scala and by the spoliation of the unfortunate lord of Padua, for, with the exception of the Trevisian territory, all had fallen into his hands.*

Venice might well tremble before so powerful a rival.

The communities of Tuscany, if they had been united by a sense of their danger, might have been strong enough to prevail over their common enemy; but they were divided by separate interests, and Florence alone resisted, whilst the rest rather aided Visconti from their excessive jealousy to the Florentine republic, than sought to limit his encroachments upon their liberties.

Well was it for Italy that this ambitious prince had to combat the upright and courageous republic of Florence, together with the implacable hatred of Francesco Novello da Carrara, for thus the spark of Italian liberty was kept alight—at least for a time.

We may appear to our readers to have digressed considerably from the subject of our biography by entering into these details, but it is necessary to bring before us the circumstances and characters which exercised so powerful an influence over Carrara, that we may the better understand his difficulties.

* The names of the various families stripped by Visconti of their possessions were as follows: the Correggio, Rossi, Scotti, Pelavicini, Ponzoni, Cavalcabò, Benzoni, Beccaria, Languachi, Rusca, and the Brusati. Some existed no longer, whilst others had lost all authority over the towns which had belonged to their ancestors.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS IN THE CAUCASUS.

THE Caucasus is the very country for a poet and romancer. From the remote epoch of the expedition of the Argonauts to the modern feats of a Schamyl, that glorious mountain range, with its far-spreading spurs and valleys—the natural frontier of Europe and Asia—has been the abode of valour and beauty, the home of mystery and originality. Imagine a genius like that of Alexandre Dumas taking flight into such a region! Every step is a surprise, and every new scene is a vision. As to feats of daring, love, and adventure, there is enough to surfeit on. M. Dumas arrived at Kisslar, the frontier town of Russia on the Terek, on the 7th of November, 1858. The great poet, romancer, traveller, and historian, had laid aside all these characters to become a soldier. In a semi-barbarous state the sword takes precedence of the pen—arms of letters. M. Dumas had found the necessity before this of adapting himself to the social condition of the country in which he was travelling, and he had assumed the costume of a Muscovite militiaman, over which he had placed the star of Charles III. of Spain, and, thus accoutred, he passed off very well at the inns and post-houses for a French general.

At Kisslar, renowned for its good wine and brandy, dress, however, was of less importance than good arms. A motley population of Armenians, Tartars, Kalmucks, Nogays, and Jews, all clad in their national costume, fill the streets of the marvellously picturesque but very unsafe town, and which M. Dumas compares with Paris in the time of Henri III. The Tartars were, in fact, bandits within, the Tchetchenses plundered every one without, and the Cossacks kept up a perpetual warfare with both. At the Terek the traveller parts, indeed, from all security and safety, save that which is obtained by superiority of numbers or arms. M. Dumas and his companions do not appear to have been badly provided; they had among them, besides their kandjars, or daggers, three double-barrelled fowling-pieces, two rifles, one of which carried exploding balls, and a revolver. They had, besides, an escort of six Cossacks, notwithstanding which it was deemed necessary, to inspire awe, that, in making the start, each should have a double-barrelled gun on his knee. M. Dumas's companions were, it is to be observed, Moynet, an artist, and Kalino, a young Russian, obtained as an interpreter from the university of Moscow. At Sukoiposh the sun broke through the fog, and displayed, for the first time, the mighty Caucasus, "the theatre of the first drama of the first dramatic poet of antiquity," to their astonished gaze. For a time the Tchetchenses were lost to memory; even the successive villages, with their posts of Cossacks, and each its own terrible and sanguinary legend, were disregarded. There was before them that which they declare to have surpassed alike the Alps and the Pyrenees—one of the most colossal works of the Creator.

All the men they now met with on the road were armed. They also bore the outward appearance of men who are accustomed to place reliance on their personal courage. At one of the post-houses Kalino had raised his whip at a yemehik. "Take care!" said the latter, putting his hand on his kandjar; "you are not in Russia now." Arrived at Schoukovaia,

a branch excursion was made, accompanied by an escort of eleven Cossacks, to Tchervelonaia, a charming village of Cossacks, alike celebrated, according to our author, for "the constancy of the men, the complacency of parents, and the beauty of the women." First in renown among the latter was one Eudoxia Dogadiska, whose portrait Moynet was to take. On the way, as on several occasions before and afterwards, the sight of a covey of partridges tempted our traveller out of his path. He had shot one—and it is a curious fact that he always describes himself as taking two barrels to accomplish that feat—when the discharge of a gun was heard close by, and a ball cut off the twigs of a bush in still closer proximity. "Nous étrennions enfin!" exclaims our romancist, who appears to have long sighed for an adventure. Four Cossacks went off in advance to cover the party, the horse of a fifth lay down; the ball had broken its thigh. M. Dumas, after exchanging ball for small shot, remounted his steed; seven men were visible on the side of the Terek. The Cossacks hurried in pursuit with a cheer. But whilst these six or seven fled, another rose up from amidst the bushes, from whence he had fired, and brandishing his gun over his head, he shouted, "Abreck! abreck!"

"Abreck!" repeated the Cossacks.

"What does he mean by abreck?" inquired M. Dumas of his interpreter.

The answer was ominous: "He is a fanatic, and he defies any one to single combat."

"Well," said Dumas, "tell the men there are twenty roubles for him, who accepts the challenge."

The Cossack whose horse had been crippled claimed the privilege. Dumas provided him with his own. Another requested to be allowed to follow, in case of accident.

In the mean time his companion had hurried off in the direction of the mountaineer. As he advanced he fired. The Abreck made his horse caper; it received the ball in the shoulder. Almost at the same moment the mountaineer fired in his turn; the ball carried off the papak from his adversary's head. Both threw their carbines over their shoulders. The Cossack drew his schaska, or sword, the mountaineer his kandjar. The mountaineer manœuvred his horse, albeit wounded, with infinite address, and, although the blood was flowing down its chest, the animal did not appear to be weakened thereby, his master encouraging him with his knees, hands, and voice. At the same time he loaded his adversary with insults. The two combatants met.

I thought for a moment that our Cossack had transfixed his adversary with his schaska. I saw the blade glitter behind his back. But he had only pierced his white tcharkess. From that moment we saw nothing but a group of two men struggling body to body. But at the expiration of a minute one of the men slipped from his horse; that is to say, the trunk of a man only, for his head had remained in the hands of his adversary.

The adversary was the mountaineer. He proclaimed his triumph with a wild and terrific shout, shook the gory head, and then swung it to the bows of his saddle. The horse, deprived of its rider, fled, and, after having made a turn, came back to us. The decapitated body remained motionless. Then to the shout of triumph of the mountaineer there succeeded another shout of defiance.

I turned towards the Cossack who had asked to follow his comrade. He was quietly smoking his pipe, but he nodded his head. "I am going," he then added. Then in his turn he uttered a shout, signifying that he accepted the

challenge. The mountaineer, who was going through some fantastic evolutions, stopped them to see what new champion was coming to him. "Come," said I to the Cossack, "I increase the premium by ten roubles."

This time he only answered me by winking his eyes. He seemed to be laying in a stock of smoke, inhaling but not expiring it. He then suddenly dashed off full speed at the Abreck, and when he had got within forty paces of him he shouldered his carbine and pulled the trigger. A slight smoke that enveloped his face made us all think that the carbine had flashed in the pan. The Abreck thought the same, for he rushed at him at once, pistol in hand, and fired at ten paces. The Cossack avoided the ball by a sudden movement of his horse, and then rapidly bringing his carbine to his shoulder, to the infinite surprise of us all who had not seen him prime again, he fired. A violent movement on the part of the mountaineer showed that he was struck. He let go the bridle of his horse, and, to prevent himself falling, he placed both his arms round the animal's neck. The poor creature, feeling itself thus at liberty and yet encumbered, vexed also with its own wound, made off through the bushes in the direction of the Terek.

The Cossack hurried in pursuit, and we were about to join in the chase, when we saw the body of the mountaineer gradually relaxing its hold, and fall to the ground. The horse stopped as his rider fell. The Cossack, uncertain if it was not a feint, and if the mountaineer was not pretending to be dead, described a wide circle before he approached him. He was evidently seeking to make out his adversary's features, but, whether by design or by accident, his enemy lay with his face to the ground. The Cossack kept getting nearer; the mountaineer did not stir. The Cossack had his pistol, which he had not used, in his hand. Arrived within ten paces, he fired on the prostrate Tchetchen. But still the mountaineer moved not. It was a ball thrown away. The Cossack had fired at a corpse. Jumping from his horse, he advanced, drew forth his kandjar, bent over the dead man, and rose a moment afterwards with his head in his hand.

Pretty well, to begin with! Needless to explain that the Cossack's carbine had not flashed in the pan. He had let off the smoke from his mouth to deceive his enemy—a trick that would not have taken with a Red Indian.

Tchervelonaia, whither our travellers were wending their way when this adventure befel them, is the oldest stanitza, or station, of the line of the Grebenskoi Cossacks, who descend from a Russian colony. The Tchervelonaies present hence a speciality which partakes at once of the Russian and mountaineer type. Their beauty has rendered the stanitza which they inhabit a kind of Caucasian Capua; they have the Muscovite face, but "the elegant forms of the Highlands, as they say in Scotland." When the Cossacks, their fathers, husbands, brothers, or lovers start upon an expedition, they vault up on one stirrup, which the rider leaves disengaged, and holding on by the rider's waist or neck, with a bottle of wine in the other hand, they accompany them thus three or four miles. When an expedition is returning they go out to meet it, and come back in the same fantastic fashion to the stanitza. This frivolity of manners presents a strange contrast to the severity of the Russians and the rigidity of the Orientals. Several of these Tchervelonaies have inspired Russian officers with a passion that has ended in marriage; others have furnished themes for anecdotes that are not devoid of a certain originality. As an example:

A woman of Tchervelonaia gave such serious cause of jealousy to her husband, who was deeply attached to her, that the latter, not having the courage to wit-

ness the happiness of so many rivals that he could not even count them, deserted in despair, and fled to the mountains, where he took service against the Russians. Having been made prisoner in an engagement, he was recognised, tried, condemned, and shot.

We were introduced to his widow, who herself related to us this lamentable history, accompanied by some details, which took away in no small degree from whatever there was that was dramatic in the story.

"What is most shocking," she said to us, "was that he was not ashamed to mention me on the trial. But, with that exception, he died like a *molodetz* (dare-devil). I went to see his execution; the poor dear man loved me so much that he wished me to be there, and I did not like to grieve his last moments by my refusal. He died well, there is nothing to say about that. He requested that his eyes should not be bandaged, and he solicited and obtained the favour to give the word to fire; when he himself gave the word, and fell, I don't know how it was that it affected me so much, but I actually fell also, only I got up again; but it appears that I must have remained some time helpless, for when I came to myself he was almost entirely buried; so much so, that only his feet were seen peeping out of the ground. He had on a pair of red morocco boots, quite new, and I was so agitated that I forgot to take them off, and they were lost."

These boots, thus forgotten, were more than a regret to the poor widow—they were a remorse.

At the very time that our travellers arrived at this original *stanitza*, an execution was just about to take place. A Cossack of *Tchervelonaia*, with a wife and two children, had been two years previously made prisoner by the *Tchetchenses*. He was indebted for his life and liberty to a beautiful girl of the tribe, and he repaid the interest taken in his fate by a devoted affection. One day, however, news came of an exchange of prisoners; the Cossack had to return to his *stanitza*. But, made miserable by the memory of his beloved mountaineer, he deserted, and not only turned Mussulman, but promised to deliver over *Tchervelonaia* to the *Tchetchenses*. To accomplish this he first visited the *stanitza* by night. He approached in so doing his own home, and, looking in, he saw his wife on her knees praying to God for his safe return. The sight so overcame him, that he entered the house and took his wife to his bosom. After embracing her and his children, he hastened away to the *sotzky*, or commandant of the station, and warned him that that very night the place was to be attacked by the *Tchetchenses*. The *stanitza* was saved, but the inconstant Cossack was condemned to death. This was the man they were about to execute when our travellers arrived. A few minutes after they entered the *stanitza* they heard the rattle of musketry, and the renegade was no more; his wife was a widow, and his children were orphans. With the *Tchetchenses* his memory will be held in detestation as that of a double-dyed traitor; but how seldom can men determine the motives that may have actuated their fellow-creatures in what appears to them to be the grossest criminality!

The melancholy proceedings that greeted their arrival did not prevent our lively travellers from asking the way to the house of *Eudoxia Dogadiska*.

"Oh!" was the answer, "dead long ago; but her sister fills her place, and that very advantageously too!"

They were accordingly shown the way to the house of *Gruscha*, who filled *Eudoxia's* place so satisfactorily, and were welcomed by her re-

spectable parent, Ivan Dogadiska, upon conditions that reminded them of the hospitality received by Antenor at the Greek philosopher's Antiphon.

These Tchervelonaises, so renowned for their beauty and licentiousness, are equally distinguished by their courage. One day, all the men being absent on an expedition, the Tchetchenses took advantage of the circumstance to make an attempt on the place. The Amazons immediately held a council of war, and resolved to defend the stanitza to the last extremity. The siege lasted five days, and thirty mountaineers were laid low, three women were wounded, and two were killed.

The road from the river Terek to the pass of Darial lies between the Terek and the Kuban; there are stations or forts every twelve miles, and all along the wayside upright stones, with rudely-carved turbans or simple crosses, mark where Mussulmans or Christians have fallen. So it was also from Kislar to Derbend, on which route these trophies were so numerous that the wayside appeared like one continuous cemetery. They were well received at Kasafourta, the first station on the way, as indeed everywhere else, by the authorities, who knew M. Dumas, as he appears to have been known everywhere, by his works. Nay, a youth at Kasafourta actually knew his uncle, the general.

"It is, I believe," said the young gentleman, "M. Dumas that I am speaking to."

"Precisely so, sir."

"I am the son of General Grabbé."

"The victor of Akoulgo! Allow me to present my compliments."

"Your father did in the Tyrol what my father accomplished in the Caucasus, so we may dispense with all ceremony."

And thus was friendly intimacy everywhere established. Perpetual hostilities are being carried on at this advanced post; scarcely a day seems to pass but the mountaineers capture some child or adult, and drag them away at their horses' tails for sake of the ransom. On the other hand, a war of extermination (marked by the right ear) is carried on by the Cossacks against the bandits. While sitting at table with the commandant, a Tartar woman brought in two right ears, for which she received a gratuity of twenty roubles: no questions were asked as to how she became possessed of them. Yet once a premium was paid in Russia for wolves' tails. In 1857 it was found that the enormous sum of twenty-five thousand roubles had been thus paid away. This caused an investigation to be made, and it was found that there were regular manufactories of wolves' tails. Can there be manufactories of right ears of Tchetchenses? Some idea of the manner in which these ears are obtained will, however, be arrived at by an account which M. Dumas gives of a nocturnal expedition made from this very place—Kasafourta—in pursuit of the robbers. The early part of the night had been spent in revelry, amidst music, fair Circassian dancers and champagne, of which more is drunk in Russia alone, Dumas tells us, than two provinces like Champagne could produce; and at midnight they started to join a party on the proposed adventurous expedition. Each of the travellers was accompanied by a Cossack. Thus they issued forth from the fortress in the dead of night, their way lying along the right bank of the river Yarak Su. The sound of the pebbles borne along by that rapid

mountain stream effectually drowned whatever noise was made by their horses' feet. It was a splendid night, clear and starry, and the mountains rose up like a black mass in front of the expeditionists. Passing Knezarnaia, a Russian station at the foot of the mountains, they forded the Yarak Su, and, following a pathway through a shrubby district, they reached a wider and deeper river, the Axai. Forging this, the Cossack Bageniok, the leader of the party, changed the direction, and led the way down the right bank, leaving two and two at distances of about one hundred paces from one another, and finally taking up a station himself in company with M. Dumas.

He laid himself down, and made signs to me to do the same. I accordingly took up a recumbent position behind a bush. The cries of the jackals roving on the mountains sounded like the lamentations of children. These cries, and the murmuring of the waters of the Axai, alone broke the silence of night. We were too far from Kasafourta to hear the striking of the clocks, and from Knezarnaia to distinguish the challenge of the sentinels. All the sounds that we could hear at the point where we then were, must be made by enemies, be they men or animals.

I do not know what passed through the minds of my companions, but that which struck me most was the brief space of time that is necessary in life to bring about the strangest contrasts. Barely two hours ago we were in the heart of a town, in a warm, well-lighted, cheerful room. Leila was dancing and coquetting with her arms and eyes. Ignacief was playing the fiddle. Bageniok and Mikaelouk were doing *vis-à-vis*. We were beating time with our hands and feet: we had not a thought that was not lively and gay.

Two hours had elapsed. We were, on a cold dark night, on the banks of an unknown river, upon a hostile soil, rifles in hand, daggers by the side, not, as had before happened to me twenty times, waiting for the passage of some wild animal, but in ambuscade, waiting to kill or to be killed by men made like ourselves, in the likeness of their Creator, and we had entered without a thought upon this enterprise, as if it was nothing to lose one's blood, or to shed that of others!

It is true that the men whom we were waiting for were bandits, men who pillaged and murdered, and who left behind them desolation and tears. But these men were born fifteen hundred leagues from us, with manners that were different from our manners. What they did, their fathers had done before them, and their ancestors before their fathers. Could I, under these circumstances, ask Heaven to protect me, if overtaken by a danger which I had come so uselessly and so imprudently to confront?

What was incontestable was, that I lay behind a bush on the Axai, that I was waiting there for the Tchetchenses, and that, in case of attack, my life depended upon the correctness of my aim or the strength of my arm. Two hours slipped by thus. Whether it was that the night grew clearer, or that my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I could see much better than at first, and could plainly distinguish objects on the other bank of the river.

I was looking in that direction when I thought I heard a noise to my right. I looked at my companion; but either he did not hear it, or it had no import to him, for he seemed to pay no attention to it. But the noise became more audible. I thought I heard the sound of several footsteps. I crept close up to Bageniok, and, placing one hand on his arm, I stretched out the other in the direction from whence the sounds came.

"Nicevo," he muttered.

I knew enough of Russian to understand "It is nothing." But I did not the less keep my eye fixed in the direction whence the sound came. I then saw a large stag with splendid antlers coming down to the water to drink, followed by a doe and two fawns. It was nothing, as Bageniok had said. It was not the game that we were waiting for. Still I could not help taking aim. Oh! had I

only been able to pull the trigger, it most certainly would have been mine. Suddenly the animal raised its head, stretched forth its neck towards the opposite bank, inspired the air, sent forth the sound of danger, and hurried back to cover. I was too familiar with the habits of wild animals not to understand that all this pantomime meant that something was approaching on the other side of the river.

I turned towards Bageniok. "Sminno," he said this time. I did not know the word, but I understood by his gestures that I was not to move, but to make myself as scarce as possible behind my bush. So I obeyed him. As to the Cossack, he glided away like a snake down the bank of the river, and, consequently, away from myself and the rest of the party. I followed him with my eyes as long as I could. When I lost sight of him, I began to examine into what was going on on the other side of the Axai. There, at the same moment that I made out the sounds of a horse galloping, I also distinguished in the obscurity a larger group than could have belonged to a single horseman. This group kept nearing me, without my being the more able to make it out.

What I understood, however, by the beating of my heart, more than by the testimony of my eyes, was that an enemy was before us. I took a look in the direction of Ignacief; no one was stirring. One would have thought that the bank of the river was deserted. I then looked towards Bageniok; he had disappeared long ago. I then carried my eyes back again to the other side of the river, and waited.

The horseman had reached the banks of the Axai. His profile was towards me, so that I could see that he dragged a person behind him, attached to the tail of his horse. It was a male or female prisoner. At the very moment that he urged his horse into the river, and that the person behind had to follow, a piteous cry was heard. It was that of a woman. The whole group was then immersed in the stream, not above two hundred paces below where I lay.

What was I to do?

As I addressed this query to myself, the bank of the river was suddenly lit up, and the explosion of a rifle followed. The horse beat the water convulsively with its feet, and the whole group disappeared in the tempest thus stirred up in the middle of the river. At the same time a second cry of distress, like the first, and uttered by the same voice, was heard.

I could stand it no longer, but, getting up, I hurried away in the direction of the drama that was now being enacted. In the midst of the confusion that still agitated the waters, another flash illumined the darkness—another shot had been fired. This was followed a moment afterwards by a third, and then I heard the sound of a person jumping into the river; I saw something like a shadow making its way towards the middle of the river; I heard shouts and curses, mingled with cries of distress; and then, all of a sudden, noise and movement alike ceased.

I looked around me; my companions had joined me, and stood around, motionless as myself. We then saw something making towards us, which it was impossible to recognise in the obscurity, but which gradually became more and more distinct. When the group had arrived within ten paces of us we distinguished and we understood.

The moving party was Bageniok; his kandjar was between his teeth; with his right arm he supported a female, who had fainted, but who had not let go a child she held in her arms; and with his left he held by the lock of hair that remained at the top of the cranium the head of a Tchetchen, dropping blood and water.

He threw the head on the green sward, and then, laying down the woman and child more cautiously, he said, in a voice in which not the slightest emotion betrayed itself:

"Now, friends, who has got a drop of vodka?"

Do not imagine that it was for himself that he asked for the brandy. It was for the woman and child.

Two hours afterwards we were in Kasafourta, bringing back the woman and the child, perfectly restored to life, in triumph. But I still ask myself some-

times if one has a right to place oneself in ambuscade to kill a man as one would do a stag or a wild boar?

The next day the party left Kasafourta with an escort, in company with Colonel Cogniard, a host of young officers, and fifty men, to pay a visit to the Tartar prince Ali-Sultan. Thence they proceeded to Tchirourth, where, initiated in the profuseness of Russian hospitality and the value of a European if not a cosmopolitan fame, M. Dumas proceeded, without introduction, at once to the mansion of Prince Dundukoff Korsakoff, colonel of the regiment of Nijnei Novgorod Dragoons, and one of the most distinguished corps in all the Russias. Beyond this point the frontier of the Lesghian territory is attained. Stopping on the way to explore a moving mountain of sand, near which was the Tartar encampment of Unter Kalah, they experienced here, for the first time, the ferocity of the nomades' dogs, familiar to all Eastern travellers who have encamped beyond the precincts of towns and villages. The attack appears to have discomposed M. Dumas and his friend Moynet considerably, for, had they continued to retreat, he asserts that they had been infallibly devoured! At a station beyond was a grove with twenty-five crosses. These commemorated the same number of Russian soldiers who went to sleep there, and whom the Tchetchenses never allowed to wake up again. In the same evil neighbourhood they had to put up at a Cossack post-house, a mere hut, whitewashed outside, and full inside of vermin of all descriptions. The arrival of a European with blood-vessels more easily attained than such as are protected by a Tartar or even a Muscovite hide, is a Shrove Tuesday, a general festival, with such pertinacious evils. Neither was there anything to eat, save the cock that acted as timekeeper to the post. This cock was not like one whose history is told in connexion with the Cossack post of Schoukovaia, and who would not sound his matins because he had no hens. The cock sacrificed on this occasion, although compared with the "fameux coq vierge dont parle Brillat Savarin," was a regular chanticleer, thereby casting doubts upon M. Dumas's previous assertion, hazarded to the effect that "les coqs et les ténors n'ont aucun rapport entre eux." The cock was replaced by another and four hens at Temir Khan—the "Iron Khan" (pity M. Dumas was no Orientalist, for some of these names are alike significant and suggestive), a marshy station, near which the tarentasse got stuck in the mud, and Moynet had a return of ague, and which has been besieged and sacked by Schamyl and his gallant lieutenant Hajji Murad. Our travellers contemplated, with mingled surprise and admiration, several large encampments of Tartars in this part of the country. M. Dumas, transporting a word from Algeria to the Caucasus, calls them "aouls," but the Tartars call them "ordu." One of the most picturesque of these was a mountain fortress inhabited by the Champkal Tarkovskiy, another was the village of Helly, perched on a hill between two mountains, and with two charming wooded valleys. This latter pretty village was, however, disturbed by Lesghian depredators. The Cossacks had gone out in pursuit of some of these mountaineer bandits at the very time when the travellers arrived there, and they hastened after them, on the road to Karabadakent. The tarentasse had to be driven right across country. They soon fell in with two parties, the first of which was loaded with heads and ears, the other accompanied the wounded. They then pursued their way, to the ravine of Zillag-Kaka, where the combat had taken

place. It presented a horrid sight, but M. Dumas enriched his historical collection of arms with a real Lesghian kandjar—one that had seen service.

Our party were received and entertained at Bouinaky by Prince Bagration, a descendant of the ancient kings of Georgia. This gallant and most hospitable prince insisted upon their retracing their steps to a certain distance to visit the ravine of Karany. It was a terrible and yet a sublime scene, a ravine with cliffs some seven thousand feet perpendicular. The valley below (and it made them giddy to look at it) was watered by two Koa Sus. Beyond was the village of Guimry, with its orchards, whose fruit the Russians have once, and only once, tasted. It is the birthplace of Schamyl. Little columns of smoke indicated the sites of other mountain fastnesses, among which were Akoulgo, where Djemel Eddin, the son of Schamyl, was made prisoner, and in the far distance was the country of the Tuschins, a Christian race, at war with the Caucasians. The same evening M. Dumas was unanimously elected an honorary member of Prince Bagration's regiment of "Indigenous Mountaineers," not Lesghians or Tchetchenses, but "des pauvres diables qui ont fait une peau. Lisez : qui ont troué une peau." The prince, whose Georgian hospitality surpassed even that of the Russians, had a uniform made at the same time for his guest by the regimental tailor, a circumstance which M. Dumas appears to forget, when, arrived at Tiflis, he describes himself as denuded of all garments in which to present himself in fashionable society, and as clipped by a barber so closely, that Moynet declared that he would do to exhibit at Constantinople as a new species of seal fished up from the Caspian—a comparison the truth of which is admitted by our great romancer, but for which he comforts himself by asserting that all men have a latent likeness to some member or other of the animal kingdom,—a suggestion—if there is anything new in it—the priority of which we are in a position to dispute even with so eminent a man as M. Dumas.

They were now truly in a region of picturesqueness: snow-clad mountains on the one hand; rich valleys, clad in their garments of summer green, around; the steppe beyond, and the blue Caspian in the distance, like a prolongation of the desert. Prince Bagration acted as guide, and, under such excellent protection, they were not long in reaching the great pelasgic wall, which, with the exception of a massive gateway, and the inevitable Oriental accompaniments of a fountain and a cemetery, bars the passage from the mountains to the sea at Derbend—the pass *par excellence*—for there are many other celebrated Derbends in the East, but none more so than this, which is one of the boundaries of Europe and Asia: Beyond the wall was the town, with mosques and bazaars side by side with European barracks and edifices. Tartars, Tcherkessians, Georgians, Persians, and Armenians jostling Muscovite and Cossack rulers. The same reception which everywhere awaited M. Dumas was reserved for him at this remote corner of the world. The inhabitants of Derbend, or, at all events, a portion of them, had read the illustrious poet and romancer's works in the Russian language, and they waited upon him in a deputation to assure him that his presence in Derbend would never be forgotten, as they hoped he also would not forget that old site of the Scythians. This was truly a pleasing, as it was a genuine and rare, triumph of letters!

From Derbend to Baku, the road coasting the Caspian, there is no danger, yet the usual escort had to be provided, and the usual preparations for defence were made. There are rude mountain torrents to cross, villages of Jews, descendants of the captives of Senacherib, Tartar encampments, caravanserais that date from the time of Shah Abbas, and the long headland of Apcheron, on the way. The route was not indeed wanting in the variety, and the snow-clad summits of the Caucasus were always in the rear.

There are two Baku as there are two Derbends, a black Baku (Kara Baku) and a white Baku (Ak Baku), the dark portion being tenanted by Orientals, the new and lighter portion by Europeans. Twenty-six versts from Baku are the celebrated burning fountains of naphtha (Artesh Gah), with a temple served by Parsees, the fire-worshippers of old. The sea gives off incandescent gases also in parts, and we have a long description of the curious and beautiful effects produced by their illumination. Within the town there are the fortifications, the bazaars, the mosques and churches, the Maiden's Tower, with a legend, and the foot of which is bathed by the waters of the Caspian, the palace of the khans, and the Wolf's Gate, to see.

At Baku the Caspian was left behind, the road lying to the westward by Schoumaka and Nouka to Tiflis. The road was also no longer so safe; it was more rugged and mountainous, and was infested by Lesghians. Schoumaka itself, the olden capital of Shirvan, is depopulated by fevers, earthquakes, and revolutions. There was not much to be seen in this ill-fated town, but they had a pleasant evening at a wealthy Tatar's house—Mahmud Bey by name—who treated them to a Persian supper and a "soirée de bayadères." Unfortunately, the bayadères of Schoumaka, once so celebrated, were like the Parsees of the fire-temple of Baku, reduced to three—two females and a boy!

M. Dumas obtained, however, at this place, some curious information regarding Schamyl, from a Russian officer who had been his prisoner. He is described as a man about sixty years of age, tall, with a mild but imposing look. He is pale, with black eyebrows, apparently listless eyes, but easily roused like the lion's, and a red beard. He wears a cloak of green or white Lesghian cloth, and a turban of white muslin upon a red papak, with a golden tassél. In winter he wears a cloak of crimson cloth lined with a black sheepskin. He is a perfect horseman, and extremely spare in his diet—seldom partaking of meat. He has two wives, Zaidée and Chouanette. Zaidée is the youngest and the pet. Chouanette is thirty-six years of age. She was the daughter of a rich Armenian of Masdok. Some twenty years ago Schamyl captured the city and took the fair Anna, with other prisoners, to Dargo. Anna became a Mussulman, married Schamyl, and was called Chouanette. She is the guardian angel of Schamyl's Christian prisoners, and the Princesses Tchavtchavadze and Orbeliani, who were made captives to obtain the release of Djemel Eddin, were infinitely indebted to her. Dargo has since been burnt by Woronzoff, and Schamyl has had to withdraw to Veden. The patriarch of the Caucasus had two other wives, Aminette, the prettiest—renvoyé pour cause de stérilité, but, more probably, by the jealousy of Zaidée and Chouanette—and the mother of Djemel Eddin, who died of grief when her son was made prisoner by the Russians, at the siege of Akoulgo, in 1839.

ARMES DE PRÉCISION.

THE booming of rifled great guns and the sharp ping of Minié muskets have ceased for a while. Fatigue and heat, thirst and putrid fevers, wounds and death, have combined, with pressure from without, to stay the arm of the two great belligerent powers, but it is still worth while to contemplate for a moment those weapons so concisely described by the Emperor of the French at the onset of the war as "armes de précision," and the introduction of which have brought about almost a revolution in military tactics and strategy, and that not only for the wonderful results produced, but as a lesson—and that a most important one, too—for the future.

Certain it is that the progress in the state of gunnery and small arms, combined with that of steam navigation, has rendered it necessary to reconsider not only naval and military general engagements, but also the principle of attack and defence of fortified places, as also of coasts and harbours.

The first and most prominent result will be, that the greatly increased power of ordnance, in length of range, penetration, and accuracy of fire, will give much more advantage to the attack of fortresses and fortified posts than to their defence. Towers, old castles, and escarp walls in general, that are exposed to view, will be readily ruined from greater distances. Although the new shot and shells are not adapted to afford the regular effects of a ricochet fire, works will be subject to all the other evil consequences of enfilade, and that from much greater distances; parapets will be penetrated and ruined with greater facility; the interior of works will be plunged into from heights at greater ranges than have hitherto been practicable; and where magazines, barracks, or other important military establishments are exposed to such heights, and have hitherto been safe from them, they will now be liable to direct cannonade or bombardment.

The first approaches to fortified posts will be greatly facilitated by these advantages; nor does it appear that these effects can be counteracted by any alteration in the system of fortification; they will only admit of palliatives.

Guns and ramparts, particularly those of flanks that cannot be opposed by any distant direct fire, will require, more than ever, to be under bomb-proof cover; parapets must be thickened; openings of embrasures reduced to a minimum, and some of them, perhaps, strengthened by such applications round them—of iron, timber, and masonry—as shall be found most effective; escarp walls and buildings, and masonry in general, must be more covered than ever; defensive mining will also be of more influence than hitherto, as that, at least, will be unaffected by this improvement.

The advantages, then, will be considerable during the first preliminary operations against a fortress; and although Sir John Burgoyne is inclined to think that, when in well covered fortresses the contest becomes closer, which is the more important period in every formal, protracted siege, there will be little or no benefit to be derived from this species of ordnance, still there is reason to believe that the gain that will be obtained in

breaching power will be more than equivalent to any extra expense incurred in employing them, if that extra expense would not be at once defrayed by the smaller number required to do the work.

In defence of fortresses the advantages of this new species of ordnance will be smaller. A slight increase of profile to the parallels, approaches, and batteries of the attack will neutralise the increased power of penetration in the missiles; enfilade is impracticable; and such direction will be given to the besiegers' embrasures, with a little increased cover, as to expose them to the least possible direct fire.

Almost the only benefit to be derived from them in a garrison would be the power of greatly annoying and impeding reconnoitring and other parties of the besiegers' force that might be engaged in traversing the open country within sight; and also of throwing shot and shells into their encampments, and thus forcing them, in many cases, to the inconvenience of taking post at much greater distances; and these advantages may be obtained by a very light class of these weapons.

A very decided direct effect, however, will be produced by these guns in contests between batteries and ships, the advantage being most importantly in favour of the shore batteries. The weight of metal, power of penetration, and accuracy of fire, will cause the ships to be cut to pieces at very considerable ranges, from whence their own fire would be very ineffective against the battery; while, for any close conflict, the present armament of men-of-war would be nearly as efficient. The importance of small batteries or towers, with two or three Armstrong guns in them at all the minor harbours or landing-places along the coast, is made manifest by this fact. The uncertainty of attacking fortified places like Cherbourg with ships, is shown at the same time. Ships *v.* Batteries will probably long remain one of the great *vexata questiones* of the day, but there is no doubt that the legitimate use of our fleets is to command the sea. If they waste their strength and reduce their efficiency by contests with land defences, while the enemy's fleets may be secure in harbour, they incur the risk of losing that for which they are peculiarly wanted. They give the enemy a double chance, and risk resources of vital importance for partial triumphs of little or no comparative value.

But perhaps the most important bearing of the rifled guns to us will be the exposure of great naval arsenals to a thoroughly effective fire from ranges that were before unattainable. It being now ascertained that these guns can throw shot and shells as far as nine thousand yards, and with considerable accuracy, it becomes a matter for urgent consideration how these, and such extensive and important establishments, can be best protected from their destructive effects.

Upon this point Sir John Burgoyne and General Shaw Kennedy are agreed that the most effective defences would be fortifications, either detached or otherwise, for a complete circuit, or even for such distances as will be out of sight for that limit. But Sir John Burgoyne fears that the cost of construction, maintenance, and armaments of such an extent of works would be so great as to preclude the possibility of recurring to such protection, and he would attempt to avert the increased danger by the more extensive use of bomb-proofs and screens of earth. But the cost of such fortifications need not necessarily be so enormous—witness what the Russians did at Sebastopol; and even if they were, if essential to the security of our arsenals against rifled guns, the question of proceeding to

their construction is scarcely a matter of choice. It is obvious that having recourse to bomb-proofs and screens of earth is a mere palliative, and the only plan admitted on both sides to be really efficient ought to be forthwith adopted and commenced being put in practice, at the same time as the arrangements for the safety of the most precious effects and stores, in the same manner as has been always considered necessary for magazines, troops, stores, and provisions; for an army in garrison would require new consideration, so as to adapt their dimensions and distribution in the most economical manner consistent with convenience for the service.

An objection to the construction of additional fortresses might be urged upon the admitted grounds that we may anticipate a time, and at no distant period, when it will be found practicable to use in siege shells of such increased weight and power as, by a vertical action, to crush all ordinary artificial bomb-proof cover, such as has been adopted to resist the heaviest of the existing kinds, and by their explosions ruin ramparts and even overturn escarps. Sir John Burgoyne admits that it is extremely difficult to foresee what species of remedy can be provided against so vast and novel a power when once established, and it will tend to reduce, in an enormous degree, the power of resistance of existing fortresses, and more particularly of such as are small. But such a power must be met somehow or other, and the question is, if met by another equal power, say our Armstrong guns, would they not be fought with greater advantages in fortified embrasures than in the open field?

This leads to the last consideration connected with the rifled guns: their use in general, or partial engagements. The result of the experience gained in the war in Italy has fully attested their infinite importance. It is admitted that their influence was almost decisive at the battle of Solferino. The Austrians were forced to evacuate Solferino itself by the irresistible fire of rifled guns. General Torgeot's battery forced back the Austrian columns that advanced to turn the right of the Piedmontese. The horse batteries of Desvaux's and Partouneaux's divisions took the Austrian cannons *en écharpe* in the advance of the Duke of Magenta, reduced them to silence, and soon forced them to fall back. The artillery of the Guard played an almost equally important part at Cavriana. Medola fell in the same way. General de Luzy was preceded by his artillery. An attack on Vinoy's division was thwarted by the fire of *forty-two* pieces of artillery, directed by General Soleile, at a distance of little more than two hundred yards! "*It was,*" says the French official report of the battle, "*our new artillery that produced the most terrible effects on the Austrians. Its balls went to distances which their guns of the largest calibre could not respond to, and strewed the plain with dead.*" It is obvious that no amount of personal courage can compete with such weapons. They can only be encountered by their like. It is in vain for an army, however well equipped, however perfectly drilled and manœuvred, and however brave, to gain a battle in the present day unless it is equal to the enemy in the improvements in its arms, rifled guns, rifles, and sword-bayonets. An incident is related of the battle of Solferino by a correspondent to one of the daily papers that strikingly illustrates the efficiency of the new rifled guns in the open field:

General Desvaux saw in the distance about thirty squadrons of cavalry, consisting of halans and dragons, forming into masses, and preparing to thunder down upon the squares of Beauregard's division. The danger was imminent and grave, for the French troops had their flanks compromised, and were in front of an Austrian battery, which worried them with grape. General Desvaux pointed out the danger to Captain Fist, commander of the 8th battery of the 10th regiment of Artillery, who at once established a battery of rifled cannon upon a small eminence in the plain, and fired four rounds of shells, containing forty balls, a distance of more than two thousand yards. The effect produced seemed like the work of enchantment. The captain saw, in the first place, that wide gaps had been made in the enemy's ranks; then all of a sudden that this terrible mass of cavalry was dispersing in every direction, utterly disordered, and without heeding orders or rallying at the word of command. Twenty thousand of the Austrian cavalry, upon whose aid every reliance had been placed, were thus rendered useless, and it was directly after this catastrophe, if I am rightly informed, that the Emperor Francis Joseph abandoned the camp with tears of vexation and despair in his eyes.

Although no direct answer could be obtained to Admiral Sir Charles Napier's question, on voting the estimates, whether the French had rifled guns on board their ships,* still it was satisfactory to hear Captain Jervis assert, that, notwithstanding all that might be stated to the contrary, this country was ahead of every power in the world in the manufacture of rifled guns. We do not, however, agree with Captain Jervis, in believing that the French have no such weapons as rifled siege guns, and that it was for that reason that when they got between the Quadrilateral they failed to attack those great fortresses. One of these fortresses was already besieged, and would soon have been reduced by rifled guns from floating batteries. Mantua would have been attacked in the same way, from the Po. Rifled siege guns were, we believe, on their way for use at Verona, and, in the mean time, we have already explained the advantage gained by rifled field ordnance in the first approaches to fortified posts. It appears, also, that at the end of the current year we shall have 100 Armstrong guns, and, at the end of the financial year, 300. Is this equal to the emergency? or, by the time the 300 are ready, may not the fate of the country be sealed? It is but too true, as Sir Henry Verney stated, that if military and naval matters are in such a wretched, helpless, and inadequate condition, it is not the fault solely of military and naval men, but of the want of liberality on the part of the House of Commons, and of courage on the part of ministers, to lay the matter fully before the public.

Improvements in small arms may reasonably be expected to bring about as great a revolution in military tactics and operations as will inevitably be produced by the introduction of rifled guns. It is astonishing, even in the present day, what a deal of firing there is in a general engagement compared with the mischief done; but it is nothing in comparison with what existed in olden times. And this unpleasant comparison will go on diminishing—unless things so infamous in the eyes of God and man, as battles, are done away with—till the event is reduced to a minimum of expenditure with a maximum destruction of human life. This is, after all, what is sought for in all proposed improvements in arms or weapons of destruction. Colonel Schlimmbach, a distinguished officer of

* The daily papers are constantly repeating that the most noticeable feature in the French arsenals is the effort made to prepare rifled ordnance for the navy!

the Prussian artillery, made the curious calculation, extending over a long series of engagements during the wars of the first Napoleon, that, on an average, a man's own weight in lead, and ten times his weight in iron, were consumed for each individual placed *hors de combat*.

Mr. Hans Busk, First Lieutenant of the Victoria Rifles, and author of several well-known little works on the rifle and on rifle corps, calculates in his work, "The Rifle,"* that at Vittoria, in the good old days of "Brown Bess," there was not above one musket-ball in 800 which was not utterly thrown away. To show that our infantry of the time, so lately as 1851, had not made much progress in the use of the old musket, it is also mentioned that a patrolling party at the Cape, in the month of August of that year, expended 80,000 ball cartridges in killing or disabling 25 naked savages; just 3200 rounds to each Kaffir. There was, however, as much, and more, mismanagement in this, than want of results solely to be attributed to inefficiency of weapons. It is evident that the men were neither trained as marksmen, nor taught or made to set as such in the field. Put the same weapon into the hands of a Boer or a Kaffir, with whom every load is a serious consideration, and he would obtain very different results from it. No wonder that such a miserably conducted war cost us for a long period 3800*l.* per day.

Rapid and careless firing, erroneous estimation of distances, long ranges, and insufficient target practice, are the chief causes of the enormous expenditure of ammunition in battle-fields, compared with the effect produced. General Gassendi estimates that 3000 cartridges are expended to every man disabled. Decker fixes the lowest limit at 10,000 for each man. In the French attack upon Algiers, in 1830, which closed in fifteen days, 3,000,000 cartridges were consumed with comparatively little slaughter. The French are said in the Crimea to have expended 25,000,000 small arm cartridges, without having put 25,000 Russians *hors de combat*. The operations of the American forces, more practised in the use of fire-arms, showed a better result. At the battle of Chumbrusco, during the Mexican war, it is estimated that the Americans expended only 125, and the Mexicans 800, rounds of cartridge to each soldier disabled on the opposite side.†

Since 1850 many modifications and improvements have taken place in the construction of fire-arms. "Brown Bess," formerly in such high repute, has not only lost her once-boasted attractions, but one at least of her successors has been superseded, and several of her rivals have been completely beaten by younger competitors. If we are still far from having attained absolute perfection, there is now no doubt but that a weapon will shortly be produced that will unite every quality which it is desirable a rifle should possess. The greatest range really requisite for all the purposes of war has been reached (unless some persons may be so exacting as to wish to aim with telescopes), and it is only in minute

* The Rifle: and How to Use It. Comprising a Description of that valuable Weapon in all its Varieties, and an Account of its Origin. By Hans Busk, M.A., First Lieutenant of the Victoria Rifles, Deputy Lieutenant for Middlesex. Routledge and Co.

† The battle of Solferino was not, comparatively speaking, so fatal, however, as many of its predecessors, notwithstanding the use of rifled guns and rifles. The average losses at Leipzig, Moscow, Bautzen, Wagram, Esling, Austerlitz, Jena, and Waterloo, amounted to from 20 to 25 per cent., whilst at Solferino they did not exceed 15 per cent.

matters of detail—as in weight, mode of loading, length of barrel, form of stock, and arrangement of sights—that differences of opinion exist, and that further improvement appears to be desirable. There seem, however, to be no two opinions but that it is most desirable that the breech-loading and repeating principles should be brought to higher perfection than at present, so as to be generally adopted. In such a case the weight of the rifle will be diminished by the abolition of the clumsy loading-rod, while its efficacy will be materially enhanced by the increased facility, rapidity, and force given to the discharge.

In the sense, in fact, of the capability of firing so many rounds in a given time, one man may be made, by such a weapon, to represent several armed according to the old system. But this would be equalised by the opponents being armed in a similar manner. The only result that would then be arrived at, supposing two conflicting armies to be supplied with the most improved guns and small arms, would be the destruction of a greater amount of life in less time and at less cost. That, as before remarked, seems to be all that is sought for in the present day, while improvements are still ever going on, in the hopes of a preponderance being obtained by one party over another, as in the instance of the French over the Austrians, by the neglect on the other part, from want of pecuniary means or of sufficient intelligence, in procuring the same improvements for their service.

There is every reason to believe that, bad as they intrinsically were, the cannon and small arms used by the English during the last wars were better served, and were superior to the more faulty implements of destruction then in use among their antagonists. This state of things, however, no longer exists. During the last thirty years vast improvements have been made by the French, not only in their artillery, but more especially in their small arms; and it can no longer be presumed, merely upon the faith of what has already been done, that the result of future wars will infallibly resemble the past. French artillerymen of 1859 are no longer what they were in 1815. In accuracy of aim they are but little, if at all, inferior to our own; while, as marksmen, their troops of the line, and more especially their riflemen, are very far our superiors. There is no difficulty in assigning the true cause for this. The lighter and more efficient weapon in the hands of the French infantry-man, together with the incessant practice to which he is subjected, account perfectly for the fact.

It will never be desirable to place a weapon in the hands of soldiers generally, whose chief advantage consists in its length of range, unless it be, at the same time, as simple as possible in construction, little likely to get out of order, and be, moreover, divested of all complicated appliances. The short Enfield rifle is admitted to be open to few objections in these respects; and therefore, for the present at least, its introduction should be gladly hailed as a step in the right direction. Strength, moderate length, lightness, durability, are among the primary essentials of the infantry musket; precision and accuracy of fire are the next considerations. Troops do not halt in an engagement for the purpose of firing at each other at the greatest possible range. The tactics of war present a series of movements, the object of which is to close in upon an adversary or to out-flank him, and to deliver at a distance of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty yards an effective fire into his ranks. A cloud of light troops,

however, says Jomini,* should always accompany the movement of a column. But even these would not be able long, except under special circumstances, to fire at long ranges. People are too apt to forget or to ignore that, in a general engagement, what between gun firing and firing in files, the field speedily becomes obscured, and it is often utterly impossible to single out an object even at one hundred yards' distance. The writer has been in an engagement where, after the first few rounds, except the men hit around, the first event that really became visible was the enemy advancing through the smoke line a mile off to the left. As at present constructed, distant range is only attainable by a somewhat complex arrangement of sights, of such delicate workmanship that, in the rough hands of recruits, or even of ordinary troops, they would speedily become useless; besides, they require careful and deliberate adjustment, and considerable expertness, on the part of the soldiers.

Two separate and distinct classes of weapons are consequently needed: one light and powerful, and effective at six hundred yards, without any complication of sights, for regiments of the line; the other, more carefully finished, with sights ranging from eight hundred to one thousand yards, suitable for rifle regiments and light companies. The most important consideration connected with the first is the stocking. It is absurd to serve out the same length of stocks to a short as to a tall man. The second is the bayonet: the present regulation arm requires as much modification as in 1670, when the steel blade and wooden handle that fixed into the muzzle of the gun was replaced by an elbow and socket. But, above all things, practice is wanted. The supply of practice ammunition should, under reasonable regulations, be unlimited, and the ardour of the aspirant should be encouraged by small prizes.

The introduction of the rifle into war as an arm of importance, dates, strange to say, but a few years back. The best troops of France had been beaten by the Tyrolese peasants, just as we had suffered at Bunker's Hill and been defeated at New Orleans, without either France or England adopting the weapon by which these results had been brought about. But at length the painful experience of what the long Arab muskets could effect in Algeria brought about the introduction of the rifle as a more extended arm in the service. The late Duke of Orleans, before repairing to Africa, organised a battalion of Tirailleurs de Vincennes (then called Chasseurs d'Afrique) to take with him. This was in 1838. The rifle then adopted was M. Délvigne's, which has since been much improved. In 1842, there were ten battalions of these tirailleurs provided with what was then thought the perfection of a rifle. In 1852, when Sir Charles Shaw roused the attention of military men in this country to the prodigious increase of this arm of the service in France, there was a force of fourteen thousand men armed with the 1846 model rifle, that "unerring and murderous weapon, with its cylindro-conic hollow ball."

Although the Minié rifle here alluded to has been since considerably modified, if not altogether superseded, it was at that time so effective an arm, that Captain Minié would undertake to hit a man at a distance of 1420 yards three times out of five shots. Let any one, to have an idea of the distance, mark out 1420 good paces on a level ground. One of

* Précis de l'Art de la Guerre, chap. iv. art. 31.

the first improvements upon the Minié rifle was the carabine à tige, or pillar rifle of Colonel Thouvenin, with a cylindro-conical ball. A next was Mr. Wilkinson's, which professes to combine all the advantages of the carabine à tige, the Minié, and the Swiss methods, and to avoid their defects; at the same time reducing the weight of the musket and bayonet from 11 lbs. to 8 lbs., while the previous length of barrel is retained, and weight of bullet, with greater thickness of metal and increased strength. The ammunition Mr. Wilkinson uses is the "cylindro-ogivale, easy-loading, self-expanding, solid bullet." The Prussian Zündnadelgewehr, or needle-gun, is a most effective weapon in skilful hands, but it is so complicated, and requires so much care and attention, as not to be adapted for general military purposes. Mr. Lancaster has improved this delicate arm by substituting for the sharp needle, which perforated the cartridge, a small blunt bolt, which strikes the copper base of the cartridge containing the fulminating powder. Before reloading, the empty and unperforated cartridge is withdrawn, leaving the chamber, breech, and indeed the barrel, perfectly unsoiled. The invention is important, and is likely to bring about a complete revolution in the construction of fire-arms; but it is at present only considered applicable to shot-guns. Mr. Lancaster has been equally successful in his system of elliptic boring, as well as in the general system of boring for smooth barrels. Lord Elnor, at a meeting held the other day to found a corps of riflemen, to be called the London Scottish Volunteers, recommended that the arms to be used should be the Lancaster smooth oval-bored rifle, similar to that used by the Sappers and Miners, but, his lordship also added, that they should, if possible, be breech-loaders. It is admitted on all hands that, as far as perfection of construction goes, where expense is no object, and a first-rate implement is wanted—especially for a shot-gun—Lancaster can be fully depended upon. But there are, of course, many, both London, and provincial makers, who can turn out a good serviceable rifle, respectable in appearance and efficient enough in the field, especially if skilfully handled, at a much less cost. The cost price of the common Enfield rifle is from 3*l.* 8*s.* to 3*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Hans Busk, in his little book, "Rifle Volunteers: how to Organise and Drill them," says that Mr. Daw, of Thread-needle-street (who manufactured nearly the whole of the many experimental arms used by the late General Jacob), will supply a first-rate rifle for practice for 4*l.* 10*s.*; but Mr. Busk is one of those who, with all other far-seeing persons, advocates for actual service the best form of breech-loader; and for this good reason, that a body of men armed with such a weapon are at once a match, so far as rapidity of loading is concerned, for five times their number if provided only with the old clumsy muzzle-loaders.

The repeating principle has as yet been applied almost solely to pistols and rifled carbines. It is to our Transatlantic friends that we are indebted for the perfection of these weapons, for though, more than two centuries ago, various attempts were made to produce a series of successive discharges from one arm without the necessity for reloading, it is to Colonel Colt's perseverance, energy, and mechanical skill, that the merit is due of having successfully vanquished all the difficulties that presented themselves in their construction. The report published by order of the House of Commons of the select committee on such arms, is satisfactory as to the merits of Colt's revolvers. Colt's cavalry pistols are, in fact,

pocket rifles. They are only $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, and will kill a man at five hundred yards. A stock is now supplied with these pistols which can be attached and detached in a moment. It is an excellent contrivance, and at once converts the pocket arm into a carbine of great range. The wound which a conical bullet from one of Colt's revolvers inflicts is terrific, driving before it, as it does, a cylindrical plug of muscle or bone; the hemorrhage or shock to the system is so great that death ensues in the majority of cases. No one, indeed, who has not had some experience with these diminutive rifles can form any idea of their capabilities. A Frenchman named Anquetil, and M. Mangeot, a Belgian, have endeavoured to underrate their performances, in pamphlets chiefly written to show that modern fire-arms, as used for purposes of war, are just now in a transition state,—a fact which is pre-eminently palpable. But the reputation of revolvers is now too well established to be susceptible of damage. It is, indeed, a subject of unmitigated astonishment to all not intimate with official parsimony and stinginess, that, with the great and acknowledged advantages of revolvers, so little should have been done towards furnishing any regiments of cavalry with an arm which would at once enhance its efficiency sixfold. It is manifest, that such being the results, there would be a positive saving by the adoption of such a weapon instead of an increase of expenditure. In the action fought in India on the 18th June, 1858, a body of one hundred hussars, provided with revolvers, effected tremendous execution upon overwhelming masses of the rebel army, headed by the Rane of Jhansi. They left, in a few minutes, four hundred dead upon the field. In case of invasion, every cavalry man, whether regular or irregular, should carry a Colt's revolver and one of Prince's breech-loading carbines. Their efficiency would thus be more than quadrupled. A great variety of revolvers are now manufactured in this country, among which those of Adams and Deane are, perhaps, most in repute. General Jacob and Mr. Hans Busk give, however, the preference to Mr. Daw's last improved revolver. The best now commonly vended by most gunmakers, although originally the contrivance of a Birmingham lock-filer, are mainly distinguished by a very admirable but simple piece of mechanism, which causes the actual insertion of a portion of the barrel into the chamber at the instant of firing. By this means all possibility of the lateral penetration of the flame into the adjoining chambers is obviated; the hammer, too, is so formed that it admits of an uninterrupted line of aim being taken along the barrel.

Among the principal modern inventions for increasing the range and power of rifled fire-arms, must be noticed the well-known General Jacob's improved Minié balls without cups, which, fired out of the same officer's pattern rifle, are accurately effective up to twelve hundred yards, and at fourteen hundred yards the percussion shells, made of the same shape, explode well. These last-mentioned percussion rifle-shells are termed by the great experimenter of Jacobabad, "the most formidable missile ever invented by man." The merit of having first originated the application of the percussion principle to elongated missiles and rifle-shells lies, however, with another gallant officer, Captain Norton, of the 34th. Captain Norton completed an elongated rifle shot and shell, the former precisely upon the principle of the Minié ball, in 1824. Captain Norton was also the first to show that a conical ball will not carry its point foremost unless

the centre of gravity be in the forepart of the shot. It can, moreover, be satisfactorily proved that Captain Norton not only devised, but freely offered to the government almost all the improvements that are now being generally adopted, upwards of a quarter of a century ago, but unfortunately in vain.

A remarkable proof of the utility of rifle-shells was afforded in the Persian campaign of 1856. The troops were about to quit their entrenchments at Burasjun, when, in the words of Captain Hunt, "After moving a few hundred yards clear of the entrenchment, the troops were halted to witness the explosion of a very large quantity of the enemy's powder, stated to be 36,000 lbs., and a most magnificent as well as an extraordinary spectacle it occasioned. The evening was darker than usual, and the rush of one mighty column of flame into the heavens, with cloud over cloud of bright silvery-looking smoke, mingled with shells bursting like sky-rockets in the midst, attended by a report that made the hills echo again, and a concussion which shook the ground even where the advance-guard stood, formed altogether an event of life not likely to be forgotten by any who beheld it. The pile of ammunition was fired by Lieutenant Gibbard, of the Horse Artillery, and Lieutenant Hassard, the adjutant of the 2nd European Light Infantry, with rifles and shell-bullets of Colonel Jacob's invention, from a distance of about 150 yards. Both these officers were thrown down by the shock of the concussion. Did any doubt previously exist of the formidable character of this new weapon and projectile, the occurrence described fully removed it."*

The weapon at present in course of general adoption throughout the service is the Enfield, or Enfield-Pritchett, rifle. In this the rifling is effected by three grooves, cut slightly deeper at the breech than at the muzzle, and making one complete revolution in 78 inches. The barrel is 3 feet 3 inches long; the weight, 4 lbs. 2 oz. The total weight, with bayonet, 9 lbs. 3 oz.; length, 6 feet 1 inch; without the bayonet, 4 feet 7 inches. This rifled musket can, it is said, be turned out at Enfield at an expense of about 3*l.* 4*s.* When supplied by contract, it costs somewhat more. It will doubtless be the weapon with which the troops of the line will be armed for a long time to come, and for that purpose, perhaps, few objections can be urged against it. An ordinary marksman can make good practice with it at 800 yards, but, in the skilled hands of a more experienced shot, a much greater range is attainable. The regulation projectile is a modification of the Minié, smooth at the sides, and having a box-wood instead of an iron cup fitted into a cavity at its base. But even this cup may be dispensed with without any very perceptible diminution in the accuracy of the fire. Mr. Pritchett, who has turned out many thousands of these muskets, and has devoted great attention for many years to the perfecting of them, recommends that no cup should be used, but that a small hollow only be left at the end of the bullet, just sufficient for its lateral expansion. This rifle loads readily, balances well, and is not too heavy to be manageable by any man of ordinary stature and strength. While it will easily pick off a man at 800 yards, its volleys tell with deadly effect upon masses at 1500 to 2000 yards—that is, at the distance of a mile. The greatest improvement that time will effect will be to have three classes of stocks, and to

* Outram and Havelock's Persian Campaign. By Captain G. H. Hunt, 78th Highlanders, pp. 208, 209.

load at the breech. This would increase their efficiency at once sixfold. The Enfield rifle confers a saving of 3 lbs. in weight each soldier has to carry, the strength of the weapon is increased, as is also the precision in firing; the quality of the lock and the mode of attaching the barrel to the stock are improved, and the bayonet (which weapon is open to improvement to rival the French sword-bayonet) fixes in a lock-ring instead of loops and pins.

The use of the Enfield rifle in skilled hands was sufficiently attested by Lieutenant Godfrey's feat at Balaklava, as reported by Lord Raglan himself:

"The fourth division," wrote his lordship, "had advanced close to the heights, and Sir George Cathcart caused one of the redoubts to be re-occupied by the Turks, affording them his support; and he availed himself of the opportunity to assist with his riflemen in silencing two of the enemy's guns.

"That service was accomplished by Lieutenant Godfrey (1st battalion Rifle Brigade), who, proceeding in advance of his battalion with a few men, under the cover of a ridge, made such excellent shooting at the Russian gunners (at six hundred yards), the men handing him their rifles as fast as he fired, that, in his own words, 'We got the credit of silencing them. None of our men were hurt, though at one time the shot came through us pretty fast and thick.'"

It is not only as employed against gunners that the rifle finds a new field of utility, but also in sieges. It has always been the practice to employ select bodies of marksmen at such against the artillerymen of the garrison. "With the old musket," says Sir John Burgoyne, in a paper given to Lord Raglan during the siege of Sebastopol, and published in his "Military Opinions," on the employment of riflemen at sieges, "they posted themselves at different distances, not usually exceeding two hundred yards, from the enemy's batteries; and their effect was such as very commonly to silence absolutely the guns immediately opposed to them. With rifles and the modern Minié muskets, in the hands of good shots, the effects may be produced at much greater ranges." At Sebastopol it is well known that, in order the better to protect the trenches from the effects of the fire of the garrison, as also in order to close with the artillery as easily as possible, parties of riflemen were established in dispersed order in distinct pits sunk at night in front of the besiegers' works, and where two men remained all day under cover of the earth excavated and some sand-bag loopholes. These men, although they had no covered communication with the trenches, would occasionally run to and fro without much loss.

Although, to conclude, reference must be had in the selection of any particular arm to the service for which it is destined, because it is difficult to devise a weapon that shall be equally suited for military purposes, for a Scotch deer-forest, for an Indian jungle, and for match-shooting at a target, still we can but rest assured, that a muzzle-loader such as General Jacob has perfected, a breech-loader of the kind patented by Mr. Prince, or a revolver of the latest form manufactured by Colonel Colt, will at least equal in all essentials, if not prove superior to, every denomination of similar weapon as yet before the public, be the maker who he may. Further improvements are at the same time daily going on, and that at a much greater rate, in a country so distinguished for its

mechanical skill as this is, than even on the Continent, where seven-eighths of the advance of art and science are made to apply to military matters.

Mr. Terry, of Birmingham, has lately brought out a breech-loading rifle, the plan of which is distinct from Prince's. In the latter, the whole of the barrel moves forward; in Terry's it is fixed, and the admission of the cartridge is effected through an opening at the base of the breech. Mr. Westley Richards has also perfected a breech-loading carbine, which has been tried at Hythe with highly satisfactory results. Great things are also anticipated by Whitworth's rifle, and it will be a matter of surprise to no one who is acquainted with that gentleman's scientific attainments, and with the mechanical appliances he can bring to his aid, if, when his experiments are concluded, he should be enabled to exhibit a rifle capable of beating all its predecessors; as much superior to the old Minié, for example, as Armstrong's gun will be to the weapon that has accomplished such wonders on the Po, the Ticino, and the Mincio. The most curious question of all connected with ever-progressing improvements in fire-arms is, What will it all end in? General Jacob, whose experience upon these matters was unrivalled, considered that we are even yet far from having reached the greatest range of small arms, while, with respect to heavy ordnance, he says: "Judging from experiments made, as an old artillery officer, as well as a rifleman and a practical mechanic, I am deliberately of opinion that a four-grooved rifled iron gun of a bore of four inches in diameter, weighing not less than twenty-four hundred-weight, could be made to throw shot to a distance of ten miles and more, with force and accuracy." If this surmise should eventually prove well founded—and we cannot but accept with every consideration a statement coming from such a quarter upon a subject on which no one was better qualified to judge—it may be practicable (the distance at which an object is visible on a level horizon being only seven miles), at no distant day, for a fleet to bombard a city, the inhabitants of which may be unable during the operation even to desery their assailants!

It is all these various improvements that destroy possibilities of calculation. In previous struggles there have been mathematical plans laid down, founded on practical experience, by which the chances of a field or a naval engagement, or of a siege, could be estimated, the resources of defence and attack have been regarded as so many fixed quantities constituting a problem to be solved by a particular method within a given number of days, weeks, or months; but, in our days, with a necromantic range of artillery, deadly small arms, a grooved siege train, and shells, of which each might be described as a flying *inferno*, all traditional reliance upon the working of human strategic laws is annihilated. This, too, at a time when we learn that, amidst the labours and sacrifices demanded by one war, the French ministry of marine is engaged with redoubled activity upon maritime armaments for another. At the same time that the Ocean fleet is being so energetically increased, the arsenals of Cherbourg, Brest, and Toulon are, we are told, busy constructing a number of new transports, which shall be able to convey to another point six thousand men each. For whose benefit are all these improvements in transport, gunnery, and strategy intended?

OUT OF THE WORLD.

Just two months back we led our readers for a walk through a portion of the Continent hitherto left unvisited by the ruck of English travellers. With them we invaded the sequestered valleys of Savoy, and showed them what delight a German traveller derived from wandering "Here and There in Sardinia." Fortune has again favoured us most unexpectedly, and we are enabled to make a more secluded tour through a portion of Germany which hardly any Englishman has traversed, and yet which deserves attention fully as much as those well-trodden passes of Switzerland which the Alpine Club has again brought into such prominent notoriety. We allude to the Bregenzer Wald, through which M. Andreas Oppermann wandered only last year, and has described his rambles in a simple volume, which will serve as our guide through the present paper.* But first, a word as to the locality.

The forest of Bregenz is situated on the southern shore of the Lake of Constance, nestling behind the lofty peak of the Lorena, and forms the foreground, as it were, of the Vorarlberg. Although the mountains are far from being the highest in the Tyrol, they attain a very respectable elevation. The Canisluè is above six thousand feet, while the Widdersstein, which separates the forest from the valley of the Lech, reaches a height of nearly eight thousand feet. The valley of the Bregenzer Ache forms the centre of the forest: that river rises in the wild ravines near Schroben, and falls into the Lake of Constance after various strange windings in the vicinity of Bregenz. It is a fine mountain torrent, and at times produces considerable injury by carrying away masses of rock and uprooting trees. The houses are built after the Swiss fashion, and are remarkable for their cleanliness, while the Bregenzer themselves enjoy a degree of material comfort, which forms a striking contrast to the ordinary peasant life in Germany.

Our author set out on his tour from Lindau, the Bavarian port, and from personal knowledge we can endorse his account of the panorama between that place and Bregenz as one of the most lovely in Germany. More especially is this the case after leaving Bregenz and ascending the Gebhard, where even the unpoetical Mr. Walter White broke out into ecstasies at the view, as *teste* his "Walk through the Tyrol." M. Oppermann's first halt was at the village of Bregenz, and the following scene at the inn will give an idea of the peasant life in the forest:

Two women were seated at a corner table in the keeping-room. One of them was from twenty-eight to thirty years of age—a tall, nobly-built figure, clad in the Black Forest garb. I cannot describe what a pleasant effect the costume produced upon me, and then the graceful woman, with her antique profile, her lovely light hair woven in a coronet round her graceful head, the pleasant gossipy and prattle from the little mouth, round which a merry, almost roguish, laugh continually played,—all this, I confess, pleased me at the first glance. The guests seemed much respected at the inn of Schwarzach, for the finest linen was spread over the table, the best coffee-service was produced, and plenty of fresh

* Aus dem Bregenzer Wald. Von Andreas Oppermann. Breslau: Eduard Trosswendt.

tarts filled the plates. I, too, took my place at the table; the conversation began immediately, and was carried on with such grace and condescension by the forest dame, that I might have fancied myself in the first society, had it not been for the garb, and her own statement that she kept the Crown Inn at Hüttesau. I began jesting with her, and she never wanted an answer, although never growing coarse: the answers came like lightning, and I found some difficulty in parrying her wit. On this occasion I learned that the inhabitant of the front forest, in which Hüttesau lies, is proud of his pleasant country, while he looks down on the backwoodman because he is poorer, and his ground not so well tilled. When we parted, and the first Bregenz woman I had met cordially shook my hand, with an invitation to visit her soon at the Crown, and though the forest might please me better, I should nowhere find a better reception than from her, I fancied myself removed into real German life from the garish world of fashion.

The sun was sinking deeper, the summits of the fruit-laden trees grew more golden-hued, the wind came more coolly over the meadows where the flocks were pasturing, the bells rang out more gladly, and the mountains threw violet shadows further over the golden sunny valley, as our author set out for Alberschwende, the first mountain village. As the bells pealed from the monastery of Bildstein, which glistened from the mountain in the sunset, and the mowers and shepherds, turning towards the sun, muttered their evening prayer, he looked down again into the glorious Rhine valley, and his bosom heaved at the blessings nature had so lavishly bestowed. One step further, and a turn in the road hid the sunny valley. A cooler breeze met the wanderer from the narrow pass he had entered, and the mountain path gradually ascended between the gloomy heights, whose pines quivered in the golden-green light. Still narrower became the road, the tone of the scenery grew deeper, only forest gloom and green dancing water. Here and there houses peeped out from amid the pines, while along the torrent were small huts for grinding stone, where the workmen seemed still busied. Gradually it grew darker; a storm passed across the mountain valley, the fir-trees looked gloomier, and the top of the pass was hidden in grey, spectral-looking cloud masses. Down poured the rain, and our author was glad to take refuge in the nearest house.

During the Thirty Years' War the Swedes were stationed in the Vorderwald; they had separated from the main army, and found themselves very comfortably off in this prosperous country. They ate the peasants' eggs and fowls, took the cream from his milk, killed his oxen and drank his wine, abused his maids and thrashed his boys, so that at the last the Catholic Bregenzer lost all patience. But, as it frequently happens, the men were more patient under oppression and brute violence than the women. The Bregenz maidens could not hit it off at all with the soldiers; they were never partial to that breed, nor are they so now. Hence, when a young Swedish officer dishonoured the daughter of the Landamman, aroused to frenzy by the insult she had suffered, she called together her countrywomen to take terrible revenge. Armed with picks and javelins, they marched at daybreak on the Höllenbach, where the head-quarters of the Swedes were. When the latter suddenly noticed in the fog the white petticoats, they fancied that the Austrian troops were on them, and fled. The women and maidens followed them, and killed them to the last man. The Landamman's

daughter wounded the Swedish officer, and when he lay defenceless at her feet she was suddenly moved by a deep affection for him. She bore him from the field, and both disappeared from that moment. The battle-field is still pointed out, and is called the "red or bloody corner," and in memory of this heroic deed the bells of Andelsbuch and Schwarzenberg are rung every afternoon at two, the hour when the defeat of the Swedes was ended.

The next station was Schwarzenberg, celebrated above all else because the church contains some of the earliest fresco paintings of Angelica Kaufmann, who gained an enormous reputation in England during the last century, and whose pictures we remember during our youth as decorating our National Gallery.

Angelica Kaufmann was the daughter of an artist, whose home was Schwarzenberg, and there he resided until a commission from the bishop drew him to Chur, where he married, and his daughter was born there in 1741. At an early age we find Angelica on the Lake of Como, and the scenery at that lovely spot exercised a decided influence over her future artistic career. Thence she proceeded to Milan, where she studied the old masters, more especially Leonardo da Vinci. In her sixteenth year she lost her mother, and went with her father to Schwarzenberg, where she assisted in decorating the new church. Here, too, she practised fresco painting, which is not usual for a female. Thence she proceeded to the Lake of Constance, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Upper Italy, and did not revisit her forest home till twenty years later, on her return from England. Her memory is still fragrant there, owing to the abundant charity she displayed towards her poorer country-folk. Next we find her resident at Florence, and afterwards at Rome, where she visited Winkelmann, and executed a splendid copper-plate portrait of the great German. Before long she proceeded to London, where she produced an extraordinary sensation, but was destined to undergo a bitter trial. She married there an adventurer of the name of Count Horo, who was detected and found to have been already married. He fled the country, and Angelica suffered deeply from the deception, until, in her forty-sixth year, she was induced by her father to marry his old friend, the artist Zucchi. In 1781 she returned to Italy, where she resided tranquilly at Rome till her death in 1807, after suffering a heavy loss of fortune by the revolution. During the last years of her life her house was the meeting place of all the celebrities of the age, and, among others, she made the acquaintance of Goethe, who is supposed to have formed a very warm attachment for her.

On again we wander with our author to the merry village of Au, where he arrived late on a Saturday night, and found it busied in preparing for the festivities of the next day.

In the afternoon a pleasant scene was presented at the village inn, and to those who, like ourselves, have been present at village festivals in Germany, the contrast presented by the Bregenzer Wald is most striking. Here our author found none of that stifling tobacco-smoke, noise, and intoxication which are the components of rustic merriment in Bavaria or Suabenland; on the contrary, all was quiet and clean, and the young girls danced with a grace only to be found in its perfection in the Tyrol. One maiden specially attracted our author's attention by her beauty and

grace, and when she noticed it—for women in that respect are alike all over the world—she whispered a few words to her partner. He led her up straight to the stranger, and begged him to dance with her as often as he liked, if he were fond of that amusement. This example was soon followed by the rest, and he naturally passed a most pleasant evening. There was not a trace of that jealousy so natural on such occasions in Germany, but, on the contrary, all the young fellows strove to do honour to the stranger.

Away to Schoperau, at the extremity of the Bregenzer dell, and a pleasant gossip under a centennial pine-tree, with a party of milk-maidens returning to milk the cows in the cool of the evening. Cheese-making is the staple trade of the forest, and this cheese is exported all over the world. Like many of the Germans, the Bregenzer foresters are of a roving turn of mind, and they can all make a livelihood by carving. All through the forest the houses are decorated by native artists, and some magnificent specimens of wood-carving may be found, which would command enormous prices in London or Paris. This carving is the general winter occupation of the foresters. While conversing with the girls, accident brought up the name of one Troddel Tony, and the story of his life is so characteristic that we cannot refrain from quoting it.

THE STORY OF TRODDEL TONY.

At the time when the brave Hotz had his head-quarters at Bregenz, in the year '90, the forest, which had long been spared the horrors of war, began to grow very disturbed, the Austrians marched across the mountains, and the French followed them at full speed. Many a cow was stolen from the meadows, many a chalet burnt, and, wherever a long-haired Frenchman came, there was grief and trouble in the house. Many great stranger gentlemen had come to Hotz's head-quarters with their servants. One of these gentlemen went one day to the village of Schuepfau, where the thunder of the cannon had been heard the whole morning from the Rhine valley, and the rain poured down in torrents. Under his cloak he had a child—it was Troddel Tony. The gentleman wished to get rid of the child at any price, and asked the sexton of Schuepfau to take care of it, and bring it up. For this purpose the interest of a capital sum of 1000 florins would be employed, which the great gentleman handed to the sexton, and if the boy lived to come of age, the capital would be laid out in buying land for him; if, however, Tony were to die, or leave no children at his death, the capital would fall to the sexton or his children. Perhaps it was this that induced the sexton to take to the boy, and the great gentleman was never seen again in the forest. Tony (the narrator said) I first learned to know at school, for till then he had not often left the sexton's house. At school he was at first called the "Frenchman," for the boys believed that the strange gentleman who brought him belonged to that country. He was a quiet lad and very timid, he looked at you very sorrowfully with his large black eyes, and his face was always pale. As the other children would not play with him, he always kept away from them, and, at last, it seemed as if he had forgotten how to talk. At last it occurred to one of the boys to call him Troddel Tony,* and the name stuck to him all

* Much the same as our Simple Simon.

his life. But I know he wasn't an idiot, for one day, when I went out of the village, I found Tony sitting by the water-side, and crying. When I asked him what the matter was, he said to me, "If I was to tell you, you would not understand it, for you don't know how it hurts to have no one in the world to love you." But he said it with such a force, and such an expression in his eyes, that I was ready to cry too. Since that time I know that Troddel Tony was no troddel. He minded cows, learned how to make cheese, but was fondest of carving. When he was twenty-one years of age the 800 florins left of his capital were laid out in buying him a house and a few cows, but for all that he remained a stranger in the village. No one had anything to do with him, and he was himself partly to blame for it, as he never gave anybody a good word. He tried more than once whether one of the girls in the village wouldn't have him, but each rejected him with a laugh, and said he might be filched away from the village as quickly as he had been brought there, and then she would be left without a husband.

One day Troddel Tony disappeared, and it almost seemed as if he had been taken away in the night; but at the end of a week he came back, riding in a little waggon, and had an extraordinary woman with him. She was very beautiful, but not like other women; her face was wild, and her black eyes flashed terribly; her raven hair hung down her back in long ringlets, and she did not wear the dress of the foresters, but the gipsy's colours, green and red. Folk said she was a gipsy, and that Troddel Tony had formed her acquaintance over away in Bludenz, where she had come from Italy, and she had run away from her band by night and married him; while others said they were not married at all, and I don't believe that anybody asked them for their certificate.

However this may be, another life began for Troddel Tony since his marriage; he seemed very fond of his wife, and she of him, for they were very happy together. It is true this happiness had something uncommon about it, for no one knew how they really lived, as they were often not seen for days together. Tony became more silent than ever, but at the same time prouder. No one had anything to do with his wife, for they said she only spoke a sort of Italian, and could only make herself understood to her husband, whom she had taught her jargon; and, in truth, when any one passed their hut, and heard them talking, not a word could be understood. Tony only felt happy at home, and he made a splendid house of that in which they lived. The walls were painted green, with red ornaments; he carved all the beams beautifully, and had trained creeping-plants all round the house, which grew over a gaily-painted and finely-carved fence. The garden in front of the house was shut in by trees, so that no one could see through, and Tony grew there a number of strange plants, which no one knew hereabouts. A great number of singing-birds hung about the house in cages, and the windows were so hidden by foliage that they could not be seen from the outside. In the lovely summer nights, when the whole valley was silent as death, singing and playing would be heard from Tony's strange house; the lights sparkled like emeralds through the windows; and when all in the house was quiet, it seemed, at midnight, as if it were full of nightingales, so loudly did they sing and complain in their cages.

Troddel Tony's wife was looked upon as half a witch; some one had

crept up to the house late at night, and peered through the window into the brilliantly-lighted room. Here he saw Tony's beautiful wife, splendidly illuminated by a torch, dressed in a gay attire and glistening stones, standing at a table, and reading from a large book all sorts of incomprehensible stuff. I cannot say anything true about this; but so much is certain that, after her arrival, Tony was never seen again at church.

Tony worked very little; he paid all his attention, gave all his time, to ornamenting his house. He carved figures to support the roof instead of beams; and all his love was devoted to his house and his wife, over which he forgot the outer world and its cares.

So he went on for a long time. Once a year he went to Lindau or Berguez, as folk said, to sell the jewels and stones his wife had brought him, to a goldsmith; but the money could not have sufficed for their support, for, at the end of twelve years, Tony's house and land were publicly sold to pay his debts. The purchaser pulled down all his decorations, and made it look again like any other house in the village. Troddel Tony could not yield to his fate, and he tried several times to take forcible possession of the house that had once belonged to him, for which he was, of course, arrested and imprisoned. All at once he left the village, and was not seen or heard of there for seven long years, although some shepherds declared he must be in the forest, for they had seen him several times, although a long distance off. At length the secret was discovered. Tony had built himself a hut of wood and moss in one of the west ravines, under a projecting rock. People say that the forest cat looked most pleasant amid the savage horror of the precipices. A hunter who sought a wounded chamois, and strayed into the ravine at the peril of his life, made the discovery. Tony implored him most earnestly not to betray him, for not a soul had yet found his hiding-place; and he was so happy here with wife and child, if people heard of it they would be sure to drive him out. But, in spite of the hunter's promise, everybody soon knew where Tony lived; and, as it was justly suspected that he lived by poaching and burning wood belonging to the state, he was arrested by the gendarmes as a vagabond, with all his family, and locked up for woodstealing.

But, for all that, he could not follow the Landamman's advice and live in lodgings; he suddenly disappeared again from the village, and people said he was hid away somewhere in the forest.

At that time there lived in the village a man of the name of "Red Jacob," a wild and spiteful fellow, full of all sorts of strange tricks, and had formerly always teased Tony. This man Tony met one night accidentally, and told him confidentially that he had gone into housekeeping again, but no one would discover him unless he himself showed the gendarme the way, and so he only came out after dark. Red Jacob, who wanted to have his fun again with poor Tony, advised him to take the winding-sheet off a newly buried body at midnight, and then he could come out safely by day, as it had the power of rendering him invisible.

The malicious fellow was delighted at the notion how Tony would walk straight into the gendarme's arms in his long garment of death, but he did not suspect that he would supply the winding-sheet. That very same night, as he was going home, his foot slipped, and he tumbled

into the Ach ; three days later he was buried, and then Tony set to work, unearched him, and took possession of his friend Red Jacob's sheet.

Tony, thenceforth, went about openly in his new garb, and that naturally betrayed him. The gendarmes surprised him one day close by his hut. He walked quietly towards them, and was no little confounded when he found that he was seen in spite of his sheet. He surrendered with a cry of grief at the deception he had suffered from, and was yesterday carried off, with wife and children, to the prison at Bezan.

By the time this mournful story was ended twilight had set in, and our traveller started for Schröcken, his night's resting-place. He was hospitably welcomed at the inn, and on looking over the strangers' book he noticed to how few the Bregenzer Wald was yet known. One name, however, struck him—it was that of the late King of Saxony, who was so fond of the Tyrol, and whom the country folk had learned to love for his condescension. Said a peasant to our author at Lermos, "He wasn't at all like a king; he was a man, and for that reason we all learned to love him." Little did he suspect the profound truth conveyed in his words. At Reute, on the Tyrol, the host showed Herr Oppermann a picture of the monarch, and behind it two leaves, still sprinkled with his blood, and taken from the spot where the melancholy accident occurred.

The village of Schröcken is itself four thousand feet above the sea. It consists of seven houses, scattered round the church on a meadow, about three hundred paces in diameter, which forms the summit of a precipice, surrounded on all sides by a deep ravine. Opposite rise the colossal granitic masses which close in the Bregenzer Thal, and about three rifles' shots beyond from the rocky sides of the Widderstein, the Aarhorn, and the Rothhorn, which tower some four thousand feet above the little village. It seems to be the end of the world; for while the dark pine summits project from the gloomy ravines around, the tremendous mountains frown above, on which only a little patch of verdure is here and there visible. Only two narrow paths lead out of this desolate region: one past the Widderstein to Krumbach, the other over the Aarhorn to the valley of the Lech.

And here we will say adieu to the Bregenzer Wald, for it is not our purpose to accompany our traveller into the Tyrol. Still, before parting from our readers, we can cordially assure those of them who love unsophisticated humanity, and like a change from the humdrum of routine, or those (to quote from Longfellow)

Who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers,
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,

that a week bestowed on the Bregenzer Wald would not be wasted. At any rate, it would be far more satisfactory than an excursion to the blood-stained plains of Lombardy, whither, we understand, eager sight-seers can now book themselves through from Paris.

GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER V.

PHROSYNE.

THERE was a reason for the absence of Madame Lalouette and Marie.

While the landlord of the Coq d'Or was haranguing his friends—more for the pleasure of hearing himself talk than for any deep-seated interest in the question under discussion—his wife and daughter heard the voice of Louis calling them to come down.

Hastily obeying the summons, they left the room, and met Louis on the staircase.

"Ah! you are returned just in time——" began Madame Lalouette, but she was interrupted by her son.

"Mother," he said, "here is a lady who has been travelling all night. She is worn out with fatigue and want of rest. I must leave her with you, as I have to go back to a gentleman who is minding Fleurette and the *patache*."

While Louis was speaking, Madame Lalouette and Marie had noticed a lady standing in the passage. They now hurried forward, and begged to know what service they could render?

"A sleeping-room," said the stranger, faintly, "is all I wish for at present. Can I have one?"

"Certainly!" was the reply from both; Marie observing that there was a charming apartment looking out on the public square, which everybody liked, it was so gay!

"Not that, Marie!" said Louis, quickly, "it is too exposed. Madame wishes to be quite private." Then, lowering his voice, he added: "You must say nothing of this to any one. It is to be kept quite secret. I have promised that already!"

Madame Lalouette and her daughter looked surprised, but made no remark, and Louis, turning to the stranger, with his hat in his hand, begged permission to leave her now, assuring her that she was in complete security.

"But," said the lady, "taking out a richly embroidered purse, "I have not——"

"Pardon!" returned Louis,—"that is for by-and-by, when Madame's journey is ended. I must go for the *patache*. Fleurette will be impatient. I shall be back directly. Remember, Marie, what I told you!"

So saying, Louis made a profound bow and took his leave.

We have seen why he did not return so speedily as he had promised.

In the mean time, after taking counsel for a moment with her mother,

Marie conducted the lady up-stairs, leaving Madame Lalouette to prepare some breakfast for her guest.

Marie was a damsel whom Nature had not endowed with the gift of taciturnity, and she chattered all the way she went.

"It was a thousand pities that Madame could not occupy the chamber she had first mentioned; but then, if Madame wanted repose, that was different; the other side of the house was, certainly, quieter; there were only the pigeons in the dovecot, the poultry in the yard, the horses in the stable, the great dog that was chained up,—nothing else made any noise; and, after all, they were only animals; what they did was of no consequence! And Madame had travelled all night in the *patache*, which, in truth, was not the same as an easy-chair. No doubt Madame must be greatly tired, for she had not the appearance of being accustomed to fatigue, which was a pity. Otherwise Madame might have witnessed the proclamation of the republic in the market-place, and the *fêtes* which would be superb,—so, at least, all the world declared. There were to be great rejoicings all over France, which was quite right, for had they not got rid of a tyrant, one who massacred the people of Paris in the public streets? Yes, it was quite time that he should depart—he and all his family—if, indeed, they were allowed to depart without being massacred in their turn, and it even was said—But Madame looked dreadfully pale,—was she ill?—ah, she feared that Madame was going to faint. Some water! Yes! in an instant; they were now at the door of the apartment,—would Madame lean upon her? There!"

Marie's apprehension was just. They had hardly crossed the threshold when; but for her support, the lady would have fallen on the floor. As it was, she had only strength enough left to reach a chair before she fainted away.

Marie was greatly distressed, but remembering at the right moment what Louis had said, she did not call for assistance. To have done so might have made others aware of the stranger's arrival besides her mother, and the idea suddenly struck her that the secret she had been told to keep was one of importance. It could not be doubted, since she had observed her more closely, that the lady's air was most distinguished; her dress, too, though torn and dirtied, was of the finest materials—and in opening her collar, as she lay back in the chair, a miniature, suspended from her neck by a small flexible gold chain, escaped from her bosom. It was the portrait of an old man, whose features, made familiar by multiplied busts and pictures, could not be mistaken for any but the king's; while, engraved at the back of the miniature, were a prince's coronet above the cipher "V. O." Who, thought Marie, would wear an ornament like this but one connected with royalty—perhaps a royal personage? However that might be, the stranger's present condition claimed her immediate care. Water was fortunately at hand, and after being freely sprinkled, the lady sufficiently recovered to utter thanks for Marie's kind attention.

"Do not speak of it, Madame," said Marie; "indeed, I beg of you not to speak at all: it is too much for your strength, until you have taken some refreshment."

"No!" returned the lady, "something I must say; one question I must ask. Have you—have you heard—is there any news from Paris

of yesterday—what is the latest thing that has happened? You made a remark just now—”

“Ah, Madame, I knew nothing; do not alarm yourself again. I do not believe that harm has befallen anybody—since the first moment of surprise.”

“If I could be sure of that! But no, these apprehensions are terrible—worse than actual dangers. How can I learn the truth?”

“I will find out all I can, Madame, the moment I leave you. And here is my mother arriving with breakfast. Be content, Madame; nobody else will approach you till I return.”

Marie met her mother as she entered. “The poor lady has been unwell, but is better now,” she said, aloud, and in a whisper added one or two hasty words which nearly had the effect of making Madame Lalouette drop the tray she was carrying; she recovered herself, however, and crossed the room safely with her freight, and Marie, locking the door behind her and taking the key, hurried down stairs.

The crowd still thronged the market-place, Monsieur Lalouette had not yet relinquished his oratorical position, and Marie was just leaving the house, when, looking down the street, she saw one of her female acquaintances coming towards the Coq d’Or.

“Good morning, Phrosyne,” she said, smiling; “you, like all the world, are curious to see what is going on!”

But Marie’s smile was not returned, friendly though the relations were—nay, more than friendly—that subsisted between the two. A red spot was burning on Phrosyne’s cheek which was not caused by the quickness of her pace, and she answered, in anything but an amicable tone:

“Without being too curious, Marie, I can see what is going on, even if I sit at my window.”

“That is a strange thing in Amiens,” replied Marie, piqued at the manner of her friend; “people who live in the Rue du Loup do not usually see more than others.”

“That depends. I believe I can trust my own eyes.”

“Very possibly. But what have they beheld, Phrosyne?”

“What have they beheld? But it is to your brother Louis that I must speak.”

“Louis is not here.”

“Not here! Where, then, is he gone?”

“How should I know, Phrosyne? He comes and goes without telling me.”

“Do you mean to say, Marie, that Louis has not been here this morning?”

“He went two days ago to Senlis,” said Marie, evading the question.

“Nor,” continued Phrosyne, her colour deepening and her dark eyes flashing, “that he—came—here—with a young person—as for young, I know not, but definitively a woman? You are not capable of denying that!”

“I am capable, Phrosyne, of denying everything that I do not witness. For that I am a veritable Saint Thomas.”

“You are capable of much more, Marie,” retorted the other, whose anger was fast increasing. “But, until this hour, I did not suppose that a sister could encourage her brother in infidelity towards his betrothed.”

"You are deceived, Phrosyne," said Marie, who felt that she had a difficult card to play;—"or, rather, you say things of which I do not understand the meaning."

"And yet my meaning is, I think, sufficiently plain. I will speak out then. I—I, myself—I, who speak to you, Marie—not half an hour ago I saw your brother Louis conduct a—a person—past my door. Oh, but so carefully!—perhaps I am not wrong if I observe—tenderly! Does he not know where I live? Has he ever gone by before without looking up? But this person occupied all his attention. I watched him to the end of the street. Not once did he turn his head, and when they reached the Rue de l'Oratoire he took this direction. And now—having conquered my first emotion—for I do not envy him his draggle-tail—he merits no greater compliment—I decide upon addressing you, his sister—and I am told, as if I were a child who could not understand—that he has never been here. This is a baseness unparalleled, which I will not tamely endure!"

"My good Phrosyne," said Marie, endeavouring to soothe her friend without betraying her brother's secret, which, after what she had seen, she felt herself doubly bound to keep—"my good Phrosyne, there is no baseness in the matter. Bethink yourself an instant! What interest have I in screening an unknown? I swear I know no one but you with whom Louis is intimate. Had he brought anybody into Amiens there was the *putache* in which she might have been concealed from you as from all the world. But the *putache*—where is it? Not in our stable any more than Louis. That *putache* is as well known in Amiens as the statue of King Dagobert over the cathedral door. Ask who has seen it. Nobody!"

"For all that, you cannot persuade me out of my eyesight," replied Phrosyne, moodily. "But I will find out where he hides himself, if I search all Amiens through. Adieu, Mademoiselle." And with a haughty toss of the head Phrosyne turned away, and moved towards the Marché aux Herbes.

"Stay! stay!" exclaimed Marie. "Do not leave me so angrily."

But Phrosyne took no notice of her words, and walked on.

Marie followed her with her eyes to the corner.

"She was always of a jealous disposition," she said; "and now there seems to be some ground for it. How unfortunate that Louis should have gone down the Rue du Loup! How unlucky to have brought that lady here! But there is no help for it. We must do what we can! And first I have to get some news of the revolution in Paris."

To judge by the outcry that suddenly arose while Marie was soliloquising, one might have thought that the revolution at Amiens had entered a new phase. Such, indeed, it might be considered, for by the time the injured Phrosyne reached the square, everybody knew the cause of the disturbance of which Monsieur Lalouette had called for an explanation, and hearing that there were "prisoners," rushed towards the Place de la Mairie, at the further extremity of the Marché aux Herbes. Amongst the most eager was the innkeeper of the Coq d'Or, and he, turning his head, saw Phrosyne at a little distance entangled in the crowd.

"Ah! my child!" cried he, "you shall see as well as the rest."

With this he elbowed his way towards her, and placing her arm beneath his, dragged her along before she could offer any resistance. Monsieur Lalouette did not know that he led an unwilling companion, and though she answered not a word to what he said, attributed her silence to the hubbub around him, which, in fact, was enough to drown even a more clamorous speaker than he, could such a one have been found. There was breathing-time, however, and less noise when they arrived at the verge of the square, and then Phrosyne recovered her voice.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" she cried, "it is Louis whom they take to prison!" "Who? what?" shouted Monsieur Lalouette. "Bigre! But it seems probable. One does not commonly take a morning's walk with a gendarme at each elbow! And see, Phrosyne, there is my *putache*!—that is a prisoner too. Diable! into what scrape has the foolish boy tumbled?"

"*Le perfide!*" muttered Phrosyne; but her eyes were full of tears.

"Cheer up, my child," said the innkeeper, in his lively way, "Louis will come to no harm. Tell me, my friend," he continued, addressing his nearest neighbour, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"It means," replied the person spoken to, who happened to be one Nicolas Fâcheux, a notary's clerk—"it means, Monsieur Lalouette, that your son has been guilty of high treason against the republic, one and indivisible—he and an Englishman, his accomplice, whom you see behind him. They are being taken to the Hôtel de Ville to be judged, and as you will not be allowed to speak to him there, I advise you to go round to the Conciergerie; you will find him in the Préau before dinner-time, or I know nothing of the law."

"I hope you don't, Monsieur Fâcheux," said the innkeeper; "at all events, I shall put off that visit till I have heard the accusation. Keep close to me, Phrosyne. We shall manage to get in. With your permission, most learned Monsieur Fâcheux."

Once more cleaving the press, Monsieur Lalouette pushed forward, and, in spite of the prediction of the notary's clerk, succeeded in getting into the Hôtel de Ville with Phrosyne, no longer reluctant, clinging to his arm.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAYOR'S ADJOINT.

A FRENCH Court of Justice is a very formidable affair: imposing in its aspect, severe in the dignity of its officials, and not so mild in the interpretation of the law as to make even an innocent person desirous of being brought before it. Our English tribunals—in spite of robes and horsehair wigs, and ponderous ushers with stentorian voices—lack something of the majesty which surrounds the bench in France. With us the judge may jest and the counsel convulse the court with laughter, even in the most important cases, but our neighbours order this matter, as they do most others, if not better, at all events differently. We are called a serious nation, and they are accused of levity, but in everything that concerns the law the French are ten times more serious than the English. Rigid as Rhadamanthus, with The Code at his fingers' ends, a French President would as soon think of joking while he enforced its decrees as the prisoner himself—who also has The Code by heart—whose life,

perhaps, depends upon the issue of the trial. To be "had up" before the Lord Mayor of London is a thing of small account in the estimation of a British criminal, for he is sure that something "jolly" or "spicy" will relieve the monotony of the proceedings; but an examination before Monsieur le Maire holds out no such expectation to the Gallic delinquent.

There being no exception to this rule in France, it is not to be supposed that the court over which Monsieur Santureau, the Mayor of Amiens, presided, was in any degree deficient in solemnity. There was himself, and his tricolored scarf, to begin with; there were his three *adjoints*, similarly decorated—one of the three, Monsieur Claquedents, being, in this instance, the public accuser; there were present at least twelve out of the thirty municipal councillors; the secretary-in-chief sat below the mayor, commissaries of police took their station on either hand, and the judicial array was completed by a host of *sergens de ville*, shorn, it is true, of some of the glory which anciently shone out in their costume, but still a class of functionaries for *gamins* to look upon and tremble.

With respect to the court itself, simplicity was its principal attribute. The numerous windows, opening on the square, had no decoration, unless their external gratings from top to bottom, cradle fashion—a remnant of Spanish rule—might be so considered. The walls were quite bare, save on one side, over the presidential chair, where hung an enormous picture, having for its subject The Judgment of Brutus,—and if the design of the municipality in placing it there was to terrify all who cast their eyes upon the gaunt and livid consul, and his equally gaunt and livid sons, it must be owned that they fully accomplished their purpose. Altogether the court was not a cheerful place, but to make it so was no part of the design of those who had converted the ground-floor of the Hôtel de Ville into a hall of Themis.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks upon the free play of a lively imagination, the two persons most likely to be affected by them were probably the least concerned of all present:—Louis Lalouette on account of his easy temper, and the Englishman Gurney because of his imperturbable resolution. The former recognised his father in the crowd, and gave him a pleasant nod, but Phrosyne was hidden from his sight by some one who stood before her: otherwise his equanimity might not have been so well preserved. As to Mr. Gurney, he seemed to be chiefly occupied in criticising The Judgment of Brutus, and, to judge by the expression of his countenance, it may safely be inferred that he thought the picture detestable;—no additional claim, had they known his thoughts, to the favourable opinion of his judges.

When silence had, with considerable difficulty, been obtained, the *premier adjoint*, Monsieur Claquedents, opened the proceedings. It is unnecessary to say that he started with The Code—"Art. CCLXVII.:—Of the respect due to the law,"—which he cited *in extenso*, not sparing his auditory a single sentence. He then went on to apply the quotation in the terms of his accusation.

"At a moment," he said, "when the hearts of all loyal citizens—and those of Amiens in particular—were beating with the rapture of new-born liberty, when the revival of the democratic institutions of the country was causing an electric thrill from one extremity of France to the other, at that supreme moment—which he wanted words adequately to describe—

an individual, a foreigner—need he say an Englishman?—furtively introduced into the city by another individual, who, he regretted to observe, was a Frenchman, seized the occasion to demonstrate, by an insolent suppression of sympathy, the contempt he dared to entertain for the will of an enlightened and magnanimous people!”

Shouts of applause—“*bryants applaudissements*”—of course followed this introduction, and Fâcheux, the notary's clerk, who had managed to creep close to the elder Lalouette, remarked to the latter:

“Monsieur le premier adjoint is in great force to day! It will go hard with those two ‘individuals,’ as he justly calls them. Decidedly, a case for penal conviction.”

The innkeeper made no reply to this friendly observation, but, shifting his position, accidentally brought the whole of his weight—and he was a very tall man—to bear upon the toes of the notary's clerk, as he covered them with one of his large feet. Monsieur Fâcheux writhed with pain, and almost screamed outright, exclaiming:

“*Sacré matin! vous me massacrez les doigts! Ne savez-vous pas, monsieur, que vous marchez sur mes pieds!*”

“Ah, pardon!” returned the innkeeper, coolly, “I did not know you were there, Monsieur Fâcheux; your diminutive figure prevented me from seeing you.”

A growl from the notary's clerk was cut short by a *sergent de ville* who stood near, and who threatened to turn him out of the court for conduct which he characterised as indecent.

This brief episode past, Monsieur Claquedents resumed his oration.

“Engaged in the exercise of his functions, unequal though he was to represent the exalted magistrate in whose presence he had now the honour of standing, he (the *adjoint*) had promptly interrogated this contemner of the infant republic, and the answers he received were sufficient of themselves to satisfy him that the motives which had brought him to Amiens were at once dangerous and subversive. But there were other circumstances that confirmed this opinion. An intelligent and vigilant citizen, who, in the course of his duties—duties admirably performed—was entrusted with the *surveillance* of one of the city barriers—in effect, the *gendarme* Jean Philibert Malotru—recognised the stranger, from having seen him arrive only a short time before at the *Barrière de Noyon* in a *patache* driven by one Louis Lalouette, a citizen of Amiens, and at that moment in custody, together with the Englishman, whose name, he would permit himself to remark, was Gournay.”

“Gurney!” interposed the person misnamed, in a clear voice, without changing a muscle of his countenance.

“Silence, prisoner!” exclaimed the *huissier* of the court.

“Gournay, or Garnay,” pursued Monsieur Claquedents, “was all the same: the appellation was indifferent; it denoted the person inculpated. These two—this Garnay and Louis Lalouette—were both engaged in the same enterprise; for what remained behind? More than the court anticipated. The *gendarme*, Jean Philibert Malotru, had dug round his memory—if he might be pardoned an agricultural illustration—and the result was a distinct recollection of having noticed a female figure in the recesses of Lalouette's *patache* when it stopped for a moment at the barrier. He had paid little attention to that fact at the time, for, in its isolated condition, it was simply an ordinary occurrence; but when

it became apparent from the interrogations to which the Englishman Garnay—"Gurney," repeated the clear voice—"was submitted, that a desire existed on his part to conceal the arrival of a female in his company, the fact ceased to be trivial, and assumed important dimensions. It appeared by Garnay's papers—for he was provided with a passport obtained in Paris—that he was travelling with his wife, though he (the *adjoiné*) did not put any faith in this feature of the case. And why? He would reply to that question by another. Was it usual for man and wife, when they travelled together, to separate clandestinely on entering a city in which they were strangers? Such might be the custom, perhaps, in England, where history told him (the *adjoiné*) that wives were publicly sold at market with halters round their necks" (strong sensation in the court); "but such a custom, *Dieu merci*, had never obtained in France. Its observance was, at any rate, open to the gravest suspicion. And what followed? Not only was there no female in the *patache* when that vehicle was arrested, and became a *pièce de conviction*"—"Ma pauvre patache!" murmured the innkeeper—"but its driver, Louis Lalouette, had equally disappeared! For what purpose had he infringed the six hundred and seventy-eighth article of the *Code rural*, which specifically prohibits the driver of any public carriage from leaving his charge *en route*? Taken in its general bearings the act was one of complicity, as well as of legal infraction, for it could not be doubted that Louis Lalouette was the person who had conveyed away the unknown female. Of complicity, he repeated, whether he served the objects of the Englishman, Garnay, or his own. Of Louis Lalouette's private character he (the *adjoiné*) knew nothing. He might be, and in all probability was, a person of dissolute life; and, supposing this to be the case, the secretion of this female might be easily explained—"

(A deep sob was heard in court, in the direction where the innkeeper stood, and every one turned to see whence it proceeded; but the interruption was momentary only, and Monsieur Claquedents continued:)

"—but this explanation, however true, did not exonerate the Englishman Garnay, or relieve Louis Lalouette from the charge of aiding and abetting in a penal fraud, which he called upon the court to visit with the severest punishment. Had he finished with this conscientious desire? No! His duty to his country—that beautiful republican France, which they all adored—urged him to appeal to the patriotism of his fellow-citizens. Crime was deprived of only half its noxiousness as long as some of its hideous features remained obscure. It must be dragged to the light of day. Its foul lineaments must be exposed to every virtuous eye. The *pièces justificatives*, on which he founded his accusation, were yet incomplete; they must continue to be so until the female who had absconded was discovered. Introduced into the city in broad daylight, she had not melted away like a vapour! Surely some one in Amian must have seen her!"

"C'est vrai, c'est vrai!" cried a female voice, "moi, je l'ai vue!"

This time there was no doubt as to who had interrupted the proceedings. Phrosyne's energy had cleared a space around her, and she stood confessed as the speaker.

"In that case," said Monsieur Claquedents, "I invite you, Mademoiselle, to testify against the prisoner Lalouette."

"Ah, what have I said?" she exclaimed, making an effort to escape

from the court, but her passage was intercepted by the notary's clerk, whose respect for the law was too great to permit the evasion of a witness: perhaps, however, he may have had some other reason.

Phrosyne was accordingly brought forward, and there she stood, the unhappy accuser of her own lover. Poor Louis grew pale when he saw her, and, withdrawing his glance, met that of Gurney: he returned it with a firmness which said, "No matter! They shall get nothing out of me!"

The Adjoint's oration was at an end, and now the examination succeeded. It began, of course, by a notable effort on the part of the mayor to establish the criminality of the accused, following here the fixed precedent of all French courts of law, which, though they do not countenance mirth, make a joke of a prisoner's allegations, and might so far, with advantage, take pattern by ours. Mr. Gurney and his companion in misfortune absolutely refused, however, to criminate themselves, and the witnesses were called upon to depose. The gendarme gave his evidence with the matter-of-fact stolidity of his class, but that of Phrosyne was wrung from her piecemeal, and her broken voice made it unintelligible to half the auditory. Not so to Monsieur Claquedents and the rest of the officials. The fact which her resentment had caused her, in a moment of passion, to betray, was fully recorded against Louis.

At this point the innkeeper stepped forward. He was so well known in the city that his request to be heard was granted at once.

"Monsieur le premier Adjoint," he said, "had been hard upon his son. Louis was a good boy, though he might have his failings, like others; but he was too honourable—his engagement to Phrosyne Santerre was too sacred—to lead him into follies that could give her pain. He (Jean Lalouette) saw nothing extraordinary in the circumstance of his having helped a lady in a little difficulty. Every Frenchman would have done the same. Louis had seen her to the end of the street, had pointed out to her, no doubt, the direction in which she wanted to go, and there the affair terminated: the proof of that was his immediate return to the place where he was arrested. If there had been any sinister design he would have placed her in security somewhere, and to do this he must have been longer absent; for Monsieur Malotru, by his own admission, had hardly reached the spot when Louis came in sight. Besides, where was his son to go to? Only to his own home; and if Monsieur le premier Adjoint fancied that anybody was hidden there, he was perfectly at liberty to institute a search."

Somebody pulled the innkeeper by the sleeve as he uttered these last words. He looked round and saw his daughter Marie. She held her finger to her lips. But it was too late. The notary's clerk saw the action. Quick as a lizard he glided up to the table where Monsieur Claquedents was sitting.

"Take him at his word," he whispered, and then fell back again.

The Adjoint rose.

"In the name of public safety," he said, addressing the mayor, "I demand that the house known as the Hôtel du Coq d'Or, of which Jean Lalouette is the owner and occupant, be subjected to a domiciliary visit."

The mayor signified his assent to the proposition, and at the instance

of the Adjoint the proceedings of the court were suspended, and the gendarmes who guarded Mr. Garney and Louis conducted them to the Conciergerie until the result of the search was known.

Weeping bitterly, poor Phrosyne threw herself into the arms of Marie Lalouette, and was led by her to her own home.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COMMISSARY OF POLICE.

BELIEVING that all was plain sailing, and feeling certain that his son's arrest could not last long after the matter had been fairly looked into, Monsieur Lalouette proceeded to the Coq d'Or with no abatement of his natural gaiety. He should have a good laugh at the premier adjoint, and as to little Fâcheux—no, he was not so well disposed to laugh at him, for he had acted maliciously—perhaps he might favour him with some more substantial mark of his disapprobation the first time he met him alone.

"Though he is scarcely worth a coup de cravache," said the innkeeper, pursuing his train of thought, "he is a miserable little fellow, and Phrosyne would have refused to marry him even if Louis had not asked her first. She was a silly girl to take that jealous fit into her head, and I dare say now she would rather have bitten off her tongue than have spoken in the way she did. I must make it up between them by-and-by."

Arrived within his own territory, Monsieur Lalouette's first inquiry was for his wife, but she was nowhere to be found; and Marie, for reasons of her own, kept purposely out of the way, Phrosyne's state of mind being a sufficient excuse for her absence.

Monsieur Lalouette had, therefore, to do the honours alone to the commissary of police and his assistants.

They came in formal array, and in their train came Nicolas Fâcheux, the notary's clerk, whose services had been accepted to draw up the *procès verbal*, the proper functionary being wholly occupied that day with the all-important business of the republic. Moreover, being an *habitué* of the Coq d'Or, Nicolas Fâcheux was well acquainted with the premises, and could be useful in case of need.

Monsieur Lalouette, who stood on the *perron* of his hotel, received the officers with every demonstration of respect, but when the notary's clerk attempted to follow, he barred his passage.

"You are not wanted here, Monsieur Fâcheux," he said; "I advise you to stay outside."

"Excuse me," returned Fâcheux, imperiously, "I am the delegate of authority. I must come in!"

Observing, however, that Jean Lalouette did not seem disposed to admit him, he raised his voice in appeal to the commissary.

"It is true," observed the latter, "Monsieur is associated with our duties."

Thereupon Jean Lalouette offered no further opposition, and with a malicious grin the notary's clerk triumphantly passed on.

"What does it matter?" said the landlord of the Coq d'Or to him-

self, "there is nobody here! Let him enter and welcome! But," he continued, involuntarily clenching his fists, with what his countrymen call a "crispation de nerfs"—"he will not always be on duty—and then! *Bigre!*"

The visitation now began: one of the assistants stationed himself at the front door of the hotel, the other at the back, in order that no escape might be effected while their principal was above. The *rez-de-chaussée* offered nothing in the shape of discovery;—it was the same with the *premier*,—the same with the *second*,—all the principal rooms were searched, indeed it seemed as if nothing were left to examine, and Monsieur Lalouette showed so much good faith that the commissary was about to descend quite satisfied with the perquisition made, when Nicolas Fâcheux directed his attention to a small corridor which had not been entered.

"You will find another room there," remarked Fâcheux.

"I see no door," replied the commissary,—the colour which stained the walls being uniform throughout the gallery.

"But there is a keyhole, at any rate," said Fâcheux. "I see the light beyond. Besides, I know there is a room. It looks out upon the *basse-cour*."

Jean Lalouette, who had lingered in one of the chambers last visited, now came up.

"Any more apartments?" asked the commissary, officially desirous that the party interrogated should criminate himself, if possible.

"Oh yes," answered Monsieur Lalouette, cheerfully, "there is a small bedroom which we seldom use. Permit me. I will open it. Ah, it is locked, I see. I will go and fetch the key."

"Do so," said the commissary; "we will remain till you return."

Nicolas Fâcheux waited till Monsieur Lalouette had turned his back. Then he spoke.

"What do you think? The only out-of-the-way place shut up! I have my suspicions. *Hein!*"

"Listen," said the commissary, holding up his finger. "I thought I heard a voice. Be attentive!"

The commissary was not wrong. Words issued through the keyhole.

"Is that you, Marie?" inquired the voice. "Why did you lock the door? What has made you so long? Reply then, Marie!"

Nicolas Fâcheux made a sign to the commissary, and said, in an under tone:

"It is Madame Lalouette. She addresses her daughter."

"Counterfeit the girl's voice if you can. At all events, speak in a whisper. Say whatever you please. I confide in your discretion."

The notary's clerk crouched down—not that he had far to stoop—and tapped gently at the door.

Again Madame Lalouette was heard:

"Why do you not open, Marie?"

"Unfortunately I cannot," said the pretended Marie. "I was agitated by the news I heard, and came without the key."

"What, then, is the news?"

"Alas! all is known!"

"Known! That the strange lady is here! Oh, I must wake her. She is sleeping now. But, no! Perhaps there may be the means of concealing her still. Run down, Marie! Get the key and let me out!"

"I go this moment."

Nicolas Fâcheux rose.

"We have them safe!" he said.

The commissary was quite radiant.

"You have deserved well of the republic, Monsieur Fâcheux. Ah, here comes the husband."

"I am sorry," said Monsieur Lalouette, "that the key of that room is mislaid. My wife, who is from home, must have taken it with her!"

"Come, sir," returned the commissary, knitting his brows, "it is time this comedy should finish. I am in possession of your secret. Your wife is not from home. She is in that room! Already she has spoken!"

"Bigre!" exclaimed the host of the Coq d'Or, "it is impossible she can have locked herself in there! For what purpose?"

"Of that we shall judge presently. If the key is not produced, the door must be forced. Hola, there," he shouted, over the balustrade to his assistants, "ascend, Bosc, Campiche, both of you!"

Monsieur Lalouette became excited. Affairs were taking a turn which he could not comprehend. Was it the fact, after all, that some one was concealed in his house? He resolved to know the worst, and went himself to the door. "Art thou there, my wife?" he cried.

"Ah, Jean! it is thou!" responded his helpmate. "Thou hast been long in coming!"

Jean Lalouette staggered back, astonished.

"Long!" he echoed. "It seems I am much too soon! Let me in!"

"He plays the innocent well," observed the notary's clerk to the commissary. "It is time for me, I think, to begin the *procès verbal*."

So saying, Nicolas Fâcheux produced a portfolio and writing materials, and proceeded to draw up his report.

While he was thus engaged, Messieurs Bosc and Campiche made their appearance from below, and the commissary, after pronouncing the necessary formula for setting the law in motion, ordered them to proceed "par voie de fait." For an instant Jean Lalouette assumed a menacing attitude, but reflecting, probably, that resistance was useless, to say nothing of the consequences which might arise from his opposition, he contented himself with cautioning his wife to stand away from the door, as violence was about to be employed to open it, and stepped on one side. Just, however, as the officers were advancing to obey their chief, their footsteps were arrested by a loud cry from behind. It was Marie Lalouette, who had arrived in breathless haste.

"Stay, stay, messieurs!" she exclaimed, "it is I who have the key. If it was any harm to lock that door, the fault was mine. My parents knew nothing of my intention."

"You are welcome, Mademoiselle, to lock all the doors in the house," said the commissary, coldly, "provided you open them for us when we require it. What degree of culpability attaches to your parents is a matter for the law to determine. I permit myself, however, to make the observation that one of them, at least, must have had a motive for retarding the operations of justice."

"Oh, my poor mother!" sobbed Marie, as she gave up the key, "this visit has, indeed, brought us misfortune."

Messieurs Bosc and Campiche now made way for the commissary, who himself performed "the office of Saint Peter."

He was on the point of entering the room, when Madame Lalouette appeared in the doorway.

"You cannot come in," she said, firmly.

"How, Madame!" exclaimed the commissary, "is it you who venture to resist authority?"

"There is a sick person here," she replied, "on whom I am attending."

"The law," said the commissary, "knows nothing of individual sickness. The health of the state is its sole concern. In the name of the Republic, I demand immediate admission." Then, turning to Nicolas Fâcheux, he said: "Insert that the wife of the Sieur Lalouette has offered opposition."

"I have already done so," answered the notary's clerk, without looking up.

"Bigre!" muttered the host of the Coq d'Or, "you shall pay for this, my fine fellow!"

"Once more, and for the last time," said the commissary, sternly, "I order you to obey. Monsieur Lalouette, invite your wife to withdraw, or I shall be compelled to employ force——"

"There will be no necessity, sir, for doing so," said the object of the commissary's search, coming suddenly forward. "I thank you sincerely, Madame, for your kindness towards a stranger, but I cannot suffer that your compassion should involve you in troubles that ought to be mine only. I presume, sir," she continued, addressing the commissary, "that your visit is intended for me. May I ask to know with what motive?"

There was so much dignity in the lady's gestures, her air was so noble, and her tones so full of command, that the commissary and his assistants involuntarily drew back and took off their hats as she spoke: even Nicolas Fâcheux forbore his occupation, and started to his feet.

But the commissary soon recovered his official *aplomb*. He took out Mr. Gurney's passport.

"Your name, Madame," he said, "is the same as that which appears on this paper?"

The lady's colour mounted, but she did not reply, and the commissary went on:

"The manner of your arrival in Amiens, an evasion, to all appearance premeditated, and the existing state of affairs, require your presence, madame, before the authorities of the city. It is my duty to inform you that you will be confronted with your husband, who is now in the Conciergerie."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the lady, forgetting to whom the commissary referred, "is the duke in your power also! Tell me, sir, are my children with him!"

The commissary smiled. "You are not, then, the wife of the English prisoner. I supposed as much."

"No, sir!" said the lady, proudly, "that gentleman is my faithful friend. My husband is the Duke de Nemours."

IS THE PEACE PEACEFUL ?

THE Peace of Villafranca very much resembles the last chapter of the History of Rasselas : it is "a conclusion in which nothing is concluded."

Perhaps, by this time, the Plenipotentiaries assembled in M. Bauer's hotel—"by the margin of Zurich's fair waters"—have formed the same opinion of the results of the imperial interview on the 11th of last July; for, to judge by that which is not declared but which readily transpires, the only progress made at the Conference on the subject of the settlement of the Italian question, is the progress of disagreement.

It was easy enough for the Emperor of Austria to cede the territory of Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, and easier still for the latter to hand over that province to the King of Sardinia : but Lombardy was like an Irish estate, encumbered with a heavy debt, and with "the dirty acres" went the obligation to clear off the mortgages upon them—a process which Count Colloredo very naturally insists upon, and the Chevalier Desambrois greatly objects to. Apart, too, from the mere geographical distinction, where a frontier is formed by the course of a river, there remained to be settled the relative civil rights of those who, with the soil, were transferred from one government to another, whether it suited their views to remain peacefully conservative or become intensely radical. These hitches, it is said—by the favourers of the Confidential proceedings—are neither dissidences nor differences, but whatever any one chooses not to call them,—and the fact that the Austrian and Sardinian ministers are not—officially—on speaking terms, looks little like agreement,—they appear, at all events, to have stopped the way; and before the still more important points decided on at Villafranca are approached at Zurich, events have already anticipated and subverted the prepared issue. "The Tuscan and Modenese governments," said the telegram which announced the peace, "return to their states;" but the Legislative Assemblies of Florence and Modena, in solemn conclave met, declare the exact contrary. By their decrees the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine has not only ceased to reign over the several duchies, not only are all its members banished from them for ever, but the annexation of the duchies "to the monarchical, constitutional, and glorious kingdom of the dynasty of Savoy, under the magnanimous sceptre of King Victor Emmanuel," is formally pronounced. "L'idée d'une nationalité Italienne," said Louis Napoleon at St. Cloud, after his return from the two months' campaign—"l'idée d'une nationalité Italienne est admise par ceux qui la combattaient le plus." Yes! This idea of Italian nationality is, indeed, admitted, but not precisely in the sense of the Villafranca programme. Whether the proprietor of "the magnanimous sceptre" will be able to protect his new subjects against the friendly interference of his armed ally—for fifty thousand French bayonets still remain in Italy, though, according to Lord John Russell, speaking Iago-fashion, "they mean no harm"—is a question for some future Conference, or Congress, to determine: it will never be settled at Zurich.

We have adverted to the possibility of a Congress, and if we may rely upon the opinions expressed in a recently published pamphlet by M. Félix Germain—an eloquent and earnest partisan of the Anglo-French alliance—without a Congress the reorganisation of Italy on any solid basis is utterly impossible. The *Patrie* also, making the groundwork of its arguments the opposite views of Italian independence entertained by France and Austria, strongly urges the necessity of a European Congress.

Leaving the peacefulness of this peace to resolve its own meaning, we turn to the pacific attitude of our immediate neighbours in relation to ourselves.

Let it not be thought that, mere alarmists, we harp incessantly on one string, in continuing to advocate the necessity for putting our house in order, by prosecuting without remission the efforts already begun for placing the kingdom in a perfect state of defence. We are quite ready to admit that the present views of the Emperor of the French are pacific: that is to say, that he has no immediate—perhaps no prospective—intention of waging war with England. Neither are we stirred by the rhapsodies of obscure French journalists writing in a hostile spirit, if not by order, at least without check. Were such the case, we might found our text on the following lively passages from the pen of M. Amédée de Cesena, in whom the Angliphobia seems to have reached its height:

France (he says) will never forget Waterloo: she will remember it always, colouring with anger and weeping in despair. The name will never fade from her memory. This idea will possess her in the midst of her triumphs and her *fêtes*, unless it be vouchsafed to her to tear the bloody page (written by treason and fate) from her history, with her victorious sword. They who think that France has forgotten, that she can forget Waterloo, know nothing of her soul and her genius. They cannot understand her. She works her way calmly, but she remembers. Let her be made richer than any nation on the face of the earth has ever been, she will still remember. Let everything be given to her—glory, power, liberty—she will always remember. But let her be sent, *for one day only*, to take a last, a real revenge for Waterloo—then she might, she would forget.

We might ask this Gallic Bobadil whether “one day only” would suffice for doing all that France so earnestly desires, or whether she might not have another recollection to add to what she so retentively remembers, but it would be waste of words to bestow them on such a rhapsodist. The best way to serve M. Amédée de Cesena would be to carry out Hotspur’s design, and have a startling

—taught to speak
Nothing but Waterloo, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Nevertheless, as “out of the mouth of fools cometh wisdom,” so from these *boute-feux* may be learnt the propriety of being prepared for every contingency. Imperial sagacity—let us even say personal predilection—may seek to avoid, or, at any rate, to postpone a war with England; those decrees may be sincerely meant which lay up fleets at Toulon and dismiss to their homes the threatening excess of “those heroic battalions who, in the name of France, have shed their blood without reserve;” but the reader of history will bear in mind that of all the “good intentions,” which pave a certain place, those are the least to be relied on that depend

upon the perpetual amity of nations. There never yet was a Minister whose policy was more essentially peace than that of Mr. Pitt, none who argued with greater earnestness than he in favour of extended commercial relations—the firmest basis on which peace can rest—but Pitt, notwithstanding, was compelled by circumstances to enter into the longest, the most expensive, and the bloodiest war in which England has ever been engaged—with France, too, the country whose friendship he declared was a political necessity for maintaining the welfare of the world, and whose enmity was the sure signal for general disorder. What happened to Mr. Pitt may happen, from a different cause, to the Emperor Louis Napoleon. And if it should happen, what then? We must be prepared to meet the event, and this can only be done by that virtual “reconstruction” of the navy which Sir John Pakington, who employed the phrase, so strenuously endeavoured to accomplish.

Amongst the numerous works which have lately been written on the all-engrossing topic of the national defences, none are more valuable than Mr. Hans Busk’s “Navies of the World.” With no timorous eagerness to press into his service the arguments, however plausible, of the pessimists who look upon England’s naval reputation as a phantom of the past, nor disposed, on the other hand, in the slightest degree to under-rate the progress made by her rivals, Mr. Busk calmly and carefully discusses, with the most authentic data before him, the probabilities whereby we may be placed at a disadvantage in the event of a rapture with France. It is not in our power to adduce the numerous proofs in support of his statements which are set forth in Mr. Busk’s volume; but the following extracts will show on what grounds reliance is placed in France, on the success which is anticipated by Frenchmen, should the much-deprecated struggle begin:

The French Commission of 1851, on the state of the navy, before determining the actual strength to be given to it, agreed that it was necessary, first to establish the number of ships that France ought to be able to put to sea the moment that war should be declared. “On this head,” said M. Collas, the secretary, “we have a certain basis. *Our adversary is known—it can only be England!*” This shows, pretty intelligibly, with what view all the augmentations of the French fleet have since been made. At the sitting of the Commissioners, on the 12th of February, 1851, they came unanimously to the resolution that twenty first-class full-power steam-frigates should be constructed with as little delay as possible, and that all other available sailing frigates should be provided with auxiliary propellers; fifty corvettes, with screws, were also to be furnished; twenty large-sized steam transports were to be constantly held in readiness, to meet any exigencies that might occur. An examination of the dates of the French vessels, built and commenced since that period, shows that these resolutions have been more than complied with. . . . From the report of the Commission itself—a very few copies of which have been allowed to escape from official hands, and probably not more than one or two have found their way to this country—it would seem that the intention is to keep a tolerably strong squadron of reserve at each of the ports of Dunkirk, Havre, Cherbourg, St. Malo, Brest, Lorient, and St. Nazaire; to maintain constant communication between all these by means of fast steam cruisers constantly threatening the British shores, and thus blockading to a certain extent all our southern and western ports. The reserves are to be sufficiently formidable, to enable a sudden descent to be made upon England, should a favourable opportunity occur, when France shall have resolved to make the spring.

It may be urged, in opposition to those who apprehend danger from France, that the recommendations of the French commissioners, and the preparations which ensued, belong to a period dating eight years ago—that since that time France and England have been allied in arms against a common enemy—that the late war in Italy had a special purpose only, which is now accomplished—and that, consequently, our apprehensions are groundless. Let us hear, however, what a well-informed writer in the *Daily News* observed only ten days ago :

Notwithstanding all that has been said about an alleged disarmament, the efficiency of every branch of the French marine is daily increasing, and we have reason to know that the construction of every man-of-war and transport now upon the stocks is, while we write, proceeding with the same alacrity and energy that characterised its progress two months ago.

Of the animus by which the French are stimulated, hear also what Mr. Hans Busk says :

“ Our great aim, for years back,” said a French naval officer, conversing, not long since, somewhat unreservedly with the author upon this topic, “ has been gradually to increase our Marine, so as to enable us *at any time* to be fully on a par with your country in any contest for maritime supremacy. A resolution formed in the year 1846 determined what our naval policy should be ; and although we have had, as you know, many changes since then in our government, still nothing has occurred to alter the line of action prescribed in the ordonnance passed twelve years ago. On the contrary, *celui que nous avons maintenant* is as fully bent as any man in this empire can be upon the humiliation of your country. He considers it his destiny to accomplish that work, and he knows full well that the first blow to be struck is one which must crush once and for ever your naval power. Be assured that he will not attempt to hurry on matters till he finds himself in a position to fully execute this cherished design with every prospect of prompt success ; so as, in fact, to be able to dictate, in a few days after striking the blow, such a peace from St. James’s Palace as shall best suit the interests and pretensions of France.”

And the belief in this foreshadowed catastrophe, Mr. Busk adds, “ may be regarded as the main article in the creed of the great body of French officers ;” and to show that it is so, he adduces many pertinent examples.

Menaced, then, we are ; and whether the peril of invasion be immediate or remote, is little to the purpose. We have ourselves admitted—it has been the theme of every debate in parliament, of every discussion out of doors—that the state of our defences, naval and military, is inadequate to the exigencies of our position. We may or may not be capable of dealing with a foe like France on a footing of physical equality, if all her forces were mustered for the purpose of invasion—into that argument we do not enter ; but this much is certain—the possibility of our being unequal to the great occasion should never for one instant be made a question.

OUR WAGER;

OR,

HOW THE MAJOR LOST AND WON.

BY OUIDA.

I.

INTRODUCES MAJOR TELFER OF THE 50TH DASHAWAY HUSSARS.

THE softest of lounging-chairs, an unexceptionable hubble-bubble bought at Benares, the last *Bell's Life*, the morning papers, chocolate milled to a T, and a breakfast worthy of Francatelli,—what sensible man can ask more to make him comfortable? All these was my chum, Hamilton Telfer, Major (50th Dashaway Hussars), enjoying, and yet he was in a frame of mind anything but mild and genial.

"The deuce take the whole sex!" said he, stroking his moustache savagely. "They're at the bottom of all the mischief going. The idea of my father at seventy-five, with hair as white as that poodle's, making such a fool of himself, when here am I, at six-and-thirty, unmarried; it's abominable, it's disgusting. A girl of twenty, taking in an old man of his age, for the sake of his money——"

"But are you sure, Telfer," said I, "that the affair's really on the tapis?"

"Sure! Yes," said the major, with immeasurable disgust. "I never saw her till last night, but the governor wrote no end of rhapsodies about her, and as I came upon them he was taking leave of her, holding her hand in his, and saying, 'I may write to you, may I not?' and the young hypocrite lifted her eyes so bewitchingly, 'Oh yes, I shall long so much to hear from you!' She coloured when she saw me—well she might! If she thinks she'll make a fool of my father, and reign paramount at Torwood, give me a mother-in-law sixteen years younger than myself, and fill the house and cumber the estates with a lot of wretched little brats, she'll find herself mistaken, for I'll prevent it, if I live."

"Don't be too sure of that," said I. "From what I know of Violet Tressillian, she's not the sort of girl to lure her quarry in vain."

"Of course she'll try hard," answered Telfer. "She comes of a race that always were poor and proud; she's an orphan, and hasn't a sou, and to catch a man like my father, worth 15,000*l.* a year, with the surety of a good dower and jointure house whenever he die, is one of the best things that could chance to her; but I'll be shot if she ever shall manage it."

"Nous verrons. I bet you my roan filly Calceolaria against your colt Jockeyclub that before Christmas is out Violet Tressillian will be Violet Telfer."

"Done!" cried the major, stirring his chocolate fiercely. "You'll lose, Vane; Calceolaria will come to my stables as sure as this mouth-piece is made of amber. Whenever this scheming little actress changes her name, it shan't be to the same cognomen as mine. I say, it's getting deuced warm—one must begin to go somewhere. What do you say to

going abroad till the 12th? I've got three months' leave—that will give me one away, and two on the moor. Will you go?"

"Yes, if you like; town's emptying gradually, and it is confoundedly hot. Where shall it be?—Naples—Paris——"

"Paris in July! Heaven forbid! Why, it would be worse than London in November. By Jove! I'll tell you where: let's go to Essellau."

"And where may that be? Somewhere in the Arctic regions I hope, for I've spent half my worldly possessions already in sherry and seltzer and iced punch, and if I go where it's warmer still, I shall be utterly beggared."

"Essellau is in Swabia, as you ought to know by this, you Goth. It's Marc von Edenburgh's place, and a very jolly place, too, I can tell you; the sport's first-rate there, and the pig-sticking really splendid. He's just written to ask me to go, and take any fellows I like, as he's got some English people—some friends of his mother's. (A drawback that—I wonder who they are.) Will you come, Vane? I can promise you some fun, if only at the trente-et-quarante tables in Pipesandbeersbad."

"Oh yes, I'll come," said I. "I hope the English won't be some horrid snobs he's picked up at some of the balls, who'll be scraping acquaintance with us when we come back."

"No fear," said Telfer; "Marc's as English as you or I, and knows the good breed when he sees them. He'd keep as clear of the Smith, Brown, and Robinson style as we should. It's settled, then, you'll come. All right! I wish I could settle that confounded Violet, too, first. I hope nothing will happen while I'm in Essellau. I don't think it can. The Tressillian leaves town to-day with the Carterets, and the governor must stick here till parliament closes, and it's sure to be late this year."

With which consolatory reflection the Major rose, stretched himself, yawned, sighed, stroked his moustache, fitted on his lavender gloves, and rang to order his tilbury round.

Telfer was an only son, and when he heard it reported that his father intended to give him a belle-mère in a young lady as attractive as she was poor, who, if she caught him, would probably make a fool of the old gentleman in the widest sense of the word, he naturally swore very heartily, and anything but relished the idea. Hamilton Telfer, senior, had certainly been a good deal with Violet that season, and Violet, a girl poor as a rat and beautiful as Semele, talked to him, and sang to him, and rode with him more than she did with any of us; so people talked and talked, and said the old member would get caught, and the Major, when he heard it, waxed fiercely wroth at the folly his parent had fallen into while he'd been off the scene down at Dover with his troop, but, like a wise man, said nothing, knowing, both by experience and observation, that opposition in such affairs is like a patent Vesta among hayricks. Telfer was a particular chum of mine: we'd lounged about town, and shot on the moors, and campaigned in India together, and I don't believe there was a better soldier, a cooler head, a quicker eye, or a steadier hand in the service than he was. He was six-and-thirty now, and had seen life pretty well, I can tell you, for there was not a get-at-able corner of the globe that he hadn't looked at through his eye-glass. Tall

and muscular, with a stern, handsome face, with the prospect of Torwood (where there's some of the best shooting in England, I give you my word), and 15,000*l.* a year, Telfer was a great card in the matrimonial line, but hadn't let himself be played as yet, for the petty trickery the women used in trying to get him dealt to them disgusted him, and small wonder. Men liked him cordially, women thought him cold and sarcastic; and he was much more genial, I admit, at mess, or at lansquenet, or in the smoking-room of the U. S., than he was in boudoirs and ball-rooms, as the mere knowledge that mammas and their darlings were trying to hook him made him get on his stilts at once.

"I don't feel easy in my mind about the governor," said he, as we drove along to the South-Eastern station a few days after on our way to Essellau. "As I was bidding him good-by this morning, Soames brought him a letter in a woman's hand. Heaven knows he may have a score of fair correspondents for anything I care, but if I thought it was the Tressillian, devil take her——"

"And the devil won't have had a prettier prize since Proserpine was stolen," said I.

"No, confound it, I saw she was handsome enough," swore the Major, disgusted; "and a pretty face always did make a fool of my father, according to his own telling. Well, thank God, I don't take that weakness after him. I never went mad about any woman. You've just as much control over love, if you like, as over a quiet shooting pony; and if it don't suit you to gallop, you can rein up and give over the sport. Any man who's anything of a philosopher needn't fall in love unless he likes."

"Were you never in love, then, old boy?" I asked.

"Of course I have been. I've made love to no end of women in my time; but when one love was died out I took another, as I take a cigar, and never wept over the quenched ashes. You need never fall in love unless it's convenient, and as to caring for a girl who don't care for you, that's a contemptible weakness, and one I don't sympathise with at all. Come along, or the train will be off." *

He went up to the carriages, opened a door, shut it hastily, and turned away with the frigid bow with which Telfer, in common with every other Briton, can say, "Go to the devil," as plainly as if he spoke.

"By Jove!" said I, "what's that eccentric move? Did you see the Medusa in that carriage, or a baby?"

"Something quite as bad," said he, curtly. "I saw the Tressillian and her aunt. For Heaven's sake let's get away from them. I'd rather have a special train, if it cost me a fortune, than travel with that girl, boxed up for four hours in the same compartment with such a little intrigante."

"Calm your mind, old fellow; if she's aiming at your governor she won't hit you. She can't be your wife and your mother-in-law both," laughed Fred Walsham, a good-natured little chap in the Carabiniers, a friend of Von Edenburgh, who was coming with us.

"I'll see her shot before she's either," said Telfer, fiercely stroking his moustache.

"Hush! the deuce! hold your tongue," said Walsham, giving him a push. For past us, so close that the curling plumes in her hat touched the Major's shoulder, floated the "little intrigante" in question, who'd

come out of her carriage to see where a pug of hers was put. She'd heard all we said, confound it, for her head was up, her colour bright, and she looked at Telfer proudly and disdainfully, with her dark eyes flashing. Telfer returned it to the full as haughtily, for he never shirked the consequences of his own actions ('pon my life, they looked like a great stag and a little greyhound challenging each other), and Violet swept away across the platform.

"You've made an enemy for life, Telfer," said Walsham, as we whisked along.

"So much the better, if I'm a rock ahead to warn her off a marriage with the governor," rejoined the Major, smoking, as he always did, under the officials' very noses. "I hope I shan't come across her again. If the Tressillian and I meet, we shall be about as amicable as a rat and a beagle. Take a weed, Fred. I do it on principle to resist unjust regulations. Why shouldn't we take a pipe if we like? A man whose olfactory nerves are so badly organised as to dislike Cavendish is too great a muff to be considered."

As ill luck would have it, when we crossed to Dover, who should cross, too, but the Tressillian and her party—aunt, cousins, maid, courier, and pug. Telfer wouldn't see them, but got on the poop, as far away as ever he could from the spot where Violet sat nursing her dog and reading a novel, provokingly calm and comfortable to the envious eyes of all the *malades* around her.

"Good Heavens!" said he, "was anything ever so provoking? Just because that girl's my particular aversion, she must haunt me like this. If she'd been anybody I wanted to meet, I should never have caught a glimpse of her. For mercy's sake, Vane, if you see a black hat and white feather anywhere again tell me, and we'll change the route immediately."

Change the route we did, for, going on board the steamer at Dusseldorf, there, on the deck, stood the Tressillian. Telfer turned sharp on his heel, and went back as he came. "I'll be shot if I go down the Rhine with her. Let's cut across into France." Cut across we did, but we stopped at Brussels on our way; and when at last we caught sight of the tops of the fir-trees round Essellau, Telfer took a long whiff at his pipe with an air of contentment. "I should say we're safe now. She'll hardly come pig-sticking into the middle of Swabia."

II.

VIOLET TRESSILLIAN.

ESSELLAU was a very jolly place, with thick woods round it, and the river Beersbad running in sight; and his pretty sister, the Comtesse Virginie, his good wines, and good sport, made Von Edenburgh's a pleasant house to visit at. Marc himself, who is in the Austrian service (he was winged at Montebello the other day by a rascally Zouave, but he paid him off for it, as I hope his countrymen will eventually pay off all the Bonapartists for their *galimatias*)—Marc himself was a jolly fellow, a good host, a keen shot, and a capital *écarté* player, and made us enjoy ourselves at Essellau as he had done before, hunting and shooting with Telfer down at Torwood.

"I've some countrywomen of yours here, Telfer," said Marc, after

we'd talked over his English loves, given him tidings of duchesses and danseuses, and messages from no end of pretty women that he'd flirted with the Christmas before. "They're some friends of my mother's, and when they were at Baden-Baden last year, Virginie struck up a desperate young lady attachment with one of them——"

"Are they good-looking?—because, if they are, they may be dry-salters' daughters, and I shan't care," interrupted Fred.

Telfer stroked his moustache with a contemptuous smile—he wouldn't have looked at a drysalter's daughter if she'd had all the beauty of Amphitrite.

"Come and see," said Marc. "Virginie will think you're neglecting her atrociously."

Horridly bored to be going to meet some Englishwomen who might turn out to be Smiths or Joneses, and would, to a dead certainty, spoil all his pleasure in pig-sticking, shooting, and écarté, by flirting with him whether he would or no, the Major strode along corridors and galleries after Von Edenburgh. When at length we reached the salon where Virginie and her mother and friends were, Telfer lifted his eyes from the ground as the door opened, started as if he'd been shot, and stepped back a pace or two, with an audible, "If that isn't the very devil!"

There, in a low chair, sat the Tressillian, graceful as a Sphakiotè girl, with a toilet as perfect as her profile, dark hair, like waves of silk, and dark eyes, full of liquid light, that, when they looked irresistible, could do anything with any man that they liked. Violet certainly looked as unlike that unlucky ogre and scapegoat, the devil, as a young lady ever could. But worse than a score of demons was she in poor Telfer's eyes: to have come out to Essellau only to be shut up in a country-house for a whole month with his pet aversion!—certainly it *was* a hard case, and the fierce lightning glance he flashed on her was pardonable under the circumstances. But nobody's more impassive than the Major: I've seen him charge down into the Sikhs with just the same calm, quiet expression as he'd wear smoking and reading a novel at home; so he soon rallied, bowed to the Tressillian, who gave him an inclination as cold as the North Pole, shook hands with her aunt and cousins (three women I hate: the mamma's the most dexterous of manoeuvrers, and the girls the arrantest of flirts), and then sat down to a little quiet chat with Virginie von Edenburgh, who's pretty, intelligent, and unaffected, though she's a belle at the Viennese court. Telfer was pleasant with the little comtesse; he'd known her from childhood, and she was engaged to the colonel of Marc's troop, so that Telfer felt quite sure she'd no designs upon him, and talked to her *sans gêne*, though to have wholly abstained from bitterness and satire would have been an impossibility to him, with the obnoxious Tressillian seated within sight. Once he fixed her with his calm grey eyes, she met them with a proud flashing glance; Telfer gave back the defiance, and *guerre à outrance* was declared between them. It was plain to see that they hated one another by instinct, and I began to think Calceolaria wasn't so safe in my stables after all, for if the Major set his face against anything, his father, who pretty well worshipped him, would never venture to do it in opposition; he'd as soon think of leaving Torwood to the country, to be turned into an infirmary or a museum.

That whole day Telfer was agreeable to the Von Edenburgh, distantly courteous to the Carterets, and utterly oblivious of the very existence of the Tressillian. When we were smoking together, after dinner, he began to unburden himself of his mighty wrath.

"Where the deuce did you pick up that girl, Marc?" asked he, as we stood looking at the sun setting over the woods of Essellau, and crimsoning the western clouds.

"What girl?" asked Marc.

"That confounded Tressillian," answered the Major, gloomily.

"I told you the Carterets were friends of my mother's, and last year, when the Tressillian came with them to Baden, Virginie met her, and they were struck with a great and sudden love for one another, after the insane custom of women. But why on earth, Telfer, do you call her such names? I think her divine; her eyes are something——"

"I wish her eyes had been at the devil before she'd bewitched my poor father with them," said Telfer, pulling a rose to pieces fiercely. "I give you my word, Marc, that if I didn't like you so well, I'd go straight off home to-morrow. Here have I been turning out of my route twenty times, on purpose to avoid her, and then she must turn up at the very place I thought I was sure to be safe from her. It's enough to make a man swear, I should say, and not over mildly either."

"But what's she done?" cried Von Edenburgh, thinking, I dare say, that Telfer had gone clean mad. "Refused you—jilted you—what is it?"

"Refused me! I should like to see myself giving her the chance," said the Major, with intense scorn. "No! but she's done what I'd never forgive—tried to cozen the poor old governor into marrying her. She's no money, you know, and no home of her own; but, for all that, for a girl of twenty to try and hook an old man of seventy-five, to cheat him into the idea that he's made a conquest, and chisel him into the belief that she's in love with him—faugh! the very idea disgusts one. What sort of a wife would a woman make who could act such a lie?"

As he spoke, a form swept past him, and a beautiful face full of scorn and passion gleamed on him through the demi-lumière.

"By Jove! you've done it now, Telfer," said Walaham. "She was behind us, I bet you, gathering those roses; her hands are full of them, and she took that means of showing us she was within earshot. You *have* set your foot in it nicely, certainly."

"Ce m'est bien égal," said Telfer, haughtily. "If she hear what I say of her, so much the better. It's the truth, that a young girl who'd sell herself for money, as soon as she's got what she wanted will desert the man who's given it to her; and I like my father too well to stand by and see him made a fool of. The Tressillian and I are open foes now—we'll see which wins."

"And a very fair foe you have, too," thought I, as I looked at Violet that night as she stood in the window, a wreath of lilies on her splendid hair, and her impassioned eyes lighting into joyous laughter as she talked nonsense with Von Edenburgh.

"Isn't she first-rate style, in spite of your prejudice?" I said to Telfer, who'd just finished a game at écarté with De Tintiniac, one of the best players in Europe. If the Major has any weaknesses écarté is one of them. He just glanced across with a sarcastic smile.

"Well got up, of course; so are all actresses—on the stage."

Then he dropped his glass and went back to his cards, and seemed to notice the splendid Tressillian not one whit more than he did her pup.

Whether his discourteous speeches had piqued Violet into showing off her best paces, or whether it's a natural weakness of her sex to shine in all times and places that they can, certain it was that I never saw the Tressillian more brilliant and bewitching than she was that night. Waltzing with Von Edinburgh, singing with me, talking fun with Fred, or merely lying back in her chair, playing lazily with her bouquet, she was eminently dangerous in whatever she did, and there wasn't a man in the castle who didn't gather round her, except her sworn foe the Major. Even De Tintiniac, that old campaigner at the green tables, who has long ago given over any mistress save hazard, glanced once or twice at the superb eyes beaming with the *droit de conquête*, but Telfer never looked up from his cards.

Telfer and she parted with the chilliest of "good nights," and met again in the morning with the most frigid of "good mornings," and to that simple exchange of words was their colloquy limited for an entire fortnight. Unless I'd been witness of it, I wouldn't have credited that any two people could live for that space of time in the same country-house and keep so distant. Nobody noticed it, for there were no end of guests at Essellau, and the Tressillian had so many liege subjects ready to her slightest bidding, that the Major's *lèse-majesté* wasn't of such consequence. But when day after day came, and he spent them all boar-hunting, shooting, fishing, or playing rouge-et-noir and roulette at the gaming-tables in Pipesandbeersbad, and when he was in the drawing-rooms at Essellau she saw him amusing and agreeable, and unbending to every one but herself, I don't know anything of woman's nature if I didn't see Violet's delicate cheek flush, and her eyes flash, whenever she caught the Major's cool, contemptuous, depreciating glance, much harder to her sex to bear than spoken ridicule or open war. Occasionally he cast a sarcasm, quick, sharp, and relentless as a Minié ball, at her, which she fired back with such rifle-powder as she had in her flask; but the return shot fell as harmlessly as it might have done on Achilles's breast.

"A man is very silly to marry," he was saying one evening to Marc, "since, as Emerson says, from the beginning of the world such as are in the institution want to get out, and such as are out want to get in."

Violet, sitting near at the piano, turned half round. "If all others are of my opinion, Major Telfer, you will never be tempted, for no one will be willing to enter it with you."

The shot fell short. Telfer neither smiled nor looked annoyed, but answered, tranquilly,

"Possibly; but my time is to come. When I own Torwood, ladies will be as kind to me as they are now to my father; for it is wonderful what a charm to renew youth, reform rakes, buy love, and make the Beast the Beauty, is 'un peu de poudre d'or,' in the eyes of the beau sexe."

The Tressillian flushed scarlet, but soon recovered herself.

"I have heard," she said, pulling her bouquet to pieces with impatience, "that when people look through smoked glass the very sun looks

dusky, and so I suppose, through your own moral perceptions, you view those of others. You know what De la Fayette wrote to Madame de Sablé: 'Quelle corruption il faut avoir dans l'esprit pour être capable d'imaginer tout cela!'

"It does not follow," answered Telfer, impassively. "De la Fayette was quite wrong. Suard was nearer the truth when he said that Rochefoucauld, 'a peint les hommes comme il les a vus. Il n'appartenait qu'à un homme d'une réputation bien pure et bien distinguée d'oser flétrir ainsi le principe de toutes les actions humaines.'"

"And Major Telfer is so unassailable himself that he can mount his pedestal and censure all weaker mortals," said Violet, sarcastically. "Your judgments are, perhaps, not always as infallible as the gods'."

"You are gone very wide of the original subject, Miss Tressillian," answered Telfer, coldly. "I was merely speaking of that common social fraud and falsehood, a marriage de convenance, which, as I shall never sin in that manner myself, I am at liberty to censure with the scorn I feel for it."

He looked hard at her as he spoke. The Tressillian's eyes answered the stare as haughtily.

"Some may not be all mariages de convenance that you choose to call such. It does not necessarily follow, because a girl marries a rich man, that she marries him for his money. There *may* be love in the case, but the world never gives her the grace of the doubt."

"What hardy hypocrisy," thought Telfer. "She'd actually try to persuade me to my face that she was in love with the poor old governor and his gout!"

"Pardon me," he said, with his most cynical smile. "In attributing disinterested affection to ladies, I think 'quelque disposition qu'ait le monde à mal juger, il fait plus souvent grâce au faux mérite qu'il ne fait injustice au véritable.'"

The Tressillian's soft lips curved angrily; she turned away, and began to sing again, at Walsham's entreaty. Telfer got up and lounged over to Virginie, with whom he laughed, talked, waltzed, and played chess for the rest of the evening.

III.

FROM WHICH IT WOULD APPEAR, THAT IT IS SOMETIMES WELL TO BEGIN WITH A LITTLE AVERSION.

AFTER this split, Telfer and the Tressillian were rather further off each other than before; and whenever riding, and driving, at dinner, or in lionising, they came by chance together, he avoided her silently as much as ever he could, without making a parade of it. Violet could see very well how cordially he hated her, and, woman-like, I dare say mine, and Edinburgh's, and Walsham's, and all her devoted friends' admiration was valueless, as long as her vowed enemy treated her with such careless contempt.

One morning the two foes met by chance. Telfer and I, after a late night over at Pipesandbeersbad, with lansquenets, cheroots, and cognac, had betaken ourselves out to whip the Beersbad, whose fish, for all their

boiling by the hot springs, are first-rate, I can assure you. Telfer tells you he likes fishing, but I never see that he does much more than lie full length under the shadiest tree he can find, with his cap over his eyes and his cigar in his mouth, doing the *dolce* lazily enough. A three-pound trout had no power to rouse him; and he's lost a salmon before now in the Tweed because it bored him to play it! Shade of old Izaak! is *that* liking fishing? But few things ever did excite him, except it was a charge, or a Kaffir scrimmage; and then he looked more like a concentrated tempest than anything else, and woe to the turban that his sabre came down upon.

The part of the stream we'd tried first had been whipped before us, or the fish wouldn't bite; and I, who haven't as much patience as I might have, went up higher to try my luck. Telfer declined to come; he was comfortable, he said, and out of the sun; he preferred "Indiana" and his cheroot to catching all the fish in the Beersbad, so I bid him good-by, and left him smoking and reading at his leisure under the linden-trees. I went further on than I had meant, up round a bend of the river, and was too absorbed in filling my basket to notice a storm coming up from the west, till I began to find myself getting wet to the skin, and the lightning flying up and down the hills round Essellau. I looked for the Major as I passed the lime-trees, but he wasn't there, and I made the best of my way back to the castle, supposing he'd got there before me; but I was mistaken.

"I've seen nothing of him," said Marc. "He's stalking about the woods, I dare say, admiring the lightning. That's more than the poor Tressillian does, I bet. She went out by herself, I believe, just before the storm, to get a water-lily she wanted to paint, and hasn't appeared since. By Jove! if Telfer should have to play knight-errant to his 'pet aversion,' what fun it would be."

Marc had his fun, for an hour afterwards, when the storm had blown over, up the terrace steps came Violet and the Major. They weren't talking to each other, but they were actually walking together; and the courtesy with which he put a dripping rose branch out of her path with his stick, was something quite new.

It seems that Telfer, disliking disagreeable sensations, and classing getting wet among such, had arisen when the thunder began to growl, and slowly wended his way homewards. But before he was half way to Essellau the rain began to drip off his moustache, and seeing a little marble temple (the Parthenon turned into a summer-house!) close by, he thought he might as well go in and have another weed till it grew finer. Go in he did; and he'd just smoked half a cigar, and read the last chapter of "Indiana," when he looked up, and saw the Tressillian's pug, looking a bedraggled and miserable object, at his feet, and the Tressillian herself standing within a few yards of him. If Telfer had abstained from a few fierce mental oaths, he would have been of a much more pacific nature than he ever pretended to be; and I don't doubt that he looked haughtily concentrated as he rose at his enemy's entrance. Violet made a movement of retreat, but then thought better of it. It would have seemed too much like flying from the foe. So with a careless bow she sank on one of the seats, took off her hat, shook the rain-drops off her hair, and busied herself in sedulous attentions to the pug. The Major thought it incumbent

on him to speak a few sentences about the thunder that was cracking over their heads; Violet answered him as briefly; and Telfer putting down his cigar with a sigh, sat watching the storm in silence, not troubling himself to talk any more.

As she bent down to pat the pug she caught his eyes on her with a cold, critical glance. He was thinking how pure her profile was and how exquisite her eyes, and—of how cordially he should hate her if his father married her. Her colour rose, but she met his look steadily, which is a difficult thing to do if you've anything to conceal, for the Major's eyes are very keen and clear. Her lips curved with a smile half amused, half disdainful. "What a pity, Major Telfer," she said, with a silvery laugh, "that you should be condemned to imprisonment with one who is unfortunately such a *bête noire* to you as I am! I assure you, I feel for you; if I were not coward enough to be a little afraid of that lightning, I would really go away to relieve you from your sufferings. I should feel quite honoured by the distinction of your hatred if I didn't know you, on principle, dislike every woman living. Is your judgment always infallible?"

Beyond a little surprise in his eyes Telfer's features were as impassive as ever. "Far from it," he answered, quietly. "I merely judge people by their actions."

The Tressillian's luminous eyes flashed proudly. "An unsafe guide, Major Telfer; you cannot judge of actions until you know their motives. I know perfectly well why you dislike and avoid me: you listened to a foolish report, and you heard me giving your father permission to write to me. Those are your grounds, are they not?"

Telfer, for once in his life, *was* astonished, but he looked at her fixedly. "And were they not just ones?"

"No," said Violet, vehemently—"no, they were most rankly unjust; and it is hard, indeed, if a girl, who has no friends or advisers that she can trust, may not accept the kindness and ask the counsels of a man fifty-five years older than herself without his being given to her as a lover, and the world's whispering that she is trying to entrap him. You pique yourself on your clear-sightedness, Major Telfer, but for once your judgment failed you when you attributed such mean and mercenary motives to me, and supposed, because, as you so generously stated, I had 'no money and no home,' I must necessarily have no heart or conscience, but be ready to give myself at any moment to the highest bidder, and take advantage of the kindness of your noble-minded, generous-hearted father to trick him into marriage." She stopped, fairly out of breath with excitement. Telfer was going to speak, but she silenced him with a haughty gesture. "No; now we are started on the subject, hear me to the end. You have done me gross injustice—an offence the Tressillians never forgive—but, for my own sake, I wish to show you how mistaken you were in your hasty condemnation. At the beginning of the season I was introduced to your father. He knew my mother well in her girlhood, and he said I reminded him of her. He was very kind to me, and I, who have no real friend on earth, of course was grateful to him, for I was thankful to have any one on whom I could rely. You know, probably as well as I do, that there is little love lost between the Carterets and myself, though, by my father's will, I must stay with them

till I am of age. I have one brother, a boy of eighteen; he is with his regiment serving out in India, and the climate is killing him by inches, though he is too brave to try and get sick leave. Your father has been doing all he can to have him exchanged; the letters I have had from him have been to tell me of his success, and to say that Arthur is gazetted to the Buffs, and coming home overland. There is the head and front of my offending, Major Telfer; a very simple explanation, is it not? Perhaps another time you will be more cautious in your censure."

A faint flush came over the Major's bronzed cheek; he looked out of the portico, and was silent for a minute. The knowledge that he has wronged another is a keen pang to a proud man of an honour almost fastidious in his punctilio of right. He swung quickly round, and held out his hand to her.

"I beg your pardon; I have misjudged you, and I am thoroughly ashamed of myself for it," he said, in a low voice.

When the Major does come down from his hauteur, and let some of his winning cordial nature come out, no woman living, unless she were some animated Medusa, could find it in her heart to say him nay. His frank self-condemnation touched Violet, despite herself, and, without thinking, she laid her small fingers in his proffered hand. Then the Tressillian pride flashed up again; she drew it hastily away, and walked out into the air.

"Pray do not distress yourself," she said, with an effort (not successful) to seem perfectly calm and nonchalant. "It is not of the slightest consequence; we understand each other's sentiments now, and shall in future be courteous in our hate like two of the French noblesse, complimenting one another before they draw their swords to slay or to be slain. It has cleared now, so I will leave you to the solitude I disturbed. Come, Floss." And calling the pug after her, Violet very gracefully swept down the steps, but with a stride the Major was at her side.

"Nay, Miss Tressillian," he said, gently, "it is true I've given you cause to think me as rude as Orson or Caliban, but I am not quite such a bear as to let you walk home through these woods alone."

Violet made an impatient movement. "Pray don't trouble yourself. We are close to the castle, and—pardon me, but truth-telling seems the order for the day—I much prefer you in your open enmity to your simulated courtesy. We have been rude to each other for three weeks; in another one you will be gone, so it is scarcely worth while to begin politeness now."

"As you please," said Telfer, coldly.

He'd made great advances and concessions for him, and was far too English when repulsed to go on making any more. But he was astonished—extremely so—for he'd been courted and sought since he was in jackets, and couldn't make out a young girl like the Tressillian treating him so lightly. He walked along beside her in profound silence, but though neither of them spoke a word, he didn't leave her side till she was safe on the terrace at Essellau. The Major was very grave that night at dinner, and occasionally he looked at Violet with a strange, inquiring glance, as the young lady, in the most brilliant of spirits, fired away French repartees with Von Edinburgh and De Tintiniac, her face

absolutely *rayonnant* in the gleam of the wax lights. I thought the spirits were a little too high to be real. Late at night, as he and I and Marc were smoking on the terrace, before turning in, Telfer constrained himself to tell us of the scene in the summer-house. He'd abused her to us. Common honour, he said, obliged him to tell us the truth about her.

"I am sorry," said he, slowly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum. "If there is one thing I hate, it is injustice. I was never guilty of misjudging anybody before in my life, that I know of; and, I give you my word, I experienced a new sensation—I absolutely felt humbled before that girl's great, flashing, truthful eyes, to think that I'd been listening to report and judging from prejudice like any silly, gossiping woman."

"It seems to have made a great impression on you, Telfer," laughed Marc. "Has your detestation of Violet changed to something as warm, but more gentle? Shall we have to say the love wherewith he loves her is greater than the hate wherewith he hated her?"

"Not exactly," answered the Major, calmly, with a supercilious twist of his moustaches. "But I like pluck wherever I see it, and she's a true Tressillian."

IV.

IN WHICH THE MAJOR PROVOKES A QUARREL IN BEHALF OF THE FAIR TRESSILLIAN.

"WELL, Telfer," said I, two mornings after, "if you want to be at the moor by the 12th, we must start soon; this is the 6th. It will be sharp work to get there as it is."

"What, do you think of not going at all?" said Telfer, laying down the *Revue des deux Mondes* with a yawn. "We are very well here. Marc bothers me tremendously to stay on another month, and the shooting's as good as we shall get at Glenatook. What do you say, Vane?"

"Just as you like," I answered. "The pigs are as good as the grouse, for anything I know. They put me in mind of getting my first spear at Burampootra. I only thought you wanted to be off out of sight of the Tressillian."

He laughed slightly. "Oh! the young lady's no particular eyesore to me now I don't regard her in the light of a *belles-mèze*. Well, shall we stop here, then?"

"Comme vous voulez. I don't care."

"No philosopher ever moves when he's comfortable," said the Major, laughing. "I'll write and tell Montague he can shoot over Glenatook if he likes. I dare say he can find some men who'll keep him company and fill the box. I say, old fellow, I've won Calceolaria, but I shan't have her, because I consider the bet drawn. Our wager was laid on the supposition that the Tressillian wished to marry the governor, but as she never has had the desire, I've neither lost nor won."

"Well, we'll wait and see," said I. "Christmas isn't come yet. Here comes Violet. She looks well, don't she? Confess now, prejudice apart, that you admire her, *volens volens*."

Telfer looked at her steadily as she came into the billiard-room in her hat and habit, as she'd been riding with Lucy Carteret, Marc, and De Timinac. "Yes," he said, slowly, under his breath, "she is very good style, I admit."

Lucy Carteret challenged Telfer to a game; she has a tall, *svelte*

figure, and knows she looks well at billiards. He played badly, and let her win easily enough, paying as little attention to the *agaceries* and glances she lavished upon him as if he'd been an automaton. When they'd played it out, he went up to the Tressillian, who was talking to Marc in the window, and, to my supreme astonishment, asked her to have a game.

"Thank you, no," answered Violet, coldly; "it is too warm for billiards."

This was certainly the first time the Major had ever been refused in any of his overtures to her sex, and I believe it surprised him exceedingly. He bent his head, and soon after he went for a walk in the rosery with Lucy Cartvet, whom he hates. We always hate those manœuvring, *maniéré* girls, who are everlastingly flinging bait after us, whether or no we want to nibble; and just in proportion as they fixatrice, and erimoline, and cosmetique to hook us, will leave us to die in the sun when they've once trapped us into the basket.

That night, when Telfer sat down to *écarté*, Violet was singing in another room, out of which her voice came distinctly to us. I noticed he didn't play quite as well as usual. I don't suppose he could be listening, though, for he doesn't care for music, and still less for the Tressillian.

"Mademoiselle," said De Tintiniac, going up to her afterwards, "you can boast of greater conquests than Orpheus. He only charmed rocks, but you have distracted the two most inveterate *joueurs* in Europe."

Telfer looked annoyed. Violet laughed. "Pardon me if I doubt your compliment. If you were so kind as to listen to me, I have not enough vanity to think that your opponent would yield to what he would think such immeasurable weakness."

"You are not magnanimous, Miss Tressillian," said Telfer, in a low tone, leaning down over the piano. "You are ceaselessly reminding me of a hasty prejudice, unjustly formed, of which I have told you I am heartily ashamed."

"A hasty prejudice!" repeated Violet. "I beg your pardon, Major Telfer, I think ours is a very strong and lasting enmity, as mutual as it is well founded. Don't contradict me; you know you could have shot me with as little remorse as a partridge."

"But can you never forget," continued Telfer, impatiently, "that my enmity, as you please to term it, was grafted on erroneous opinions and false reports, and will you never credit that when I see myself in the wrong, I am too just to others to continue in it?"

The Tressillian laughed—a mischievous, *provouquant* laugh. "No, I believe neither in sudden conversions nor sudden friendships. Pray do not trouble yourself to be 'just' to me; you see I did not droop and die under the shadow of your wrath."

"Oh no," said Telfer, with a sardonic twist of his moustaches, "one would not accuse you of too much softness, Miss Tressillian."

She coloured, and the pride of her family flashed out of her eyes. The Tressillians are all deucedly proud, and would die sooner than yield an inch. "If by softness you mean weakness, you are right," she said, haughtily. "As I have told you, we never forgive injustice."

Telfer frowned. If there was one thing he hated more than another, it was a woman who had anything hard about her. He smiled his chilliest

smile. "Those are harsh words from a lady's lips—not so becoming to them as something gentler. You remind me, Miss Tressillian, of a young panther I once had, beautiful to look at, but eminently dangerous to approach, much less to caress. Everybody admired my panther, but no one dared to choose it for a pet."

With this uncourteous allegory the Major turned away, leaving Violet to make it out as best she might. It was good fun to watch the Tressillian's face: I only, standing near, had caught what he said, for he had spoken very low. First she looked haughty and annoyed, then a little troubled and perplexed: she sat quiet a minute, playing thoughtfully with her bracelets; then shook her head with a movement of defiance, and began to sing a Venetian barcarole with more *élan* and spirit than ever.

"By Jove! Telfer," said I, as we sat in the smoking-room that night, "your would-have-been mother-in-law has plenty of pluck. She'd have kept you in good training, and made a better boy of you; it's quite a loss to your morals that your father didn't marry her."

Telfer didn't look best pleased. He stretched himself full length on one of the divans, and answered not.

"I shouldn't be surprised if, with all her beauty, she hangs on hand," said Walsham, "for she hasn't a rap; you know; her governor gamed it all away, and she's certainly a bit of a flirt."

"I don't think so," said Telfer, shortly.

"Oh, by George! don't you? but I do," cried Fred. "Why, she takes a turn at us all, from old De Tintiniac, with his padded figure and coulisses compliments, to Marc, young and beautiful, as the novels say—but we'll spare his blushes—from Vane, there, with his long rent-roll, to poor me, who she knows goes on tick for my weeds and gloves. She flirts with us all, one after the other, except you, whom she don't dare to touch. Tell me where you get your *noli me tangere* armour, Telfer, and I'll adopt it to-morrow, for the girls make such desperate love to me, I know some of them will propose before long."

Telfer smoked vigorously during Fred's peroration, and his brow darkened. "I do not consider Miss Tressillian a flirt," he said, slowly. "She's too careless in showing you her weak points to be trying to trap you. What I call a coquette is a woman who is all things to all men, whose every languishing glance is a bait, and whose every thought is a conquest."

"And pray how can you tell but what the Tressillian's naturalness and carelessness may be only a superior bit of acting? The highest art, you know, is to imitate nature so close that you can't tell which is which," laughed Walsham.

Telfer didn't seem to relish the suggestion, but went on smoking fiercely.

"Not that I want to speak against the girl," Fred went on; "she's very amusing, and well enough, I dare say, if she weren't so devilish proud."

"You seem rather inconsistent," said Telfer, impatiently. "First, you accuse her of being too free, and then blame her for being too reserved."

Walsham laughed.

"If I'm inconsistent, you're a perfect weathercock. A month ago you were calling Violet every name you could think of, and now you snap us all off short if we say a word against her."

Telfer looked haughty enough to extinguish Fred upon the spot; Fred being a small, lively little chap, with not the slightest dignity about him.

"I know little or nothing of Miss Tressillian, but as I was the first to prejudice you all against her, it is only common honour to take her part when I think her unjustly attacked."

Fred gave me a wink of intense significance, but remonstrated no further, for Telfer had something of the dark look upon him that our men knew so well when he led them down to the slaughter at Alma and Balaklava.

"I tell you," continued the Major, after a little silence, "that I am disgusted with myself for having listened to whispers and reports, and believed in them just because they suited the bias of my prejudice. It didn't matter to me whom my father married, as far as money went, for beyond 10,000*l.* or so, it must all come in the entail; but I couldn't endure the idea of his being chiselled by some Becky Sharp or Blanche Armory, and I made up my mind that the Tressillian was of that genre. I've changed my opinion now. I don't think she either is an actress or an intrigante; and I should be a coward indeed if I hesitated to say so, out of common justice to a young girl who has no one to defend her."

"Bravo, my boy!" said Walsham; "I thought the Tressillian's bright eyes wouldn't let you hate her long. You're quite right, though 'pon my life it is really horrid how women contrive to damage each other. If there's an unlucky girl who has made the best match of the season—she might be an angel from heaven—her bosom-friends would manage gently to spread abroad the interesting facts that she's a 'dreadful flirt,' 'has a snub nose,' is an awful temper, had a ballet-girl for her mamma, or something detrimental. An attractive woman is the target for all her sex to shoot their sneers at, and if the poor thing isn't so riddled with arrows that she's no beauty left, it isn't her sisters' fault."

"I believe you," said Telfer. "My gauge of a woman's fascinations is the amount of hatred all the others bear her. It often amuses me to hear the tone that ladies take in talking of some girl whom we admire. She's a charming creature—a darling—their particular friend—but . . . there's always a 'but' to neutralise the praise, and with their honeyed hatred they contrive to damn the luckless object irretrievably. If another man's a good shot, or whip, or billiard-player, we're not spiteful to him for it. We think him a good fellow, and like him the better; but the dear beau sexe cannot bear a rival, and never rest while one of their acquaintance has diamonds a carat larger, dresses a trifle more costly, has finer horses, or more conquests. The only style of friend I ever heard women speak well of is some plain and timorous individual, good-natured to foolery, and weak as water, who never comes in their orbit, and whom we never look at; and then what a darling she is, and how eloquently they will laud her to the skies, despising her miserably all the while for not having been born pretty!"

"True enough," Marc began. "Why do the Carterets treat the Tressillian so disagreeably? only because, though without their fortune,

she makes ten times their coups; and get themselves up how they may, they knew none of us care to waltz with them if she's in the room. Let's drink her health in Marcobrunnen—she's magnificent eyes."

"And first-rate style," said I.

"And a deuced pretty foot," cried Fred.

"Et une taille superbe," added De Tintiniac, just come in. "En vérité, elle est chonette cette Violette Anglaise."

So we chanted the Tressillian's praises. Telfer drank the toast in silence—I thought with a frown on his brow at the freedom with which we discussed his fair foe.

Little Countess Virginie's wedding was to come off in another month, and Marc begged us so hard to stay on till then, that, Telfer seeming very willing, I consented, though it would be the first September I had ever spent out of the English open since I was old enough to know partridges from pheasants. The Tressillian being Virginie's pet friend, after young ladies' custom of contracting eternal alliances (which ordinarily terminate in a quarrel about the shade of a ponceau ribbon, or a mauve flower, or a cornet's eyes, some three months after the signing and sealing thereof), was of course to be one of the filles d'honneur. So, as I said to Telfer, he'd have time for a few more battles before the two enemies parted to meet again—nobody could tell when.

I began to think that the Major had really been wounded, and that his opponent's bright eyes wouldn't let him come out of the fight wholly scathless, as I saw him leaning against the wall at a ball in the Redoute at Pipesandbeersbad, watching Violet with great earnestness as she whirled round in a *denx temps*, bewitching as was her wont. all the frequenters of the Bad. Rich English dyspeptics, poverty-stricken princes, Austrian diplomats, come to cure their hypochondria; French *décourés*, to try their new cabals and martingales; British snobs, to indulge the luxury of grumbling,—all of them found some strange attraction in the "Violette Anglaise."

Violet sank on a seat after her valse. Telfer quietly displaced a young dragoon from Lucca, and sat down by her.

"I am going to stay on another month, Miss Tressillian; are you not sorry to hear it?" he said, with a smile, but I thought a little anxiety in his eyes.

The colour flushed over her face, and she answered, with a laugh, not quite a real one: "Of course I am very sorry. I would go away myself to let you enjoy your last week in peace if I were not engaged to Virginie. Cannot you get me leave of absence from her? I know you would throw your whole heart into the petition."

Telfer curled his moustaches impatiently.

"Truth has come out of her well at last," he said, with a dash of bitterness, "and has disguised herself in Miss Tressillian's tulle illusion."

Violet coloured brighter still.

"Well," she said, quickly, "was it not your decision that we should never waste courtesy on one another? Was not your own desire *guerre à outrance*?"

"No," answered Telfer, his brow darkening; "that I certainly must deny. I did you injustice, and I offered you an apology. No man could do more than acknowledge he was in the wrong. I offered you the

palm-branch once; you were pleased to refuse it. I am not a man, Miss Tressillian, to run the chance of another repulse. My friendship is not so cheap that I shall intrude it where it is undesired." He spoke with a laugh, but his eyes had a grave anger in them that Violet didn't quite relish.

She looked a little bit frightened up at him. The proud, brilliant Tressillian was as pale and quiet as a little child after a good scolding. But she soon rallied, and flashed up haughtier than ever.

"Major Telfer, you make one great error—one very common to your sex. You drop us one day, and take us up the next, and then think that we must be grateful to you for the supreme honour you do us. You are odd to us, absolutely rude, as long as it pleases your lordly will, and then, at the first word of courtesy and kindness, you expect us to rise and make you a *révérence* in the utmost humiliation and thanksgiving. You men"—and Violet began destroying her bouquet with immense energy—"treat us exactly as a cat will treat a mouse. You yourself, for instance, in a moment's hasty judgment, construed all my actions by the light of your own unjust suspicions, and believing everything, no matter how unfounded, spoke against me to all your acquaintance, and treated me with, as you must admit, but scanty courtesy, for one whom I have heard pique himself on his high breeding. And now, when you discover that your suspicions had no foundation, and your hatred no grounds, you wonder that I find it difficult to be as grateful as you seem to think I should be for your having so kindly misjudged me."

As the young lady gave all this forth with much vehemence and spirit, Telfer's lips set, and the blood forced itself through the bronze of his cheeks. He bent towards her till his moustache touched her hair.

"You have no mercy, Violet Tressillian," he said, between his teeth. "Take care that no one is as pitiless to you in return."

She started, and her bouquet fell to the ground. Telfer gave it her back without looking at her, and turned round to an Austrian with his usual impassive air.

"Do you know where De Tintiniac is, Staumgaurn? In the roulette room? All right. I am going there now."

He did go there, and I've a notion that the croupier of Pipes and Beers had made something that night out of the Major's preoccupation.

Violet, meanwhile, was waltzing with Staumgaurn and a dozen others, but looked rather white—not using any rouge but what Nature had given her—and by the end of the evening her bouquet had utterly come to grief. Days went on till a fortnight of our last month had gone, and Telfer, to my sorrow (not surprise, for I always thought the Tressillian was a dangerous foe, and that, like Ringwood, he'd find himself unhorsed by a woman), grew grave and stern, hunted with ten times more recklessness than usual, and threw away his guineas at the Redoute in a wild way, quite new with him, for though he liked play *pour s'amuser*, he had too much control over his passions ever to let play get ascendancy over him. I used to think he had the strongest passions and the strongest will over them of any man I knew; but now a passion least undesired and most hopeless of any that ever entered his soul, seemed to have mastered him. Not that he showed it; with the Tressillian he was simply distantly courteous; but I, who was on the *qui vive* for his first sign of

being conquered, saw his eyebrows contract when somebody was paying her desperate court, and his glance lighten and flash when she passed near him. They had never been alone since the night of the ball, and Violet was too proud to try for a reconciliation, even if she'd cared for one.

One night we were at a ball at the Prince Humbugandschwerinn's. The Tressillian had been waltzing with all her might, and had all the men in the room, Humbugandschwerinn himself included, round her. Telfer leaned against a console ten minutes, watching her, and then abruptly left the ball-room, and did not return again. He came instead into the card-room, and sat down to *écarté* with De Tintiniac, and lost two games at ten Napoleons aside. Generally, he played very steadily, never giving his attention to anything but the game; but now he was listening to what a knot of men were saying, who were laughing, chatting, and sipping coffee, while they talked about—the Tressillian.

"I mark the king and play," said Telfer, his eyes fixed fiercely on a young fellow who was discussing Violet much as he'd have discussed his new Danish dog or English hunter. He was Jack Snobley, Lord Featherweight's son, who was doing the grand, a confounded young parvenu, vulgar as his cotton-spinning ancestry could make him, who could appreciate the Tressillian about as much as he could Dannecker's *Ariadne*, which work of art he pronounced, in my hearing, "a pretty girl, but the dawg very badly done—too much like a cat." "I take your three to two," continued Telfer, his brow lowering as he heard the young fool praising and criticising Violet with small ceremony. The Major had the haughtiest patrician principles, and to hear a snob like this sandy-haired honourable, speaking of the woman *he* chose to champion as he might have done of some ballerina or *Chaumière belle*, was rather too much for Telfer's self-control.

When the game was done, he rose, and walked quietly over to where Snobley stood. He looked him down with that cold, haughty glance that has cowed men bolder than Lord Featherweight's hopeful offspring, and said a word or two to him in a low tone, which caused that gentleman to flush up red and look fierce with all his might.

"What's the girl to you, that I mayn't speak as I choose of her?" he retorted; the Sillery, of which he'd taken a good deal too much, working up in his weak brain. "I've heard that she jilted you, and that was why you've been setting them all against her, and saying she wanted to hook your old governor."

The Sillery must have indeed obscured Jack's reason with a vengeance to make him venture this very elegant and refined speech with the Major, most fastidious in his ideas of good breeding, and most direful in his wrath, of any man I ever knew. Telfer's cheek turned as white with passion as the bronze would let it; his grey eyes grew almost black as they stared at the young snob. He was so supremely astonished that this ill-bred boy had actually dared thus to address him!

"Mr. Snobley," he said, with his chilled and most ironical smile, and his quietest, most courteous voice, "you must learn good manners before you venture to parley with gentlemen. Allow me to give you your first lesson." And stooping, as if to a very little boy—young Snobley was a good foot shorter than he—the Major struck him on the lips with his left-hand French kid glove. It was a very gentle blow—it would scarcely

have reddened the Tressilian's delicate skin—but on the Hon. Jack it had electric effect. He was beginning to swear, to look big, to talk of satisfaction, insult, and all the rest of it; but Telfer laughed, bent his head, told him he was quite ready to satisfy him to any extent he required; and, turning away, sat down to *écarté* calm and impassive as ever, and pleased greatly with himself for having silenced this silly youth. The affair was much less exciting to him than it was to any other man in the room. "It's too great an honour for him, the young brute, for me to be called out by him, as if he were one of us. I hate snobs; Lord Featherweight's grandfather was butler to mine, and he himself was a cotton-spinner in Lancashire, and then this little contemptible puppy dares to——"

Telfer finished his sentence with a puff of smoke from his meerschaum, as he sat in his bedroom after the ball, into which sanctuary I had followed him to talk a little before turning in.

"To discuss the Tressilian," said I. "But that surprises me less, old fellow, than that you should champion her. What's it for? Has hate turned to the other thing? Have you come to think that, though she'd make a very bad mother-in-law, she'd make a charming wife? 'Pon my life, if you have——"

"Hush! Don't jest!"

I knew by the tone of those three little monosyllables that the Major was done for—caught, conquered, and fettered by his dangerous foe.

Telfer sat silent for some minutes, looking out of the window where the dawn was rising over the hills, with a settled gloom upon his face. Then he rose, and began swinging about the room with his firm cavalry tread, his arms crossed on his chest, and his head bent down.

"By Heaven! Vane," he said at length, in a tone low, but passionate and bitter, "I have gone on like a baby or a fool, playing with tools till they have cut me. Against my will, against my judgment, against reason, hope, everything, I have lingered in that girl's fascinations till I am bound by them hand and foot. I cannot deceive myself, I cannot shut the truth out; it was not honour, nor chivalry, nor friendship that made me to-night insult the man who spoke jestingly of her; it was love—love as mad, as reckless, as misplaced, as ever cursed a man and drove him to his ruin." He paused, breathing hard, with his teeth set, then broke out again: "I, who held love in such disdain, who have so long kept my passions in such strong control, who thought no woman had the power to move me against my will—I love at last, despite myself, though I know that she is pitiless, that nothing I have said has been able to touch her into softer feeling, and that, mad as my passion is for her, if her nature be as hard and haughty as I fear, I dare not, if I could, make her my wife. No, Vane, no," he went on, hastily, as I interrupted. "She does not love me, she has no gentler feeling in her; I thought she had, but I was mistaken. I tried her several times, but she will never forgive my first injustice to her; and to one with so little softness in her nature I dare not trust my peace. It were a worse hell even than that I now endure, to have her with me, loving her as I do, and feel that her cold heart gave no response to mine; to possess her glorious beauty, and yet know that her love and her soul were dead in their chill pride to me——"

He paused again, and leaned against the window, his chest heaving, and

hot tears standing in his haughty eyes, wrung from the very anguish of his soul. The pride that had never before bent to any human thing, was now cast in the dust before a woman who never did, and probably never would, love him in return.

V.

THE DUEL, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE contemptible young puppy, for whom Telfer considered the honour of a ball from his pistol a great deal too good in the morning, sent Heavysides, of the 40th, a chum of his found up at the Bad, to claim "satisfaction," the valour produced in him by Sillery over night having been kept up since by copious draughts of cognac and Seltzer. Having signified to Heavysides that the Major would do Mr. Snobley the favour of shooting him in the retired valley of Königshohle at sunrise the next day, I went to tell Telfer, who had a hearty laugh at the young fellow's challenge.

"I'd give him something to shoot me through the heart," said he, bitterly, "but I don't suppose he will. He's practiced at pigeons, not at men, probably. I won't hurt him much, but a little lesson will do him good. Mind nobody in the house gets wind of the affair. Though I make a fool of myself in her defence, there is no need that she or others should know it. But if the boy should do for me, tell her, Vane—tell her," said the Major, shading his eyes with his hand, "that I have learnt to love her as I never dreamt I should love any woman, and that I do not blame her for the just lesson she has read me for the rudeness and the unjust prejudice I indulged in so long towards her. She retaliated fairly upon me, and God forbid that she should have one hour of her life embittered through remorse for me."

His voice sank into a whisper as he spoke; then, with an effort, he forced himself into calmness, and went to play billiards with Marc. This was the man who, three months before, had told me with such contemptuous decision that "we need never fall in love unless it's convenient; and as to caring for a girl who doesn't care for us, that was a weakness with which he couldn't sympathise at all!"

Late that night, Telfer and I coming down the stairs, met the Tressillian going up them to her room. The Major stopped her, and held out his hand, with a softened light in his eyes. "Will you not bid me good-by? I may not see you again."

There was a sadness in his smile bitterly significant to me, but very likely she didn't see it, not having any key to it, as I had.

Violet turned pale, and I fancied her lips twitched, but it might be the flickering of the light of the staircase lamps on her face. At any rate, being a young lady born and bred in good society, she put her hand in his, with a simple "What! are you going away?"

"Perhaps. At any rate, let us part in peace."

The proud man laughed as he said it, though he was enduring tortures. Violet heard the laugh, and didn't see the straining anxiety in his gaze.

She drew her hand rapidly away. "Certainly. Bon voyage, Major Telfer, and good night," she answered, carelessly; and, with a graceful bend, the Tressillian floated on up the stairs with the dignity of a young empress.

Telfer looked after the white gossamer dress and the beautiful head, with its wreath of scarlet flowers, and an inen sternness settled on his face. All hope was gone now. She could not have parted with him like this if she had cared for him one straw more than for the flowers in her hair. Yet, in the morning, he was going to risk his life for her. Ah, well! I've always seen that in love there's one of the two who gives all and gets nothing.

In the morning, by five o'clock, in the valley of Königshöhe, a snug bit of pasture land between two rocks, where no gendarme could pounce upon us, young Snobley made his appearance to enjoy the honour of being a target for one of the best shots in Europe. Snobley had a good deal of swagger and would-be dash, and made a great show of pluck, which your man of true pluck never does. Telfer stood talking to me up to the last minute, took his pistol carelessly in his hand, and, without taking any apparent aim, fired.

If Telfer made up his mind to shoot off your fifth waistcoat button, your fifth waistcoat button would be irrevocably doomed; and therefore, having determined to himself to lodge a bullet in this young puppy's left wrist, in the left wrist did the ball lodge. Snobley was "satisfied," very amply satisfied, I fancy, by his looks. He'd fired, and sent his shot right into the trunk of a chesnut growing some seven yards off his opponent, to Heavy-side's supreme scorn.

"That'll teach him not to talk of young ladies in his Mabelle slang," said Telfer, lighting his cigar. "I hope the little snob may be the better for my lesson. Now I am en route, I'll go over to Fipsand-beersbad, breakfast at the Hôtel de France, and go and see Humbugandschwerinn: he wants me to look at some English racers Brookes has just sent him over. Make my excuses at Essellau; and I say, Vane, see if you can't get us away in a day or two; have some call home, or something, for I shall never stand this long."

With which not over clear speech the Major mounted his horse and cantered off towards the Bad.

I rode back; went to my own room, had some chocolate, read *Pigault le Brun*, and about noon, seeing Virginie, the Tressillian, and several others out on the terrace, went to join them. Marc slipped his arm through mine and drew me aside.

"I say, Vane, what's all this about Telfer striking some fellow for talking about the Tressillian? Staurmgaurm was over here just now, and told me there was a row in the card-room at Humbugandschwerinn's between Telfer and another Englishman. I knew nothing about it. Is it true?"

"So far true," I answered, "that Telfer put a ball in the youth's wrist at seven o'clock this morning; and serve him right too—he's an impudent young enob."

"By Jove!" cried Marc, "what in the world made him take the Tressillian's part? Have the beaux yeux really made an impression on the most unimpressionable of men?"

"The devil they have," said I, crossly; "but I wish she'd been at the dance first, for he's too good a fellow to waste his best years pining after a pair of dark eyes."

Marc shrugged his shoulders. "C'est vrai; but we're all fools some time or other. The idea of Telfer's chivalry! I declare it's quite like

the old days of Erissart and Commines—fighting for my lady's favour?
And away he went, singing those two famous lines from *Alcyonée*,

Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois : je l'aurais faite aux dieux ;

and I thought to myself that if the Tressillian proved a De Longueville, I could find it in my soul to shoot her without remorse.

But as I turned away from Marc, I came upon her, looking pale and ill enough to satisfy anybody. The colour flushed into her cheeks as she saw me; we spoke of the weather, the chances of storm, Floss's new collar, and other trifles; then she asked me, bending over her little dog,

"Is Captain Staurngaurn's news true, that your friend has—has been quarrelling with a young Englishman?"

"Yes," I answered. "I wonder Staurngaurn told you; it is scarcely a topic to interest ladies. Telfer has given the young gentleman a well-merited lesson."

"Have they fought?" she asked, breathlessly, laying her hand on my arm, and looking as white as a ghost.

"Yes, they have," said I; "and he fought, Miss Tressillian, for one who gave him a very cold adieu last night."

Her head drooped, she trembled perceptibly, and the colour rushed back to her cheeks.

"Is he safe?" she asked, in the lowest of whispers.

"Quite," I answered, quickly, as De Tintiniac lounged up to us; and I left my words, like a prudent diplomatist, to bear fruit as best they might.

I wondered if she cared for him, or if it was merely a girl's natural feeling for a man who had let himself be shot at, rather than hear a light word spoken of her. But they were both so deuced proud, Heaven's special intervention alone seemed likely to bring them together.

The Major didn't come home from Pipesandbeersbad till between two and three that night, and he's told me since that being *un peu fou* with his self-willed and vehement passion, never went to bed at all, but sat and walked about his room smoking, unable to sleep, in a frame of mind that, when sane, a few months before, he would have pronounced spoony and contemptible in the lowest degree. At eight he strode forth into the park, brushing off the dew with his impatient steps, glad of the fresh morning air upon his brow, which was as burning as our first headache from "that cursed punch of Jones's," the day after our "first wine," which acute suffering any gentleman who ever tasted that delicious *mélange* of rum and milk and lemons, will keenly recal among other passed-away passages of his green youth.

Telfer strode on an on, over the molehills and through the ferns, down this slope and up that, under the oaks, and lindens, and fir-trees gleaming red beneath the October sun, with very little notion of where he was going or what he was doing, a great stag-hound of Marc's following at his heels. The path he took, without thinking, led him to the top of a rock overhanging the Beersbad, where that historic stream was but a few yards in width, and here Telfer, lying down with his head against a plane-tree, struck a fusee and lighted a cigar—for a wood's a pleasant companion in any stage of existence: if we're happy we smoke.

in the fulness of our hearts, and build airy castles on each fragrant cloud; and if we're unhappy, we smoke to console ourselves, and draw in with each whiff philosophy and peace. So the Major smoked and thought, till a bark from the staghound made him look up. On the top of the cliffs on the other side of the stream, looking down into the valleys below, with her head turned away from him, stood Violet Tressillian; and at the sight of that graceful figure, with its indescribable high-bred air, I don't doubt the Major's once unimpressive heart beat faster than it had ever done in a charge or a skirmish. She was full twenty feet above him, and the rocks on which she stood sloped precipitately down to a ledge exactly opposite that on which he lay smoking—a ledge in reality but a few inches wide, but to which the treacherous boughs and ferns waving over it gave a semblance of a firm broad footing—a semblance which (like a good many other things one meets with) it utterly failed to carry out when you came to try it.

Violet, not seeing Telfer lying *perdu* among the grass at the foot of his plane-tree, walked along to the edge of the cliff, her eyes on the ground, so deep in thought that she never noticed the river beneath, but began to descend the slope, little Floss coming with exceeding trepidation after her. Telfer sprang up to warn her. "Violet! Violet! go back! go back! Oh! my God, do you not hear?"

His passionate tones startled her. Never dreaming he was there, she looked hurriedly up; her foot slipped; unable to stay her descent she came down the steep cliff with an impetus which, to a certainty, would send her over the narrow ledge into the river below—a fall of full thirty feet. To see her perish thus before his eyes—die thus while he stood calmly by! A whole age of torture was crowded into the misery of that one brief moment. There was but one way to save her. He sprang across the gulf that parted them, while the river in its straitened bed hissed and feasted beneath him, and, standing on the narrow ledge, where there seemed scarce footing for a dog, he caught her as she fell in his iron grasp, as little swayed by the shock as the rock on which he stood. Holding her tight to him with one arm, he swung himself down by the other to a less dangerous position, on a flat plateau of cliff, and leaning against one of the linden-trees on its summit he bent over her; his eyes dim, and his pulses beating with the emotions he had controlled while he wanted cool thought and firm nerve to save her, but over which he had no more power now. He pressed her to his heart, forgetting pride, and doubt, and fear; and Violet, by way of answer, only burst into a passion of tears. Who would have recognised the proud, brilliant Tressillian, in the pale, trembling woman who sobbed on his breast with the *abandon* of a child, and who, at his passionate kisses, only blushed like a wild rose?

Telfer evidently thought the transformation complete, for he forgot all his reserve resolutions and hauteur, and poured out the tenderest love for a girl who, three months before, he had wished at the devil! And the Tressillian was conquered at last; she was pitiless no longer, and, having vanquished him, was, woman-like, ready to be a slave to her captive; and her eyes were never more dangerous than now, when, shy and softened, they looked up through their tears into Telfer's.

What old De Tintinac said of her was true, that all her beauty wanted to make it perfect was for her to be in love!

So at least I thought, when, several hours afterwards, I met them coming across the park, and I knew by the gleam of the Major's eyes that he had lost Calceolaria and won Violet.

"How strange it is," laughed Telfer that evening, when they were alone in the conservatory, "that you and I, who so hated each other, should now be so dear to one another. Oh, Violet! how ashamed I have been since of my unjustifiable prejudices, my abominable discourtesy——"

"You were dreadfully rude," said the Tressillian, smiling; "and judged me very cruelly by all the false reports that women chose to gossip of me. But you are wrong. I never hated you. Your father had spoken of you as so generous, so noble, so chivalrous a soldier, so kind a son, that I was prepared to admire you immensely, and when you looked so sternly on me at our first introduction, and I overheard your bitter words about me at the station, I really was never more vexed and disappointed in my life. And then a demon entered into me, and I thought—forgive me, Hamilton—that I would try to make you repent your hasty judgment and recant your prejudices. But I could not always fight you with the coolness I wished; your indifference began to pique me more and more. Wounds from you rankled as they did from no one else, and something besides pride made me feel your neglect so keenly. I had meant—yes, I must tell you all," and the Tressillian, in her soft repentance, looked, Telfer thought, more bewitching than in her most brilliant moments—"I had wished," she went on in a whisper, with her colour bright, "to make you regret your injustice, to conquer your stubborn pride, and to revenge myself on you for all the wrong you had done me in thoughts and words. But, you see, I wasn't so strong as I fancied; I thought I could fence with the buttons on, but I was mistaken, and—and—when I heard that you had fought for me, I knew then that——" And Violet stopped with a smile and a sigh; the sigh for the past, I suppose, and the smile for the present.

"Well, nous sommes quittes, dearest," smiled Telfer. "Thank Heaven! we no longer need reproach each other. Too many elevate the one they love into an ideal of such superhuman excellence, that at the first shadow of mortality they see their poor idol is shivered from its pedestal. But we have seen the worst side of each other's character, Violet, and henceforth love shall cover all faults, and subdue all pride between us."

Telfer kept his word. They had had their last quarrel, and buried their last suspicion before their marriage, and were not, like the generality, doves first and tigers after. The governor, of course, was charmed that a match on which he had secretly set his heart had brought itself about so neatly without his interference. He had begun to despair of his son's ever giving Torwood a mistress, and the diamonds he gave Violet, in the excess of his pleasure, brought her no end of female enemies, for they were some of the finest water in the kingdom. Seldom, indeed, has slander been productive of such good fruits, for rarely, *very* rarely, does that Upas-tree put forth any but Dead Sea apples.

Violet Tressillian was Violet Telfer before the Christmas recess, but I considered the bet drawn. So Telfer and I exchanged the roan filly and the colt, and Calceolaria in the Torwood stables, and Jeckey Club in my stalls, stand witnesses to this day of OUR WAGER, AND HOW THE MAJOR LOST AND WON.

EMS AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

April, 1888.

AT this season most of us, whether busy or idle, hale or sick, are conscious of a fresh spring of life and movement within. When the tender green leaves come forth anew in the sunshine, the hardest labourer will pause a moment to remember that we may honour our Maker by enjoying His work as well as by doing our own. Nature is putting on her gay attire as if for a holiday, and, with sympathetic feeling, various inquirers ask abroad the question, "Where shall we go this year?"

To follow the impulse as if we were birds of the air may not always be the wisest course, but doubtless there are times in all our lives when we should be better for "a change," and when it is very well if we have only to say, "Where shall we go?" It might seem, in one sense, we could not go wrong, the world being so very well worthy, and, if we are to believe Madame Pfeiffer, so easily to be seen even in its remotest parts. The object of the following remarks, however, is to help the choice of inquirers who may be seeking advice within a narrower limit. Without further preface, I will suppose the case of some who have five or six weeks' leisure before them, and though wishing to avoid much fatigue of body or excitement of mind, would seek a fresh climate and a fresh scene wherewith to shake off the winter's influenza, or the pressure of anxiety, or the weariness that sometimes comes upon the best in the uneventful course of daily life. To any such I would say, Go into Germany—go to Ems—drink the waters and eat the grapes, and be refreshed with the pleasant pictures of that sunny, cheerful Rhine valley.

Ems, or "Bad Ems" (Anglicè, "the Bath of Ems"), is allowed to be one of the prettiest and most healthful of German watering-places. Situated in the Duchy of Nassau, six miles from Coblenz, and the left bank of the Rhine, it is very easy of access. From Rotterdam, Antwerp, Ostend, Calais, you may reach it by a two days' journey. I do not, however, recommend such rapid travelling, if you be new to the sights of foreign towns; nor would you do best to take, as I did, the first route, though it is the cheapest—namely, that by Rotterdam.

Between this amphibious town and Cologne there is little to be seen. The chill flat fields and wide ditches of Holland may be imagined by any one who has acquaintance with Lincolnshire, or the low land on the Lancashire coast.

Nor is Rotterdam, though curious enough in itself, a sufficient inducement to pass the night on the sofa of a Rhine steamer, especially as a very fair idea of it may be obtained by a visit to the Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, which I think, like its Dutch-looking neighbour, the hospital, must have been built under the direction of William III. In imagination, narrow the Thames at Chelsea to the dimension of a canal, and on the opposite bank, instead of one "red house," build a row facing those of the Cheyne-walk, and in all respects like them; plant another line of full-grown trees, and let Dutch Bulbs or Hamburg grapes replace the "two a penny oranges" on the stalls beneath; fill the river with larger and higher masted vessels than are to be seen moored at Chelsea, and

you have a picture of all the streets of the Northern Venice—Rotterdam. It seems to become less and less a resort to tourists, and the best hotel of the place has been lately closed.

I will suppose you then to have reached the Rhine at Cologne by one of the other routes. The cathedral of old Cologne cannot be seen by substitute, or imagined. No such solemn space and width of nave, no such brilliant colouring of windows, can be found, no, not in York Minster. See it, however, if you can, in light and sunshine, not, as was my own case, in rain and fog. Rain and chilly fog are to be met with on the Rhine, and at Cologne, with all its treasures, evil odours also; and those travelling for health will do well not to linger there too long.

Between Cologne and Coblenz a pleasant day's sail awaits you, which you need not enjoy at all the less if it be true that some tourists have overpraised the Rhine. It were well, however, if nothing suffered more from a little overpraise. Its hill sides, and most strange old towns and villages, with unimagined shape of roof and gable, its quaint church towers, its floating rafts, its boats of pilgrims with banner and in holiday attire, all make very pleasant pictures, though it be conceded that the "castles" really have been too much vaunted, that Stolzenfels is covered with stucco, and Rheineck modernised, and occupied by an Irishman.

The interest increases at each turn of the river, and should you reach Coblenz at sunset, you will hardly fail to call the scene reflected in such deep colour, in the quiet water, a very beautiful one.

Arrived at Coblenz, you will do well to halt at the Belle Vue Hotel, close to the landing-pier, and overlooking the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which, though like the rest grander in name than reality, crowns picturesquely the opposite heights.

Coblenz, though without any one very striking object, well repays some research; and a solitary ramble there is one among many pleasant remembrances of a pleasant time.

For there is great pleasure in wandering about a strange place, with no special sight to see—no sight that is of imperative necessity to be seen. In all places where men have lived for centuries, leaving the impress of their lives on dwelling-house and church, there must be sights and thoughts of interest; and of such there can be no lack in the old streets of Coblenz. Not that it is entirely without some more marked objects of notoriety, duly noted by Bradshaw (my only guide-book), i.e. a bridge of many arches, celebrated alike by Turner and Ruskin, and a church—a strange old church—called St. Castor, where the grandsons of Charlemagne met to divide his dominions.

No need, however, to think solely of the past; it is market-day, and Coblenz is full of present life and motion, and the brightest sunshine. The maiden driving the oxen in that light cart, laden with fagots, her beautiful hair partly covered with a silk embroidered cap and fastened with a silver bodkin, the sign that she is a Roman Catholic, would make a pretty study for an artist; to say nothing of that wreath of the brightest blue convolvulus twining over the stone carving in a court that must once have been the entrance to a palace, though now used as a coal-yard.

But to proceed. A further half-hour's sail up the Rhine will bring you to the mouth of the little tributary stream, the Lahn, and its port, Lahnstein—a most picturesque collection of old houses, towers, churches,

and boat seats. This is the point of disembarkation for Ems, which lies about six miles up the wooded valley of the Lahn, and may be reached either by the little newly-cut railway on the left bank, or by the road on the opposite side across the ferry, which, if you are a draughtman, you will not pass without a sketch; the whole drive, indeed, is full of such materials. Whichever route you take, you are pretty sure of a pleasant sensation on reaching your destination.

Ems is really a very pretty place; my fellow travellers, who were well acquainted with the Pyrenees, said, as we came in sight of its white houses, with trees and green slopes skirting the river-side, and overhung with high wooded hills, that it reminded them of some of the most picturesque Pyrenean scenes. And now, if arriving on the left bank, having crossed the Lahn by the bridge of boats, proceed along the one main street, bordered by various "hofs" on one side, and avenues of walnut on the other, to the "Vier Jahreszeiten" or Four Seasons Hotel, where you may safely halt. Here both English and French are spoken, and you will find every sufficient comfort, at the not unreasonable charge of two thalers, or about six shillings a day. This will include your room, breakfast, tea, and a table d'hôte dinner of only too many courses. Private apartments, though not so commonly resorted to by Ems visitors as the hotels, are, however, more moderate in price. Ems is noted by Bradshaw as an "expensive place;" but at least it is specially one where you should be able to make a fair calculation of that important matter, the cost of living. The price of so many things being regulated by tariff, you need seldom or ever pay that indefinite sum, "what you please." In the entrance of the hotels hang cartes of the tariff, or tax, for carriages, mules, and donkeys, with the "trink geld," or gratuity for the driver, specified. There is also a wash tax, and cartes with lists of clothes, and prices for the washing of each article affixed, may be referred to in cases of dispute with the "wäschfrau," not that the Germans seem to be in any way exorbitant in their demands upon strangers.

A small subscription of about four shillings for the season gives admittance to the public walks (of which an excellent band seems to be considered as much a part as the walnut and acacia trees), as well as to the Curtaal, with its beautiful hall and nightly concerts. Here also the subscriber has the use of the chief newspapers, including the *Times*, and other periodicals—German, French, and English—as well as the more doubtful privilege of admittance to the gambling-tables. Gambling is not carried on at Ems with the same avidity as at other German watering-places; but even here the eager faces, seen by the light of shaded lamps, which struggles with the daylight, is the one unpleasant scene of the place. The balls here are well conducted. The Curtaal is close to the Four Seasons Hotel, which has the further advantage of being within a few yards of the mineral springs.

These springs are situated in the old Curhaus: the two principal rise at each end of a long arched passage, or arcade, which, becoming heated with the steam of the waters, forms an excellent promenade for delicate persons in the early mornings of spring or autumn. Under the same roof apartments are to be had, so that the inmates might drink the waters, and avoid ever breathing the outer air, should that be desirable.

Of the medicinal properties of these waters full information may be

obtained by referring to a little treatise, entitled "The Thermal Springs of Ems," by Dr. von Ibell, resident physician in the place; they are also described by Constantin James in his work "Sur les Eaux Minérales;" either book may be procured from H. Baillièrè, the foreign publisher in Regent-street. The following analysis of the two principal springs is from the work of Von Ibell:

The Krachuchen (Source du Robinet), temperature 86° F. Sixteen ounces of this water contain the following chemical constituents:

	Grains.
Bi-carbonate of soda	12.5108
Sulphate of soda	0.3981
Chloride of sodium	6.3349
Chloride of magnesium	0.3753
Carbonate of lithium	traces.
Silica	0.3842
Carbonate of protoxyde of iron, with traces of manganese	0.0096
Alumina	0.0626
Carbonate of lime, with traces of strontia	1.4400
Carbonate of magnesia	0.4975
Free carbonic acid	12.5140

The Kesselbrunnen (Source de la Chaudière), temperature 117° F. Sixteen ounces of water contain:

	Grains.
Bi-carbonate of soda	14.7418
Sulphate of soda	0.3538
Chloride of sodium	7.0216
Chloride of magnesium	0.3318
Carbonate of lithium	traces.
Silica	0.3664
Carbonate of protoxyde of iron, with traces of manganese	0.0576
Alumina	0.1124
Carbonate of lime, with traces of strontia	1.4474
Carbonate of magnesia	0.3200
Free carbonic acid	7.4250

Enumerating the affections of the chest and throat, for which, amongst others, these waters are strongly recommended, the same author says: "Chronic catarrhs of the air-passages, especially of the bronchi, are successfully treated by a methodical internal, and subsequently external, exhibition of our thermals." And again: "There is a chronic form of catarrh which results from a state of irritation in the mucous membrane of the larynx. Singers, public speakers, and those engaged in tuition, are, from the nature of their avocations, peculiarly liable to this complaint, in removing which the waters of Ems, in the majority of cases, will work wonders."

I was told that, two summers ago, Jenny Lind here recovered three notes, and sang at a concert for a charitable purpose with all her early power and clearness. I was also told by a muleteer, that the best cure for a cold was a glass of the Kesselbrunnen. No one, in fact, who has taken this water can doubt its soothing effect on the throat and chest.

The water-drinking, at least, is not an "expensive" item of Ems life; the regulation fee to the well-woman, or "Trink Mädchen," being but a

gulden, or about 1s. 8d. per month. To this you must add the purchase of a drinking-cup, as costly as you please, each person being expected to provide their own, and you will hardly leave Ems without carrying away some other specimens from the stalls of Bohemian glass which decorate the drinking-hall—reminding me of the Great Exhibition, and displaying many articles worthy of prize medals.

Adjoining the drinking hall are the baths, generally recommended as accompaniments to the water-drinking; but neither should be resorted to without the advice of a physician. The two of chief note at Ems are Dr. von Ibell, already mentioned, who is resident there, and Dr. Zoust, perhaps the more valued of the two, as living at Coblenz, and only paying daily visit to Ems. To judge from my own observation, both have very frequently the pleasure of seeing their patients depart much better than they came.

If the waters, however, are a primary cause, no doubt the out-door life in bright scenes and in so genial an atmosphere is to be accounted a secondary cause of the amended health which generally repays those who come here. Not that I would for a moment detract from the reputation of the Ems waters, and it seems to me that there can be no remedy more agreeable than that of mineral waters; springing freely from the earth, they seem the special gift of God—pools of Bethesda, troubled, perhaps, by an angel—for healing the ills of man. They spring too, generally, as here, in beautiful places; and though this may be said to arise from the natural conformation of rocks containing mineral deposits, I know not that we should be wise in refusing to see therein an additional cause of pleasure and thankfulness.

As regards the best season for visiting Ems, I was myself there in the glowing sunshine of September, when at mid-day the thermometer sometimes stood at 75°; nothing could be more delightful. The early mornings, however, it must be allowed, were occasionally chill and misty, and the months of May and June are more frequently recommended for those visiting the place for health's sake only. April even is said to be very pleasant in this favoured valley, which lies well sheltered from the north and easterly winds. July and August constitute more especially "the season," when the heat is often great and Ems over-full, though shade and quiet are readily obtainable. In September, the beautiful chorale which opens the day's concert collects a diminished group of water-drinkers, still, however, displaying every variety of colour and toilet, from the gay costume of the Parisian and still gayer finery of the English fashionist, to the sober but more picturesque attire of the sister of charity. At all parts of the season Ems will furnish no lack of "bits of colour" to the artist, for, besides the dress of its visitors, the bright edgings of its window awnings, its flowery balconies, and light green shutters, the mules and doukeys have all scarlet saddle-cloths, and their drivers (one to each animal, proving the work for able-bodied men in this part of Germany not very great) wear the bluest of blouses.

In September the roadsides are hung with the red and purple of ripening grapes and apples; the valley is quite an apple orchard, and its south side a succession of vineyards. The wild flowers are mostly over, but to any one who delights in lovely colour, the autumn crocuses, in masses

of pink lilac on the bright green grass, are themselves worth a long journey to see. The aster, too, is a native here, and flourishes well in garden or copse; chicory and tansey also grow wild.

The neighbouring country, though not grand, is very pretty—the hills clothed with orchards and woods, and from their heights commanding views new to an English eye; wide stretches of undulating foliage; the Rhine, like a silver thread, winding in the distance—but for miles hardly a trace of human habitation. The villages chiefly nestle in the valleys, by a river side. The Lahn is rich in such, and they form a very picturesque feature of the Ems neighbourhood, with strange church belfry and high-pitched gable, a projecting story or window added, as occasion needed, hundreds of years ago, speaking well for the builders of those old days, before contracts or piece-work were known. As a picture, every building in some of these old German villages would put the half-timbered houses of Lancashire and Cheshire to shame, even without the vine wreaths round its windows; but there is little cleanliness or snugness about them. Dansenau, with its old walls and ruined towers, said to date from the time of Charlemagne, is a happy place indeed for a day's sketching; but one does not, in imagination, like to follow its inhabitants into their picturesque houses, or think of their lives in the comfortless dirt within. The ferry opposite Niemen is another pleasant place where to study for an autumn afternoon village costume and architecture, if you can preserve the happy illusion that this peasant life, so telling in a picture, has no reverse side which one might shrink from looking into; not that there seemed to be any sharp distress, still less beggary, in these Old-World places. I do not remember, indeed, to have seen a beggar in any place which I passed through in Germany, nor, by the way, a single "broom-girl." Clean German villages, however, are by no means fabulous; we saw many much cleaner and newer, if less striking, than Dansenau. Ems itself is a model of cleanliness, and a proof that the clean and the picturesque are not incompatible. Not so Braubach, a more distant excursion, not on the Lahn, but on the Rhine. I have a pleasant recollection of a hot day at Braubach, the pilgrim procession in the wonderful old streets, the sour wine and bad dinner in the large empty inn, once a palace, the shade of the walnuts in its court-yard, and, above all, the drive in the cool of the evening by the sparkling river, among the orchards and vineyards. The vintage here was just beginning, and an old woman by the roadside threw a bunch of black grapes into the carriage, with a pleasant smile at the English travellers; they were the first freshly gathered grapes I had tasted. To get into a vineyard seems quite the last thing one can do in Germany, the owners even being excluded until a certain day, regulated by authority, lest the fruit should be gathered unripe, and the wine of the neighbourhood brought into disrepute. The "Emser" wine has a character to keep. In September, however, grapes become plentiful (varying in price from twopence to sixpence a pound) all over Germany. They form no small attraction in an autumn visit, and the "grape cure," which is by no means an imaginary remedy, may follow very advantageously, or even accompany, a course of the Ems water. The whole duchy of Nassau is a land rich in vineyards as in beauty.

I have still to speak of the little town from which it takes its name. Nassau, also on the Lahn, a few miles above Ems, a thriving place,

where the new and old have entered into friendly compact, is the capital of the duchy. The duke and his pretty duchess, however, do not reside here, but at Bieberich, which you should also see, as well as Wiesbaden, Schwabach, Schlangenbad, and the many other places of interest, which I cannot now particularise, belonging to this beautiful territory.

The Duke and Duchess of Nassau are Protestants—Lutherans, as we should formerly have called them—and Nassau is a Protestant state. The exact proportion of Protestants and Roman Catholics in the population of Ems I did not learn, but that of the former is considerable. Apparently no very hostile feeling exists between them, and in one cemetery the dead of both communions sleep together, and before interment they rest in the same building. It is not permitted to keep the dead in a dwelling-house beyond a few hours, after which they are removed to an edifice in the burying-ground, and there remain in uncovered coffins till the funeral day approaches. Another German custom relating to the dead is to prefix the word "selig," or blessed, before their names; a good substitute surely for the "poor," too frequently used among ourselves in the like cases. The inhabitants of Ems, Protestant and Romanist, appeared quiet, industrious, and well disposed; and, invariably kind and civil to strangers, they form a pleasing specimen of the German character. In the duchy of Nassau education is compulsory, and the government schools in Ems appear well conducted; those of the higher class, under the management of a first-rate professor, are admirably so. In all, the pupils learn to sing by note, and perform very creditably. The Lutheran, or, to speak correctly, the Evangelical, much exceeds the Romish church in size, and is filled each Sunday by a large congregation, who, with one voice, sing the fine old chorales, many of which were composed by Luther. The form of worship, I believe, much resembles that of the Presbyterians in Scotland. Here, also, until within the last year, was celebrated the English Episcopal service, now held in a beautiful little church, which, owing to the exertions of the Rev. J. Parminter, for nine years the respected English clergyman of Ems, has been newly erected. Simple and beautiful, it has that look of home in the strange land which, in a higher sense, every church should have. Twice daily the bell tolls for morning and evening prayer, which nowhere in England can be conducted more reverently, or, on Sunday, followed by sermons more interesting or impressive. It is, indeed, the fault of the hearers if they leave Ems the better in bodily health alone. The church porch, at present of wood only, and temporary, is lined with the well-chosen books of a lending library, for the free use of the congregation; and I can say with truth that the clergyman is equally ready to offer, and to give, all the help in his power to any fellow-countryman who needs it. The only thing about this church to be regretted is the smallness of its stipend. But Sunday at Ems, as at other foreign places, is not the day of quiet we are happily accustomed to associate with the name; far otherwise. The band plays as on other days, and the same music, and after the hour of morning service the shops generally are open. Many of them are kept by Jews. Such, towards the end of September, were closed for three days, in honour of the Feast of Tabernacles. In the garden belonging to a Jewish house we saw the little "booth" in which, during the festival, the inmates took their meals; a

poor little shed, about six feet square, roofed with bean-stalks, and ornamented within by green sprays, strings of red hips, and apples; a very pitiful memento of the old days in their own land. For the most part, the Jews at Ems are doubly wanderers, coming with their wares for the season, and leaving at its close, as all the stranger population were now preparing to do, ourselves unwillingly amongst the number. The end of September was come, but the weather, broken by one day's heavy rain, was again lovely, and the sunset each evening transformed the Lahn into a flood of gold and crimson. I would gladly have lingered among the grapes and reddening vine-leaves, and seen this happy valley in the rich October and the still November days; but the diners at the table d'hôte had shrunk to some half-dozen, and the courses were no less diminished; the hotel were almost empty, and the servants were being discharged; the fashionable shops were altogether shut up; the Cursaal also was closed, and the band had played a farewell serenade by moonlight in the open air; my friends were departing, and I too must say good-by to pleasant Ems, and the happy days we had spent there together.

THE LITTLE SPANISH DOCTOR.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

(*Opposite my window.—Seville, 1630.*)

Five long years of barred-up doors and gratings,
 You may pretty well imagine how she loved his trade;
 She his wife—my Inez! queen!—in black mantilla,
 Dark cascade of lace, and pink brocade.

Old curmudgeon! bah! how much I hate him,
 At the doorway always standing with a bottle,
 Holding up the gold to catch the sunlight.
 Vermin! some day I shall have him by the throttle.

All day long I watch those long black gratings,
 Till the moonbeams come, like silver swords,
 Cutting keenly at the strong bars' shadows,
 What time in every street you hear the harpsichords.

All day long you see her pale face watching
 At the dark grating facing to the street;
 Church processions, soldiers, horses, mules, or carriage—
 Nothing passes but she sees it—sweet!

Could I help but love her, half from pity,
 She the fairy bird of such a loathsome cage?
 Through the bars I saw her dark hair blowing—
 Eighteen was never called a philosophic age.

He knows well I love her—beast and miser,
 How he spies me now and weighs that powder,
 Smiling malignant as the scale he watches;
 He hates me, but conceals it, Satan's self no prouder.

He's such a bilious spider in the centre
 Of his bell-wires, and all his nervous nettings;
 One eye on the stairs, one on his window,
 Where his jewel bottles have their gleaming settings.

No duenna comes for cloves or aloes,
 No old canon for an ounce of myrrh,
 But he watches sleeves and fans, for letters
 Slipped out sometimes into drawers for her.

Not a girl comes in for paste of roses,
 Not a grocer for a pound of spice,
 But he eyes them as if Turks or felons,
 Dreading the worst turn of the tricky dice.

And yet I cheat him: every night at seven,
 When the Alameda's buzzing like a hive,
 He goes slowly pacing, for his cigarette and gossip—
 A fool that cannot love should never wive.

Ass and jealous hunks! At hush of twilight,
 Over the orange tops, the garden-wall,
 Just by the mulberry-tree, I fit the ladder,
 And down I drop—the melon-bed to break my fall.

O then the swelling bosom, beating half in terror!
 O then the frightened hand that plays in mine!
 Too soon the passion-kiss and clasping parting,
 When that cursed convent-bell strikes glumly mine.

Curse him! see him weigh his poison-powders,
 One day, perhaps, to filter in my wine;
 With what a curious care he pounds and squeezes—
 Who knows it is not meant for some such cup as mine?

I see him eye me now with searching malice,
 Running along his bottles with his bony finger;
 Murillo warns me of this wizened devil,
 But, moth-like, still around the flame I linger.

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

. but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—
BP. LATIMER'S Sermons.

A GOUTY SUBJECT.

A DAY much to be had in remembrance was that twenty-fifth day of October, 1555, on which the estates of the Netherlands were assembled in the great hall of the palace at Brussels, to witness, what was then a greater novelty than it now-o'-days is, the abdication of an Emperor. On that October afternoon, in that richly decorated hall, his Imperial Majesty, Charles the Fifth, was to release his subjects from future allegiance to himself as their sovran and kaiser. The scene was a crowded and an excited one. There was Cæsar,—as he was commonly styled,—occupying the chief seat for the last time. There, too, was William of Orange, upon whose shoulder Cæsar had leaned as he entered the hall—for not only was Cæsar used-up in general, but in particular Cæsar had the gout. There, too, was Philip the Second, who from that day forth was to be saluted as monarch by that realm. And there, too, was Queen Mary of Hungary; with the Duke of Savoy near her, and the Archduke Maximilian, and throngs of knights and barons bold; “serene and smiling” Granvelle, subtle bishop that was, crafty cardinal that should be; Count Egmont, handsome, sumptuously attired, light-hearted, ill-fated; Count Horn, sombre-looking and querulous, cast in quite another mould than Egmont, but destined to the same dark doom; and boisterous, bullying Brederode, looking bluff and rakish as ever; and plausible President Viglius, a small, green-eyed, red-cheeked, fussy man; and Ruy Gomez, with his ravenswing hair, and pallid face, and graceful figure; and numbers more, of Spanish dons and Flemish notables; all gathered together to receive and reciprocate Cæsar’s farewell.

It is only with the formal proem, prelude, or preliminary flourish, in the prolix speechifications of that memorable day, that we have any present concern. Ours, like Cæsar himself, is a gouty subject. Amid profound silence, then, arises at the Emperor’s command, Philibert de Bruxelles, a member of the privy council of the Netherlands, who mouths a long oration in honour of his master, and laments that broken health and failing powers make abdication necessary. According to the historian Pontus Heuterus, who was present at the ceremony, and gives the speeches in full—possibly with amplifications and periods all his own—a direct onslaught was made by the orator, as eloquent as fervid in its invective, upon that cruel tormentor, so implacable, so unmerciful, the gout. As modern reporters say, you might have heard a pin drop, while Philibert declaimed the following pathological parenthesis. “’Tis a most truculent executioner; it invades the whole body, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, leaving nothing untouched. It contracts the nerves with intolerable anguish, it enters the bones, it freezes the marrow, it converts the lubricating fluids of the joints into chalk, it pauses not until, having exhausted and debilitated the whole body, it has rendered all its

necessary instruments useless, and conquered the mind by immense torture."* At the delivery of which passage, we may be sure that, among the many great men there present, many a great toe winced assent.

For, then as now, if not more than now, great folks were greatly liable to demoniacal possession by the *démon de la Goutte*, as an old French writer calls it—himself an expert in its pains and penalties, as an extant sonnet of his bears pathetic witness :

Il exerce sur moi tout ce qu'il a de rage;
Je ne fais que languir, et si je ne suis mort,
C'est afin que, vivant, je souffre davantage.†

Le pauvre homme! Such a sufferer, while the fit was on him, would scarcely think dying King John's language too strong for the devillies of *la Goutte* :

Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannise
On unreprieveable condemnéd blood.‡

"Oh! when I have the gout," said Sydney Smith, "I feel as if I was walking on my eyeballs."§ In one of Walpole's letters to Lady Ossory (1770) we read: "Had you come hither, Madam, at your return from Winterslow, you would have found me about as much at ease as St. Lawrence was upon his gridiron. . . . I do not believe roasting is much worse than what I have suffered—one can be broiled, too, but once; but I have gone through the whole fit twice, it returning the moment I thought myself cured."|| It is in reference to this particular attack that Horace tells his namesake Mann, also a gouty subject,—“I can tell you, for your comfort, that by the cool, uncertain manner in which you speak of your fits, I am sure you never have had the gout. I have known several persons talk of it, that might as well have fancied they had the gout when they sneezed.”¶ Fourteen years later our Complete Letter-writer informs Lady Ossory (1784): “I am told that I am in a prodigious fine way; which, being translated into plain English, means, that I have suffered more sharp pain these two days than in all the moderate fits together that I have had for these last nine years: however, Madam, I have one great blessing, there is drowsiness in all the square hollows of the red-hot bars of the gridiron on which I lie, so that I scream and fall asleep by turns like a babe that is cutting its first teeth.”** The experience of three lustres had taught this modern martyr that the comparison to another kind of martyr, old St. Lawrence and his gridiron, was not a whit too strong.

We started with Charles the Fifth, leaning on his crutch and on the Prince of Orange, and intimated that gout was prevalent among the grandees who surrounded him. And so it was. The war in the Netherlands which his son and successor had so soon to wage, makes us acquainted with a surprising number of gouty Generals—who are not, therefore, as some newspaper critics seem to assume, a product peculiar

* Pontus Heuterus, 336. See Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, vol. i. ch. i.

† Baudoin (Fr. Academician, died 1650).

‡ King John, V. 7.

§ Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith, I. 346.

|| Letters of Horace Walpole, vol. v. p. 258.

¶ Ibid. p. 261.

** Letters, vol. viii. p. 534.

to the nineteenth century. Alva himself belongs to the suffering series. The Prince of Parma had to take the field in slippers. Nor was there a masculine monopoly of the complaint. Of Margaret of Parma, Regent of the Netherlands—whose personal appearance, however, was more masculine than seductive—we are told, that not only was there a moustache on her upper lip, which seemed to indicate “authority and virility of purpose,” but that she was “liable to severe attacks of gout, a disorder usually considered more appropriate to the sterner sex.”* Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I., was another “martyr” in the same cause. Her brilliant daughter Marguerite (d’Angoulême) writes [1523] to Montmorency, “Madame has been so tormented with gout, that I have never before seen her suffer so severely. . . . She has not been able to read your letter, for until just now, when she began to feel relief, she has been four-and-twenty hours in extremity of pain from her left foot, after having endured six days agonies in her right.”†

Our own great Anna, whom three realms obeyed, was worried as much nearly by gout as by waiting-women. When the two evils combined,—gout *ab intra*, and *ab extra* a Marlborough and a Masham,—there was no bearing it; and the panting princess was fain to sing or say, How happy could I be with either, were t’other tormentor away!

Gout, in sooth, is no respecter of persons. It fastens its ruthless gripe on Note-worthies, as a contemporary would call them, of divers orders, either sex, and every age. In the words of Asmodeus, addressed to Don Cleofas in the madhouse, “Vous en voyez de toutes les façons; en voilà de l’un et de l’autre sexe; en voilà de tristes et de gais, de jeunes et de vieux.”‡ Or if the *Démon de la Goutte* is harder upon any one class than another, it is supposed to be upon such as dwell in kings’ houses, and fare sumptuously every day.

Gout is quite a classical disease. *Turpesque podagras*, says Virgil; *locuples podagra*, Juvenal calls it; *nodosa* (chalkstony), Ovid. *Dura, lapidosa, molesta, insomnis, crudelis, immitis, immedicabilis*,—these are a select few of the epithets it received from the ancients, and of these the last was its worst feature.

Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram.

Glance with us, reader, at some celebrated sufferers, up and down the annals of this world’s sufferings. Galba, according to Suetonius, had his “toes and fingers extremely distorted by the gout; so that he could neither endure a shoe, nor hold or turn over the leaves of a book.” Domitian was another gouty subject, though to nothing like the same extent. The old epic poet Ennius, of whom Cato the elder learned Greek, and in whom Scipio Africanus found a companion after his own heart, paid the penalty of his convivial excesses by the *peine forte et dure* of podagra in its prime. And here, by the way, be it remarked, that foremost among *les Petits Bonheurs* of his Sieur Trégean, does M. Jules Janin,§ whimsically audacious and piquantly paradoxical, rank a good fit of the gout—not, as one of his English critics observes, the gout with

* Motley’s Dutch Republic, vol. i. part ii. ch. i.

† Quoted in Miss Freer’s Life of Margaret de Navarre, vol. i.

‡ Le Diable-boiteux, livre ii. ch. i.

§ Les Petits Bonheurs. Par M. Jules Janin. 1857.

a circumflex, which has been said to be indigenous to France, but dire *podagra* itself, the peculiar apanage of England. In the last century, the same critic reminds us, a Huguenot physician, named Coulet, and more recently Franklin, enlarged on this dubious theme, the blessings of gout—but neither of these writers comes near the encomiastic chapsodies indulged in by le Sieur Trégean on the subject of his pet malady. M. Jules Janin is partial to classical allusions. How came it that, in enumerating the illustrious worthies—Pericles, Augustus, Julius Cæsar, Louis Quatorze, and the Maréchal de Saxe—on whom gout bestowed her choicest favours, he did not turn to his Lucian, or pseudo-Lucian, whose *Tragodopodagra* would have enabled him to head his catalogue with the names of Achilles, Bellerophon, and Odysseus, and at the same time might have warned him of the danger of speaking so lightly of the sufferings inflicted by a goddess “begotten of Cocytus, born of Megæra’s womb, in the abyssal shades of Tartarus.”* A pretty parentage hath *podagra* to boast of!

Popes not a few have been gouty subjects. Not even that sacred toe which is kissed by the faithful, is exempt from the insolent invader. Boniface the Seventh, who died of the gout† fifteen days after his elevation (A.D. 896), is not alone in the arch-apostolical succession, whether as regards profligacy or *podagra*.

Prime ministers, again,—especially English ones,—are notoriously susceptible to this gentlemanly complaint. Queen Elizabeth’s trusty Cecil, Lord Burleigh, lost his temper sadly under the toe-screw torture. Queen Victoria’s prime ministers, almost to a man, appear to be, in some degree or other, gouty subjects; without being liable, however, to the charge of being turned sour or savage by the infliction,—unless, indeed, some of Lord Palmerston’s brusque rejoinders and curt replies may be attributed, in so good-natured a man, to *illachrymabile malum hoc*. Painters, too, are fairly represented; whether by a big brush like Rubens—the gout in whose hands disabled him (in 1635) from painting with ease on a large scale; or by a very middling one like Sir James Thornhill—that worthy knight having his latter days embittered by arthritic pains. Philosophers are not gout-proof; witness Leibnitz, who, as he knew much of most things (says Professor Rogers), and something of everything, and therefore of medicine, was unhappily inclined, as many such men are, to play the doctor in his own case; and it is said that the immediate cause of his death was an experiment with an untried remedy. He was in his seventieth year. J. C. Wolff died of gout in his seventy-sixth.—Physicians have a notable representative in Boerhaave, whose course both of lectures and practice was interrupted by a sharp attack, brought on, he confesses, by an “imprudent confidence in the strength of his constitution, and by transgressing those rules which he had a thousand times inculcated upon his friends and pupils.” The effect of this

* M. Jules Janin can at any rate speak feelingly on this gouty subject. An incidental allusion in one of M. Cuvillier-Fleury’s latest volumes will illustrate this sad truth. “A few days since I paid a visit to my confrère and friend, Jules Janin. I am betraying no secret, I believe, when I mention that he had the gout. ‘I suffer greatly,’ he said to me, ‘but here is my remedy’—holding out in his hand the third volume of Madame de Tracy’s *Essais divers*.”—(Cuv.-Fleury, *Dern. Etudes hist. et littéraires*, t. ii. p. 345.)

† Millman’s Latin Christianity, book v. ch. vii.

attack was, that he "lay five months in bed without daring to move, because any effort renewed his torments, which were so exquisite that he was at length deprived not only of motion but of sense." Sydenham not only wrote a treatise on the gout—but died of it.—Then again for the players: of Betterton we are told by Colley Cibber, that "the last part this great master of his profession acted, was *Melantius*, in the 'Maid's Tragedy,'* for his own benefit; when being suddenly seized by the gout, he submitted, by extraordinary applications, to have his foot so far relieved, that he might be able to walk on the stage in a slipper, rather than wholly disappoint his auditors." But the "unhappy consequences of tampering with his distemper was, that it flew to his head, and killed him in three days, I think, in the seventy-fourth year of his age."† Cave Underhill, famous in Shakspeare's *Clowns*, and in Congreve's *Sir Sampson Legend*, was, according to Tom Brown, "so afflicted with the gout, that he prayed one minute, and cursed the other."‡ John Kemble, the Betterton of his day, inherited Betterton's disease, and tried not dissimilar antidotes. He used to take, says Sir Walter, "the somewhat hazardous *l'eau médicinale d'Husson* without hesitation, so as to enable him to perform the very day after his malady had made its most severe attacks."§ His operatic contemporary, Stephen Storace, who died at thirty-three, had mainly the gout to thank for his abrupt stage exit.

But a truce to classification, which, on this attenuated scale even, will lead us too far, without itself going far enough. There would be nothing very rash in undertaking to find a gouty subject for each section of the schoolboy formula—soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, apothecary, gentleman, ploughboy, thief,—and a few over, fit and proper persons to represent the podagric public at large. A mixed multitude invites attention. The great Condé, with highly-inflamed extremities. Scaliger the elder, swathed as to his feet. Paulo Giovio, done to death at Florence by the *Démon de la Goutte*. My lord Roscommon, of unspotted bays, but sadly swollen "stumps." Sir William Temple, laid up with this almost *ex officio* perquisite. The first Lord Shaftesbury, laid low by it. Courart, the Secretary to the French Academy, in a paroxysm of pain. Stillingfleet, carried off his legs at the last by the fell assailant. Ripperda, crippled and counterplotted by it. Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, made more rabid than ever by it. Congreve, taught restraint by it; Fielding, barred from the bar by it; Ralph the historian, and Hayman the historical painter, and Sacchini the composer, brought to the grave by it. So was Turgot, the great French economist. So was Admiral Lord Howe, of first of June glory. So was Sir Joseph Banks, the scientific traveller. So was Mr. Sheil, the Irish orator. Tieck, of the *Phantasm*, was effectively crippled by it; and so was James Smith, of the "Rejected Addresses,"—though *his* wit and (good) humour were noway impaired by the infliction—of which superiority to

* A presentable version of which, entitled "The Bridal," was made popular on the London stage, some twenty years ago, by Mr. Macready's acting; and has continued popular, thanks to that impetus, ever since.

† An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, ch. iv.

‡ Davies: Dramatic Miscellanies.

§ Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works: Life of Kemble.

physical pain, in the instance of another sufferer, he once took pleasant and profitable notice—in the case, namely, of the late Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, whom he met at a dinner-party, and whose clearness of head, despite all drawbacks of gout and old age, so interested James Smith as to elicit from him this *jeu d'esprit*, which Mr. Strahan got early the next morning :

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk ;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.

The power that prōps the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

Mr. Strahan is said to have been so well pleased with the compliment, that he forthwith made a codicil to his will, whereby he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three thousand pounds. A rather substantial solace in days to come, when James Smith had to take to crutches, for the same complaint.

We have purposely omitted mention of two or three gouty subjects, whose habit of recording their sufferings from this cause, may seem to justify a more particular notice. Lord Clarendon, for instance, whose autobiography contains repeated allusions to the afflictions sore, long time he bore, from this among other calamities. Part the Third of his "Life" winds up emphatically with an account of his first seizure—*fons et origo malorum*. It was in March, 1644, while the Chancellor was attending the Prince of Wales on a tour in the West. "And in this journey the Chancellor was first assaulted with the Gout; having never had the least Apprehension of it before; but from his coming to Bath, He was not able to stand; and so went by Coach to Bristol; where in a few Days He recovered that first Lameness, which ever after afflicted him too often. And so the Year 1644 ended, which shall conclude this Part."* Anon comes the seizure during his journey from Madrid. At Pampeluna "He was seized upon with the Gout,"—but made his way, mule-borne, to Bayonne, "where He was forced to keep his Bed, and to bleed, for many days,"—and departing thence too soon, "when He came to Paris He was cast into his Bed by a new Defluxion of the Gout, more violent than ever."† In later days he tells us how the King (Charles II.) and Council waited on him in his sick-room,—“the Chancellor being then lame of the Gout” (this was about the sale of Dunkirk business)—how, indeed, the King “frequently came to his House when He was indisposed with the Gout”—“of which the Chancellor laboured in that Extremity, that He was obliged to remain in his Bed,” while his foes, and the Lord Treasurer's (another gouty subject), were up and doing. When they have accomplished their purpose, and the Chancellor is directed to be off to foreign parts, the pleadings of the noble exile for time and forbearance lay stress upon gout—his “Weakness and Infirmary” from which being “so great at that Time, that He could not

* The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Part III.

† Ibid. Part VI.

walk without being supported by one or two; so that He could not be disguised to any Body that had ever known him. Besides that the Pain He was already in, and the Season of the Year [November], made him apprehend that the Gout might so seize upon him within two or three Days, that He might not be able to move." But the order of the day to the broken-down, cast-off, cast-out Chancellor, was the policeman's order, Move on. "And it was the last of January the French Style when He arrived at Calais, so broken with the Fatigue of the Journey and the Defluxion of the Gout, that He could not move but as He was carried, and was so put into a Bed"—in which "He was not able to turn," "nor for many Nights closed his Eyes." After a while, however, we see him settled at Montpellier, in "much Tranquillity of Mind," and with "such a Vivacity and Cheerfulness as could not be counterfeited." But with this *amari aliquid*: "His Indisposition and Infirmity, which either kept him under the actual and sharp Visitation of the Gout, or, when the Vigour of that was abated, in much Weakness of his Limbs when the Pain was gone, were so great, that He could not be without the Attendance of four Servants about his own Person; having in those Seasons when He enjoyed most Health and underwent least Pain, his Knees, Legs, and Feet so weak, that He could not walk, especially up or down Stairs, without the Help of two Men; and when He was seized upon by the Gout, they were not able to perform the Office of watching"—all which he mentions in order to explain the establishment he had to keep up, notwithstanding his restricted means. The fears, too, he began to entertain of being again persecuted abroad, clouded anew what prospect yet remained for him in this life: "So that 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."* For nearly two centuries now, has *that* Rest been his.

Of far more historical prominence was Lord Chatham's gout, a hundred years later in our political annals. Even at school, William Pitt was already attacked by the predestined curse of his life. Perhaps this early visitation tended to develop his powers, by forcing him upon study or plying him with motives for it. As parliamentary orator and war minister, his crutches, flannel bandages, and sedan-chair, are a part of himself. When he made his speech on the Peace of Paris, in 1763,—a speech nearly four hours long—he was, even at the outset, "suffering an agony of pain from his gout; when he rose he was supported by two friends; as he proceeded he was allowed the indulgence, as yet unprecedented, of speaking from his seat."† Horace Walpole has detailed the scene with graphic completeness. Again; when Pitt received a summons to Buckingham House (in an open, unsealed note, by the way), we read that, at the hour appointed, he "proceeded through the Mall in his chair, the boot of which being constructed for the accommodation of his gouty foot, made it, according to his own phrase, as much known as if his name were written upon it."‡ His mysterious illness in 1767 and subsequent years kept all England in talk. Was it gout? Was it hypochondria? Was

* Continuation of Life of Clarendon, *passim*.

† Earl Stanhope, Hist. of England, vol. iv. ch. xxxviii.

‡ Ibid. vol. v. ch. xlii.

it stark staring madness? Or was it morbid make-believe? Physicians of high eminence have been heard to declare, that gout could never have produced effects so peculiar and unremitting. Earl Stanhope is clear that it was not gout, but the absence of gout, which now weighed upon Lord Chatham, and brought the business of the country to a sort of stand-still. "It is strange how large a space in the History of England at this period must be devoted to the details of his personal health and of his family feuds. The fate of the nation seemed to hang suspended on the gout and on the Greenvilles. Whether one sick man did or did not feel a twinge in his foot at Hayes,—whether that sick man would or would not shake hands with his brother from Stowe or his brother from Wotton,—such are the topics which we have here to treat as the most important State affairs."* Could a return be procured and printed of the effects, direct and indirect, produced by the gout of prime ministers on the politics of this nation,—that blue book would be rather more piquant and instructive than some that are unanimously voted, and unanimously left unread. Who, indeed,—to raise collateral issues—who shall say what a cold and catarrh may have to answer for in the Home Office, or a fit of heartburn in Foreign Affairs; or gauge all the influence of a carious tooth on Colonial measures, or of a plaguy corn on Cabinet Councils, or of a bunion on the Budget?

If to Walpole's Letters we owe the liveliest accounts of Chatham's gout, it is, in part, the writer's own sufferings from the same cause we may have to thank for this: Horace had felt, in exceptional degree, the pains of gout, and he best can paint them who has felt them most. Whenever a notable personage has an attack of this complaint, it excites more or less interest at Strawberry Hill. Whether it be George II., who having caught cold on coming to town (Nov., 1758), has been dangerously ill, until the gout, which has never been at Court above twice in his reign, seizes his foot a little, and promises him at least five or six years—that is, if he will take care of himself.† Or old Lady Suffolk,—of whom Horace writes (to Montague) in 1764: "Alas! I had like to have lost her this morning! They had poulticed her feet to draw the gout downwards, and began to succeed yesterday, but to-day it flew up into her head, and she was almost in convulsion with the agony, and screamed dreadfully; proof enough how ill she was, for her patience and good breeding makes her for ever sink and conceal what she feels.‡ This evening the gout has been driven back to her foot, and I trust she is out of danger."§ Or old Lady Hervey, to whom he writes (1766): "Pray, Madam, continue your

* Earl Stanhope, *Hist. of England*, vol. v. ch. xlvi.

† Walpole's Letters, vol. iii. p. 191.

‡ The reader may be reminded of a parallel passage in one of Madame de Sévigné's letters to her idolised daughter, apropos of the cynical philosopher of the *Masins*. "Je fus hier chez M. de la Rochefoucauld; je le trouvai criant les hauts cris; ses douleurs étaient à un tel point, que toute sa constance était vaincue, sans qu'il en restât un seul bien; l'excès de ces douleurs l'agitait de telle sorte qu'il était en l'air dans sa chaise avec une fièvre violente. Il me fit une pitié extrême; je ne l'avais jamais vu en cet état; il me pria de vous le mander, et de vous assurer que les roués ne souffrent point en un moment ce qu'il souffre la moitié de sa vie, et qu'aussi il souhaite la mort comme le coup de grâce."—*Lettres de Mme. de Sévigné*, 23 Mars, 1671.

§ *Les gouttes* was the guilty cause of these *douleurs intolérables*.

§ Walpole's Letters, vol. iv. p. 163.

waters [Sunning Hill]; and, if possible, wash away that original sin, the gout."* Or such a fragment as "Mr. Garsiel [1774] has the gout, which is of more consequence to the metropolis than to Twitnamshire."† Or, "I just now hear that Lord Bristol is dead [1775] at the Bath. He was born to the gout from his mother's family, but starved himself to keep it off. This brought on paralytic strokes, which have despatched him."‡ Or, in an epistle to Cardinal Cole (as the antiquarian parson was nicknamed): "I am grieved, and feel for your gout [1776]; I know the vexations and disappointments it occasions, and how often it will return when one thinks it going or gone: it represents life and its vicissitudes."§ Horace can even become didactic and symbolical, when gout is the subject.

Indeed his Correspondence is a repertory of hints, and comments, and conclusions, on this dread tormentor. Sometimes he discusses what the nature of it is,—a point which at other times he holds to be too clear for discussion. Alluding to one Le Fevre's nostrum for it, he tells Mann [1770]: "You must know, I do not believe the gout to be curable. In the next place, I am sure he cannot give any proof of its being a humour, and if it is, it is not a single fund of humour, but probably a mass thrown off at periods by the constitution. It is doubtful whether wind is not the essence of gout; it certainly has much to do with it."|| The bootkins were all in all, or nearly so, to Walpole. Another obnoxious nostrum-monger is thus amusingly introduced, in a letter to Lady Ossory (1777): "Crawford is again confined with the gout, and ought to be closer confined. He has heard that Taafe has been cured by Buzaglo, and sent for the former, who told him fairly that Buzaglo had removed his gout in four hours, but said, the operation would kill any man less strong. The remedy struck him, and he totally forgot the reasoning; and when I urged his debility, he vowed he had rather die than have the gout. 'Oh,' said I, 'I shall not contest with you, for people often contradict one till they grow determined upon points, that at first they scarce laid any stress upon; and you shall not kill yourself only to confute me'—but he will have no more patience to be boiled to death, than with the gout; and when he has simmered half an hour, he will despair, and try the next quack he hears of."¶ Again, in 1781, in a letter to Cole we read: "How there can be a doubt what the gout is, amazes me! what is it but a concretion of humours, that either stop up the fine vessels, cause pain and inflammation, and pass away only by perspiration; or which discharge themselves into chalk-stones, which sometimes remain in their beds, sometimes make their discharge outwardly? I have experienced all three."** And in 1785 he tells Mann: "I have so good an opinion of the gout, that, when I am told of an infallible cure, I laugh the proposal to scorn, and declare I do not desire to be cured. I am serious; and though I do not believe there is any cure for that distemper, I should say the same if there were one, and for this reason: I believe the gout a remedy, not a disease; and, being so, no wonder there is no medicine for it—nor do I desire to be cured of a remedy."†† This looks like an old

* Walpole's Letters, vol. iv. p. 507.

† Ibid. p. 195.

‡ Vol. vii. pp. 16 sq.

§ Ibid. p. 348.

** Vol. viii. p. 136.

† Ibid. vol. vi. p. 116.

|| Ibid. vol. v. pp. 268-9.

¶ Ibid. p. 576.

foe with a new face—a sometime enemy become a very present friend, highly valued, and extremely welcome.

Into the medical merits of this view of the case, far be it from us to enter. But we may be allowed to touch upon just one other point which is ventilated, here and there, in Walpole's letters,—viz. the presumed connexion between gout and luxurious living.

Before taking his opinion on the question, however, let us briefly illustrate the accepted belief by a few literary verdicts. Chaucer's "pore wydow" might claim immunity from gout, on the score of her very simple and slender fare :

Of poynaunt saws hir needid never a deel.
 Noon deynteth morsel passid thourgh hir throte;
 Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.
 Repleccioun ne made hir never sik;
 Attempre dyete was al hir phisik,
 And exercise, and hertes suffisaunce.
 The goute lette hir nothing for to daunce,
 Ne poplexie schente not hir heed;
 No wyn ne drank sche, nother whit ne reed.*

Queth Doctor Reece, in his discourse of Gout, "This disease, the frequent companion of wealth and indolence, has been so often induced by the excess of wine, that in every age it has justly been styled the offspring of Bacchus. This fact is sufficiently substantiated in the records of medicine; for gout is seldom or never seen in the habitations of poverty or labour."† According to Pepagomenus (Demetrius), one of the latest of Greek physicians, whose treatise‡ on the gout is still extant, the disease is produced by weakness of the digestive organs and excesses in the matter of diet—the morbid principle being directed by nature towards the weakened articulations; whence it follows that sobriety and temperance are the only means of preventing the evil. "The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,"§ is one of Thomson's night-pictures in his panorama of luxurious excess. When the Infernal Regions (according to La Fontaine) produced those two hateful things—the gout and the spider—*Quand l'enfer eut produit la goutte et l'araignée*,—and the precious pair cast lots which should settle in a squalid cabin, and which in a gilded palace, the gout got misplaced in the former, and the spider in the latter. It was soon found expedient to change places. Then the spider set up her rest in a grimy abode, undisturbed by besom or broom; and the gout—which had no scope for its powers in the poor man's hut,

—va tout droit se loger
 Chez un prélat, qu'elle condamne
 A jamais du lit ne bouger—||

by which exchange both parties are provided for, and gratified to the top of their bent.

Cowper's aspiration is, as he eyes the Sofa 'tis his *task* to sing ("The Sofa suits the gouty limb 'tis true; but gouty limb, though on a Sofa, may I never feel"):

* *Canterbury Tales: The Nonne Prest his Tale.*

† *Reece's Medical Guide.* Fifteenth edit., p. 373.

‡ *Περὶ Πόδαγγος.*

§ *Castle of Indolence, c. i. st. 78.*

|| *Fables de la Fontaine, III. 8.*

Oh may I live exempted (while I live
 Guiltless of pampered appetite obscene)
 From pangs arthritic that infest the toe
 Of libertine excess.*

(Dr. Johnson, by the way, though not himself a gouty subject until late in life, wrote an Ode on the subject, in his young days, learnedly descriptive, and containing this characteristic passage,

Unhappy, whom to beds of pain
 Arthritic tyranny consigns.†)

A martyr to gout? sneers one of Mr. Hannay's sayers of smart things: "That's a suffering in which one becomes a martyr without having the renown of a saint."‡ Old Mr. Weller has his eureka,—a sovereign cure for the gout: "The gout, sir, is a complaint as arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked with the gout, sir, jist you marry a widder as has got a good loud voice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout agin. It's a capital prescription, sir. I takes it reg'lar, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity."§ As pertinent as pungent, too, is Mr. Chester's apology to his visitors in the empty house, for the style of waiting-woman who opens the door for them: "There is nobody but a very dilapidated female to perform such offices. You will excuse her infirmities! If she were in a more elevated station of society, she would be gouty. Being but a hewer of wood and drawer of water, she is rheumatic. My dear Haredale, these are natural class distinctions, depend upon it."||

Which allusion to class distinctions may remind us of the *Scarlet Letter* writer's "Procession of Life," in opening which Mr. Hawthorne remarks, that it may gratify the pride of aristocracy to reflect, that disease, more than any other circumstance of human life, pays due observance to the distinctions which rank and wealth, and poverty and lowliness have established among mankind. Some maladies, he says, are rich and precious, and only to be acquired by the right of inheritance, or purchased with gold. "Of this kind is the gout, which serves as a bond of brotherhood to the purple-visaged gentry, who obey the herald's voice, and painfully hobble from all civilised regions of the globe to take their post in the grand procession."¶ To the same effect is Horace Smith's Common-place Book reflection headed *Gout*: "It is not every vice that has its badge as gluttony has in the flannelled limb, but this deadly sin ruddle-marks his followers as a butcher does his sheep."**

Once again to recur to Charles the Fifth. His gout, notoriously, was cherished, fostered, kept in high preservation and at fever heat, by the enormities of his transgressions in diet. His Imperial Majesty's daily habit was, to breakfast at five, on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices—then to go to sleep again—at twelve, to dine, "partaking always of twenty dishes"—to sup twice (the second time at midnight or one o'clock, "which meal was, perhaps, the most solid of the four"): after meat, it was his practice to eat piles of pastry and

* The Task, Book I.

† Quoted in Boswell, *sub anno* 1745.

‡ Eustace Conyers, ch. xxviii.

§ Pickwick Papers, ch. xx.

|| Barnaby Rudge, ch. xxvi.

¶ Hawthorne's Mosses from an Old Manse: The Procession of Life.

** Extracts from Common-place Book, in *New Monthly Mag.*, vol. xcix.

sweetmeats, and he "irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine."^e He was almost the death of his attendant physician as well as of himself—the poor man's veto being as ineffectual at the dinner-table as that of Coleridge's hired overlookers at Bristol, when they, as in duty and by weekly wages bound, essayed to interpose between opium-eating S. T. C. and the chemists' shops.

And many and many another glutton has to thank his own gluttony for bringing him to this pass—flannel wrappers, barley-water, and chalk-stones. Did the world's Bills of Mortality tell the whole truth, many a gouty subject might there be written down *felo-de-se*. At the same time it should not be assumed, as by sweeping accusers it occasionally seems to be, that gout at once, and *ipso facto, per se*, absolutely and as a matter of course, stigmatises its victim as a free liver. Very moderate and abstemious men *have* been known to live and die gouty subjects. We shall see, directly, what Horace Walpole has to allege on this question. Meanwhile, an excerpt or two, *per contra*, from the letters of Sydney Smith may not be unacceptable, as summing up the case for the prosecution,—Walpole remaining to be heard for the defence.

To Lady Holland, in 1816, after expressing his concern to hear of her husband's gout, the jovial priest addresses himself thus: "I observe that gout loves ancestors and genealogy; it needs five or six generations of gentlemen or noblemen to give it its full vigour. Allen deserves the gout more than Lord Holland. I have seen the latter personage resorting occasionally to plain dishes, but Allen passionately loves complexity and artifice in his food."[†] In 1831 we find Sydney "thanking God he has hitherto kept off that toe-consuming tyrant."[‡] Three years later, alas, he is "making a slow recovery; hardly yet able to walk across the room, nor to put on a christian shoe."[§] "I ought to have the gout," says he, in 1835, "having been in the free use of French wines."^{||} Again: "I was last week on crutches with the gout, and it came into my eye" (1835). To *bon-vivant* Sir G. Philips in 1836: "I hope you have escaped gout this winter; it is in vain to hope you have not deserved it. I have had none, and deserved none." "I have had no gout, nor any symptom of it: by eating little, and drinking only water, I keep body and mind in a serene state, and spare the great toe." To Lady Carlisle in 1840: "What a very singular disease gout is! It seems as if the stomach fell down into the feet. The smallest deviation from right diet is immediately punished by limping and lameness, and the innocent ankle and blameless instep are tortured for the vices of the nobler organs. The stomach having found this easy way of getting rid of inconveniences, becomes cruelly despotic, and punishes for the least offences. A plum, a glass of champagne, excess in joy, excess in grief—any crime, however small, is sufficient for redness, swelling, spasms, and large shoes."[¶] And once more, in 1841, we find the witty canon telling Lady Grey that the gout is never far off, though not actually present with him, and that it is the only enemy he does not wish to *have at his feet*.

In Horace Walpole's instance, to which we come at last, it is observable

* Cf. Motley, *Stirling's Cloister-Life*, &c.

† *Memoir and Letters of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, vol. ii. p. 131.

‡ *Ibid.* 316.

§ *Ibid.* 350.

|| *Ibid.* 380.

¶ *Ibid.* Cf. pp. 355, 384, 389-90, 396, 413, 415, 432-3, 449.

that whenever, in his early letters, and before being himself victimised by the toe-consuming tyrant, he refers to a case of gout among kinsfolk or friends,—he seems to take for granted that intemperate indulgence is, necessarily, at the bottom of the mischief. “Pray what luxurious debauch has Mr. Chute been guilty of, that he is laid up with the gout?”* “Mr. Chute [three years later] is out of town; when he returns, I shall set him upon your brother [laid up with the gout in his ankle] to reduce him to abstinence and health.”† But one dark November morning in 1755, Horace Walpole wakes up and finds himself—gouty. “Never was poor invulnerable immortality so soon brought to shame. Alack! I have had the gout! I would fain have persuaded myself that it was a sprain; and then, that it was only the gout come to look for Mr. Chute at Strawberry Hill: but none of my evasions will do.”‡ Again in 1760, to the Earl of Strafford: “In short, my Lord, I have got the gout—yes, the gout in earnest. I was seized on Monday morning, suffered dismally all night, am now wrapped in flannels like the picture of a Morocco ambassador, and am carried to bed by two servants. You see *virtue and leanness are no preservatives*.” “Nobody,” he tells Conway, “would believe me six years ago when I said I had the gout. They would do *leanness and temperance* honours to which they have not the least claim.” And to Montagu he writes: “If either my father or my mother had had it, I should not dislike it so much. I am herald enough to approve it if it descended genealogically; but it is an absolute upstart in me, and what is more provoking, I had trusted to my great abstinence for keeping me from it: but thus it is, if I had any gentlemanlike virtue, as patriotism or loyalty, I might have got something by them; I had nothing but that beggarly virtue, temperance, and she had not interest enough to keep me from a fit of the gout.” Two years later, to the same friend: “It is very hard, when *you* can plunge over head and ears in Irish claret, and not have even your heel vulnerable by the gout, that such a Pythagorean as I am should yet be subject to it.” To Gray the poet—another “martyr,” and even unto death—he writes in 1765: “You have tapped a dangerous topic; *I* can talk gout by the hour. It is my great mortification, and has disappointed all the hopes that I had built on temperance and hardiness.”—But we must not be doing, what Walpole only said he *could* do,—talk gout by the hour. Else might this mingle-mangle expand into further Half-hours with the Best Authors in easy-chair and slit shoe.

If apology be needed for it, even at its present length, let us submit one in a hope that some gouty subject may have found diversion, and therefore relief, in dipping into these patchwork pages, on a topic he is too familiar withal, and may even now have at his fingers' ends. “Comfort me, boy,”—saith the fantastic Don in Shakspeare, to that *enfant terrible*, master Moth; “what great men have been in love?” Our readings here and there may be taken as a fractional answer (at any rate an answer that comes out in fractions) to the slippered sufferer's appeal, Comfort me, scribbler; what great men have had the gout? For, as Cowper's last stanzas bear record,

—Misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

* To Sir Horace Mann, 1746.

† To the same, 1749.

‡ To R. Bentley, 1755.

GREAT AND LITTLE WHITTON.

I.

A RUSTIC congregation was pouring out of a rustic church, one Sunday afternoon, St. Mary's, situated in the hamlet of Little Whitton. Great Whitton, some three miles off, was altogether a different affair, for the parish, there, was more aristocratic than rustic, and the living was worth nine hundred a year: Little Whitton brought its incumbent in but two hundred, all told. The livings were both in the gift of the Earl of Avon: the incumbent of Great Whitton was a gouty old man on his last legs; the incumbent of Little Whitton was an attractive man scarcely thirty, the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten. Therefore, little wonder need be expressed if some of the Great Whitton families ignored their old rector, who had lost his teeth, and could not by any effort be heard, and came to hear the eloquent Mr. Baumgarten.

A small, open carriage, the horses driven by a boy, jockey fashion, waited at the church door. The boy was in a crimson jacket and a velvet cap, the postilion livery of an aristocratic family. The sweeping seat behind was low and convenient, without doors; therefore, when two ladies emerged from the church, they stepped into it unassisted. The one looked about fifty years of age and walked lame, the other was a young lady of exceeding fairness, blue eyes, and somewhat haughty features. The boy touched his horses, and drove on.

"He surpassed himself to-day, Grace," began the elder.

"I think he did, mamma."

"But it is a long way to come—for me. I can't venture out in all weathers. If we had him at Great Whitton, now, I could hear him every Sunday."

"Well, mamma, there's nothing more easy than to have him—as I have said more than once," observed the younger, bending down to adjust something in the carriage, that her sudden heightening of colour might pass unnoticed. "It is impossible that Mr. Chester should last long, and you could get Henry to give him the living."

"Grace, you talk like a child. Valuable livings are not given away so easily: neither are men without connexions inducted to them. I never heard that young Baumgarten had any connexion, not as much as a mother, even: he does not speak of his family. No; the most sensible plan would be for Mr. Chester to turn off that muff of a curate, and take on Baumgarten in his stead."

The young lady threw back her head. "Rectors don't give up their preferments to subside into curates, mamma."

"Unless it is made well worth their while," returned the elder, in a matter-of-fact tone: "and old Chester ought to make it worth his."

"Mamma!"—when they were about a mile on the road—"we never called to inquire after Mrs. Dane!"

"I did not think of doing so."

"I did. I shall go back again. James!"

The boy, without slackening his speed, half turned on his horse.
 "My lady?"

"When you come to the corner, drive down the lane and go back to the cottage."

He touched his cap and looked forward again, and Lady Grace sank back in the carriage.

"You might have consulted me first, Grace," grumbled the Countess of Avon. "And why do you choose the long way, all round by the lane?"

"The lane is shady, mamma, and the afternoon sunny: to prolong our drive will do you good."

Lady Grace laughed as she spoke, and it would have taken one, deeper in penetration than the Countess of Avon had ever been, to divine that all had been done with a preconcerted plan: that when Lady Grace drove from the church door, she had fully intended to proceed part of the way home, and then come back again.

We must notice another of the congregation, one who had left the church subsequently to the countess and her daughter, but by a different door. It was a young lady of two or three-and-twenty; she had less beauty than Lady Grace, but a far sweeter countenance. She crossed the churchyard, and opening one of its gates, found herself in a narrow sheltered walk, running through Whitton Wood. It was the nearest way to her home, Whitton Cottage.

A few paces within it, she stood against a tree, turned and waited: her lips parted, her cheeks flushed, and her hand was laid upon her beating heart. Who was she expecting? that it was one, all too dear to her, the signs but too truly betrayed. The ear of love is strangely fine, and she, Edith Dane, bent hers to listen: with the first sound of approaching footsteps, she walked hurriedly on. Would she be caught waiting for him? No, no: rather would she sink into the earth, than betray aught of the deep love that ran through her veins for the Reverend Rylé Baumgarten.

It was Mr. Baumgarten who was following her: he sometimes chose the near way home, too: a tall, graceful man, with pale, classic features, and large brown eyes, set deeply. He strode on, and overtook Miss Dane.

"How fast you are walking, Edith!"

She turned her head with the prettiest air of surprise possible, her face overspread with love's rosy flush. "Oh—is it you, Mr. Baumgarten? I was walking fast to get home to poor mamma."

Nevertheless, it did happen that their pace slackened considerably: in fact, they scarcely advanced at all, but sauntered along side by side. "They have been taking me to task," began Mr. Baumgarten.

"Who? What about?"

"About the duties of the parish; secular, not clerical: I take care that the latter shall be efficiently performed. The old women are not coddled, the younger ones' households not sufficiently looked up, and the school, in the point of plain sewing, is running to rack and ruin. Squire Wells and his wife, with half a dozen more, carpeted me in the vestry this morning after service, to tell me this."

Mr. Baumgarten had been speaking in a half joking way, his beautiful

eyes alive with merriment. Miss Dane received the news more seriously. "You never said anything of this at home! you never told mamma."

"No. Why should I? The school sewing is the worst grievance. Dame Giles's Betsy took some cloth with her, which ought to have gone back a shirt, but which was returned a pair of pillow-cases: the dame boxed Betsy's ears, went to the school and nearly boxed the governess's. Such mistakes are always occurring, and the matrons of the parish are up in arms."

"But do they expect you to look after the sewing of the school?" breathlessly asked Edith.

"Not exactly; but they think I might provide a remedy—one who would."

"How stupid they are! I'm sure the governess does what she can with such a tribe. Not that I think she has much headpiece, and were there any lady who would supervise occasionally, it might be better; but——"

"That is just it," interrupted Mr. Baumgarten, laughing. "They tell me I ought to help her to a supervisor, by taking to myself a wife."

He looked at Edith as he spoke, and her face happened to be turned full upon him. The words dyed it with a glowing crimson, even to the roots of her hair. In her confusion, she knew not whether to keep it as it was, or to turn it away; her eyelids had dropped, glowing also: and Edith Dane could have boxed her own ears as heartily as Dame Giles had boxed the unhappy Miss Betsy's.

"It cannot be thought of, you know, Edith."

"What cannot?"

"My marrying. Marry on two hundred a year, and expose my wife, and perhaps a family, to poverty and privation? No, that I never will."

"There's the parsonage must be put in repair if you marry," stammered Edith, not in the least knowing what she said, but compelling herself to say something.

"And a sight of money it would take to do it. I told Squire Wells if he could get my tithes increased to double their present value, then I might venture. He laughed and replied I might look out for a wife who had ten thousand pounds."

"They are not so plentiful," murmured Edith Dane.

"Not for me," returned Mr. Baumgarten. "A college chum of mine, never dreaming to aspire to anything better than I possess now, married a rich young widow in the second year of his curacy, and lives on the fat of the land, in pomp and luxury. I would not have done it."

"Why?"

"Because no love went with it: even before his marriage he allowed himself to speak of her to me in disparaging terms. No: the school and the other difficulties, which are out of my line, must do as they can, yet a while."

"If mamma were not incapacitated, she would still see after these things for you."

"But she is, Edith. And your time is taken up with her, so that you cannot help me."

Miss Dane was silent. Had her time not been taken up, she fancied it might not be deemed quite the thing, in their censorious neighbourhood, for her to be going about in conjunction with Mr. Baumgarten; although she was the late rector's daughter.

The Reverend Cyrus Dane had been many years rector of Little Whitton: at his death, Mr. Baumgarten was appointed. Mrs. Dane was left with a very slender provision, and Mr. Baumgarten took up his residence with her, paying a certain sum for his board. It was a comfortable arrangement for the young clergyman, and it was a help to Mrs. Dane. The rectory was in a state of dilapidation, and would take more money to put it in habitable repair than Mr. Dane had possessed; so, previous to his death, he had moved out of it to Whitton Cottage. Gossips said that Mr. Baumgarten could have it put in order and come upon the widow for the cost: but he did not appear to have any intention of doing so.

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still!
Is human love the growth of human will?

A deal happier for many of us if it were the growth of human will; or under its control. In too many instances it is born of association, of companionship; and thus had it been at Whitton Cottage. Thrown together in daily intercourse, an attachment had sprung up between the young rector and Edith Dane: a concealed attachment, for he considered his circumstances barred his marriage, and she hid her feelings as a matter of course. He was an ambitious man, a proud man, though perhaps not quite conscious of it; and to encounter the expenses of a family upon small means, appeared to him more to be shunned than any adverse fate on earth.

Arrived at the end of the sheltered walk, they turned in to Whitton Cottage, which was close by. Mr. Baumgarten went on at once to his study, but Edith, at the sound of wheels, lingered in the garden. The Countess of Avon's carriage drew up. It was Lady Grace who spoke, her eyes running in all directions while she did so, as if they were in search of some object not in view.

"Edith, we could not go home without driving round to ask after your mamma."

"Thank you, Lady Grace. Mamma is in little pain to-day: I think her breath is generally better in hot weather. Will you walk in?"

"Couldn't think of it, my dear," spoke up the countess. "Our dinner is waiting, as it is. Grace forgot to order James round till we were half way home."

"Has Mr. Baumgarten got home yet?" carelessly spoke Lady Grace, adjusting the lace of her summer mantle.

"He is in his study, I fancy," replied Edith, and she turned round to hide the blush called up by the question, just as Mr. Baumgarten approached them. At his appearance the blush in Lady Grace's face rose high as Edith's.

"You surpassed yourself to-day," cried the countess, as he shook hands

with them. "I must hear that sermon again. Would you mind lending it to me?"

"Not at all," he replied, "if you can only make out my hieroglyphics. My writing is plain to me, but I do not know that it would be so to all."

"When shall I have it? Will you bring it up this evening, and take tea with us? But you will find the walk long, in this hot weather."

"Very long, too far," spoke up Lady Grace. "You had better return with us now, Mr. Baumgarten: mamma will be glad of you to say grace at table."

Whether it pleased the countess or not, she had no resource, in good manners, but to second the invitation so unceremoniously given. Mr. Baumgarten may have thought he had no resource but to acquiesce—out of good manners also, perhaps. He stood, leaning over the carriage, and spoke, half laughing:

"Am I to bring my sermon with me? If so, I must go in for it. I have just taken it from my pocket."

He came back with his sermon in its black cover. The seat of the carriage was exceedingly large, sweeping round in a half circle. Lady Grace drew nearer to her mother, and sat back in the middle of the seat, and Mr. Baumgarten took his place beside her. Edith Dane looked after them, an envious look; the sunshine of her afternoon had gone out; and she saw his face bent close to that of Grace Avon.

Some cloud, unexplained, and nearly forgotten now, had overshadowed Lady Avon. It had occurred, whatever it was, during the lifetime of her lord. She had chosen ever since to live at Avon House in retirement, fearing possibly the reception she might meet with, did she venture again into the world: old stories might be reaped up, and a molehill made into a mountain. Lady Grace had been presented by her aunt, and passed one season in town: then she had returned to her mother, to share perforce in her retirement, for she had no other home: and it is probable that the ennui of her monotonous life had led to her falling in love with Mr. Baumgarten. That she did love him, with a strong and irrepressible passion, was certain: and she did not try to overcome it, but rather fostered it with all her power, seeking his society, dwelling upon his image. Had it occurred to her to fear that she might find a dangerous rival in Edith Dane? No; for she cherished the notion that Mr. Baumgarten was attached to herself, and Edith was supposed to be engaged to her cousin. A cousin had certainly wanted her, and made no secret of his want, but Edith had refused him: this, however, was not necessary to be proclaimed to all. Strange as it may seem, to those who understand the exacting and jealous nature of love, Lady Grace Avon never had cast a fear of the sort to Edith.

This evening was but another of those he sometimes spent at Avon House, feeding the flame of her ill-starred passion. He told them, jokingly as he had told it to Edith, that the parish wanted him to marry. Lady Avon thought he could not do better: parsons and doctors should always be married men. True; when their income allowed them to be, he replied, but his did not.

He stood on the lawn with Lady Grace, watching the glories of the setting sun. Lady Avon was beginning to nod in her after-dinner doze,

and they had quitted her. Scant ceremony was observed at Avon House, no pomp or show: six or eight servants composed the whole household, for the countess's jointure was extremely limited. He had given his arm to Lady Grace in courtesy, and they were both gazing at the beautiful sky, their hands partially shading their eyes, when a little man, dressed in black with a white necktie, limped up the path. It was the clerk of Great Whitton church.

"I beg pardon, my lady: I thought it right to come in and inform the countess. Mr. Chester's gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Lady Grace. "Gone where?"

"Gone dead, my lady. Departed to the bourne whence no traveller returns," added the clerk, who was of a poetic turn. "He dropped into a sweet sleep, sir, an hour or two ago, and when they came to wake him up for his tea, they found he had gone off in it. Poor old Mrs. Chester's quite beside herself, sir, with the suddenness, and the servants be running about here and there, all at sixes and sevens."

"I will be at the rectory in ten minutes," said Mr. Baumgarten.

They carried the news to the countess, and then Mr. Baumgarten departed; Lady Grace strolling with him across the lawn to the gate. When they reached it, he stopped to bid her good evening.

"Great Whitton is in my brother's gift," she whispered, as her hand rested in his. "I wish he would give it to you."

A flush rose to the clergyman's face: to exchange Little Whitton for Great Whitton had been one of the flighty dreams of his ambition. "Do not mock me with pleasant visions, Lady Grace: I can have no possible interest with Lord Avon."

"You could marry then," she softly said, "and set the parish grumblers at defiance."

"I should do it," was his reply. His voice was soft as her own, his speech hesitating: he was thinking of Edith Dane. She, alas! gave a different interpretation to it; and how was he to know that? His lofty dreams had never yet soared so high as Lady Grace Avon.

Persuaded into it by her daughter—her ladyship said, badgered into it—the countess exacted a promise from her son that he would bestow Great Whitton on the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten. On the evening of the day that the letter arrived, giving the promise, Mr. Baumgarten was again at Avon House. Lady Grace had him all to herself in the drawing-room, for the countess was temporarily indisposed.

"What will you give me for some news I can tell you?" cried she, standing triumphantly before him in the full glow of her beauty.

He bent his sweet smile down upon her, his eyes speaking the admiration that he might not utter. He was no more insensible to the charms of a fascinating and beautiful girl than are other men—in spite of his love for Edith Dane. "What may I give? Nothing that I can give would be of value to you."

"How do you know that?" And then, with a burning blush, for she had spoken unguardedly, she laughed merrily, and drew a letter from her pocket. "It came to mamma this morning, Mr. Baumgarten, and it is from Lord Avon. What *will* you give me, just to read you one little sentence from it? It concerns you."

Mr. Baumgarten, but that Edith Dane and his calling were in the way,

would have liked to say a shower of kisses : it is possible that he would still, in spite of both, had he dared. Whether his looks betrayed so, cannot be told : Lady Grace took refuge in the letter. "I have been dunned with applications," read she, "some from close friends, but as you and Grace make so great a point of it, I promise you that Mr. Baumgarten shall have Great Whitton." In reading, she had left out the words "and Grace." She folded up the letter, and then stole a glance at his face.

It had turned to pale seriousness. "How can I ever sufficiently thank Lord Avon?" he breathed forth.

"Now, is not the knowing that worth something?" laughed she.

"Oh, Lady Grace! It is worth far more than anything I have to give in return."

"You will be publicly appointed in a day or two, and will of course hear from my brother. What do you say to your marrying project now?"

She spoke saucily, secure in the fact that he could not divine her feelings for him—although she believed in his love for her. His answer surprised her.

"I shall marry instantly : I have only waited for something equivalent to this."

"You are a bold man, Mr. Baumgarten, to make so sure of the lady's consent. Have you asked it?"

"No : where was the use, until I could speak to some purpose? But she has detected my love for her I am sure : and there is no coquetry in Edith."

"Edith!" almost shrieked Lady Grace. "I beg your pardon : I shall not fall."

"What have you done? You have hurt yourself!"

"I gave my ankle a twist. The pain was sharp."

"Pray lean on me, Lady Grace; pray let me support you: you are as white as death."

He wound his arms round her, and laid her pallid face upon his shoulder: for one single moment she yielded to the fascination of the beloved resting-place. Oh! that it could be hers for ever! She shivered, raised her head, and broke from him. "Thank you; the anguish has passed."

He quitted the house, suspecting nothing, and Lady Grace rushed to her writing-desk: "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." A blotted and hasty note to the Earl of Avon just saved the post. "Give the living to any one you please, Harry, but not to Ryle Baumgarten: bestow it where you will, but not on him. Explanations when we meet."

Mr. Baumgarten, meanwhile, was hastening home, the great news burning a hole in his tongue. Edith was at the gate, not looking for him, of course; merely enjoying the air of the summer's night. That's what she said she was doing when he came up. He did not listen: he caught her by the waist, and drew her between the trees and the privet-hedge. "Edith, my darling, do you think I am mad? I believe I am; mad with joy: for the time has come that I may safely ask you to be my wife."

Her heart beat wildly against his, and he laid her face upon his breast, more fondly than he had laid another's, not long before.

"You know how I have loved you: you must have seen it, though I would not speak: but I could not expose you to the imprudence of marrying while my income was so small. It would not have been right, Edith."

"If you think so—no."

"But, oh my dearest, I may speak now. Will you be my wife? I am presented to the living of Great Whitton, Edith."

"Of Great Whitton! Ryle!"

"I have seen it in Lord Avon's own handwriting. The countess asked it for me, and he complied. Edith, you will not be afraid of our future: you will not reject me, now I have Great Whitton?"

She hid her face; she felt him lovingly stroking her hair. "I would not have rejected you when you had but Little Whitton, Ryle."

There they lingered, now pacing the confined space and talking, now her face gathered upon him again. "Yours is not the first fair face which has been there this night, Edith," he laughed, in the exuberance of his joy and love. "I had Lady Grace's there but an hour back."

A shiver seemed to dart through Edith Dane's heart. Her jealousy of Lady Grace had been almost as powerful as her love for Mr. Baumgarten.

"I was telling her my plans, now my prospects have changed; that the first step would be my marriage with you; and, as I spoke, she managed somehow to twist her ankle. The pain must have been intense, for she turned as white as death, and I had to hold her to me. But I did not pay myself for my trouble, as I am doing now," he added, taking kiss after kiss from Edith's face.

She lifted her face up and looked in his: "You would only have liked to do so, Ryle."

"I have liked to do so!" he uttered, smothering back a glimmer of consciousness. "Edith, my dearest, my whole love is yours."

A week passed, and then the lucky man was announced. The living of Great Whitton was bestowed on the Honourable and Reverend Wilfred Elliot, a personal friend of the Earl of Avon's.

II.

A TWELVEMONTH passed away. In a shaded room of Little Whitton rectory lay Edith Baumgarten—dying. Changes had taken place. That Mr. Baumgarten must have been disappointed and annoyed at the appointment of another to the living, could not be doubted: he set it down to the caprice of great men: and he consoled himself by immediately marrying Edith, sending his former prudence to the winds. It is probable he thought he could not in honour withdraw, and it is more than probable that, once having given the reins to his hopes and his love, he was not stoic enough to do so. Following close upon the marriage, came the death of Mrs. Dane, an event long anticipated: a few hundred pounds descended to Edith, and they were employed in putting the rectory in order, into which Mr. and Mrs. Baumgarten removed.

"Ryle, we have been very happy," she faintly sighed.

He was sitting by her, holding her hand in his, his tears kept back, and his voice low with its suppressed grief. "Do not say 'we have,' my darling; say 'we are.' I cannot part with you; there is hope yet."

"There is none," she wailed—"there is none. Oh, Ryle, my husband, it will be a hard parting!"

She feebly drew his face to hers, and his tears fell upon it. "Edith, if I lose you, I shall lose all that is of value to me in life."

A tap at the door, and then a middle-aged woman, holding a very young infant in her arms, put in her head and looked at Mr. Baumgarten. "The doctors are coming up, sir."

He quitted his wife, snatched a handkerchief from his pocket, rubbed it over his face, and then turned to the window, as if intent on looking out. He lingered an instant after the medical men entered the chamber, but he gathered nothing, and could not ask questions there; so he left it, and waylaid them as they came out. "Well?" he uttered, his tone harsh with pain.

"There is no improvement, sir: there can be none. If she could but have rallied—but she cannot. She will die from exhaustion."

"She may recover yet," he sharply said; "I am sure she may. But a few days ago, well; and now——"

"Mr. Baumgarten, if we deceived you, you would blame us afterwards. She cannot be saved."

And yet, later in the day, she did seem a little better: it was the rallying of the spirit before final departure. She knew it was deceitful strength, but it put hope into the heart of Mr. Baumgarten.

"Ryle, if he should live, you will always be kind to him?"

"Edith! Kind to *him*! Oh, my wife, my wife," he uttered, with a burst of irrepressible emotion, "you must not go, and leave him and me."

She waited until he was calmer; she was far more collected than he.

"And when you take another wife, Ryle——"

"You are cruel, Edith," he interrupted.

"Not cruel, my darling, I am only looking dispassionately forward at what will be. Were I to remain on the earth, or, going where I am, could I look down here at what passes, retaining my human passions and feelings, it would be torment to me to see you wedded with another. But it will not be so, Ryle: and it seems as if a phase of my future passionless state were come upon me, enabling me to contemplate calmly what must be. Ryle, you will take another wife: I can foresee, with all but certainty, who that wife will be."

"What mean you?" inquired Mr. Baumgarten, raising his head to look at her.

"It will be Grace Avon. It surely will. Now that impediments are removed, she will not let you escape her again. But for my being in the way, she would have been your wife long ago."

"Edith, I do think you must be wandering!" uttered Mr. Baumgarten, speaking according to his belief. "Grace Avon is no fit wife for me: she would not stoop to it."

"You are wrong, Ryle: I saw a great deal in the days gone by: and I say that, but for me, she would then have been your wife. Let what is past, be past: but the same chance will occur for her again. I only

pray you, with my dying breath, to shield my child from her hatred, when she shall have a legal right over him."

Mr. Baumgarten became more fully impressed with the conviction that his wife's mind was rambling. He was mistaken. Smouldering in her heart through the whole months of her married life, had been her jealousy of Lady Grace: she had felt a positive conviction that, but for Mr. Baumgarten's attachment and engagement to herself, the other marriage would have been brought about: and she felt an equal conviction that, now the impediment was about to be removed, it would be so. A jealous imagination is quick, and gives the reins to its extravagance, but it is sometimes right in its premises. She had observed an entire reticence to her husband on the subject, so no wonder that her present words took him by surprise, and caused him to suspect her mind must be playing her false.

"My dearest love," he whispered, "if it will give you a moment's peace, I will bind myself by an oath never to marry Grace Avon."

"Not so, Ryle. What will be, will be; and I would not have you both loathe my memory——"

Mr. Baumgarten started up in real earnest. She was certainly mad.

She held his hand, she feebly drew him down again, she suggested calmness. "It may come to that, Ryle: you may learn to love her as you have loved me. Oh, Ryle, I pray you, when she shall be your wife, that you will shield my child from her unkindness!" she continued, in a low wail of impassioned sorrow.

"I cannot understand you," he said, much distressed: "it is not possible I could ever suffer any one to be unkind to your child. Why should you fear unkindness for him?"

"I should fear it from her alone: she has regarded me with hatred; I have been a blight in her path; and so would she regard my child, *our* child, Ryle, should she become its second mother: that she should do so is but in accordance with human nature."

Mr. Baumgarten sighed: he scarcely knew how to answer her, how to soothe her: were her mind not actually insane, he looked upon these far-fetched fears as only a species of illness, which must have its rise in some derangement of the brain. All that she had said, touching Lady Grace, he considered to be a pure fantasy.

"Ryle! my love, my husband, you will love our child? you will protect him against her unkindness, should it ever be offered?"

"Ay; that I swear to you," he ardently replied. And Edith Baumgarten breathed a sigh of relief, and quietly sheltered herself in her husband's arms, to die.

III.

WHETHER it be death or whether it be birth, whether it be marriage or whether it be divorce, time goes on, all the same. After the funeral of Mrs. Baumgarten, the parish flocked to the rectory in shoals, especially the young ladies who were, vulgarly to speak, on the look out; there to condole with the interesting widower, and go into raptures over the baby. They need not have troubled themselves: Mr. Baumgarten's eyes and heart were closed to them: they were buried for the present in the tomb of Edith

She had been dead about six months when the open carriage of Lady Avon stopped before the rectory, as the reader once saw it stop before Whitton Cottage, but it had but one occupant now, and that was the countess. After the marriage of Mr. Baumgarten, the countess had sometimes attended Little Whitton church as heretofore, but Lady Grace never. She had always excuses ready, and the countess, who had no suspicion of the true state of the case, put faith in them. The countess declined to alight, and Mr. Baumgarten went out to her.

"Would it be troubling you very much, Mr. Baumgarten, to come to Avon House occasionally and pass an hour with me?" began the countess.

"Certainly not, if you wish it," he replied: "if I can render you any service."

Lady Avon lowered her voice and bent towards him. "I am not happy in my mind, Mr. Baumgarten; not easy. The present world is passing away from me, and I know nothing of the one I am entering. I don't like the rector of Great Whitton; he does not suit me; but with you I feel at home. I shall be obliged to you to come up once or twice a week, and pass a quiet hour with me."

"I will do so. But I hope you find nothing serious the matter with your health."

"Time will prove," replied Lady Avon. "How is your little boy?"

"He gets on famously; he is a brave little fellow," returned Mr. Baumgarten, his eyes brightening. "Would you like to see him?"

The child was brought out for the inspection of Lady Avon—a pretty babe in a white frock and black ribbons, the latter worn in memory of his mother. "He will resemble you," remarked her ladyship. "What is his name?"

"Cyrus. I know it would have pleased Edith to have him named after her father."

Mr. Baumgarten paid his first visit to Avon House on the following day. Lady Grace was alone in the room when he entered, and it happened that she knew nothing of his expected visit. It startled her to emotion. However she may have striven to drive away the remembrance of Mr. Baumgarten, she had not done it; and her feelings of anger, her constantly indulged feelings of jealousy, had but helped to keep up her passion. Her countenance flushed crimson, and then grew deadly pale.

Mr. Baumgarten took her hand, almost in compassion; he thought she must be ill. "What has been the matter?" he inquired.

"The matter! Nothing," and she grew crimson again. "Is your visit to mamma? Do you wish to see her?"

"I am here by appointment with Lady Avon."

The conversation with his wife, relating to Lady Grace, had nearly faded from Mr. Baumgarten's remembrance. Not the words; they would ever be remembered; but he attached no more importance to them, than he had done when they were spoken. The countess came in, and Lady Grace found that his visits were to be frequent.

Did she rebel, or did she rejoice? oh, reader, if you have loved as she did, passionately, powerfully, you need not ask. The very presence of one, so beloved, is as the morning light: dead and drear is his absence as the darkest midnight, but at his coming it is as if the bright day

opened. So had she felt when with Mr. Baumgarten; so did she feel now; although he had belonged to another.

From that day they saw a great deal of each other, and in the quiet intercourse of social life—of invalid life, it may be said, for Lady Avon's ill health was confirmed—grew more intimate than they had ever been. Lady Grace strove to arm herself against him: she called up pride, anger, and many other adjuncts, false, as they were vain, for the heart is ever true to itself, and will be heard. It ended in her struggling no longer: in her giving herself up, once more, to the bliss of loving him, unchecked.

Did he give himself up to the same, by way of reciprocity? Not of loving her: no, it had not come to it: but he did yield to the charm of liking her, of finding pleasure in her society, of wishing to be more frequently at Avon House. He had loved his wife, but she was dead and buried, and there are very few men indeed who remain constant in heart to a dead love, especially if she has been his wife. The manners of Lady Grace possessed naturally great fascination: what then must they not have been, when in intercourse with him she idolised? She was more quiet than formerly, more confidential, more subdued; it was a change as if she had gone through sorrow, and precisely what was likely to tell upon the heart of Mr. Baumgarten. But there was no acting now in Lady Grace; she was not striving to gain him, as she had once done: she simply gave herself up to the ecstatic dream she was indulging, and let results take their chance. Mr. Baumgarten may be forgiven if he also began to feel that existence might yet be made into something, pleasant as a dream.

The Honourable and Reverend Wilfred Elliot, claiming a dead earl for a father and a live earl for a brother, was not, of course, a light whose beams could be hid under a bushel, the more particularly as the live earl was in the cabinet. It therefore surprised nobody that when the excellent old Bishop of Barkaway was gathered to his fathers, Mr. Elliot should be promoted to his vacant shoes. The good bishop's life had been prolonged to the patriarchal age of ninety, but for the last twenty years of it he had been next to incapable, therefore the see of Barkaway hugged itself as being in luck, on the principle that any change must be for the best. Great Whitton, on the contrary, hugged itself in like manner on the same principle, for the Honourable and Reverend—to speak mildly—had not been popular. The Earl of Avon, as luck, or the opposite, would have it, was on a few days' visit to his mother when Mr. Elliot received his mitre.

"Don't put such another as Elliot into Great Whitton, Henry," observed the countess to her son, "or we shall have the parish up in arms."

"What was the matter with Elliot?" drawled the earl, lighting a cigar. "Didn't he please them?"

"Please them! He made every soul in the parish, labourers and all, attend daily service in the church between eight and nine, allowing them ten minutes for breakfast and fifty for prayers; and he has dressed the school in scarlet cloaks, with a large white linen cross sewn down the back; and there are eight-and-thirty pairs of candlesticks displayed in the church; besides other innovations, which country parishes don't understand, and don't care to take to. One thing has been made a great

grievance of: the poor could not comprehend, or could not recollect, to turn which way he wanted them at the Belief, so he planted some men in white behind the poor benches every Sunday, with long wands, and the moment the Belief began, down came the wands, rapping on the heads of the refractory ones. You have no idea of the commotion it used to cause."

The earl burst into a laugh. "I'd have come down for a Sunday had I known there was that sort of fun going on. The girls must take care the bulls don't run at the scarlet. Did you get up to attend the early service?"

"Not I. I can say my prayers more quietly at home, Henry. He did not force the rich to early service, only the poor, who really could not spare the time, for their time is their money. He told the rich he would leave it between themselves and their consciences: the truth is, you know, Henry, that the rich in this country will not be controlled absolutely, in matters of religion."

"They are not such geese," returned Lord Avon. "It's a great bother, though, these good livings falling in: seventeen letters I have had this blessed morning, applications direct or indirect, for Great Whitton. I have a great mind to reply through the *Times*, and make one answer do for the lot."

The countess raised herself from her sofa, and looked at her son. "Do you want a candidate, Henry?"

The earl looked at her. "Scarcely, mother: with seventeen bold applications, and seventy more behind them, peeping out."

"Henry, if you have no one particular in view, let me name the rector: it will perhaps be one of my last requests to you."

"I'm sure I don't care, mother: I had heartburning enough over it last time, every man but the successful one thinking himself ill used. If your mind's set upon any fellow, I'll give it him at once, glad to do it, and to send off a stereotyped answer to my correspondents: 'Very sorry; living's given: wish I had known your excellent merits earlier.'"

"Then give it to Mr. Baumgarten. He is a deserving man, Henry, and he'll restore peace to the parish. He was to have had it before, you know, and I never knew why you went from your promise: not that I minded then; I did not esteem him so well as I do now."

"Why, you sent me word not to give it him! Grace did: a peremptory note. Some freak of hers, I suppose. Well, mother, I don't dislike Baumgarten; he's a gentlemanly fellow, and he may have the living."

And so it was. Great Whitton, with its nine hundred a year and its handsome rectory, was presented to the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten. The churchwardens threw up their hats, and looked in at the school-house to tell the mistress that the girls might unsew those white symbols from behind their tails. Mrs. Baumgarten had been dead about ten months then, and summer was coming round again.

He hastened to Avon House as soon as the news reached him. Lady Grace was standing amidst the rose-trees: she liked to linger in the open air at the dusk hour, to watch the stars come out, and to think of *him*. But that she wore a white dress, he might not have distinguished her in the fading twilight. He left the open path to join her.

"It is a late visit, Lady Grace, but I could not resist coming to say a word of gratitude to Lord Avon."

He felt the hand, he had taken in greeting, tremble within his, and he saw her raise her other hand hastily and lay it on her bosom, as if she would still its beating. She answered him with a smile. "Your visit will not accomplish its object, Mr. Baumgarten, for my brother is gone. He left before dinner. Mamma says she is very glad that you will be nearer to us."

"Perhaps I have to thank you for this, as much as Lord Avon," he said.

"No; no indeed: it was mamma who spoke to Henry. I——"

"What, Lady Grace?" he whispered.

"I did not speak to him," she continued—"that is all I was going to say."

But Mr. Baumgarten could not fail to detect how agitated she was, and as he stood there, looking at her downcast face in the twilight, the remembrance of his wife's last words came rushing over him, and he felt a sudden conviction that Lady Grace *had* loved him—and that she loved him still. He forgot what had been; he forgot his idol, but ten months gone from him; and he yielded himself unreservedly to the fascination, which had of late been stealing over his spirit.

Her trembling hands were busy with the rose-trees, though she could scarcely distinguish buds from leaves. Mr. Baumgarten took one, and placing it within his own arm, bent down his face until it was on a level with hers. "Grace, have we misunderstood each other?"

She could not speak, but her lips turned white with her emotion. It was the hour of bliss she had so long dreamt of.

"Grace," he continued, in a tone of impassioned tenderness, "have we loved each other through the past, and did I mistake my feelings? Oh, Grace, my best-beloved! forgive me; forgive my folly and blindness!"

With a plaintive, yearning cry, such as may escape from one who suddenly finds a long-sought-for resting-place, Grace Avon turned to his embrace. He held her to him; he covered her face with his impassioned kisses, as he had once covered Edith Dane's; he whispered all that man can whisper of poetry and tenderness. She was silent from excess of bliss, but she felt that she could have lain where she was for ever.

"You do not speak," he jealously said; "you do not tell me that you forgive the past. Grace, say but one word, say you love me!"

"Far deeper than another ever did," she murmured. "Oh, Ryle! I will be more to you than she can have been!"

Recollection, prudence, perhaps for her sake, began to dawn over Mr. Baumgarten: he wiped the drops of emotion from his brow. "Grace, I am doing wrong: it is madness to aspire to you: I have no right to drag you down from your rank to my level."

"Your own wife, your own dear wife," she whispered. "Ryle; Ryle; only love me for ever."

LOED JOHN RUSSELL'S LIFE OF FOX.*

VERILY it seems that

Man never is, but always to be blest

with an actual *Life of Fox* by Lord John Russell. Again and again his lordship makes out a new case of hope deferred. Six volumes may be said to have appeared, and yet the biography can hardly be said to have begun. In the preface to the present instalment we read: "It has been my object, in this volume, rather to give a sketch of the TIMES of Mr. Fox, than to follow minutely his LIFE. The next volume, if I should be able to complete it, will be more biographical, and less historical." On the whole, we are more resigned than impatient. It is not every kind of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick.

Of the nineteen chapters which compose the volume now before us, one is occupied with the Coalition Ministry and its fall; another with the rise and progress of young Pitt's administration; another with the impeachment of Warren Hastings; and others with Parliamentary Reform, the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert, the French Revolution, the policy of Great Britain, and the commencement and conduct of her great war with France.

On occasion of the split between Fox and Burke, Lord John Russell contends that the latter and more philosophic of the two statesmen, once cordially attached brothers-at-arms, looked only at one side of the French Revolution; that while he, Burke, perceived clearly the presumption, the shallowness, and the incapacity of the popular leaders, and the fury, cruelty, and madness of the French populace, he never, on the other hand, gave any weight in the scale to the shameless immorality of Louis the Fifteenth's Court, the corruption of the administration, the speculative infidelity and practical vices of the nobility and clergy. "He never enumerated the occasions upon which, by summoning foreign soldiers to the palace, by intriguing with foreign sovereigns, and with leaders in the Assembly, by purchasing writers in the press, and applauders in the populace, the Court had convinced the most moderate of the lovers of liberty that a reaction in favour of despotism and the punishment of the friends of a free constitution, was the only result with which the courtiers would be satisfied. It was the Court itself which, by the mistrust it showed of La Fayette, of Mirabeau, of the Duke of La Rochefoucault, of Lally Tolendal, and other patriots, had made impossible that middle form of constitutional monarchy which Mr. Fox desired no less than Mr. Burke." The separation of Mr. Burke from his party was, Lord John elsewhere says, "a natural consequence of the position he had assumed in his book. The breach of friendship with Mr. Fox was an effect of his own wilful intemperance. But," continues his lordship, "it was no momentary passion which confirmed and widened the breach.

* The Life and Times of Charles James Fox. By the Rt. Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Vol. II. London: Bentley. 1859.

Mr. Burke did not rest till he had estranged from Mr. Fox many of his best friends, and broken into fragments 'the great and firm body' of the English Whigs." As a pronounced Foxite, Lord John Russell is not the man to deal any too tenderly with Edmund Burke, of whom indeed he commonly speaks in a tone that implies dissatisfaction and suggests dislike.

But neither is his lordship blind to foibles in Fox—in the policy, and parliamentary tact, as well as in the morals, of the man. Frankly he records his opinion, as occasion arises, that at this juncture, or on this particular measure, Fox was mistaken, and perhaps mischievously so to the cause he represented. For instance, in the case of the opposition to the Pitt administration, while the Fox party—just ousted from office—were still superior in numbers, Lord John Russell remarks: "On reviewing [these proceedings of Mr. Fox and his majority, they seem to be wanting at once in vigour and in moderation" (p. 57). "There appears some weakness in this conduct. . . Mr. Fox ought either to have proceeded to stronger measures, or have given up his Committee on the State of the Nation," &c. (p. 69). The ex-Minister's line of conduct as regards Lord Temple's counsel to the King, is, from the first, entirely disapproved of in these pages. "It must be owned that Mr. Fox's position at this moment was an untenable one. . . . Everything shows that before taking part in the debate of the 17th of December, Mr. Fox should have tendered his resignation" (p. 46). "But from the outset of this unhappy business, the Opposition seem to have aimed their blows at the King's secret influence without adopting the means of making those blows effective" (p. 51). Again: "There can be no doubt that Mr. Fox was right on this point [in answering an assertion of Lord Nugent's]; but if so, why had not the personal conduct of Lord Temple been directly censured by the House of Commons?" (p. 70).

Nor does Fox's vehemence against a dissolution hit the taste of his noble biographer. "Had the King, like Charles II. in 1680, or Charles of France in our own days, repeatedly dissolved Parliament, and then attempted to govern in defiance of them, Mr. Fox would have been justified in this invective. But George III. never contemplated, and Mr. Pitt certainly never would have executed, such a scheme" (p. 76). Justified in his invective, therefore, Mr. Fox was *not*.

So again with his futile obstruction to Government, when "he would and he would not" stop the supplies. "Mr. Fox's position was unfortunate. . . . Had he enjoyed the confidence of a large majority of the House of Commons to such an extent as to have been able to say that on the Friday the supplies would be refused, the King must at once have yielded. But, as he could not do that, as he could only speak, argue, remonstrate, and declaim, he was, when opposed to a man so resolute and courageous as Mr. Pitt, already beaten. He could only excite alarm without effect, and create a dread of his violent intentions, while, in fact, he was preparing for retreat" (p. 83). It was, on Lord John's own showing, a clear case of words, words, words,—sum total: sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Here is another passage, to like effect: "With the odium attaching to the Coalition, and the India Bill hanging about him, Mr. Fox attempted

to reduce the Court to surrender to the majority of the House of Commons. But, while he was undoubtedly right in maintaining that no Ministry could conduct public affairs with advantage to the country unless they had the confidence of that House, he failed to perceive or chose to be blind to the truth that there is a wide difference between the House of Commons existing at any particular moment and the House of Commons as a part of the Constitution. He always argued as if Mr. Pitt were defying the authority and advice of the House of Commons when he was only refusing to acknowledge the supreme power of the House of Commons elected in 1780" (p. 95). By another election the leader of the Opposition majority would lose ground: hence his stickling for the particular "House" then existing—in which any change, so far as he was concerned, would, he knew, be a change for the worse. So he declaimed magniloquently about an abstract House of Commons, meaning all the while the poor doomed concrete then and there assembled—at that time, and in that place.

Again, in reference to Mr. Pitt's financial measures, in the early stage of his Ministry, Lord John Russell candidly avows of his hero, that, "During this period the conduct of Mr. Fox, though not wanting in ability and in eloquence, betrayed the deficiencies of a mind ready for the debate of the day, but not stored with the reasonings of economical writers, or directed by an enlarged view of the liberal policy of a mercantile people. Whether, while embracing the prejudices of manufacturers, he opposed the Irish propositions, or, while listening to national animosities, he denounced the commercial treaty with France, he displayed on either question a mind whose notions of commerce were erroneous, and whose patriotism fostered national jealousy, in place of cultivating national friendship" (p. 138). In fact, at this period, Pitt was the Reformer and Free Trader—Fox, the laggard and fainéant. Political economy was, to the latter, at once tiresome and worthless. "We knew nothing on that subject," said Lord Lauderdale, "before Adam Smith wrote." "Pooh," said Fox, "your Adam Smiths are nothing."* And the Correspondence of the Whig Statesman who pooh-poohed Political Economy, and *nihilified* its Father Adam, contains repeated indications of the aversion he fostered—whatever that young Pitt might think of it—towards the applied science in question. It is not always the Liberal that devises liberal things, though only by liberal things shall he stand.

* Recollections. By Samuel Rogers. (Longmans: 1859.)

M. DUMAS IN GEORGIA.

ARRIVED at Baku, M. Dumas had crossed the Caucasus and entered into the Asiatic province of Georgia. His way thence lay by Schoumaka and Nouka to Tiflis, along the southern foot of the great mountain barrier that separates the two continents, but between the two former places there is still a spur of the main chain to cross, with a pass so formidable in character, that our travellers had nigh come to grief; but there was also some close cover abounding in pheasants, here in their native country, and which afforded good sport to our travellers as they journeyed along. Arrived at Nouka late at night, they were, as usual, much inconvenienced. The metallic ewer and basin of the East are familiar to most travellers in our modern exploratory times, but the purposes to which they are said to be converted by our travellers by the Georgians, has the advantage of novelty.

The manner (says M. Dumas) in which this ewer is used, is to stretch forth the hands, an attendant pours water over them, and you rub them under this improvised tap. If you have a kerchief you rub your hands with it; if you have not, you naturally let them dry. You will ask me how, with such a system, you manage for the face? This is how the commonalty do:

They take the water in the mouth, eject it into their hands, and then rub the face, renewing the water every time that the hands pass over the mouth, and as long as the latter contains any fluid. As to wiping themselves, they do not trouble themselves with anything of the kind; that is an affair of the open air.

But how do the better class manage? The better class are modest persons, who shut themselves up to make their toilet, and I cannot tell you how they manage.

But strangers! How do they do? Strangers wait till it rains: they then take off their hats and turn their noses upwards.

This is most assuredly Muscovite or Georgian incivilisation. In the humblest cottage in Syria or Palestine, or further east, a napkin is tendered with the well-known ewer; among the better classes, more especially in Persia, that utensil is charged with rose-water. But amongst Mussalmans, that which is not alluded to by M. Dumas, only one hand—the left—is reserved for ablution of the face. The other is not used, for reasons that it would be indelicate to explain.

But this was not the sole petty, and yet, in one sense, formidable grievance that M. Dumas had to contend with. We will give another in his own picturesque language:

Il n'y a pas un de mes lecteurs de France qui n'ait, au chevet de son lit, non-seulement pour y poser sa chandelle, sa bougie ou sa veilleuse au moment où il se couche, mais encore dans un autre but, un petit meuble, de forme indéterminée, rond chez les uns, carré chez les autres, ayant l'air d'une table à ouvrage chez ceux-ci, d'une bibliothèque portative chez ceux-là, en noyer, en acajou, en palissandre, en citronnier, en racine de chêne, capricieux enfin dans son essence comme dans sa forme; vous connaissez le meuble, n'est-ce pas, chers lecteurs?

Je ne m'adresse pas à vous, belles lectrices; il est convenu que vous n'avez aucun besoin d'un pareil meuble, et que, s'il se trouve dans vos chambres à coucher, c'est comme objet de luxe.

Et bien, ce meuble n'est qu'un étui, une armoire, un écrin quelquefois, tant l'objet qu'il renferme peut, s'il sort des vieilles manufactures de Sèvres, être ravaissant de forme et riche d'ornemens.

Ce meuble en contient un autre qu'il dissimule, mais qui contribue à vous donner un sommeil tranquille par la conscience qu'il est là, et qu'on n'a qu'à étendre la main et le prendre.

Hélas ! ce meuble manque complètement en Russie, contenant et contenu, et, comme le water-closet manque également, sans doute depuis que Catherine Seconde a eu le malheur d'être frappée d'apoplexie dans le sien, il faut aller, à quelque heure que ce soit, et par quelque froid qu'il fasse, faire à l'extérieur une étude astronomico-météorologique.

At Nouka, M. Dumas made the acquaintance and became even much attached to a most promising youth, Prince Ivan Tarkanoff, a young Georgian, who spoke French fluently. The young prince, on his side, did everything he could to amuse the traveller. He conducted him over the town, albeit so infested with Lesghians that it was scarcely safe for him to do so. Among other amusements provided by this precocious young prince for his visitor's amusement, was a fight between two sturdy old rams, followed by a Tartar dance and a wrestling-match.

The invited began to arrive, those who dwelt near on foot, others in carriages; five or six men came on horseback; they did not live a hundred yards off, but Orientals only walk when they cannot do otherwise. All the arrivals came, and, after the customary salutations, took their place on the balcony, which began to assume the aspect of a gallery at a theatre. Some of the women were very handsome. They were Georgians and Armenians.

All had assembled by about six o'clock. Forty men belonging to the militia then came in. They constituted the guard, which every evening took charge of Prince Tarkanoff's palace, and watched in the courts and at the gates. After the sentinels had been placed, the remainder grouped themselves round the man with the ram.

The signal was then given, and room was made for the combatants to have fair play. Nicholas, the young prince's servant, or rather his nouker, who never lost sight of him by day, and slept at his door at night, took the prince's black ram by one horn, and brought it within about ten paces of his rusty-coloured adversary. On his side the master of the red ram embraced and caressed his beast, and led it out to confront the black one. The two quadrupeds were then animated by cheers.

They were not, however, in need of these; for no sooner were they free than they threw themselves at one another like two knights for whom the barriers had just been removed. They met in the centre of the space, forehead to forehead; the collision produced a dull yet deep, distinct sound, like that which must have resulted from a blow of the ancient machine, which was also called a ram.

The two combatants bent on their hind-legs, but did not yield an inch of ground. Only the black ram soon reared its head to renew the attack, whilst the red one was still shaking his ears. Then the circle below, who consisted of militiamen, attendants, and passers-by, who were permitted to see the spectacle, began to jeer the owner of the red ram: this shaking of the ears appeared to them to be ominous of defeat.

The court, seen from where we were—that is to say, from a dominating point—presented a most picturesque aspect. Among the passers-by who had come in was a camel-driver, with three camels. The beasts of burden, fancying, no doubt, that they had arrived at the caravanseraï, had laid down, stretching forth their long necks, whilst the driver, mounted upon one of the loads on their backs, had obtained one of the best places gratis. Others, who were going by

on horseback, had come in with their horses, and, after having saluted the prince, had remained in their saddles, and hung forward over their steeds' necks, the better to enjoy the combat. Tartar women, with their long veils of plaid, Armenian women, with their long white drapery, stood upright, silent as statues. About thirty militiamen, with their picturesque costumes, their arms glittering in the sunset, their attitudes so naïvely artistic, formed a circle, to the front of which a few youngsters had made their way, and amidst which was here and there to be seen a woman's head more curious than the others. Altogether there were about a hundred spectators. It was, as may be seen, more than enough to encourage the conqueror and to jeer the conquered.

When I say the conquered, I anticipate; the red ram was very far from being conquered. He had shaken his ears, and that was all; and it must be admitted that, however much of a ram one might be, one would shake one's ears for less than that.

He was, however, so little conquered, that his master had all the trouble in the world to keep him back; one would have thought that he knew that the spectators began to doubt his capabilities. A second encounter took place, the reverberation whereof was even greater than that of the first. The red ram, bent on his hind-legs, got up, and made a step or two backwards. Decidedly the black ram was the best animal.

At the third encounter this superiority was established: the red ram not only shook his ears, but his head also. Then the black ram, without giving his opponent time to recover himself, rushed at him with a fury almost impossible to describe, hitting him in the sides and rear, and, every time that he turned round, on the head, till he tumbled him on the ground over and over again. The poor defeated ram seemed to have lost his equilibrium, at the same time that he lost all confidence. In his endeavours to fly from his assailant, he got through the circle, followed by the black ram; the whole pit then rose and followed the conqueror with their cheers. They were bathed in the first waves of darkness, the crowd undulated in the court, following the combat, or rather the flight, in different directions, till the red ram found shelter under a carriage; it not only avowed itself conquered, it sued for quarter.

The dance was followed by a wrestling match, a spectacle to which some relief was afforded by the arrival of one of the prince's followers with the head of a Lesghian, which had just been amputated in single combat by a bravo of the name of Badrize. This Badrize was, like most bravos, a fellow full of character. When M. Dumas took his final departure from Nouka, he took with him as presents a gun and a carpet, presented by Prince Tarkanoff; a schaska and a pistol from Muhammad Khan (a Tartar prince, who would have ruled at Nouka if Tarkanoff had not been there); castings and coverlids from young Prince Ivan; and lastly, Badrize's inexpressibles and the doctor's waistband! How this came about we must detail in our traveller's own words:

I have already related that I made a purchase at Nouka of two pieces of Lesghian cloth. This cloth, once in France, was destined to be converted into Georgian trousers. But how make a pair of trousers in Paris after the Georgian fashion without a model? The difficulty occupied my mind when I saw that Badrize wore Georgian trousers under his tcherkesse.

"I wish you would ask Badrize," I said to Prince Ivan, "to let me look at his trousers; I wish to have a pair made like them on my return to Paris, and to do that I wish to study them in detail!"

The prince repeated my request to Badrize. The latter, without hesitating a moment, undid his waistband, and raising himself on his right leg, drew the left from his trousers, and then doing the same with the left, drew out the right,

finally withdrawing the remainder from above the saddle, he presented me with the liberated garment. I had watched his movements with the deepest curiosity.

"What is he about?" I at length found breath to say to the young prince.

"He is offering them as a present."

"What, his trousers?"

"Yes, his trousers; did you not express a wish to see them?"

"Yes, to see them, but not to appropriate them to myself."

"Well, take them, since he offers them."

"No, no, my dear prince, I will not deprive the brave Badrize of his nether garments."

"Do you know that you will hurt his feelings by refusing them?"

Badrize, who in the mean time had closed up his tcherkese and resumed his seat on his saddle, came up and said something.

"What does he say?" inquired I.

"He says that the trousers are new, made by his wife, and put on for the first time this morning, and he only regrets that the waistband is old."

"Oh, as to that," interrupted the doctor, "I have just got a new one that I bought yesterday in the bazaar."

"Take them, take them," said the prince; "do you not see that he is annoyed?"

And really Badrize's face was expressive of trouble.

"But, dear me, how can he go back to Nouka without trousers?"

"Oh!" said the prince, "with his boots and tcherkese nobody will see anything."

But I still hesitated.

"Is it because I have worn them that M. Dumas refuses to accept of my trousers?" inquired Badrize, evidently deeply chagrined. "Tell him that with us it is an honour to drink in a glass from which a friend has drank."

"Well, be it so," I said to Badrize; "I will drink in your glass!"

And this is the way in which I became possessor of Badrize's trousers and of the doctor's waistband.

Between Nouka and Tiflis the country is mountainous and extremely picturesque. Contemplating the Caucasus from this point, M. Dumas says, people have no idea even in Algeria, even in the Atlas, of the fatigue and danger attending upon an expedition in the Caucasus. "I have seen," he adds, "the Col de Mouzaia—I have seen the Pass of Saint Bernard: they are royal roads compared with the military pathway of the Lesghian line."

The Tushins, a Christian people, dwell in this part of the country as well as the Lesghians. They are mortal enemies of the latter, and have adopted their customs in so far as they take a hand for every enemy killed. The ferocity of these mountaineers may be judged of by the following trait:

On a late expedition, a Tushin chief, who marched with his three sons in the Russian ranks, had his eldest son wounded. He loved the youth dearly, but made a point of honour to give no signs of his affection, albeit his heart was broken. The father's name was Chette. Perchance it is a corruption of Shaïtan, which signifies Satan. The son's name was Gregory. The house to which he had been removed was shown to the father. Chette went there. Overcome by his sufferings, the young man was groaning. Chette approached the carpet on which he lay, and, leaning on his gun, he frowningly remarked:

"Is it a man or a woman that I have engendered?"

"It is a man, father," answered Gregory.

"Well, then, if it is a man," continued Chette, "why does that man complain?"

The wounded man did not reply, but died without a sigh. The father then took the body, stripped it, and placed it on a table. Then, with the point of his *kandjar*, he made seventy-five scores on the wall. This done, he cut up his son into seventy-five bits. That was precisely the number of relations and friends he had who were in a condition to carry arms.

"What are you doing?" asked the colonel, who found him busied in this terrible proceeding.

"I am about to revenge Gregory," he replied. "A month hence, I shall have received as many hands of Lesghians as I shall have sent bits."

And he said true, for not a month had elapsed before he had received seventy-five hands from his friends and relatives, to which he added fifteen, collected by himself. That made ninety in all.

This Chette, a so-called Christian, was an unscrupulous wretch. His notoriety was so great, that the Lesghian mothers used to terrify their children into good behaviour by threatening them with Chette. One more obstinate than the remainder, or who did not believe in Chette, continued to cry. It was night time. The mother took the child, and opened the window.

"Chette! Chette!" said the mother, "come and cut off the hand of this child that won't leave off crying." And to frighten it she passed the hand out of the window. The child uttered a shriek. It was a shriek of pain, and not of fear; the mother caught the difference in a moment. She drew the arm back quick as lightning, but it was too late, the hand was gone. Chette had been passing by at the very moment, and had heard his name called. "*Quelles bêtes féroces que de pareils hommes!*" justly remarks M. Dumas.

At Tiflis our travellers were received and entertained by Baron Finot, the French consul-general, who allotted them an apartment in a magnificent palace on the Place du Théâtre. Two men had been hung the very day of their arrival.

From the window of my room I could see most distinctly the gallows, and the sacks vibrating at the extremities of their fleshless arms. They were certainly dead men, as I had opined, and freshly dead, for they had been hung that very day.

I inquired for what crime they had been punished. They had assassinated the two apprentices of M. Georgeaïeff, a watchmaker, in order to steal the watches hung up in the windows, and the money in the drawers. What is extraordinary is that they were Armenians. The Armenians, with their mild, inoffensive dispositions, are often thievish, but rarely murderers. By chance, while looking to the left from my own window, I could see the culprits; looking to the right, I could see M. Georgeaïeff's shop. This is how the thing had occurred:

M. Georgeaïeff had two apprentices, who kept to their work all day, and were allowed to go out for a little relaxation in the evenings. They were in the habit of taking with them the key of the shop, so as to be able to return at night without disturbing M. Georgeaïeff. These two young men had made acquaintance with two Armenians, called the one Schubachoff, the other Ismael. These two men resolved to rob M. Georgeaïeff. The plan they adopted was simple enough.

They would ask their young friends to a supper, make them tipsy, and then slay them. This done, they would obtain possession of the key, and with the key they would open the shop. All this happened as arranged, with the exception of one little point. The two apprentices were supped, inebriated, slain;

but it was in vain that the assassins explored the recesses of their pockets, the unfortunate apprentices had no key with them.

They then adopted another plan. This was to put on the clothes of the murdered men, to go and knock at M. Georgeaieff's door, and, the night being dark, the person who would come and open would probably take them for the apprentices, they should be let in, and, once in, they would act as before arranged.

But first of all it was necessary to get rid of the dead bodies. They woke up a poor devil of a porter who was sleeping on his wallet, took him with them, showed him the bodies, and promised him four roubles if he would bury them. A *musha*, as they call the porters at Tiflis, does not get four roubles a day, still less a night. So he took the bodies on his back, marched away with them to the Kura, passed the bridge of Alexander, ascended the slope of the hill of the suburb of Tchukur, and buried them on what is called the little Red Hill. But it was night, the *musha* could see only indistinctly, or he was very sleepy, for he left the feet of one of them peeping out of the ground. He then went back to sleep at the same place where he had been sought for, the place was good, and brought back with it.

In the mean time, the two murderers had gone to the door of M. Georgeaieff and had knocked; but M. Georgeaieff had come to the door himself, and, what is more, with a candle. There was no chance of deceiving the old watchmaker, so the accomplices, Schnbachoff and Ismael, made off. M. Georgeaieff, on opening the door, saw the two men running away. He thought it was merely a trick, shut the door, and took himself off to bed, inwardly opining that the joke was a remarkably stupid one.

But the next morning it was found that the two apprentices had not come in. This was the first time that such a thing had happened to them; they were always strict to their duty, and M. Georgeaieff was afraid that something had gone wrong.

Nigh mid-day a cowherd, who had followed his cows up the hill, discerned a foot peeping out of the ground where the soil had been recently moved. He pulled at this foot, and then he saw a second; then a leg, and then two; then a body, and then two bodies. He then hastened away to the town, and communicated the facts to the authorities. The bodies were disinterred, and it was found that they were the remains of M. Georgeaieff's two apprentices. They had been seen the previous evening in company with the two Armenians, so suspicion at once fell on the latter. They were taken up, as was also the *musha*, subjected to trial, and all three condemned to death, Schnbachoff and Ismael as the actual committers of the crime, and the *musha* as their accessory.

The crime had made a great sensation and had given rise to many fears, so Prince Bariatinsky, the emperor's lieutenant in the Caucasus, hurried on the course of justice, for the proofs were overwhelming. As the representative of the emperor, Prince Bariatinsky has right of life and death; he alone determines in certain cases whether or not they may be referred to the emperor. No extraordinary circumstance called for intervention in this case, only it appeared to him that there ought to be a commutation of punishment in the case of the *musha*. He was a Persian.

So he was condemned to receive a thousand blows with battogs, and, if he survived them, to be exiled for eight years to the mines of Siberia. It was probable that he would survive them: a Georgian, an Armenian, and a Persian can stand a thousand blows of battogs; a mountaineer can stand one thousand five hundred; a Russian two thousand. No criminal, no matter what nation he belongs to, can stand the three thousand blows, which are equivalent to a condemnation to death.

But it was arranged that the *musha* was to believe in his execution to the last moment. Three gallows were, therefore, erected at the very spot where the bodies of the two apprentices had been found. The locality presented a twofold advantage. First, the execution took place at the spot where the crime had

been detected; and, secondly, this Calvary, now made infamous, was seen by the whole town.

The very morning of our arrival, at twelve precisely, the three culprits had been led in a cart to the place of execution. They were dressed in white drawers, the mantle of the condemned over their shoulders, their hands tied, and their heads uncovered. They carried their sentences suspended to their necks. Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, these were read aloud to them. One of them, as we have before said, had received a reprieve.

The sentence read, the executioner and his assistant took hold of the youngest and slid a sack over his head, so that the feet only passed through the opening below. The feet were free. The sack, the bottom of which touched the head, completely concealed the features. The executioner and his assistant then helped him up the scaffold. Two ladders were placed side by side against the arm of the scaffold. The one that was nearest to the extremity of the arm was for the culprit, the other was for the executioner and his assistant. Arrived at the ninth step, the culprit stopped; the executioner then passed the rope round his neck, outside of the sack, made him ascend two steps more, and then, giving him a push, launched him into eternity.

Then, whilst the first hung was still twisting in the air, the two ladders were removed from the one scaffold to the other. That in the centre alone remained unoccupied. For though there were two condemned to death, there were three gibbets. The ceremony was gone through for the second culprit precisely as in the case of the first. The latter had not yet assumed a vertical position before the other was vaulted off into the air. Only that death was slow, first, because the sacks prevented the rope from tightening round the neck as it would have done had the latter been naked; and, secondly, because the executioner, not up to his profession, neither pulled by the feet nor jumped on the shoulders. These are refinements of the West that are not yet practised in the East! They were seen to move their elbows convulsively for about three minutes, and then all movement ceased.

Lastly, came the turn of the musha. He was made to march with naked back, his hands tied to the barrel of a musket held at each end by a sergeant, two soldiers with bayonets on his chest in front, and two soldiers with bayonets on his back in the rear, along a line of one thousand soldiers, in two ranks of five hundred each. Each soldier had in his hand a cane about the thickness of the little finger, and each in his turn had to wield his weapon. At the hundredth blow the blood burst out from twenty different cuts, at the five hundredth the back was one great wound. The drums stifled the sufferer's shrieks. A few days afterwards he was sufficiently well to be sent off to Siberia. "The morality for him," says M. Dumas, "was, that if ever he had a dead body to bury again, he would take care not to leave the feet peeping out of the ground."

Tiflis is not, like Nouka and Baku, a city of semi-savages. Thanks to the French colony established there, and who, as in other of the large towns of Russia Proper, are marchandes de modes, drapers, milliners, and laundresses, the Georgian ladies follow closely, we are told, the fashions of the Théâtre-Italien and of the Boulevard de Gand. We shall expect soon to hear of similar French colonies at Tobolsk and Irkutsk. When M. Dumas arrived, the fashionable world was in a state of great excitement at the Princess G. having introduced a *corset plastique* before unknown to the fair Tifese, and he was called upon, in his character of Parisian, to explain the invention, which his wondrous art enabled him to do in so successful a manner in a local paper called the *Aurora*, that

he was invited in return by the editors to a Georgian dinner, the essence of which consists in the imbibition of an inordinate quantity of wine. A Georgian dinner, our traveller tells us, indeed, is a repast at which the least pretentious dispose of their five or six bottles of wine, and the more valorous of them twelve or fifteen: some drink, indeed, directly from the skins, others from capacious vessels of various forms, the most popular of which is the goulah, a giant bottle, the neck of which admits the nose as well as the mouth, so that the consumer loses none of the flavour of the wine. This is the more remarkable as the nose is a very prominent feature with the Georgians. M. Dumas devotes a whole chapter to this organ, and concludes by telling us that the Georgians measure everything by the nose as we do by the inch.

After a futile attempt made to penetrate into the pass of Darial from Tiflis amidst the snows of winter, M. Dumas took his final departure from that captivating city on the 23rd of January for Poti, where the steam-boats touch, a distance of about a couple of hundred miles, the way lying through Imeritia and Mingrelia—Trans-Caucasian provinces lying at the southern or south-west foot of the mountain barrier. The journey at such a season was not of the most agreeable character. The rivers were swollen and most difficult to cross, entailing all kinds of vexatious delays and unpleasant accidents; the hostelries were a degree worse than those in Russia Proper, which is saying everything—they were, in fact, vermin-encumbered pigsties. But the mud was worse than all. M. Dumas declares that he will always entertain a fearful memory of the mud of Mingrelia, in which he and his horses and baggage were several times on the point of being entombed for ever. What an exit it would have been for a genius that has delighted all Europe! There were wolves also on the way, and an amusing episode of travel is related of one Timaff, who, being left behind with the baggage-waggons that had stuck in the mud, was assailed by these voracious quadrupeds, but he succeeded in keeping them at bay, till succour arrived, for upwards of an hour, by suddenly exploding a lucifer-match every time they rushed upon him.

Arrived at Poti, the steamer for Trebizond had just gone, and our traveller was left to the resources of that most miserable of Colchian harbours. These resources were, however, by no means so insignificant as might be imagined; they included fishing, shooting, and cooking, and if the season was somewhat unfavourable for the two former pursuits, it was peculiarly adapted for success in the latter, so M. Dumas determined upon earning distinction somehow or other; and there being no local paper in which to consign an essay on the Argonauts, he resolved to astonish the natives with a dinner. "J'avais," he says, "une prétention étrange; c'était de fêter l'inauguration de Poti comme ville, en donnant au prince Mgheradzé et à mon marchand turc le meilleur dîner qui eût jamais été confectionné à Poti." As the markets, the bazaars, the shops, the farms, the forests, the rivers, and the sea were all put under contribution by buying, shooting, and fishing, in order to get up this celebration of Poti being declared a town by imperial edict, the bill of fare upon the occasion cannot fail to be unusually instructive and curious. We give it, therefore, at length:

POTAGE.

Julienne.

RELEVÉ DE POTAGE.

Chou au porc frais.

ENTRÉES.

Schislik avec amélioration.

Rognons de porc sautés au vin.

Poulets à la Provençale.

BÔTI.

Deux canards et douze merles.

ENTREMETS.

Flageolets à l'Anglaise.

Œufs brouillés au jus de rognons.

SALADE.

Haricots verts.

DESSERT.

Noix sèches, thé, café, vodka.

Premier service : Vin de Mingrélie.*Deuxième service* : Vin de Kakétie.*Troisième service* : Vin de Gouriel.

Schislik, it may be mentioned, corresponds to what the Turks call Kubobs, and the Scotch Collops—that is, minced meat. It will be admitted that such a dish was open to amelioration, so M. Dumas proposed slicing off the meat as it was roasted, instead of chopping it up, and serving up with parsley and butter. Another remarkable amelioration was effected by the addition of an old crow to the pot-au-feu. The shooting, it must be admitted, was not super-excellent: two ducks (where they are in myriads), twelve thrushes, three pigeons, and one crow!

It is not a little significant of the progress of civilisation that M. Dumas travelled from Poti to Trebizond in the Russian steam-boat *Grand-Duke Constantine*, of whose officers and crew he speaks as most charming and affable men; but when, arrived at the latter city, he rushed, with all the enthusiasm of a Frenchman, on board his countrymen's "pyroscaphe le *Sully*," he was very differently treated; the officer in command, in reply to his questions as to accommodation, time of departure, and expense, gruffly referred him back to the administration, whose offices were on shore!

"On voit bien," said M. Dumas, pensively, "que nous touchons cette belle terre de France."

THE STORY OF FRANCESCO NOVELLO DA CARRARA.

AN EPISODE IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

III.

FRANCESCO NOVELLO chafed under the invisible constraint put upon him at Milan, and spent the few first months of his honourable imprisonment in vain and useless remonstrances. It was not long before he perceived that the course he was thus adopting was fruitless, and that a change of tactics might bring about a more desired end. He therefore desisted from making farther complaints, and gave himself up to whatever gaiety and distraction the town of Milan afforded.

Carrara was present at every tournament, banquet, or wedding feast that took place; he strove to shake off the gloom which weighed him down, and to appear to be engrossed by pleasures which in reality were distasteful to him. Deprived of social joys, divided from his wife and children, chased from home, robbed of his possessions, and surrounded by enemies, it would have been impossible for him to find that pleasure in dissipation which he feigned to do.

The wary Visconti knew this full well, and was not deceived by Francesco's seeming indifference to his humiliating position. He was well versed in dissimulation; it was an art he practised hourly, and therefore, when commenting on the change which had taken place in the demeanour of his prisoner, he shook his head, and remarked, "Every animal may be tamed except the fox."

Carrara persevered in the course he had adopted. It would require time to overcome the suspicions of so subtle an enemy, he reasoned; and, aware of his own powers of determination and endurance, he hoped that in the end he should succeed in gaining his object, which was in all probability to lull the fears of Visconti, and to make him believe that he had not a dangerous foe to deal with, whose hatred might lead him to some act of desperation, but rather, that he was weak and indifferent as to the wrongs he and his family were even then suffering.

Carrara had no one to depend upon but himself, for were he eventually enabled to gain allies to his cause—and we are told that Venice, anxious to retrieve her error, had already made secret overtures to him—he could not trust to any of the fickle and self-interested princes of Italy. They might aid him one day and turn against him the next.

Feeling how completely he was thrown upon his own resources, it is natural to conjecture that he employed his time at Milan in weighing well all the difficulties of his position, and in striving to concoct plans for the future. This is not incompatible with the life of dissipation he led, and thoughts so engrossing must have haunted him everywhere—in the banqueting-hall as well as in the privacy of his own apartments.

The policy which he now adopted was to humiliate himself yet more in the eyes of the Comte de Vertu, and, appearing before the council, he solemnly gave up his pretensions to the seignory of Padua, and placed himself in the hands of Visconti, trusting to the generosity of an enemy with

whom he now tried, by every art that lay in his power, to cultivate a closer intimacy.

Galeazzo may have been deceived by the open manner of his prisoner, or he may have felt ashamed of his own conduct, and anxious to lessen the odium of it in the eyes of the world. Whatever his secret motive, however, the action to which it conduced was to the benefit of Carrara.

The lord of Milan accepted the renunciation of his territory which he had solemnly made, and, returning his hearty thanks, gave permission for the Lady Madonna Taddea to visit Milan.

The joy of this reunion was great, but much as Carrara must have desired to enjoy a peaceful retirement with his wife, still he continued to pursue the same line of policy as before her arrival. He even pretended a greater fondness for dissipation, and strove by acts of courtesy to gain the confidence of Galeazzo, who in return sent him rare delicacies for his table, according to the usages of the time.

Carrara was present at the marriage of Valentine, daughter of Galeazzo, with the Duke of Orleans, brother to Charles VI. of France. He sat at the chief table with the other guests of distinction, and was treated with marked deference. There is a full account of this marriage in the "Storia di Milano," given by Corio, and the rejoicings to which it gave rise. Lists of the numerous presents the bride received from her father, and the bill of fare of the dinner, are also detailed by this careful historian, and are curious as specimens of the customs of the times.

Carrara might easily have indulged in the flattering hope that his stratagem had succeeded, for Galeazzo's manner was completely changed towards him; he even pretended that it was his intention to make over the little seigniory of Lodi to Carrara, as a compensation for the territory of which he had been shamefully robbed. These fair appearances did not, however, mislead the exiled lord, though he considered it to be good policy to feign pleasure when such reports were made known to him. Experience had taught him only too clearly what to hope for from the generosity of Visconti. If he gained any advantage, it would be but small, as it was for the interest of his enemy to retain him as a prisoner, powerless to raise allies to defend his rights and aid him to regain his territory, to the discomfiture of the Milanese.

Whilst outwardly engrossed by pleasure and its accompanying excitement, Francesco Novello found means to communicate with his father, with Venice, and with Padua. He was also contemplating a dark and dangerous scheme for ridding his country of an oppressor, and this he unwarily communicated to a trustworthy (as he then thought) agent of his father's. He hoped, by laying his two projects before this man, to gain the advantage of his counsel, and as the plans he proposed to adopt were highly dangerous, and likely to miscarry if great caution were not used, it was not unnatural that he should have sought the advice of one whom he fully believed he could trust with a secret so important as the contemplated murder of Galeazzo.

Before we censure this meditated act of treachery too harshly, we must take into consideration the lax religion of the times, and the false ideas of greatness and honour with which all were imbued. We may then even trace something grand in the conception of plots such as those we are about to narrate.

Carrara's first idea was to commit the deed of blood himself, and single-handed. For this purpose he would have to await an opportunity, when he might accost his victim in the streets of Pavia, and, whilst engaged in conversation with him, he might plunge his dagger to his heart. Carrara was careless of his life; he knew full well that to attempt such an action was certain death to himself, but to rid the world of a despot, and his father and children of such an enemy, was a meritorious action in his eyes. "I am aware," he said, in addressing his confidant, "that I shall, in all probability, be torn in pieces by the guard; but many of my family will remain. The cousins of this tyrant, Aluise and Carlo Visconti, who are now lying in his dungeons, must succeed to the throne, and they will requite my father and my children for the service I rendered them."

"This is a dangerous experiment, however, and it might fail."

Failure was more terrible to Carrara than death; he therefore strove to find some surer plan for the destruction of his antagonist.

It was customary for the Comte de Vertu to go out hunting every Tuesday in great state. His servants with the dogs, hawks, &c., usually headed the cavalcade; next came the ladies belonging to the court, followed by the count himself, with one of the female members of his family either seated on the crupper or riding on a palfrey near him; after all these rode from two to three hundred horsemen, fifty of whom were in steel corslets. Now Carrara, who had not more than sixty retainers of his own, formed the daring plan of attacking this well-organised force. He knew that they would have to pass the inner gate of the house which had been allotted to him as a habitation, and it was at the moment of their doing so that he purposed to charge the procession with lances in rest, uttering at the same time loud shouts of "Aluise and Carlo Visconti!" He doubted not that the surprise occasioned by such an unexpected attack would throw the retainers of Galeazzo into confusion, and that, by seizing so favourable a moment, he should be able to effect his design, raise the partisans of Bernabo to sustain the combat, and secure for himself and his retainers a retreat, by taking possession of one of the city gates.

These were the daring projects for the destruction of his enemy which Carrara unreservedly communicated to his father's agent, believing him to be thoroughly trustworthy. Had he possessed Galeazzo's clear discernment of character, he would have seen, that though well intentioned, this man was weak, and therefore unfit to have such an important secret in his keeping. Scarcely had these designs been communicated to him than they were wormed out of the unhappy man by an artful friend, who was treacherous enough to repair immediately to Galeazzo, and to relate what he had learned.

This spy gained nothing by his duplicity. Galeazzo listened to the startling intelligence without changing countenance, and, thanking the traitor coldly, he dismissed him. Doubtless, Galeazzo gave no credence to the tale. He was so wary and cautious himself, that he would naturally be slow in believing any man would communicate such plans to another, who was not directly concerned in their execution.

Carrara was told of the revelation that had been made to his enemy, and although he was treated in every respect as before, still he considered it wiser to accept a proposal which had a short time ago been

made to him, namely, that he should retire to Cortazone, an old castle in the neighbourhood of Asti, which was fast falling into decay. There were some few vassals attached to the signiory, but they were, for the most part, highway robbers—a very lawless race, passionate adherents of the Ghibelins, and, consequently, possessing an hereditary hatred for the Guelph house of Carrara.

To this place, however uninviting the prospect might seem, Francesco Novello thought it best to retire. He conducted his wife and family first to Asti, where they remained till the necessary preparations for their reception had been made at the old castle, and, as it was situated in the vicinity of the town, Carrara had an opportunity of visiting the place, and of watching the progress of the works.

In order to disabuse his new vassals of their old prejudices towards his house, he strove to gain their affections by promising that they should not find in him any difference of party, and to possess himself at once of their confidence, if possible, he released them for ten years from all feudal imposts, except that of supplying the castle with the wood, labour, and carts necessary for the restoration of the half-ruined building.

The country around was rich, and Carrara, with the stoical determination of making the best of his misfortunes, devoted himself to agriculture and to the chase, living the simple life of a private gentleman, and interesting himself in the rebuilding of his dilapidated castle.

Asti was the nearest town, which was then under the rule of the Duke of Orleans, it having been given in dowry by Galeazzo to his daughter Valentine on her marriage. The governor, who was left in charge of the place, realised a strong attachment for Carrara. He was an upright man, and sincere in his affection for the exiled lord and his family. The Lady Taddea never went out unescorted, and the disturbed state of the country rendered this mark of civility almost necessary. One day, whilst the governor was out riding with Carrara and some other members of his family, he drew the lord of Padua aside, and, in a whisper, warned him that men were lying in wait for him on the road between Asti and Cortazone to murder him, and that they were in the pay of the lord of Milan. By doing this the governor risked the displeasure of the powerful Galeazzo; he cared not, however, so long as he proved instrumental in preserving the life of his friend.

Carrara understood the full extent of the danger which menaced him, and he needed not the persuasions of the governor to determine upon an immediate flight from the old castle, which, though retired, was not safe from the assassins of Giovanni Galeazzo.

In the month of March, 1389, Francesco suddenly departed from Asti with his wife and a few retainers, giving out, as his intention, that he was about to make a pilgrimage to Saint Antoine of Vienne, in Dauphiny. His friend, the governor of Asti, provided him with an escort as far as the frontiers of Montferrat, and he undertook to see that the children of Carrara, his natural brothers, and the treasure he had secured from Padua, were all conveyed in safety to Florence. This timely aid was deeply felt by Carrara, the more so, perhaps, as the difficulties and dangers of his position seemed daily to increase. When he parted with his children, it was with the fear that he should never see them in this world again. Having commended them to the protection of Heaven,

and bid the good governor farewell, he set off for Vienne in company with his noble wife, who had resolved to share the perils of the journey with her husband rather than be separated from him, and remain in a place of safety whilst he was exposed to countless dangers.

They succeeded in crossing the country to Vienne without adventure, save a short detention at Grenorio in consequence of an informality in the passport, which was soon rectified. Carrara was honourably received at Vienne by the seneschal of the King of France and by the barons residing there. After performing his devotions, he took leave of his friends and journeyed to Santo Spirito, where he embarked on the Rhône with his lady, and, sending Tomaso dal Fuceo with the horses by land, descended the river to Avignon. On his arrival in this town, he hastened to the church of S. Piero di Lozombona, and afterwards waited upon Pope Clement with letters from the Cardinal Figlio de Prato. Carrara sought the pontiff's advice and succour. He was well received, and was urged to prolong his visit, but this he politely refused, expressing, at the same time, what pleasure he had derived during his sojourn in Avignon, and how much he grieved that he could not accept the kind invitation to remain without being inconsistent. Carrara once more embarked and descended to Arli, from thence he proceeded to Aqua-Morta and Marseilles, where he was welcomed by Raimondo, formerly Bishop of Padua.

This meeting was the occasion of great joy to the little company of fugitives, and Carrara hoped to spend some days in the society of his friend; but scarcely had he set foot in the city, than information was brought to him that the governor was about to arrest him. No time was to be lost; a moment's delay might be fatal; so, embracing Raimondo, he hastened on board a vessel that was lying in readiness for him, but only just succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his enemies owing to a singular mistake, by which one of his attendants, Tomaso, who had been sent by land with the horses, was seized and thrown into prison in the belief that he was Carrara of Padua. The mistake was not found out till the real lord had made his escape. Tomaso was retained in prison a few days, and then set at liberty.

The vessel which bore away the unhappy fugitives ought to have conveyed them direct to the more friendly shores of Pisa, but a storm arose, and the Lady Taddea, who was far advanced in pregnancy, suffered so greatly from the violence of the ship's motion, that she implored her husband to land, declaring that she would rather continue the journey on foot than be exposed to such intolerable sufferings. Carrara was well aware of the dangers which they would have to encounter, but he yielded to his wife's entreaty, and ordered the captain to make for the land. They disembarked with only two attendants, leaving Giacomo, a natural brother of Francesco da Carrara, on board, and proceeded slowly upon their tedious journey, whilst the vessel kept as near the shore as possible, in order to afford them a means of escape in case of an emergency.

The news of Carrara's flight was everywhere noised abroad, and enemies swarmed along the coast, who were ready to seize his person should chance give them an opportunity of doing so. They had to pass near several châteaux belonging to Ghibelins, hereditary enemies of Carrara, whilst some were in possession of the partisans of Galeazzo, who would

gladly have had it in their power to secure the lord of Padua, and thereby gratify their ally.

The dangers which beset the path of the fugitives were so great, that they dared not seek shelter for the night in any habitation after the fatigues of the day.

The mountains they traversed were rugged, and the road tortuous and steep, so that they were soon weary of journeying. The Lady Taddea's spirit never flagged, but she leaned heavily at times upon her husband's arm, and when night came they were glad to seek repose in an out-building which seemed likely to afford them protection. It was in the vicinity of Grimoaldo; and on the following day Carrara was able to procure an ass, which the Lady Taddea could ride, and thus continue the journey with less fatigue.

On the second day they reached Frerezzo, and dangers so thickened around them that they were strongly urged to put to sea once more. Having made signs to the vessel they embarked in her, but were again subject to so violent a gale, that, having passed by Nice and Monaco, they put into Torbio. It was whilst seeking for lodgings in this town that they learned that the châtelain was a partisan of Visconti. It was, therefore, running wilfully into danger to remain there. Giving up all idea of comfortable repose, the poor fugitives left the town, and were glad to seek shelter for the night in a half-ruined church upon the beach. Thanks to the genial climate of Italy, they had not to suffer from cold; though sleep forsook them, it was not so much from discomfort as from the harassing nature of their thoughts. The difficulties by which they were surrounded, and the imminent dangers they ran, were well calculated to fill their minds with uneasiness for the morrow.

When day dawned, and they looked anxiously from their hiding-place in the hope of seeing that the storm had abated sufficiently to allow them to embark, they were disheartened by finding all chance of escape by sea cut off; the waves dashing upon the shore were so stormy that they defied the vessel's approach. There was nothing left them but to push on as quickly as possible by land, and trust to the protection of Heaven. In order that they might reach Ventimiglia before night, they started very early on their long day's march, and arrived at that place much exhausted. Scarcely had they entered the town than their party, small though it was, attracted public curiosity. A report was spread by some peasants that an abduction had been perpetrated, and that the party had just arrived at the Osteria beyond the gate. The appearance of the lady led to this surmise, for she was evidently of rank, they said. It was natural that the Carraras should find themselves objects of universal curiosity on their arrival when such rumours had preceded them. Unluckily for them, the gossip of the peasants was carried to the ears of the magistrate, who immediately sent an officer with ten soldiers to conduct the suspected travellers into his presence.

Francesco da Carrara was warned of the impending danger, but not of the mistake made by the good people, and he, together with his party, which consisted only of two male attendants, the Lady Taddea and her maid, hastened to retreat, making the best of their way towards the shore, where they knew that they should find the vessel in readiness to convey them away from so unfriendly a town. Ere they reached the

boat, however, their retreat was intercepted, and, after a brief struggle, Carrara found himself overpowered by numbers. He had succeeded in placing the Lady Taddea, with her attendant, in the boat, but he himself was a prisoner. It was a critical moment: all his future plans seemed shipwrecked, there was not one forlorn hope left.

The officer sent by the magistrate then commanded the captain of the vessel not to set sail, on pain of death, and, turning towards his prisoner, demanded his name.

"Carrara of Padua!" was the proud reply; and the fugitive lord stood erect, with folded arms, awaiting the result of this adventure.

"Stand back, and lower your arms," was the order given by the officer to his men on hearing this. Francesco Novello appeared surprised by so respectful a manœuvre, and his joy must have been intense when the officer, advancing towards him, explained how that he was a Guelph, and had once fought under the House of Padua. Carrara immediately asked to be conducted to the castle, that he might inform the magistrate of the distressing circumstances in which he was then placed. The magistrate listened to him most graciously, and having supplied him with provisions, conducted him back to his vessel with every mark of respect.

A favourable wind bore them swiftly away, but the sufferings of the Lady Taddea continued to be so great from the roughness of the sea, that they were again obliged to land, and this time they found themselves in the midst of the hostile territory of the Marquis de Carreiro.

Anxious to hasten through so dangerous a country, they travelled the whole night on foot, and when day broke they were completely overcome by fatigue and want of food. Driven by this necessity to approach a human dwelling, they entered a cottage to procure what they could to allay the gnawings of hunger, and whilst some ate, the others kept guard amongst the adjoining trees.

As they sat resting themselves, they were alarmed by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a stranger. The human face was, perhaps, the most unwelcome object upon which their eyes could rest at such a moment, and in such a place.

The intruder was, therefore, regarded with great suspicion, and when he asked for the lord of Padua, there was some hesitation as to whether that personage should make himself known or not.

The stranger declared that he came from Pacino Donati,* and to evince the truth of his words, he immediately produced the signs—which had been formerly agreed upon between Carrara and his Florentine ally—namely, the halves of broken dice and of some coins. On examining them, Carrara found that they tallied with those in his possession, and he therefore regarded the messenger as trustworthy, and as coming (as he declared he did) from Donati, and Antonio Adorno, Doge of Genoa.

This latter personage promised the fugitive lord protection, and sent him a brigantine to conduct him, under a feigned name, to the friendly port of Genoa. The messenger put a safe-conduct into his hands at the same time, by which he was secured from all annoyance during his sojourn in the dominions of the republic.

* Pacino Donati was the chief friend and ally of Carrara's at Florence.

Carrara, overjoyed at this unexpected good fortune, embarked with his retainers in the Genoese vessel, but a storm arose, which forced them to put into the port of Savona, where they landed, and were preparing to refresh themselves, through the hospitality of Pacino Donati, when a messenger arrived from the Doge of Genoa. Giovanni Galeazzo had commanded the republic to stop the fugitives wherever they might present themselves, menacing them with his wrath if they ventured to disobey. Adorno dared not brave so powerful an antagonist, and entreated Carrara to leave his territory on the instant. Without a murmur, the lord of Padua obeyed; he was unwilling to expose his friends to danger on his account; and embarked immediately, hoping that the stormy sea would be more kind to him than the troubled shores of Italy.

They sailed all that night, but want of provisions forced them to put into the port of Genoa, where, disguised as German pilgrims, they concealed themselves for a while in an obscure inn, somewhat refreshed after all the privations and anxieties they had undergone, they once more set sail for Moncione, a small port in the territory of Pisa.

Here they prepared again to take rest, but were startled by receiving information that a courier had arrived to seek accommodation for a troop of Milanese cavalry under one of Galeazzo's generals. Leaving the town with some precipitation, they took shelter in a thicket hard by, and remained concealed till the troops had passed on before them. Carrara then dismissed his sailors, and, despatching a messenger to Pisa to apprise Pietro Gambacorta of their arrival in his territory, they proceeded slowly on foot towards that town. The Lady Taddea was very weary, and her spirit was much cast down. Carrara sought to encourage her, as they walked along, by pointing out that, at Pisa, they might look forward to certain repose and security. "I am quite sure of receiving succour from Gambacorta," he said, "for once, when he was an exile from his country, and, like myself, wandering homeless and shelterless from place to place, my father welcomed him to his court, with his wife and children, honoured him by marks of distinction, and arranged a marriage between his daughter and the Marquis of Spineta, giving him money and soldiers to regain possession of his lands. If Gambacorta is prosperous now, he owes it to my family, and he will not be so base as to forget these obligations now that he has an opportunity of repaying the debt."

Their expectations from this quarter seemed so well founded, that it was natural they should indulge in the hope of being at length well received, and treated with the respect due to their rank; but scarcely had the Lady Taddea gathered hope from her husband's words, than it was totally extinguished in her breast by the return of the messenger whom they had sent forward, bringing with him excuses from Pietro Gambacorta, the very man on whom they had placed the greatest reliance.

He dared not permit Carrara to enter Pisa, he said—he dared not furnish him with horses to continue the journey to Florence. The Milanese general had arrived with his troop, and had commanded the signiory to arrest the fugitives. It was not possible for them to brave the anger of so powerful a prince, and he must therefore refuse his aid, however much it cost him to do so.

This intelligence was crushing indeed, but it was received by the noble lord of Padua without an expression of impatience—he uttered not a

single complaint, but, raising the fainting form of the Lady Taddea in his arms, he said, gently, "God will restore us—we must struggle on."

Carrara applied what restoratives he had to his unfortunate lady, and, having watched her return to consciousness, he left her in charge of the attendants, and, regardless of the risk he incurred, entered Pisa with his Florentine guide, and having procured some food and a horse, he returned to cheer the downcast spirits of those whom he had left awaiting with anxiety the result of his expedition. The Lady Taddea having mounted, they proceeded by a circuitous route to the town of Cascina, where they lodged for the night in the stable belonging to a miserable inn. Worn out both in mind and body, Carrara and his wife threw themselves gladly upon the straw prepared for the animals, and whilst they endeavoured to sleep, Donati, who had joined their little troop, the Florentine, and the other attendants guarded the door from all intruders.

At dead of night, when their weary eyelids were beginning to close from exhaustion, there was a loud knocking at the door, which roused them and filled their minds with foreboding. The Carraras had ceased to hope for anything good at the hand of man, and this rude knocking sent a thrill of apprehension through the heart of the noble lady. A voice was heard demanding the lord of Padua.

"I am he," said Donati, with the generous impulse of a friend, for he, too, was suspicious of the inquirer's object; but when he learned that this stranger came from Gambacorta, bringing a letter to explain his conduct that day, together with six horses and other necessaries for the journey, besides luxuries, such as preserves, lights, &c., he hesitated not to conduct him into the wretched stable, where the real lord lay reposing upon a bed of straw.

The good news was soon communicated, and it was the more welcome from being so wholly unexpected.

In consequence of a command from Gambacorta that the illustrious fugitives should everywhere be well entertained throughout his territory, the landlord of the little inn, who had before refused them any shelter in his house, gave up his own bed, that Carrara and his wife might pass the remaining part of the night in comparative comfort.

This was the first time since her departure from Asti that the Lady Taddea had enjoyed the luxury of reposing upon a bed. Till then, throughout all their arduous travelling, they had never lain upon aught but straw, or worse, upon the hard ground.

The next day brought them to Florence, the asylum they had looked forward to so long and so ardently.

Disappointment was again their lot even here.

It is true that they were now in safety from Visconti, freed from anxiety, at their journey's end, and reunited to their children. All these were subjects for rejoicing, but, unhappily for Carrara, the policy of the Florentine government had considerably changed during the short time which had elapsed since his departure from Asti. Giovanni Galeazzo professed a strong desire to remain at peace, and as the republic was suffering from a severe famine, the magistrates were anxious not to give the powerful lord of Lombardy any pretext for a quarrel, which in their present condition could only be carried on by them with difficulty, and perhaps

disadvantage. It was for this reason that they avoided any official communication with the fugitive lord of Padua. He was not received with open arms, as he had had reason to anticipate; his wrongs were not loudly proclaimed in the senate as deserving of redress; he was treated but as a private individual seeking that shelter which Florence accorded to any unfortunate, of whatever rank.

This was the cause of disappointment, which dulled the brightness of their otherwise happy reunion, and made even the stout-hearted Carrara fear for the future. It was not a mere asylum that he wanted at the hands of Florence. He saw in the republic a natural enemy to the rapacious Visconti, and hoped to regain possession of his territory through its instrumentality. If, however, Florence forgot her own interests, and allowed the continued encroachments of this formidable neighbour, where could he seek for the support he needed?

The energies of the exiled lord were rather increased than checked by this momentary despair. His determination to withstand the power of Visconti, and by perseverance regain what he had lost, grew stronger as the difficulties which enclosed him thickened more and more.

His position at Florence, though humiliating, was far preferable to the unsafe and hollow grandeur in which he had resided at Milan. What he now possessed was at least secure, and upon calculation he found that the treasure he had succeeded in saving amounted to eighty thousand florins in money, and sixty thousand in jewels and precious stones.

Carrara's thoughts and actions were all tending to the one great aim of his life. He took advantage of every occasion which seemed to bring him nearer, even though it were but an inch, to the one object upon which his heart was set.

As Tuscany had refused her support for a time, he resolved to seek elsewhere amongst the enemies of Galeazzo Visconti for some who would be ready to lend him aid at the same time that they gratified their own resentment.

He despatched Baldo da Piombino as an ambassador to his kinsman, the Count Stefano, whose possessions lay in Croatia, that he might be fully acquainted with his condition, and how much he might expect from him in case of need.

An appointment was offered to Carrara in the bands of Hawkewood's Condottieri. This he refused, deeming it beneath him; besides which, it would have crippled his actions. To secure an interest amongst these brave adventurers, however, and to give his natural brother, the Count of Carrara, an honourable independence, he caused him to be enrolled as commander of a company of a hundred lances.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND CATHERINE II.

THE publication of the two first volumes of Carlyle's *Life of Frederick* has acted as a remarkable stimulus on German literati, and contributions to the history of Prussia pour in almost daily. Many of them, it is true, bear the fatal Dryasdust taint, but here and there a valuable hint may be found. Probably, however, the most important of all these is a volume just published by Von Schlözér, in which he analyses the relations that subsisted between Fritz and the crafty Catherine of Russia.* The matter has hitherto been kept in considerable mystery, and the old gentleman's character has naturally suffered from it. More especially is this the case with reference to the partition of Poland, of which Frederick has usually been supposed the originator, but we hope to rehabilitate him by means of the satisfactory evidence Von Schlözér has placed at our disposal.

When Frederick of the Stick was on his death-bed, he called to him the crown prince, and told him, with reference to Russia, that "he should ever maintain a cautious and neutral position towards that power: there was no reason to expect much from Russia, but it was evident that in a war with her there was more to lose than to gain." In truth, the president of the Tobacco College had been sorely deluded by the Empress Anna in the matter of the Polish succession and the duchy of Courland. The two courts had been on excellent terms—to such an extent that Frederick William selected his tallest corporals and sent them to Petersburg to teach the Guards the Prussian exercise, while Anna returned the compliment by picking out eighty of her most powerful recruits, and making them a present to the king for his body-guard. A treaty was negotiated at Wustershausen by which Courland would fall to a Prussian prince, while, on the death of the King of Poland, the two courts would combine their efforts to ensure the election of the infant of Portugal.

The old king had a bitter lesson as to putting faith in princesses: for not only did Russia join with Austria to raise a Saxon prince to the Polish throne on the death of Augustus, in 1733, but Anna gave Courland to her favourite, the Duke of Biron. Woe to the unhappy minister who had to break the news to his Prussian master. To the day of his death the old gentleman never forgot or forgave the perfidy.

When Frederick ascended the throne, his first object was the seizure of the duchy of Berg; but not wishing to leave East Prussia exposed, in the event of a European war, he formed a treaty with the Russian court, by which the latter promised him the aid of twelve thousand men to cover his frontier in the case of certain eventualities. But the death of the Emperor Charles VI. altered all Frederick's plans, and he took advantage of Maria Theresa's position to invade Silesia. About this time, too, the Empress Anna died, and a family revolution made the Grand-Duchess Anna regent in the place of Biron. Münnich, the head of the conspiracy, was devoted to Prussia, and Frederick had thus a powerful support in Russia.

Unfortunately, Münnich's position was very insecure: cabals were

* Friedrich der Grosse und Catharina die Zweite. Von Kurd von Schlözér. Berlin. 1859.

formed against him, and he was compelled to resign. The party opposing him naturally favoured Austria, and the Prussian victory at Mollwitz alarmed the regent. All seemed to forebode that Russia would act decisively against Prussia when another revolution broke out, and Elizabeth ascended the throne.

Elizabeth was the youngest daughter of Peter the Great, and resided at St. Petersburg, in a species of honorary Coventry. Her society was formed exclusively of Russians, which gave great offence at court, though her chief favourite, L'Estocq, was a Hanoverian by birth. The princess had rendered herself a favourite with the troops by continually visiting the Guards' barracks, and standing as godmother to the new-born children, while she would publicly drive about the streets with some tall grenadier or the other seated behind her carriage. Strangely enough, although the court were fully convinced that Elizabeth was meditating some design, they took no precautions. The empress reproached the princess mildly for the scandal she created by her liaison with L'Estocq, and this alarmed the conspirators. To precipitate events, L'Estocq showed the princess a piece of paper, on either side of which her portrait was drawn; one represented her in state, as empress; the other as a nun, with a gallows and a wheel on her right and left. Elizabeth felt there was no time to be lost, so she placed herself at the head of the Preobrajenski guard, and invaded the palace. The troops proclaimed her empress, and a few hours sufficed to restore order.

Frederick immediately took advantage of this change to restore his influence at Petersburg. At the end of 1742 he was in entire possession of Silesia, and the treaty of Breslau secured it to him. But he wanted, before all, the guarantee of Russia remaining on friendly terms with him, for his treasury was exhausted, and peace was essential. Elizabeth met him half way, and a treaty was signed, securing the King of Prussia his new possessions. Fortunately, at the same time, a conspiracy was detected in Petersburg, in which the Austrian ambassador was deeply implicated, and Maria Theresa's cause received a tremendous blow: she had not an open friend left in Russia. To confirm the good feeling with Berlin, Elizabeth wished that the king should betroth one of his sisters to her heir and nephew, Duke Peter of Holstein; but Frederick put no faith in court security in Russia, and declined. However, not to lose the opportunity, he put forward the Princess Sophia Augusta of Anhalt-Zerbst, who was accepted, in spite of the intrigues of the Elector of Saxony, who offered his daughter Marianne.

The Princess of Zerbst was requested to come to Petersburg incognito with her daughter, and pay the empress a visit. Frederick urged her strongly to go, and explained the prospect opening for her daughter, and the ambitious woman gladly accepted. The future empress was much moved at the separation from her father: her mother, writing to Frederick, says: "*Ma fille s'est aperçue, en quittant son père, où le chemin s'adressait: cette séparation l'a extrêmement émue. Sa grande jeunesse lui a fait bientôt surmonter ce premier mouvement, qui à cet âge-là ne saurait proprement se nommer que du nom d'attendrissement. Lui, de son côté, ne l'a pas été peu, et je suis persuadée, de la manière dont il pense sur les grandeurs de ce monde, que rien ne pourra le consoler de l'éloignement d'un enfant qui faisait toute sa joie que les bonnes grâces de Votre Majesté, que je lui demande, ainsi qu'à nous tous.*"

At Riga, the travellers crossed the unhappy Brunswick family, sent into exile by Elizabeth, who were sent to Oranienburg, in consequence of the recent conspiracy. The arrival of the princess at Petersburg was a thunder-stroke for the Saxon party, who hoped to raise religious scruples, owing to the relationship between the young couple, but Elizabeth had already settled those matters with the complaisant synod. She grew much attached to the young princess, whose mother, in the pride of her heart, writes to the Prince of Zerbst, at Stettin: "Notre fille trouve grande approbation. La souveraine la chérit, le successeur l'aime, et c'est une affaire finie." But there were still difficulties in the way: the young princess could not endure the idea of changing her religion, and we find from the Prussian envoy Mardefeld's reports, that she suffered great agony of mind, and wept bitterly at the thought of resigning the religion of her forefathers. At such times her Greek clergyman was dismissed, and a Lutheran called in to offer her consolation.*

The delay troubled Frederick excessively, hence we find him writing to the mother on the 27th February: "Il ne me reste, Madame, qu'à vous prier de vaincre la répugnance de votre fille pour la religion grecque, après quoi vous aurez couronné votre œuvre." How well she succeeded, we find in one of Mardefeld's letters, a few weeks later: "Le changement de religion fait, à la vérité, à la princesse une peine infinie, et les larmes lui coulent en abondance quand elle se trouve seule avec des personnes qui ne lui sont pas suspectes. Cependant l'ambition en prend à la fin le dessus. La mère en est encore plus susceptible, et l'idée flatteuse de pouvoir dire avec le temps, 'l'Impératrice' tout comme 'mon frère,' lui lève facilement tout scrupule et sert à conforter la fille." In the mean while, Frederick was working on that good Prince of Zerbst, who could only reply, "My daughter shall not turn Greek." At last, the king unearthed a priest (he tells us so himself) who persuaded the prince that the Greek rite was like the Lutheran, and he then changed his one note to "Lutheran-Greek, Greek-Lutheran, that will do."

All being thus smoothed, the princess accepted the Greek confession on the 9th July, and received the name of Katharina Alexeyevna. All present at the ceremony wept abundantly, except the princess herself. The next day she was betrothed to the grand-duke, and Frederick, always anxious to have a friend at court, and not knowing what might turn up, wrote to her on the moment the following letter:

MADAME.—Je compte parmi les plus beaux jours de ma vie celui où j'ai vu l'élevation de Votre Altesse Impériale à cette dignité. Je me croirais trop heureux d'y avoir contribué, content que ce serait un service que j'aurais rendu à l'Impératrice de Russie, ma chère alliée, et à tout ce vaste empire, que de lui avoir trouvé une princesse de Votre mérite, Madame, pour compagne de couche du grand-duc. Je Vous prie de croire que je prends plus de part que qui que ce puisse être à tout ce qui regarde Votre aimable personne, et que je me ferai sans cesse un plaisir de vous prouver comme je suis, Madame, Votre très-fidèlement affectionné cousin,

FREDERICK.

Berlin, 5 Août 1744.

*. In the recently published Memoirs of Catherine II., the princess gives a very different account. But it must be remembered that she wrote them for the benefit of her son, and naturally placed her own conduct in the best light.

A few days later, Frederick's sister, Louise Ulrica, was married to the crown prince of Sweden, and his power appeared consolidated in the North. Those two rulers would, at any rate, leave him in peace, and this was most necessary for him, as an outbreak with Austria was imminent. Forming a treaty with France, he opened the campaign in September, 1744, and before the end of the next year the peace of Dresden was signed, which again assured him the possession of Silesia.

For ten years Prussia was at rest; in 1748 it was recognised as a great power at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the country progressed wonderfully. In 1756 the jealousy of Austria again kindled the flame, and the Seven Years' War commenced, which was to enable Prussia to prove that she could defy the Continent in arms against her. But Austria entered on the campaign with greater confidence, for she had a powerful ally in Russia. The reason for this sudden change was that Frederick could not keep his stinging tongue quiet, and had made some sarcastic remarks against Elizabeth. The prime minister, Bestucheff, was an undying enemy of Prussia, and his influence at length produced the desired result. Elizabeth allowed a secret treaty to be signed with Austria, "because," as she said, "Frederick was a wicked prince, without fear of the Lord, who made every matter ridiculous, and never went to church." The empress, probably, had never heard the familiar story of the pot and the kettle.

Under these circumstances Frederick had no course but prompt action, and on the 29th of August, 1756, he marched sixty thousand men into Saxony, without any declaration of war, and occupied Dresden. This step he justified in the sight of Europe by publishing the secret correspondence of the Saxon court with Austria and Russia, and proved that he only acted in self-defence. Had he delayed, the three courts were determined on attacking him in the following year at latest. The Austrians were defeated at Lowositz: the Saxon army of seventeen thousand men took the oath of fidelity to Frederick, and, in the mean while, the King of Prussia was trying to gain over his fiercest enemy at the Russian court. For this purpose Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the British envoy, was hard at work: the House of Hanover had no desire for a general war. Through him, Frederick offered Bestucheff 100,000 thalers, if he would break off the Austrian alliance, and the minister accepted, saying: "From this moment I am the king's friend; but I do not see how I can serve him now. Had I known this two months earlier, I might have effected much. But he has begun the war, and nothing will keep the Czarina from supporting Austria; all the arrangements have been made. It is true the king finds us rather unprepared, and, as you know, our movements are slow. I cannot promise to do anything now, for it is out of my power. But you can assure the King of Prussia that all Mardefeld worked against me is clean forgotten, and that I am ready to prove to the king, when the time comes, that I am in his service."* The precarious state of Elizabeth's health was also a

* The system of bribery in Russia is of old date. Thus, we find Mardefeld writing in the spring of 1744, on the arrival of the new English envoy, Lord Tyrally, "*Le banquier Wolff à Pétersbourg a insinué aux principaux Russes qu'il a une lettre de crédit pour le Lord Tyrally de quatre cent mille roubles, afin de leur donner un prégoût de ce qu'ils en ont à attendre.*"

great motive for Bestucheff's change of policy, and he took every opportunity to sound Catherine as to her views. It was some time before the cautious girl would open her heart, but at length Bestucheff was quite successful. The grand-duke was known to be an ardent admirer of Prussia, and always spoke of Frederick as "the king my master." Catherine was more cautious; but she openly avowed that an alliance between England, Prussia, and Russia would be the best guarantee of the peace of Europe.

In May, 1757, Apraxin set out at the head of the Russian troops to attack Frederick, who, a month later, was totally defeated at Kolin by Field-Marshal Daun. The news spread through Europe like wildfire, and all her foes rose as a man against Prussia. Sweden was preparing to land a strong corps d'armée in Pomerania; the French were advancing from the Rhine under D'Estrées, and the cause of Frederick seemed utterly lost. The Russians, too, were coming up fast, although Bestucheff had been doing all in his power to delay them, in which Apraxin seconded him. But the French party, with the favourite Schuvaloff at its head, gained the day; and a tremendous engagement took place on August 30, at Grossjägerndorf, in which the Prussians were defeated. But, instead of following up his victory, Apraxin remained very quietly a fortnight near the field of battle, and then retreated to Poland. This caused great dissatisfaction at Petersburg; and though the field-marshal based his retreat on want of provisions, the excuse was not accepted at court. He was ordered to surrender the command to General Fermor, and an investigation soon proved that his retreat was occasioned by an order he had received from the Grand-Duchess Catherine through Bestucheff. The autobiography of the emperor which Herzen recently published, as well as some other documents, enable us to throw some light on this mysterious transaction.

As it seems, the grand duchess, whom her liaison with Poniatowski kept quite aloof from her husband, entertained the plan of giving the throne to her infant son, and proclaiming herself regent, so soon as the empress was deceased. In this way her husband would be entirely excluded from the throne. Some writers consider that Bestucheff suggested this plan; but, at any rate, the secret was entrusted to Apraxin. At the moment when the field-marshal invested a part of Prussia, the empress grew so much worse that her decease was expected at any moment. Hence the grand-duchess, who required troops to carry out her plans, sent Apraxin the order to return immediately. But the empress recovered, and became so strong, that Catherine and Bestucheff were forced to give up all their plans and try to keep them from detection. But the secret was already betrayed: both the Austrian envoy, Count Esterhazy, and the French ambassador, the Marquis de PHôpital, learned from their spies all that took place in Apraxin's camp, and the examination of the field-marshal soon led to discoveries which made the empress very angry with the grand-duchess, and proved fatal to Bestucheff. He was arrested, and among his papers were found the rough draft of the deposition to be signed by the grand-duke, as well as copy of a letter ordering Apraxin's retreat.

In the mean while, Fermor had advanced and occupied Königsberg,

and his imperial mistress appointed him governor-general of the whole province. On the other hand, Frederick had restored the honour of the Prussian arms by the brilliant victories of Rossbach and Lissa, and in the summer of 1758 he defeated the Russians at Zorndorf. Six weeks later, however, the surprise at Hochkirch avenged the Austrians, and a year later the combined Austrian and Russian forces gained the decisive battle of Kunersdorf. Writing to the Marquis d'Argens, Frederick says: "La paix n'est rien moins que certaine: on l'espère, on se flatte, mais voilà tout. Tout ce que je puis faire, c'est de lutter contre l'adversité: mais je ne puis ni ramener la fortune, ni diminuer le nombre de mes ennemis. Cela étant, ma position demeure la même: encore un revers et ce sera le coup de grace." Only one thing could save him, and that was the death of Elizabeth and a change in the Russian policy, and this event occurred precisely at the right moment.

Peter III. was a sworn friend of Frederick, and this was so notorious that the Saxon ambassador, Count Brühl, wrote to his court: "The King of Prussia is Emperor of Russia." A peace was immediately signed, and Peter promised Frederick eighteen thousand men to aid him against the Austrians. The king was preparing to take the field at the head of his allies, when, on the 18th July, the news arrived of the deposition of Peter. The king was not unprepared for this event, and had urged the emperor to be cautious, but he would not listen to advice; thus he said to Golts, the Prussian envoy, who warned him: "Ecoutez, si vous êtes de mes amis, ne touchez plus cette affaire, qui m'est odieuse."

The first act of the new empress was a manifesto to the people, in which she stated, among other faults committed by her husband, "that the glory of Russia, purchased by so much blood, had been obscured and trampled under foot by a peace signed with the death foe of the empire." This was, however, only a sop to Cerberus, for Catherine sent Golts, who had remained true to her husband's fortunes, a message, stating that she was determined to maintain the good understanding with his majesty of Prussia, and trusted he would avoid any measures which might thwart her views. To give effect to her words, the Russian troops were ordered to evacuate Pomerania and Prussia Proper. France then retired from the struggle, and peace was patched up between Austria and Prussia at Hubertsburg.

Frederick had passed his fiftieth year, and heartily desired peace. The seven years of continued warfare had left their traces upon him. Thus we find him writing, in March, 1763, just prior to his return to Berlin, to the Countess Camas: "Vous me trouverez vieilli et presque radoteur, gris comme mes ânes, perdant tous les jours une dent, et à demi écloppé par la goutte." The country too sadly required rest: the war, according to Frederick's own calculation, had cost it a hundred and eighty thousand soldiers and fifteen hundred officers, and but slight obedience was paid to the law. To secure this peace, however, Frederick required a powerful ally, and, after due consideration, he turned his attention to Russia. Lord Bute had played him false, by attempting to turn Peter III. against Prussia, and by signing the separate treaty with France. Austria would have been a broken reed to lean on; and though he would have liked an alliance with France, that was impossible so long as Choiseul remained at the head of affairs. Hence, he sent Count Solms to Petersburg

to ratify the treaty which Goltz had so cleverly obtained from the late emperor.

At the court of Russia intrigues were still the rule: Bestucheff had been recalled, and allied himself to the favourite Orloff. On his behalf the old statesman drew up a petition, begging the empress to marry again, as the grand-duke was of weak health, and the succession must be secured; and this petition was signed by a large number of the nobility and clergy. Catherine asked the advice of her minister Panin, who warned her of the danger of raising a subject to such a height of authority, and she gave up the scheme for the present. Bestucheff, who suggested it, was loaded with favours, so it may be presumed that it was in accordance with the wishes of the empress. At the same time, Bestucheff was bought over by the Austrian envoy, and there seemed but slight prospect of Count Solms succeeding in his mission. Fortune, however, again favoured Frederick: the King of Poland died, and Catherine was most anxious to raise to the throne her old favourite, Stanislaus Poniatowski. The empress gave her entire confidence to Panin. Bestucheff was overthrown, and the Prussian alliance was once more in the ascendant. Frederick, who maintained a constant correspondence with Catherine, urged the ratification of the treaty, and the empress immediately wrote to Panin: "Faites que l'alliance avec le roi de Prusse s'achève, sans quoi je crains que nous ne manquions notre coup." A peace was drawn up for eight years, by which, in case of either party going to war, the other must supply an auxiliary force of twelve thousand men, or in lieu of them a subsidy of 480,000 thalers annually. The secret condition was, that both powers should force the election of Poniatowski.

This alliance aroused a feeling through Europe that the two courts designed a partition of Poland, and there was possibly some reason for the suspicion. In a conversation Solms had with Panin on the 29th of December, 1763, a remark of peculiar import escaped the latter. In order to gain the king over to the empress's views with reference to Poland, and make sure of his armed assistance in case of need, Panin declared, in the name of his mistress, that Prussia would have a rich compensation for such assistance: "Il ajouta encore," Solms reports, "que Votre Majesté n'aurait pas raison de regretter d'avoir pris des engagements avec sa cour, parce que si, contre toute attente, les choses devaient venir à une grande extrémité, il me répondait que Votre Majesté aurait sa peine payée aussi bien que la Russie, et qu'on n'aurait pas travaillé pour rien. C'est une affaire, disait-il, que j'ai arrangée d'avance, mais que je ne peux expliquer que quand les choses seront plus avancées." To this insidious suggestion Frederick replied by recommending his envoy extreme caution, lest he might precipitate another European war. Still we do not find the king making any protest against the iniquity of the measure, and probably the idea germinated in his mind, to be carried out under more favourable auspices. The truth was, he could not afford to go to war just then.

Two months after the signature of the Russo-Prussian treaty, Poniatowski was crowned King of Poland. Russian troops occupied the country: money was lavished for the purpose of buying votes: a Prussian corps d'armée stood on the frontier: so what could the Poles do but acquiesce? From this moment the courts of Petersburg and Berlin were on the most

friendly terms, and vied in paying each other compliments. Frederick's advice was sought in every important matter, and he managed to keep the peace very cleverly between the haughty favourite and his own staunch friend Panin.

Still little tiffs would occur between the two courts: thus, in 1766, Frederick raised the postal and customs rates throughout his kingdom, which produced violent reclamations from the Russians. But the king remained staunch, for there was a prospect of making some money which he could not let slip. Another squabble he had with Catherine was about the mathematician Euler, whom the empress had invited to her court, and the king did not like to let him go. These annoyances drew from Frederick the following remark in a letter to Solms, which he sent through the post, in order that the Russian authorities might open and read it: "Je commence à me lasser furieusement du joug qu'on prétend m'imposer. Je me ferai un plaisir d'être l'allié des Russes; mais tant que mes yeux seront ouverts, je ne serai pas leur esclave. C'est ce que vous pouvez dire à qui le veut entendre."

Catherine was at this time engaged with her favourite scheme of combining all the Northern powers against France. Frederick, however, saw through the unfeasibility of the scheme, and explained his views very clearly to the empress. Besides, he hated Saxony so fervently, that he declared if Catherine made an alliance with that country he would break with her. To add to Catherine's annoyance at the failure of her plans, the young Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., evinced a great partiality for Frederick. Such a friendship would entirely thwart her plans, and must be prevented at any cost. Fortunately for her, dissensions in Poland came to her aid, and in 1767 a new secret treaty was drawn up between Panin and Solms, by which the king promised to declare war to the Vienna cabinet if Austrian troops entered Poland. The result was that Austria withdrew, and Russia so augmented her influence in Poland, that that country resembled a satrapy of the Czar rather than an independent kingdom.

Choiseul regarded this state of things with extreme indignation, and would have gladly declared war against Russia, but Louis XV. was much too fond of peace. All he could do was to arouse another nation against Catherine, and his choice fell upon Turkey. The Porte had an excellent reason for declaring war, in the danger to which the Danubian provinces were exposed by the concentration of Russian troops in Poland. But an opportunity soon presented itself: the Russians violated the neutrality of Turkey by pursuing some Polish rebels across the frontier, and burning the village in which they sought shelter. The Sultan declared war, and the news was received with great satisfaction in Petersburg. Not so at Berlin, for Frederick had to supply twelve thousand men, or pay 480,000 thalers per annum, according to treaty, and he decided on sacrificing the money—with a heavy heart, we may feel assured. In return for this aid, Russia guaranteed him the margraviates of Ausbach and Bayreuth, on the death of the reigning prince, who had no heirs. But this did not fully satisfy Frederick, for he did not like the idea of such territorial aggrandisement on the part of Russia as would probably result from the war. His only consolation was in the wretched state of the Russian army; and Count von Donnermark, who served as a volunteer, reported

to him, that "as there had been no recruiting since the peace, several companies were not more than forty strong. The army was not clothed: their tents and field equipments were quite ruined. But what they most needed was good officers and talented generals. The best officers had left the service in disgust, because young fellows were put over their heads who had lounged about the court for a few years as officers of the Guards."

Unfortunately, the Turkish army was in a, if possible, worse condition, and the king knew Catherine's character sufficiently well to feel that she would spare no sacrifices to gain the victory. If Russia gained any territorial increase, it was a bad prospect for Prussia. As the king himself writes: "La Prusse avait à craindre que son alliée, devenue trop puissante, ne voulût avec le temps lui imposer des lois, comme à la Pologne. Cette perspective était aussi dangereuse qu'effrayante." Hence Frederick did all in his power to prevent the war, but it was of no avail: the French ambassador at Stamboul, St. Priest, stirred the Sultan to action; while, on the other hand, Catherine was decided on war. Under these circumstances, and seeing that Austria was collecting a powerful force to prevent the advance of the Russians, Frederick hit on a scheme which would satisfy all parties, and place him in a secure position. This was nothing else than the partition of Poland, to which Panin had referred five years before. He wished Austria to aid Russia against the Turks, and receive in return the town of Leopold, while Polish Prussia would fall to his share, and Russia would take that portion which suited her best. In this way, all causes of jealousy being removed, Austria and Prussia would then help in expelling the Turks, and all could be amicably settled. To this proposition, Panin replied that Russia was quite willing to join with the two powers in expelling the Turks, and would gladly grant Prussia a compensation in Poland, and Austria in Turkey. Her own views were certainly disinterested, however; the empress could hardly govern the wide territory she already possessed, and had no desire for any augmentation. Of course, such a declaration, at the moment when Russia was clutching at the Bosphorus, rendered Frederick only the more suspicious, and he decided on observing more closely the bond of union with Austria.

Before long Frederick and Joseph II. had an interview, in which the young man declared that he would never allow Russia to occupy the Principalities, and the King of Prussia was enabled to watch the progress of the Russian arms with greater equanimity. Most amusing is the letter of congratulation old Voltaire wrote to Catherine, as the following excerpt will prove:

Votre Majesté Impériale me rend la vie en tuant les Turcs. La lettre dont Elle m'honore du 22 Septembre me fait sauter de mon lit, en criant: Allah Catharina! J'avais donc raison, j'étais plus prophète que Mahomet: Dieu et Vos troupes victorieuses m'avaient donc exaucé quand je chantaïs: Te Catharinam laudamus. Te dominam confitemur. L'ange Gabriel m'avait donc instruit de la déroute entière de l'armée ottomane, de la prise de Choczim, et m'avait montré du doigt le chemin de Yassi. Je suis réellement, Madame, au comble de la joie: je suis enchanté: je Vous remercie.

In 1770 the Porte expressed a desire for peace, and begged Frederick to act as intermediary, which he very readily did for the sake of saving

his darling thalers. But the conditions Catherine demanded were impossible, and Frederick had another interview with Joseph II. on the subject of his apprehensions. It was absolutely necessary the two German powers should form a close union "to check the swollen stream that threatened to inundate the whole of Europe." Both monarchs, therefore, urged Catherine to make peace, but it was of no avail, and Frederick was almost in despair, when a sudden change took place, which afforded him a prospect of ample compensation. The Austrians occupied a portion of Poland in 1771, and the partition was decided on. Catherine spoke very plainly to Prince Henry of Prussia on the subject so soon as the news of the Austrian occupation arrived at Petersburg, and urged that Frederick should take his share at once, before it was all swallowed up. In writing to his brother, the prince remarks: "Quoique cela n'était qu'un discours de plaisanterie, il est certain que cela n'était pas pour rien, et je ne doute pas qu'il sera très-possible que vous profitiez de cette occasion."

Frederick saw that the time had arrived, and he immediately put forward his claim to that portion of Poland which he thought necessary for the protection of his states. But an unexpected obstacle was found in the court of Austria, which would not consent to the portion. We know now that Maria Theresa was strongly opposed to it, and, at length, only reluctantly yielded to the arguments of Kaunitz. Michiels* tells us that on the deed to which she affixed her signature in adhesion, the empress wrote the following protest: "I ratify the treaty, as so many superior and wise men desire it; but when I have been dead for a long time, the consequences will be seen of a usurpation which wounds every principle regarded as sacred and just." But before Austria consented to the partition, she attempted every possible intrigue to prevent her new allies in iniquity profiting by the division. At one moment she massed troops in Hungary, as if prepared to defend Poland against the new invaders; at another, her internuncio at Constantinople tried to form a secret treaty with the Porte, by which Austria promised to restore him his territory as he held it before the war, in consideration of ten million piastres.

But it was all of no avail: Austria had started on the path of wrongdoing, and the other two powers were resolved on having their share of the spoil. Frederick, as usual, suggested a scheme by which to keep Austria quiet. He writes to Solms: "Supposé que les Autrichiens trouvaissent leur portion en Pologne trop faible en comparaison de la nôtre, et qu'on voulût les satisfaire, il n'y aurait qu'à leur offrir cette lisière de l'Etat de Venise qui les coupe de Trieste, pour les mettre en repos, et quand même ils feraient les méchants, je vous réponds sur ma tête que notre union bien constituée avec la Russie les fera passer par tout ce que nous voudrons." We see, from this instance, that the cool way in which Lombardy was recently tossed from one emperor to another, was no novelty in diplomacy.

The great hitch in the business was, however, the future destiny of the Danubian Principalities. Catherine had proposed that they should be independent, but to this Austria objected, for that court considered that any weakening of Turkey must be avoided, while the separation of the Principalities would only allow Russia to exert a decided influence

* Secret History of the Austrian Government. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

over them. We almost fancy we are writing of the Crimean war, when we find that a hundred years ago the same apprehensions were entertained as to the spread of Russian influence in Eastern Europe. At length, Frederick induced Catherine to give way, and she consented to restore the Principalities to Turkey, and only demanded a pecuniary compensation. This caused universal joy in Vienna. Frederick writes : " On vit pour la première fois paraître le Prince Kaunitz avec un visage serein : son astuce et son orgueil s'humanisèrent, les esprits se calmèrent, et l'inquiétude et la jalousie que les grands succès des Russes avaient données à la Cour Impériale disparurent du moment qu'elle n'eut plus à craindre d'avoir cette puissance pour voisine de ses états."

In January, 1772, Kaunitz consented to the partition, and the fate of Poland was decided.

We think we have shown, then, that Frederick has been unjustly accused of having suggested the spoliation, although we are afraid we cannot acquit him of taking his share very readily. In the words of Cowper :

He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan,
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

The worst was that, having once joined Russia in such an act of spoliation, Prussia could never interfere afterwards, but allowed her to carry on her ambitious schemes almost without a protest. From that period Russia had an accomplice whom she has ever since kept bound hand and foot to her interests.

A DECADE OF ITALIAN WOMEN.*

PREVIOUS works have amply proved Mr. Trollope's peculiar qualifications for undertaking one like the present,—so rarely conversant has he shown himself, in repeated and diversified instances, with Italian history and literature, life and character, customs and manners. To habits of diligent inquiry he unites a reflective turn of mind, and a resolve of seeing things with his own eyes, and judging them by his own lights, laughing at whatever he thinks ludicrous in them, and exposing, without any daintiness of reserve, what he takes to be hollow and fallacious, mischievous or effete. Not incapable of hero and heroine-worship, neither is he inexpert at iconoclasm. Hearty in his admirations, when once they are fairly evoked, he is also addicted to irony in no dribbling measure, but can deal it out wholesale when occasion requires, on Pope or Kaiser, Guelf or Ghibelin, princess or podesta, statesman or saint.

Mr. Trollope regards the degree in which any social system has succeeded in ascertaining woman's proper position, and in putting her into it, as a very accurate test of the progress it has made in civilisation. And there are not wanting, he thinks, in the great storehouse of history,

* A Decade of Italian Women. By T. Adolphus Trollope, Author of "The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici." Two Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

certain periods, individuals, and manifestations of social life, which may be cited in favour of the notion, that better things have been, as regards woman's position and possibilities, than are now. "There are, painted on the slides of Mnemosyne's magic lanthorn," as he expresses it, "certain brilliant and captivating figures, which are apt to lead those who are disgusted with the smoke and reek of the Phoenix-burning going on around them, to suppose that the social conditions which produced such, may have been less far from the true path than our present selves. Nay, more. There have been constellations of such stars, quite sufficiently numerous to justify the conclusion, that the circumstances of the time at which they appeared were in their nature calculated to produce them.

We must refer to Mr. Trollope's own pages those who would see how he disposes of the question which remains, whether these brilliant types of womanhood, so attractive as subjects of study, and so curiously illustrative of the social history of their times, are on the whole such as should lead us to conclude, that the true path of progress would be found to lead towards social conditions of a kind likely to reproduce them. Not unnoticed, however, must be his disavowal of all intention to dogmatise, or even indulge in speculations on "the woman's question." On the contrary, in endeavouring to set before the reader what he calls his little cabinet of types of womanhood, he has abstained from all attempt at pointing any moral of the sort. The wish to do so, he justly enough asserts, is too dangerously apt to lead one to assimilate one's portrait less carefully to the original than to a pattern figure conceived for the purpose of illustrating a theory.

Reckoning from the birth of the first fair one in his Decade to the decease of the tenth, four centuries and a half are comprised in these Memoirs: St. Catherine of Siena being born in 1347, when Petrarch and Boccaccio were writing, and Dante had recently written,—and La Corilla, who closes the procession, having died in 1800, which year is not even yet, we believe, an unquestioned perquisite of either the eighteenth or nineteenth century—so obstinate and ever-recurrent is the character of border warfare.

The following "types of womanhood," then, are embodied successively in these variegated pages. The canonised Saint, that most extraordinary product, as Mr. Trollope regards the matter, of the "ages of faith," highly interesting as a social, and perhaps more so still as a psychological phenomenon: represented by the Sienese dyer's daughter, miracle-working Saint Catherine. Another Catherine follows, who, as "the feudal Châtelaine," one of the most remarkable results of the feudal system, is offered as a suggestive study of woman in man's place: this is Caterina Sforza, who suddenly passed (p. 263) from a life teeming with movement, activity, danger, pains, pleasures, and vicissitudes, to the dead tranquillity of a secure cloister cell. Then comes Vittoria Colonna, described by Mr. Trollope as "the high-born and highly-educated Princess of a somewhat less rude day, whose inmost spiritual nature was so profoundly and injuriously modified by her social position." These three have a volume to themselves.

A second volume includes the seven Representative Women that remain. First, my lord cardinal's daughter, Tullia d'Aragnona, "the brilliant literary denizen of 'La Bohème.'" Then, Olympia Morata, here called the equally brilliant but large-hearted and high-minded

daughter of the people, whose literary intimacies were made compatible with the strictest feminine propriety, and whom no princely connexions, lay and ecclesiastical, prevented from daring to think and to speak her thought, and to meet with brave heart the consequences of so doing. Next, Isabella Andreini, the popular actress, born a year or two before Shakspeare,—“again a daughter of the people, and again in that, as is said, perilous walk in life, a model of correct conduct in the midst of loose-lived princesses.” Bianca Cappello is presented as the nobly-born adventuress, “every step in whose extraordinary *excelsior* progress was an advance in degradation and infamy,”—that is to say, that the higher she rose the lower she sunk,—an unpleasing perversion of *Excelsior*, and abused Art of Bathos—“and whose history, in showing us court life behind the scenes, brings us among the worst company of any that the reader’s varied journey will call upon him to fall in with.” To her succeeds that “Pope Joan rediva,” Olympia Pamfili, “the equally nobly-born, and almost equally worthless woman, who shows us that wonderful and instructive phenomenon, the Queen of a papal court.” The penultimate decimal, so to speak, of the fair fractions who compose this Decade, is Elisabetta Sirani, the short-lived (1638-65) and humbly-born artist, “admirable for her successful combination in perfect compatibility of all the duties of the home and studio.” And last of all appears *La Corilla*, as Maria Maddalena Morelli came to be called, who is here put forth as the “poor representative of the effeteness of that social system which had produced the foregoing types, the net result, as may be said, of the national passage through the various phases illustrated by them.” Forgotten as “the divine Corilla” of the eighteenth century is, and, by her biographer’s admission, in no wise worthy of being remembered on any other ground, she was “the quintessential product and expression of the literary life of her time [1740-1800] and country.” She was actually crowned at the Capitol in Rome in the year 1776—three predecessors only having been honoured with this coronation ceremony; Petrarch, to wit, Tasso, and a certain Perfetti, who, poor man (for once he was one), seems to be even more dead-and-gone, were the comparison no solecism, than the *improvisatrice* and pet *pastorella* of Rome’s Mild Arcadians, *not ever* blooming, Corilla Olympica.

Such are the elect Ten. And they are all presented by our author as curiously distinct manifestations of womanhood,—his prefatory pages on them closing with the remark, that if any measure of success has been attained in the endeavour to represent them duly surrounded by the social environment which produced them, while they helped to fashion it, some contribution will have been made to a right understanding of woman’s nature, and of the true road towards her more completely satisfactory social development. Without at present offering an opinion as to “the true road,” whither it wends, or who they be that travel by it, we may be allowed to congratulate Mr. Trollope on his success in depicting the “social environment” which encompassed his several heroines,—his minutely picturesque descriptions of which constitute, in fact, the most attractive and valuable feature of the work. The volumes are almost unique in this respect, such is their fulness of detail, their large employment of accessories, and effective introduction of background and side-scenes.

GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE CODE WAS INTERPRETED.

No special messenger was required to inform the authorities of Amiens of the arrest at the Coq d'Or. When such events happen the news travels faster than the fleetest post, and so from mouth to mouth it flew till it reached the ears of the mayor, the préfet, the sous-préfet, and all who were interested—or not—in the preservation of order.

Monsieur Sautereau, the Mayor—a man not equal to emergencies nor accustomed to think for himself—felt greatly embarrassed by the intelligence, and, according to his wont, appealed to his Premier-adjoint for advice.

Monsieur Claquedents, quite in his element, cited the Code.

The case, he said, was clear. The king had attempted to govern despotically, thereby violating the charter and placing himself in the position of a criminal. What said the 91st Article of the Penal Code, Livre III., Chapitre I., Section II.? “The crime which has for its object to excite to civil war, by arming, or causing citizens to take up arms, against each other, shall be punished by death.” True, the King had abdicated the throne, but such abdication did not absolve him from the consequences of his previous acts. Else, wherefore had he fled, with all his family, from Paris? That circumstance was of itself sufficient to declare his criminality: the criminality, likewise, of all who had aided and abetted him in endeavouring to subvert the law, to which category naturally belonged the aforesaid members of his family. This case was also provided for Livre II., Chapitre unique, Article 59: “The accomplices in a crime or offence shall be subject to the same punishment as the authors of the said crime or offence.” And, again, Article 60: “Shall be punished as accomplices all those who, by abuse of authority or of power, have provoked to the committal of any crime or offence.” So much for the delinquent now in Amiens. Monsieur le Maire would perceive that the Code had given him full power to act in this matter.

All this was, without doubt, very much to the purpose, but emphatically as the law was laid down by the Premier-adjoint, the mayor's embarrassment rather increased than diminished. The ominous words just quoted implied a fearful amount of responsibility in whoever should direct their application. If it had been an ordinary prisoner, the mayor might have screwed his courage to the sticking place, but here was a royal personage in question, and his republicanism, unlike the fiery democracy of Monsieur Claquedents, was only a day old; whereas he had been a Louis Philippiste all his official life, the Legion of Honour which blushed in his

button-hole had been given him by the dethroned monarch:—Monsieur Sautereau, in fact, was too little of a politician to decide upon the proper course, and, in spite of the Premier-adjoint's representations, he hesitated to give the order for removing the Duchess de Nemours from her place of refuge.

The discussion would, of course, have ended in the triumph of zeal over timidity, but while the subject was still under debate a change took place in the state of affairs, the Provisional Government in Paris having sent an order to the *Préfets* of Departments to offer no opposition to the departure from France of any of the royal family.

If the knowledge of this decree was a heavy blow to Monsieur Claquedents, it greatly relieved the mind of his superior, for whose interference, to the prejudice of his feelings, there was now no occasion. The worthy mayor trusted, moreover, that he should not be called upon to sit in judgment on the two prisoners whose examination had been postponed, but here he was strenuously opposed by the Premier-adjoint.

"If," said that didactic functionary, "the lenity of the Provisional Government suffers the Duchess to go at large, I make no comment; such lenity may be an error or the reverse; it suffices for me that it has been extended by the supreme authority. But"—and here he assumed a strikingly forensic attitude, beholding which Monsieur Sautereau was greatly troubled, for he knew by experience what it foreboded—"in issuing this order the Provisional Government never contemplated the manumission of a falsificator of passports, those sacred documents which protect the well-intentioned whithersoever they travel!"

These hard words caused Monsieur Sautereau to groan in spirit, but he subdued all outward signs of disquiet, while the Premier-adjoint continued:

"In the passport of this Englishman it is distinctly set forth that he is accompanied by 'Madame son épouse.' We now know to whom that designation referred, and of the person so described I shall say nothing: she, perhaps, may not have known what was there written, but no such ignorance can be alleged on the part of her companion; he, at all events, was aware that the lady he travelled with was not his wife; the title was surreptitiously introduced, and seeing that thereby the provisions of the Penal Code—*Livre III., Chapitre II., Section L., Paragraph V.*, which says, 'Whoever in a passport shall take or use a feigned name . . . '—have been violated, I demand that the punishment for that offence—to wit, 'imprisonment for a period of three months to one year'—be applied to the Englishman Garnay."

"But," pleaded the Mayor to his inexorable officer, "he may yet have a wife."

Monsieur Claquedents justified his paternal appellation—his teeth chattered with anger, as he replied:

"If he have fifty wives, it is the same to me: the identical wife is absent. There is a contravention of the law."

"The driver of the *patache*," observed the Mayor, "who is a native of Amiens, and had been away from the city only two days, he, at any rate, must be innocent of the falsification."

"I am not sure of that," returned the Premier-adjoint; "in all plots there are ramifications."

"Well," said the Mayor, with a sigh, "if we must go through this business again, so be it! In the mean time, however, the Duchess must be released. I myself will perform the agreeable duty of informing her royal highness."

"The French Republic," said Monsieur Claquedents, with asperity, "recognises no titles of honour. All its citizens are equal. The family of the ex-king have ceased to be other than simple individuals."

"She is at least a lady in distress," was the Mayor's reply, as he put on his cocked-hat and settled his tricolored scarf in the most becoming manner, and, these adjustments made, summoned the brigadier in waiting, with whom he left the Mairie, Monsieur Claquedents slowly following.

There was a great crowd assembled in the Rue des Tripes, every one giving utterance to some strong political opinion with reference to the illustrious prisoner, nor were their voices altogether hushed when Monsieur Sautereau made his appearance. They made way for him, however, several of them shouting, "Vive Monsieur le Maire!" while others exclaimed, "A bas les royalistes!" with the inevitable corollary, "Vive la République!" In default of a cry on his own particular account, the Premier-adjoint took upon himself to smile and bow for the "One and Indivisible;" and so smiling and bowing, he passed on.

Various were the speculations amongst the crowd as to the result of this visit. Some said that the Duchess would be brought forth and led direct to the place of execution; others, less sanguinary in their conclusions, postponed the execution for the present, but did not hesitate to affirm that she would be taken to the Conciergerie; while a few, who had ears for the quick whisper that travels so fast and relates facts no one knows how ascertained, remarked, with the customary "bah!" which accuses of idiocy all to whom it is addressed, that nothing would come of it—that the Duchess would be set free; but though they said so with confidence, their grim looks threw a doubt over the statement, as if such bad news could not possibly be true.

As we have seen, however, it was true enough, and when the multitude became assured of the fact, an expression of gloom and discontent lowered upon every face,—so hard is it to forego the enjoyment of a victim. In this dangerous mood men often take that which is denied them, and such might have chanced in this instance, but for the approach of a squadron of cavalry despatched by the Préfet with his own carriage in which the Duchess was to be conveyed to the frontier. But there were no popular wrongs to avenge in Amiens, and when all that was done was executed in the name of the Republic, no motive existed for a collision with the troops. The people, therefore, sulkily fell back on either side, and the carriage, with its escort, drew up at the door of the Coq d'Or, the incredulous still persisting in predicting a sinister fate for its destined occupant.

Presently she made her appearance, pale but calm, her beauty heightened by a sense of danger which she felt was near, but which, if it actually threatened, she was fully prepared to meet.

On the threshold she turned to utter a few words of kindness to Madame Lalouette and Marie, pressing into the hand of the latter the purse which her brother had refused. She also addressed the Mayor, and

the Premier-adjoint, who listened eagerly, thought, though she spoke in a very low voice, that he overheard the name of "Gurney"—a name that for more than one reason had become quite hateful to his ears. Indeed, he felt convinced he was right when the Mayor made answer :

"Be persuaded, Madame, that no harm will befall him. The Republic knows how to respect a chivalrous action."

The Duchess bowed, and then, accepting Monsieur Sautereau's offered arm, advanced to the carriage, her eyes ranging through the crowd with a smile on her lips wherever a glance met hers. Her grace and firmness had their reward : not a voice was raised against her, the sullen smoothed their brows, and the cheerful bade God bless her, and at a rapid rate the postilions guided their horses towards the Porte St. Pierre, which opens on the road to Brussels.

Monsieur Claquedents watched the carriage till it turned the corner : then his eye fell on the Mayor of Amiens.

"We shall see," he muttered, "who wears that scarf this time six months." Then, addressing his principal, he said aloud :

"With your permission, Monsieur le Maire, the case of those prisoners must now be gone into."

CHAPTER IX.

FAMILY HISTORY.

HUBERT GURNEY, the Englishman whose fortunes were, for the moment, associated with those of fallen royalty, had just entered his twenty-fifth year. He was the only surviving son of Sir Richard Gurney, a Sussex baronet, the seventh in descent from the ancestor on whom the title had been conferred for services to the royal cause in the civil war between Charles the First and the Parliament. The founder of the house was of French origin, but possession, for three hundred years, of the Loxwood estates had so far identified the Gurneys with the county in which they dwelt, that not to look upon them as an old English family was an idea which never entered into people's minds. The present baronet, a very proud man, fully appreciated his local standing, and took care on all occasions to claim the precedence due to the early creation of the family dignity ; but he lost no occasion of making it known, when comparative rank was the subject, that the branch of the Gurneys of which he was the head descended from a noble Norman *souche*, of which also he was the sole representative. That his English ancestors should have illustrated themselves as firm adherents of the divine right of kings, during many successive reigns, was naturally a cause for self-gratulation ; but Sir Richard derived a much higher satisfaction from the tradition that his French forefathers had fought beneath the *Oriflamme*, and won the golden *besants* on their shield in the wars of Palestine. Coat-armour was, accordingly, his *forte*—some, perhaps, might think the reverse—and on gateways, windows, and panelled walls at Loxwood Abbey, were carved and emblazoned the heraldic achievements of which he was so proud, together with the trusting motto of "*Der Apde*," which Sir Richard delighted to point out as one of the proofs of the antiquity of his line.

Unlike the majority of those who, if Irish, always come of royal race,

if Welsh or Scottish from chieftains with names equally obnoxious to pronunciation, and if English from parties that came over with the Conqueror, the Sussex Gurneys had had the good luck never to deteriorate their fortunes. On the contrary, they always went on acquiring, from the day when their Norman predecessor managed, by a process of which he only knew the secret, to settle in England a richer man than when he lived in his native country. That particular Gurney brought over, not parchments only, but much gold and "vaisselle," and jewels of price in his coffers, and so he secured a substantial position in the land of his adoption. Whether usury or merchant-ventures were the means by which he added to his store, cannot, at this distance of time, be correctly ascertained; but this much is certain—that his name was known alike in court and city, and that, wherever known, it was always to his worldly advantage. One so situated, with friends in power and money in purse, did not find it difficult to acquire, on easy terms, the broad meads which once yielded their revenues to a spoliated Church, and thus to take his place among the landed gentry of England. So he restored the old walls of Loxwood, and died within them, if not in the very odour of sanctity, at all events in the possession of riches, a condition to which some people profanely give the preference. The son and successor of this thrifty man, more piously disposed than his father, and less inclined to trim his sails to suit every wind that blew, made open avowal of the Roman Catholic faith, and persisted in it under circumstances which, for a period, threatened serious peril to life and property; but the cloud passed away with the exaction of certain fines, and of the pains and penalties incurred the memory remained as a kind of martyrdom to confirm the Gurneys in the practice of the old religion.

They had not, of course, been exempt, in their generation, from the vicissitudes to which all mortals are subject, and the Gurneys could deplore the existence of the wrong-headed baronet, who damaged the family estates when he followed James the Second into exile, and parted with his money—on different terms from his ancestor—to the members of the little court of Saint Germain; of the speculating baronet, who burnt his fingers in the South Sea bubble; and of the spendthrift baronet, who cut down so much timber at Loxwood to pay his faro debts, when Walpole and Caroline ruled the realm of England. But these regrets had been only the *amari aliquid* in a cup unusually full of sweets, for if wrong-headedness, ill-advised speculation, and profligate folly, had in their turn wrought mischief, there was the subsequent set-off of much worldly prudence and several wealthy marriages, by which the mistakes and expenses of the past were more than rectified: so that it came to this—that when Sir Richard Gurney, the seventh baronet, flourished at Loxwood Abbey, he was considered, by those who gave themselves credit for knowing something of the matter, the richest commoner in the county.

To remain a commoner was not absolutely Sir Richard's desire. He had himself married an earl's daughter—more than once the Gurney blood had mingled with the purest stream of England's nobility—Catholic emancipation had freed him from political disabilities—he had wide territorial influence, a quality not without value in a Minister's eyes—and money to support his rank being in abundance, he felt that a Peerage

was his due, and for a Peerage he played his game. Nor for this alone. Of several sons and daughters one child only remained—the young man whose acquaintance, under a not very promising aspect, we have already made. The heir to thirty thousand a year, the inheritor of an eventual peerage, the destined monopolist of the glories of all the Gurneys—the second Sir Richard, in fact—must make the best marriage in the kingdom. For this purpose Sir Richard believed that chiefly his son was born; on this subject he perpetually declaimed, admitting no other possible view of the question. How far he impressed his son with the same ideas remains to be seen, but up to the period of Hubert Gurney's introduction here, the master passion had never been awakened in his bosom, and an indifferent acquiescence in his father's plans seemed to promise their undisturbed success.

Not that indifference was by any means a feature of Hubert Gurney's nature. There were few intellectual pursuits into which he did not enter, few bodily recreations which he did not heartily enjoy. Certain tendencies also were strong within him—notably that which the Gurneys had ever made an article of their political faith. The loyalty which had caused their advancement in the days of the Roundheads survived in those of the Radicals, Hunt and Cobbett being the equivalents, in Sir Richard's estimation, for Iretton and Bradshaw. Hubert Gurney did not go the same length as his father with respect to these historical personages, but he was no less a supporter of kingly authority, which may, in some degree, account for the position he occupied at Amiens. Other causes, however, concurred.

Amongst those whom Sir Richard Gurney numbered with his kindred was an aunt by his father's side, an ancient lady verging on her hundredth year, whose long life had in every way manifested her absolute opinions. Married early to a nobleman of large estate who had no will but hers, and widowed in her maturity with none to control her acts or interfere with the disposal of her late husband's property, Margaret, Countess of Southborough, was one whom many looked up to with respect, but more with awe. To be so very old and so very rich, to retain the possession of all her faculties, and to have a temper which nobody with any regard for personal comfort would care to thwart, were points which secured this demonstration of the popular sentiment towards her, and very few, notwithstanding his pride, demonstrated in the popular sense more than Sir Richard Gurney. However rich he might be, his aunt's wealth would make him richer, and if this were not a sufficient reason for subservience, Sir Richard would have been puzzled to find a better. He had cultivated Lady Southborough's good will by his most profound devotion, but as she showed no symptoms of decay—rather threatening, indeed, to outlive him—his own proper gain had not been great; for which cause, and with stronger hope, he cultivated her through his son, to whom the ancient lady took a great fancy. While a fine, spirited boy, Hubert Gurney, having elder brothers then, passed much of his time at Southborough Castle; and after their deaths, when he had grown a handsome young man, he constantly visited his aunt, who ceased not to call him her favourite nephew. The tone of her society lent consequently something of its character to the predilections he had already formed.

In the forgotten days which preceded the first French revolution,

Lady Southborough, then plain Margaret Gurney, had been sent to a convent in Paris, where her education—such an education as was given at that time—was completed. The companionship by which she then profited, and the French society in which she mingled until the period of her marriage, connected her in an intimate degree not only with the *faubourg*, but with various members of the French royal family; and the fortunes of that family were the loadstar of Lady Southborough—apart from her own interests—throughout the rest of her life. The waves of that fearful sea which rose to its height during the Reign of Terror swept away many that were dear to her—wafted many also to her doors where, sooth to say, hospitality was never denied them. The Restoration came, and, one by one, the old friends fell through the gaps in the bridge of life, Lady Southborough remaining alone to tell of what the royalty and nobility of the *ancien régime* consisted. On her last visit to France she had still seen a Bourbon on the throne, but if age had not afterwards kept her away, the revolution which brought in the House of Orleans—Bourbon still, but tainted by the acts of *Egalité*—would have prevented her from going there again. A staunch legitimist, Lady Southborough beheld in Louis Philippe merely the *locum tenens* of Henri Cinq, till the day—which she fully expected—when France would declare in favour of her rightful sovereign, and if she consented to tolerate the existing ruler, it was only, she said, “on account of that respectable person his wife.”

While Hubert Gurney remained in England he participated in his aunt's opinions, but when he went himself to France those opinions became greatly modified. He then saw that the *faubourg* was effete, the Comte de Chambord a nullity, and that the country had no desire to witness the restoration of either. He might, perhaps, have seen more than this, but being brought into contact with the reigning family, and admitted to share in the social pleasures of Neuilly and Compiègne, all the prejudices vanished which had previously operated on his mind, and his sympathy for French royalty centred without reserve in the junior branch.

That sympathy he signally evinced when the fatal days of February arrived, and Louis Philippe, stricken with fear, abdicated and fled, a like fear, and no unreasonable one, dispersing all who belonged to him—the courageous Helena of Orleans alone excepted. On the first intimation of revolt, Hubert Gurney hastened to the Tuileries. In the absence of the princes, who were prepared personally to face every danger, with confusion paramount and no one in authority to order or advise, the offer of his services was eagerly and thankfully accepted. The protection of an English gentleman was a safe-conduct of the surest kind. Hubert Gurney speedily obtained the necessary passport, and it fell to his lot to escort the Duchess de Nemours from Paris. That he did not succeed in conveying her to the coast, and that he was himself prevented from continuing his journey, was owing, as we have seen, to the irrepressible patriotism of Monsieur Claquedents.

CHAPTER X.

CURIOSITY EXCITED.

ONCE more, but not to remain there long, we return to the Mairie of Amiens.

On his way thither Monsieur Sautereau resolved that, for once in his life, he would act in opposition to the Premier-adjoint. It was a point of honour that he should keep his word with the Duchess, and, though he did not fathom the designs of Monsieur Claquedents, the overbearing manner of that functionary filled him with disgust.

Accordingly, when the prisoners were again brought before him, the Mayor, interrupting a set speech which his officer was just beginning, informed them both of his intention to restore them to liberty. Against Louis Lalouette, he said, no offence had been proved—and with respect to the Englishman—whose name, after the Premier-adjoint's failures, he did not venture to pronounce—he observed that though there was irregularity in the course he had adopted, a magnanimous justice (even Monsieur Sautereau's style had a touch of the national inflation) would not visit upon a foreigner a breach of the law originating in a sentiment which was respected by all true Frenchmen. The gentleman was free, therefore, to depart, on giving his promise that he would confine his attention to his own affairs; and to obviate any motive for refusal, the Mayor added that the lady whom he had escorted to Amiens was already on her way to the Belgian frontier.

It would be difficult to describe the rage which consumed the Premier-adjoint on hearing these words! Not only had he thirsted for a victim, but the desire to make himself famous was hot within him, and there he sat, like the poet's arch-fiend—

Frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd and greedy yet to kill,

—that is to say, particularly anxious to do something to somebody in the name of the Republic which should do that person a great deal of harm and himself a vast amount of good,—that being the way in which it pleased him to strike the balance. It was unlucky that he should have been disappointed, but the Republic just then was in a forgiving vein, elate with victory, and not yet disturbed by mistrust. Monsieur Claquedents's luminous, though somewhat ferocious, interpretation of The Code was, consequently, all thrown away, and Mr. Gurney and Louis departed without scath, the former having readily agreed to the Mayor's conditions.

There was, in fact, nothing else left for him to do, for soon learning all that had happened, he could not—royalist as he was—avoid the conclusion that the paladin who has nobody to fight for had better sheathe his sword and betake himself to some peaceful occupation. Whether he should go on to England or return to Paris was a matter on which Hubert had not quite made up his mind, and pending his decision he accepted the proposal of Louis Lalouette to make the Coq d'Or his temporary place of abode, being sorely in need both of rest and refreshment.

Of the way in which Louis rushed into his father's arms, how each saluted the other on both cheeks, how he more tenderly embraced his mother, and how—according to the immemorial custom of Frenchmen, whether on or off the stage, in real life or in novels—he deposited a chaste fraternal kiss on the candid forehead of his adored sister, it is unnecessary to speak. Whoever has witnessed the mutual greetings of a French family, even when nothing more serious is on the *tapis* than a departure by *diligence* to return next day, may readily comprehend the scene at the Coq d'Or when Louis arrived there with Hubert Gurney.

But as emotions subside with no less rapidity in France than the froth of their own champagne, and as business is business all the world over, Monsieur Lalouette speedily merged the father in the innkeeper, and requested to be honoured by the stranger's commands.

These shaped themselves into a request for breakfast or dinner, either or both in one, for he had eaten nothing that day, and—as he thought of remaining for the night in Amiens—the best bedroom of the Coq d'Or.

Jean Lalouette replied that everything the house contained was at the service of Monsieur, and bestirred himself so actively that in a very short time Hubert had ample means of satisfying the sharpest appetite. The meal was further recommended by the conversation of the lively innkeeper, who, having a great deal to say on all occasions, was not likely to be silent at a moment like the present.

"Yes," he said, in answer to Hubert's first question, "he might be content, the lady was in perfect safety; he had himself seen her depart in the Préfet's own carriage, and then there was the word given of Monsieur Sautereau, the Mayor, who was an honest man, whatever those might be who were about him. He said nothing to the disparagement of anybody, but if Monsieur le Premier-adjoint interfered less with the public business, he, for one, should feel better pleased. Some people, however, got the worst of it by interfering. Had Monsieur remarked a crooked little man in court that day? Very likely not! Such a person was unworthy of notice; moreover, he was so short he could not well be seen where Monsieur was standing. Well, it was through that person the lady had been discovered. Nicolas Fâcheux was fond of making discoveries! Perhaps some day he might make one discovery too many—who could tell! And Monsieur was English? That was strange, considering he had a French name! Monsieur smiled; but he had heard the address of the Premier-adjoint. Besides, he knew the name too well!"

"Indeed!" said Hubert. "May I ask how you became acquainted with it?"

"Oh, that is easily told," answered Jean Lalouette. "I myself was born and brought up at Gournay."

"That is the name of a place, then?"

"And of a family, too, Monsieur. A very old family! The château of my former master, Monsieur de Gournay, is one of the most ancient in Normandy."

"After all," said Hubert, half speaking to himself, "the name still exists. It would be curious if we came from a common stock! How far off is Gournay?"

"Only a day's journey, in the *putache*."

Hubert smiled again, as if the remembrance of that vehicle made the question of distance uncertain.

"Does Monsieur de Gournay live there now?" he continued.

"I wish he did, Monsieur," replied Jean Lalouette.

"Dead, then?"

"Oh no, thank God, not dead, but gone away, Monsieur."

"And without the intention of returning?"

"I am afraid so; for the château and estates have passed into other hands."

"How was that?" asked Hubert, beginning to take an interest in the subject.

Thereupon Jean Lalouette repeated, with comments of his own, those passages in the history of Monsieur de Gournay with which the reader is already acquainted, adding to it the renewed expression of his regret that he had gone away without leaving any clue to his present place of abode.

"Monsieur de Gournay, you say, is a widower with an only daughter? How old is she?"

"Barely eighteen, Monsieur: the same age, in fact, as my daughter Marie, who was here just now."

"And as pretty?"

"As to that, Monsieur, Marie is very well in her way. I am not the person to deny that she is good-looking, but when one speaks of Mademoiselle de Gournay it is quite another thing. She is of a ravishing beauty! Tall, Monsieur, and straight as an arrow! I have never seen a lady so tall and yet so graceful. Her hair and eyes are dark—as dark, Monsieur, as it is possible to be, and so are the lovely eyelashes which sweep over her beautiful cheek—a cheek, Monsieur, that is of the colour of ivory. Then her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen, and when you hear her voice, Monsieur, you seem to wish that she would talk for ever."

"An unusual wish," said Hubert, laughing, as a recollection of Lady Southborough crossed his thoughts. "Why, you speak of the young lady as if you were in love with her!"

"Well I may, Monsieur, and so may all who know her, for she is as gentle and good as she is beautiful."

"And does the father resemble the daughter?"

"In disposition, yes, Monsieur. In person, without doubt, the likeness of Mademoiselle Bianca to her mother is most striking, though Monsieur de Gournay was once a very handsome man. But when one has buried a wife and two sons, and lost a fortune, too, grey hairs generally take the place of black ones, and looks change for the worse. Monsieur de Gournay's heart, however, has never altered: that is as kind as ever. How kind and generous all who were dependent on him had good reason to know."

Hubert sighed. What a pity such a man's fortunes should have fallen into decay! A man with such a charming daughter! Pursuing the train of thought which Jean Lalouette's words had awakened, he asked if there was no one who knew where Monsieur de Gournay had gone?

The innkeeper suspected that Monsieur de Gournay's late intendant,

who still resided on the estate, could give the information if he liked, though he, Jean Lalouette, had asked for it in vain, and, indeed, he had nearly quarrelled with him on that account.

"However," said Jean Lalouette, gaily, "you know the French proverb, Monsieur: 'In the end everything is known;' and I dare say I shall get at the way, sooner or later, of finding Monsieur de Gournay. Will Monsieur permit me to ask him if he has any intention of going to see the château?"

"I confess," replied Hubert, "that, after what you have said, combined with certain fancies of my own, I did entertain the notion of asking your son to drive me over, for, as he knows the place, his services would be more useful than those of a stranger. I want to see him also, to acquit my debt towards him. Will you send him to me?"

"At present," said Jean Lalouette, with a sly expression, "I am afraid that is not possible. Louis is gone on an affair of great importance, and perhaps he may be detained some time."

"Is it a serious matter?"

"Why, look you, Monsieur. That great lady is the cause. Louis has been engaged for some time to a pretty girl here, in Amiens, Phrosyne Santerre, who lives hard by. Not knowing who the lady was, and seeing Louis alone with her, she took it into her head to be jealous, and that in part led to the search for, and discovery of, the Duchess. He went out to make his peace with Phrosyne soon after you came in, and she must be a harder hearted girl than I imagine if she sends him away unsatisfied."

Later in the day Hubert learnt from the young man himself that his explanation had proved satisfactory: he had, in fact, gained something by the *contretemps*: Phrosyne, in her relenting mood, having at last consented to fix a day for their marriage. Having congratulated Louis on his prospects, Hubert—in whom the desire to visit the Château de Gournay had increased the more he recurred to his conversation with Jean Lalouette—made an arrangement for the excursion next day, and then retired for the night.

Tired as he was he did not rest well, for which there were several reasons. In the first place, the events of the day occupied his thoughts; then, the outline sketched by the innkeeper of the De Gournay family kept him awake; and, finally, sleep was for some time prevented by a series of dismal groans, which seemed to come from the chamber adjoining the room in which he slept. It was a voice of lamentation, but there was no articulate sound, and had Hubert been superstitious he might have fancied that the Coq d'Or was haunted. As French ghosts, however, are scarce objects, he came to the more natural conclusion that the owner of the voice was suffering, probably, from having assisted with too much patriotic devotion at some republican banquet. Lulled by this idea he at last fell asleep, and dreamt—how arbitrary dreams are—of the unknown Bianca de Gournay.

A GLANCE AT PASSING EVENTS.

If he who now sits on the throne of France and rules the destinies of Italy be not one of whom it may absolutely be said that he "keeps the word of promise to our ear and breaks it to our hope," it cannot be denied that he has always in store a series of the most startling surprises. To attempt, on any principle of ordinary calculation, to anticipate his acts, or to derive an obvious meaning from his words, is, in French parlance, to occupy oneself *à battre l'eau*, an employment in which you have only your trouble for your pains. When Louis Napoleon declared (must we again repeat his words?) that Italy was to be free to the shores of the Adriatic, who could have supposed that he meant to pause in the mid-career of victory and shake hands with his defeated antagonist? When he proclaimed at Villafranca that the expelled rulers of Tuscany, of Parma, and of Modena were to be restored, *bon gré, mal gré*, to their respective duchies, how were we to infer that the only means of restoring them—the opposition of their former subjects being avowed—were not to be employed? Day by day this opposition has grown stronger; every hour since the cessation of the war has been devoted by the people of Central Italy to consolidate their union with Piedmont; the Oracle at the Tuileries has uttered the most hopeful words, and yet the settlement of the question appears to those unskilled in the solution of political conundrums to be as remote as ever! The dead-lock at Zurich—may we not extend it to Biarritz?—is comparable only to the situation in "The Rehearsal," where Whiskerandos lies at the mercy of the two uncles, and the uncles themselves are at the mercy of their respective nieces; but only so far comparable that the comparison fails when we attempt to conjecture in whose name all the hostile parties are to be commanded to "let fall their swords and daggers." In the case of Italy—the Whiskerandos of the occasion—the *statu quo* cannot unfortunately be established. You went to set Italy free; you encouraged, if you did not foment, the insurrection; you paralysed the arm that held her in subjection; you spoke—you still speak—words of comfort to her people; and yet you are labouring hard to satisfy your former foe and present friend by placing the *protégés* of that amicable foe in precisely the same situation that they were in before all this vast amount of blood and treasure was expended! The simile is homely, but the partisans of Humpty-dumpty had no more arduous task imposed upon them! Is it true, however, that "restoration" is the end and object of the summons to Biarritz?—or is the idea well-founded which appears to be gaining ground (ideas are the order of the day), that all these *pourparlers*, all these promises of impossible performance, are only so many steps towards the imposition of a Bonaparte dynasty on Central Italy? There is, however, it seems, a new alternative, the result of the interview at Biarritz: that Tuscany is to be delivered over to the Comte de Flandres, King Leopold's second son, and Parma and Modena to be united under the Archduke Maximilian! *Qui vivra, verra*—but let nobody say he sees

till his term of existence be ended: then he may behold with eyes that have in them something more than mortal speculation, and place reliance on their testimony.

Of expectations raised, to be annihilated almost as soon as formed, was the amnesty—so called—which whitewashed the peccant Parisian press, and led the public writers of France to believe that henceforth they were free to speak their minds. Cautiously—even as a timid bather ventures into the flood—the political journals approached the subject; but scarcely had they wet their feet, the water was barely disturbed, when they learnt from the *Moniteur* the meaning of the phrases to which they had been disposed to give a free, if not the most liberal, interpretation. Thus spoke the official organ: “Several journals have announced the approaching publication of a decree modifying the legislation of 1852 on the press. This news is entirely unfounded. The press in France is free to discuss all the acts of the government, and thus to enlighten public opinion. Certain journals, making themselves, unwittingly, the organs of hostile parties, demand a greater liberty, which would have no other end but to facilitate in them attacks against the constitution and against the fundamental laws of social order. The government of the emperor will not depart from a system which, leaving a sufficiently vast field to the spirit of discussion, of controversy, and of analysis, prevents the disastrous effects of falsehood, calumny, and error.”

Close upon this announcement followed the amplification of the Minister of the Interior. “The right of displaying and publishing their opinions, which belong to all Frenchmen, is,” he says, “a conquest of 1789, which cannot be taken away from a people so enlightened as that of France; but this right must not be confounded with the exercise of the liberty of the press by means of periodical journals.” And why not? “Journals,” continues the same authority, “are collective agencies organised within the State, and they have under every régime been subjected to special regulations. The State has then its rights and its duties as to exceptional measures of precaution and surveillance for journals, and when it reserves to itself the power of directly repressing their excesses by administrative interposition, it does not restrict liberty of thought, (!) but only employs a method of protecting the interests of society. The employment of this method of protection, which incontestably belongs to it, implies a spirit of great justice, moderation, and firmness.” The divine Astræa, if haply she returned again to earth, might herself take example by this ideal of a perfect government; only, unluckily, the French press are unable to console themselves with an abstract “idea,” Imperial though it be. Very admirably has the *Presse* remarked on the first notice in the *Moniteur*: “We believe that we have read all that has been written on the subject during that short period of hope to which the *Moniteur’s* note has just put an end, and we have detected no wishes at all incompatible with the constitution and with the fundamental laws of social order. Was there danger to the constitution, was there danger to social order, that newspapers should recover the common right of labour and industry by the suppression of the previous authority, the common right of judicial repression by the suppression of warnings? We do not think it, and we take advantage of the latitude left us by the *Moniteur* to say so. It would not be difficult to prove it, but it is useless to combat with hosts of argu-

ments against a fact, and the fact here is that the *Moniteur* is not of our opinion. That cuts the question short. The situation will remain, then, what it is, and the journals will be obliged to make up their minds to it. The *gêne* is for them; the responsibility, and, we venture to say it, the principal inconveniences, are for others."

Home politics offer little this month for us to remark upon. There have been cabinet meetings, at which the Chinese outrage has been the principal topic, and the state of Italy has necessarily had a share in the ministerial deliberations, though the Foreign Secretary has not, in person, been present; but as parliament is not sitting there have been no intrusive questions to elicit vague replies, and we have only to wait, and, in either case, hope for the best.

Of domestic events, the most prominent have been those strange "Revivals," in which zeal for religion has awakened so much misdirected energy; and the sad accident which befel the *Great Eastern* steamship—an accident looked upon, at the moment of its occurrence, almost in the light of a national calamity, though calmer reflection now sees in it only a reason the more for possessing faith in the extraordinary capacities of the wondrous vessel. The inquiry into the cause of the unfortunate explosion has turned entirely upon a question of responsibility, which, after all, the Weymouth jury have left undecided. It is however, as well, perhaps, that this should be the issue, for a verdict of manslaughter against one or other of the scientific men whose unremitting labour has been given to the perfection of this great enterprise would, unquestionably, have been a shock to public feeling. This is a subject which cannot be dismissed without our taking occasion to regret the untimely death of the distinguished projector of the scheme, Mr. Mark Isambard Brunel, whose death by paralysis, with which he had been seized early in the month, took place a few days after the lamentable accident. Of Mr. Brunel it has been well remarked: "In almost all Brunel's enterprises he has explored untrodden ground, has mined in an unknown soil. The thing to be done was first conceived by him; the means of carrying it out were invented by him, and obstacles which no human foresight could have predicted were overcome as they arose by the unfailing resources of his mind. After him came hundreds of other men who availed themselves of the new experience which he had thus gained for the world, of the inventions which he had made, and dozens of prosperous commercial undertakings are thus the result of his labour. To point this out now, however, must be needless. Brunel's countrymen will not do him the injustice to think of him as the man whose work was sometimes productive of little beyond renown, but as him to whom in no small degree is owing that high reputation for scientific ability which we enjoy among the other nations, and who has, by enabling us to triumph over the forces of the material world, conferred benefits upon the human race which will endure and fructify even after the great monuments he himself has erected to his genius shall have crumbled into dust." Mr. Brunel was lost to the world at the comparatively early age of fifty-four.

Though ripe in years, and with a destiny accomplished, the death of Leigh Hunt cannot but be felt as a heavy loss to literature. He had passed the age allotted to human life, but his intellect was as clear, his judg-

ment as sound, his imagination as free, as it had ever been; and the light which is now extinguished burnt brightly to the last. The decease of a man whose accomplishments were so various, and whose nature was so kind, has been the cause of heartfelt sorrow to a host of friends. The public, too, have warmly sympathised with that strong expression of feeling which, with one or two exceptions, has been manifested by the periodical press; and if—in offering our own tribute of respect to the memory of the departed—we advert to those exceptions, it is for the purpose of clearing away an imputation which we really believe had its origin in misinformation, and not in malice. It is generally thought that the character of Skimpole, in "Bleak House," was intended for the portrait of Leigh Hunt, and the world drew its inference accordingly—to the disadvantage of the supposed original; but it is only an act of justice to Mr. Dickens to state that, when the calumny reached his ears, he immediately called upon his old friend to say how grieved he was that such an unfounded report should have got abroad, and expressed his anxiety to do anything that might be suggested to contradict and, if possible, to neutralise it. There is something truly shocking in the cruel injustice of representing this brave old man not only as a mere selfish Sybarite, but as one devoid altogether of honour and integrity. Look at the right side of the tapestry! Self-denying and hard-working—generous, though with scanty means—ever ready to sacrifice himself for the advantage of others, and with personal wants that were satisfied with the simplest expenditure, for sixty years his pen was never idle, he continued to write till within a few days of his death, and we have it from one who stood at his bedside when he died, that, not many weeks before the sad event, feeble and ill as he was, he actually wrote on one occasion for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. We know also how his latest hours were employed. As the last verses that Shelley ever wrote were a Welcome of his friend to Italy, so the last writings of Leigh Hunt, a few days before his death, were a defence of Shelley against the calumnious attack in a Life of the Poet by a pretended friend. It is a consolatory reflection to those who mourn the death of Leigh Hunt that he not only outlived most of the early enmities which his courage and love of truth provoked, but that those who had been his foes were, in many instances, converted into his warmest admirers.

Let us close our retrospect of the past month by expressing our satisfaction at the safe return of the gallant M'Clintock from his successful search in the Arctic regions for the remains of Sir John Franklin. The details of his adventurous expedition are sad enough, but it is a comfort—though a melancholy one—to reflect that nothing was left undone to afford succour to the brave men who have so miserably perished, and that if they are now beyond the reach of human aid, at least the worst is known.

SLANDER AND SILLERY;

OR, HOW A PARIS LION WAS HUNTED.

BY OUIDA.

I.

THE LION OF THE CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN.

Ma mère est à Paris,
 Mon père est à Versailles,
 Et moi je suis ici,
 Pour chanter sur la paille,
 L'amour! l'amour!
 La nuit comme le jour!

HUMMING this popular if not over-recherché ditty, a man sat sketching in pastels, one morning, in his rooms at Numéro 10, Rue des Mauvais Sujets, Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.

The band of the national guard, the marchands crying "Coco!" the charlatans puffing everything from elixirs to lead-pencils, the Empress and Mme. d'Alve passing in their carriage, the tramp of some Zouaves just returned from Algeria,—nothing in the street below disturbed him; he went sketching on as if his life depended on the completion of the picture. He was a man about thirty-three, middle height, and eminently graceful. He was half Bohemian, half English, and the animation of the one nation and the hauteur of the other were by turns expressed on his chiselled features as his thoughts moved with his pencil. The stamp of his good blood was on him; his face would have attracted and interested in ever so large a crowd. He was very pale, and there was a tired look on his wide, powerful forehead and in his long dark eyes, and a weary line or two about his handsome mouth, as if he had exhausted his youth very quickly; and, indeed, to see life as he had seen it is somewhat a fatiguing process, and apt to make one blasé before one's time.

The rooms in which he sat were intensely comfortable, and very provocative to a quiet pipe and idleness. To be sure, if one judged his tastes by them, they were not probably, to use the popular jargon, "healthy," for they had nothing very domestic or John Halifaxish about them, and were certainly not calculated to gratify the eyes of maiden aunts and spinster sisters.

There were fencing-foils, pistols, tobacco-boxes of every style and order, from ballet-girls to terriers' heads. There were three or four cockatoos and parrots on stands chattering bits of Quartier Latin songs, or imitating the cries in the street below. There were cards, dice-boxes, albums à rire, meerschauts, lorgnons, pink notes, no end of De Kock's and Lebrun's books, and all the et ceteras of chambres de garçon strewed about; and there were things, too—pictures, statuettes, fauteuils, and a breakfast-service of Sèvres and silver—that Du Barry need not have scrupled to put in her "petite bonbonnière" at Luciennes.

So busy was he sketching and singing

"Messieurs les étudiants,
 Montez à la Chaumière!"

that he never heard a knock at his door, and he looked up with an impatient frown on his white, broad forehead as a man entered *sans cérémonie*.

"Mon Dieu! Ernest," cried his friend, "what the devil are you doing here with your pipe and your pastels, when I've been waiting at Tortoni's a good half-hour, and at last, out of patience, drove here to see what on earth had become of you?"

"My dear fellow, I beg you a thousand pardons," said Vaughan, lazily. "I was sketching this, and you and your horses went clean out of my head, I honestly confess."

"And your breakfast too, it seems," said De Concessault, glancing at the table. "Is it Madame de Mélusine or the little Bluette whose portrait absorbs you so much? No, by Jove! it's a prettier woman than either of 'em. If she's like that, take me to see her this instant. What glorious gold hair! I adore your countrywomen when they've hair that colour. Where did you get that face? Is she a duchess, or a dansense, a little actress you're going to patronise, or a millionaire you're going to marry?"

"I can't tell you," laughed Vaughan. "I've not an idea who she may be. I saw her last evening coming out of the Français, and picked up her bouquet for her as she was getting into her carriage. The face was young, the smile very pretty and bright, and, as they daguerreotyped themselves in my mind, I thought I might as well transfer them to paper before newer beauties chased them out of it."

"Diable! and you don't know who she is? However, we'll soon find out. That gold hair mustn't be lost. But get your breakfast, pray, Ernest, and let us be off to poor Armand's sale."

"That's the way we mourn our dead friends," said Vaughan, with a sneer, pouring out his coffee. "Armand is jesting, laughing, and smoking with us one day, the next he's pitched out of his carriage going down to Asnières, and all we think of is—that his horses are for sale. If I were found in the Morgue to-morrow, your first emotion, Emile, would be, 'Vaughan's De l'Orme will be sold. I must go and bid for it directly.'"

De Concessault laughed as he looked up at a miniature of Marion de l'Orme, once taken for the Marquis of Gordon. "I fancy, mon garçon, there'll be too many sharks after all your possessions for me to stand any chance."

"True enough," said Vaughan; "and I question if they'll wait till my death before they come down on 'em. But I don't look forward. I take life as it comes. Vogue la galère! At least, I've *lived*, not vegetated." And humming his refrain,

"L'amour! l'amour!
La nuit comme le jour!"

he lounged down the stairs and drove to a sale in the Faubourg St. Germain, where one of his Paris chums, a virtuoso and connoisseur, had left endless *meubles* to be sold by his duns and knocked down to his friends.

Vaughan was quite right; he *had* lived, and at a pretty good pace, too. When he came of age a tolerably good fortune awaited him, but it had not been long in his hands before he contrived to let it slip through them.

He'd been brought up at Sainte Barbe, after being expelled from Rugby, knew all the best of the "jeunesse dorée," and could not endure any place after Paris, where his life was as sparkling and brilliant as the foam off a glass of champagne. Wild and careless, high spirited, and lavish in his Opera suppers, his *cabaret* dinners, his *Trois Frères* banquets, his lansquenet parties, his bouquets for baronnes, and his bracelets for ballerinas, Ernest gained his reputation as a *Lion*, and—ruined himself, too, poor old fellow!

His place down in Surrey had mortgages thick on every inch of its lands, and the money that kept him going was borrowed from those modern Satans, money-lenders, at the usually ruinous interest. "But still," Ernest was wont to say, with great philosophy, "I've had ten years' swing of pleasure. Does every man get as much as that? And should I have been any happier if I'd been a good boy, and a country squire, sat on the bench, amused my mind with turnips, and married some bishop's daughter, who'd have marched me to church, forbidden cigars, and buried me in family boots?"

Certainly that would *not* have been his line, and so, in natural horror at it, he dashed into a diametrically opposite one, and after the favour he had shown him from every handsome woman that drove through Long-champ, wore diamonds at the Tuileries, and supped with dominos noirs at bals d'Opera, and the favour he showed to cards, the *courses*, and the *coulisses*, few bishops would have imperilled their daughters' souls by setting them to hunt down this wicked *Lion*, especially as the poor *Lion* now wasn't worth the trapping. If he had been, there would have been hue and cry enough after him I don't doubt; but the Gordon Cummings of the beau sexe rarely hunt unless it's worth their while, and they can bring home splendid spoils to make their bosom friends mad with envy; and Ernest, despite his handsome face, his fashionable reputation, and the aroma of conquest that hung about him (they used to say he never wooed ever so negligently but he won), was assuredly neither an "eligible speculation" nor a "marrying man," and was an object rather of terror to English mammas steering budding young ladies through the dangerous vortex of French society with a fierce *chevaux de frise* of British prejudices and a keen British eye to business. If Ernest was of no other use, however, he was invaluable to his uncles, aunts, and male cousins, as a sort of scapegoat and *épouvantail*, to be held up on high to show the unwary what they would come to if they followed his steps. It was so pleasant to them to exult over his backslidings, and, cutting him mercilessly up into little bits, hold condemnatory sermons over every one of the pieces. "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas;" and Vaughan's friends, like the rest of us pharisees, dearly loved to glance at the publican (especially if he was handsomer, cleverer, or any way better than themselves), and thank God loudly that they were not such men as he. Ernest was a hardened sinner, however; he laughed, put the Channel between him and them, and went on his ways without thinking or caring for their animadversions.

"By Jove! Emile," said he, as they sat dining together at Leiter's, "I should like to find out my golden-haired sylphide. She was English, by her fair skin, and though I'm not very fond of my compatriotes, espe-

cially when they're abroad (I think touring John Bull detestable wrapped up in his treble-plaid of reserve), still I should like to find her out just for simple curiosity. I assure you she'd the prettiest foot and ankle I ever saw, not excepting even Blulette's."

"Ma foi! that's a good deal from you. She must be found, then. Voyons! shall we advertise in the *Moniteur*, employ the secret police, or call at all the hotels in person to say that you're quite ready to act out Soulié's 'Lion Amoureux,' if you can only discover the petite bourgeoise to play it with you?"

Vaughan laughed as he drank his demi-tasse.

"Lion amoureux! that's an anomaly; we're only in love just enough pour nous amuser; and of us Albin says, very rightly,

Si vous connaissiez quelques desseins meilleurs,
Vous porteriez bientôt tout cette âme ailleurs."

"Very well, then; if you don't know of anything better, let's hunt up this incognita. If she went to the Français, she's most likely at the Odéon to-night," said De Concessault. "Shall we try?"

"Allons!" said Vaughan, rising indolently, as he did most things. "But it's rather silly, I think; there are bright smiles and pretty feet enough in Paris without one's setting off on a wild-goose chase after them."

They were playing the last act of "La Calomnie" as Vaughan and De Concessault took their places, put up their lorgnons, and looked round the house. He swore a few mental "Diables!" and "Sacrés!" as his gaze fell on faces old or ugly, or too brunes or too blondes, or anything but what he wanted. At last, without moving his glass, he touched De Concessault's arm.

"There she is, Emile, in the fourth from the centre, in a white opera cloak, with pink flowers in her hair."

"I see her, mon ami," said Emile. "I found her out two seconds ago (see how well you sketch!), but I wouldn't spoil your pleasure in discovering her. Mon Dieu! Ernest, she's looking at you, and smiles as if she recognised you. Was there ever so lucky a Lauzun?"

Vaughan could have laughed outright to see by the brightness of the girl's expression that she knew the saviour of her bouquet again, for though he was accustomed to easy conquests, such naïve interest in him at such short notice was something new to him.

He didn't take his lorgnon off her again, and she was certainly worth the honour, with her soft, lustrous gold hair, the eyes that defy definition—black in some lights, violet in others—a wide-arched forehead, promising plenty of brains, and a rayonnante, animated, joyous expression, quite refreshing to anybody as bored and blasé as Vaughan and De Concessault. As soon as the last piece was over Vaughan slipped out of his loge, and took up his station at the entrance.

He didn't wait in vain: the golden hair soon came, on the arm of a gentleman—middle aged, as Vaughan noticed with a sensation of satisfaction. She glanced up at him as she passed: he looked very handsome in the gas glare. Vaughan perhaps was too sensible a fellow to think of his pose, but even *we* have our weaknesses under certain circumstances, as well as the crinolines. Luckily for him, he chanced to have in his pocket

a gold serpent bracelet he had bought that morning for some fair dame or demoiselle. He stopped her, and held it out to her.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle," he said in French, "but I think you dropped this?"

She looked up at him with the sunniest of smiles as she answered, in a pure accent, "No, monsieur, thank you, it does not belong to me."

The middle-aged man glanced sideways at him with true British suspicion—I dare say a pickpocket, a Rouge, and a Fieschi, were all mixed up in his mind as embodied in the graceful figure and bold glance of the *Lion*. He drew the girl on, looking much like a heavy cloud with a bright sun ray after it: but she half turned her head over her shoulder to give him a farewell smile, which Ernest returned with ten per cent. interest.

"Anglais," said Emile, concisely.

"Malheureusement," said Ernest as briefly, as he pushed his way into the air, and saw the gold hair vanish into her carriage. He went quickly up to the cocher. "Où demeurent-ils, mon ami?" he whispered, slipping a five-franc piece into his hand.

The man smiled. "A l'Hôtel de Londres, monsieur; No. 6, au premier."

"The devil! pourquoi ne allez pas?" said an unmistakably English voice from the interior of the voiture. The man set off at a trot; Ernest sprang into his own trap.

"Au Château Rouge! May as well go there, eh, Emile? What a deuced pity la chevelure dorée is English! I wish she were a danseuse, an actress, a fleuriste—anything that one could make one's own introduction to. Confound it! there's the 'heavy father,' I'm afraid, in the case, and some rigorous mamma or vigilant *béguine* of a governess; but, to judge by the young lady's smiles, she'll be easy game unless she's tremendously fenced in."

With which consolatory reflection Vaughan leaned back and lighted a cheroot, *en route* to spend the night, as he had spent most of them for the last ten years, till the fun had begun to be more bore than pleasure.

II.

NINA GORDON.

"HAVE you been to the Hôtel de Londres, Ernest?" said De Cressault, as Vaughan lounged into Tortoni's next day, where Emile and three or four other men were drinking Seltzer and talking of how Cerisette had beaten Vivandière by a neck at Chantilly, or (the sport to which a Frenchman takes much more naturally) of how well Rose Rivière played in the "Prix d'un Bouquet;" what a *belle taille* la De Servans had; and what a fool Sennecsterre had made of himself in the duel about Madame Viardot.

"Of course I have," said Vaughan. "The name is Gordon—general name enough in England. They were gone to the Expiatoire, the portière told me. There is the heavy father, as I feared, and a quasi-governess acting duenna; they're travelling with another family, whose name I could not hear: the woman said, 'C'était beaucoup trop dur pour les lèvres.' I dare say they're some Brummagem people—some Fudge family or other—on their travels. Confound it!"

"Poor Ernest," laughed De Congressault. "Some gold hair has bewitched him, and instead of finding it belongs to a danseuse, or a married woman, or a fleuriste of the Palais Royal, or something attainable, he finds it turn into an unapproachable English girl, with no end of outlying sentries round her, who'll fire at the first familiar approach."

"It is a hard case," said De Kerroualle, a dashing fellow in one of the "régiments de famille." "Never mind, mon ami; 'contre fortune bon cœur,' you know: it'll be more fun to devastate one of your countrymen's inviolate strongholds than to conquer where the white flag's already held out. Halloa! here's a compatriot of yours, I'd bet; look at his sanctified visage and stiff choker—a Church of England man, eh?"

"The devil!" muttered Vaughan, turning round; "deuce take him, it's my cousin Ruskinstone! What in the world does *he* do in Paris?"

The man he spoke of was the Rev. Eusebius Ruskinstone, the Dean's Warden of the cathedral of Faithandgrace, a tall, thin young clerical of eight or nine-and-twenty, with goodness enough (it was generally supposed) in his little finger to make up for all Ernest's sins, scarlet though they were. He had just sat down and taken up the carte to blunder through "Potage au Duc de Malakoff," "Fricassée de volaille à la Princesse Mathilde," and all the rest of it, when his eye lit on his graceless cousin, and a vinegar asperity spread over his bland visage. Vaughan rose with a lazy grace, immensely bored within him: "My dear Ruskinstone, what an unanticipated pleasure. I never hoped Vanity Fair would have had power to lure *you* into its naughty peep-shows and roundabouts."

The Rev. Eusebius reddened slightly; he had once stated strongly his opinion that poor Paris was Pandemonium. "How do you do?" he said, giving his cousin two fingers; "it is a long time since we saw you in England."

"England doesn't want me," said Ernest, dryly. "I don't fancy I should be very welcome at Faithandgrace, should I? The dear Chapter would probably consign me to starvation for my sceptical notions, as Calvin did Castellio. But what *has* brought you to Paris? Are you come to fight the Jesuits in a conference, or to abjure the Wardenship and turn over to them?"

Eusebius was shocked at the irreverent tone, but there was a satirical smile on his cousin's lips that he didn't care to provoke. "I am come," he said, stiffly, "partly for health, partly to collect materials for a work on the 'Gurgoyles and Rose Mouldings of Mediæval Architecture,' and partly to oblige some friends of mine. Pardon me, here they come."

Vaughan lifted his eyes, expecting nothing very delectable in Ruskinstone's friends; to his astonishment they fell on his beauty of the Français! with the outlying sentries of father, governess, and two other women, the Warden's maiden sisters, stiff, maniérées, and prudish, like too many Englishwomen. The young lady of the Français was a curious contrast to them: she started a little as she saw Vaughan, and smiled brilliantly. On the spur of that smile Ernest greeted his cousins with a degree of *empressement* that they certainly wouldn't have been honoured by without it. They were rather frightened at coming in actual contact with such a monster of iniquity as a Paris *Lion*, who, they'd heard, had out-Juan'd Don Juan, and gave him but a frigid welcome. Mr. Gordon

had doubtless heard, too, of Vaughan's misdemeanours, for he looked stoical and acidulated as he bowed. But the young girl's eyes reconciled Ernest to all the rest, as she frankly returned a look with which he was wont to win his way through women's hearts, 'midst the hum of ball-rooms, in the soft tête-à-tête in boudoirs, and over the sparkling Sillery of *petits soupers*. So, for the sake of his new quarry, he disregarded the cold looks of the others, and made himself so charming, that nobody could withstand the fascination of his manner till their dinner was served, and then, telling his cousins he would do himself the pleasure of calling on them the next day, he left the café to drive over to Gentilly, to inspect a grey colt of De Kerroualle's.

"La chevelure dorée is quite as pretty by daylight, Ernest," said De Concessault. "Bon dieu! it is such a relief to see eyes that are not tinted, and a skin whose pink and white is not born from the mysterious rites of the toilet."

Vaughan nodded, with his Manilla between his teeth.

"That cousin of yours is queer style, mon garçon," said De Kerroualle. "How some of those islanders contrive to iron themselves into the stiffness and flatness they do, is to me the profoundest enigma. But what Church of England meaning lies hid in his coat-tails? They are, for all the world, like our *révérends pères*! What is it for?"

"High Church. Next door shop to yours, you know. Our ecclesiastics are given to balancing themselves on a tight rope between their 'mother' and their 'sister,' till they tumble over into their sister's open arms—the Catholics say into salvation, the Protestants into damnation; into neither, I myself opine, poor simpletons. Ruskinstone is fearfully architectural. The sole things he'll see here will be façades, gargoyles, and clerestories, and his soul knows no warmer loves than 'stone dolls,' as Newton calls them. I say, Gaston, what do you think of *my* love of the Français; isn't she *chic*, isn't she *mignonne*, isn't she *spirituelle*?"

"Yes," assented De Kerroualle, "prettier than either Blulette or Madame de Mélusine would allow, or—relish."

Ernest frowned. "I've done with Blulette; she's a pretty face, but—ah, bah! one can't amuse oneself always with a little paysanne, for she's nothing better, after all; and I'm half afraid the Mélusine begins to bore me."

"Better not tell her so, mon ami," said De Kerroualle; "she'd be a nasty enemy."

"Pooh! a woman like that loves and forgets."

"Sans doute; but they also sometimes revenge. Poor little Blulette you may safely turn over; but Madame la Baronne won't so easily be jilted."

Vaughan laughed. "Oh, I'm not going to break her heart. Don't you know, Gaston, 'on a bien de la peine à rompre, même quand on ne s'aime plus.'"

"I shouldn't have said you found it so," smiled De Concessault, "for you change your loves as you change your gloves. La chevelure dorée will be the next, eh?"

"Poor little thing!" said Ernest, bitterly. "I wish her a better fate."

He went to call on la chevelure dorée, nevertheless, the morning after, and found her in the salon alone, greatly to his surprise and pleasure. Nina Gordon *was* pretty *even* in the morning—as Byron says—and she *was* much more, she *was* fascinating, and as perfectly demonstrative and natural as any peasant girl out of the meadows of Arles, ignorant of the magic words *toilette*, *cosmetique*, and *crinoline*.

She received him with evident pleasure and perfect unreserve, which even this daring and sceptical *Lion* could not twist or contort into boldness, and began to talk fast and gaily.

“Do I like Paris?” she said, in answer to his question. “Oh yes; or at least I should, if I could see it differently. I detest sight-seeing, crowding one’s brains with pictures, statues, palaces, Holy Families jostling Polichinelle, races, mixing up with grand masses, Versailles, clouding St. Cloud—the Trianon rattled through in five minutes—all in inextricable muddle. I should like to see Paris at leisure, with some one with whom I had a ‘rapport,’ my thoughts undisturbed, and my historical associations fresh and fervent.”

“I wish I were honoured with the office of your guide,” said Ernest, smiling. “Do you think you would have a ‘rapport’ with me?”

She smiled in return. “Yes, I think I should. I cannot tell why. But as it is, my warmest souvenir of Condé is chilled by the offer of an ice, and my tenderest thought of Louise de La Vallière is shivered with the suggestion of dinner.”

Vaughan laughed. “Bravo!” thought he. “Thank God this is no tame English icicle.—I would give much,” he said, “to be able to take my cousin’s place, and show you Paris. We would have no such vulgar gastronomical interruptions; we would go through it all perfectly. I would make you hear the very whispers with which La Vallière, under the old oaks of St. Germain, unknowingly told her love to Louis. In the forest glades of St. Cloud you should see Cinq-Mars and the Royal Hunt riding out in the *chasse de nuit*; in the gloomy walls of the prisons you should hear André Chénier reciting his last verses, and see Egalité completing his last toilet. The glittering ‘Cotillons’ on the terraces of Versailles, the fierce canaille surging through the salons of the Tuileries, the Templars dying in the green meadows at the back of St. Antoine—they should all rise up for you under my incantations.”

Positively Ernest, bored and blasé, accustomed only to look at Paris through the gas-lights of his *Lion’s* life, warmed into romance to please the eyes that now beamed upon him.

“Ah! that would be delightful,” said the girl, her eyes sparkling. “Mr. Ruskinstone, you know, is terrible to me, for he goes about with ‘Ruskin’ in one hand, ‘Murray’ in the other, and a Phrase-book or two in his pocket (of course he wants it, as he’s a ‘classical scholar’), and no matter whatever associations cling around a place, only looks at it in regard to its architectural points. I beg your pardon,” she said, interrupting herself with a blush, “I forgot he was your cousin; but really that constant cold stone does tease me so.”

At that moment the heavy father, as Ernest irreverently styled the tall, pompous head of one of the first banks in London, who was worth a million if he was worth a sou, entered, and the Rev. Eusebius after him, who had been spending a lively morning taking notes among the catacombs.

He was prepared to be as cold as a refrigerator, and the banker to follow his example, at finding this *bête noire* of the Chaussée d'Antin tête-à-tête with Nina. But Ernest had a sort of haughty high breeding and careless dignity which warned people off from any liberties with him; and Gordon remembered that he knew Paris and its *haute volée* so well that he might be a useful acquaintance if kept at arm's length from Nina, and afterwards dropped. Unlucky man! he actually thought his weak muscles were strong enough to cope with a *Lion's!*

Vaughan took his leave, after offering his box at the Opéra-Comique to Mr. Gordon, and drove to the Jockey Club, pondering much on this new species of the *beau sexe*. He was too used to women not to know at a glance that she had nothing bold about her, and yet he was too sceptical to credit that a girl could possibly exist who was neither a coquette nor a prude. As soon as the door closed on him his friends began to open their batteries of scandal.

"How sad it is to see life wasted as my cousin wastes his," said the Warden, balancing a paper-knife thoughtfully, with a depressed air; "frittered away on mere trifles, as valueless and empty as soap-bubbles, but not, alas! so innocent."

"What do you mean?" Nina asked, quickly.

"What do I mean, Miss Gordon?" repeated Eusebius, reproachfully; "what can I mean, but the idle whirl of gaiety, the vitiating pleasures, the debts and the vices which are to be laid at poor Ernest's door. Ever since we were boys together, and he was expelled from Rugby for going to Coventry fair and staying there all night, he has been going rapidly down the road to ruin."

"He looks very comfortable in his descent," smiled the young lady. "Pray why, after all, shouldn't horses, operas, and Manillas, be as legitimate objects to set one's affections upon as Norman arches and Gregorian chants? He has his dissipations, you have yours. Chacun à son goût!"

The Warden had his reasons for conciliating the young heiress, so he made a feeble effort to smile. "You know as well as I that you do not think what you say, Miss Gordon. Were it merely Vaughan's tastes that were in fault it would not be of such fearful consequences, but unfortunately it is his principles."

"He is utterly without any," said Miss Selina Ruskinstone, who, ten years before, had been deeply and hopelessly in love with Ernest, and never forgave him for not reciprocating the passion.

"He is a sceptic, a gambler, a spendthrift; and a more heartless flirt never lived," averred Miss Augusta, who hated the whole of Ernest's sex—even the Chapter—*pour cause*."

"Gentlemen can't help seeming flirts sometimes, some women pay such attention to them," said Nina, with a mischievous laugh. "Poor Mr. Vaughan! I hope he's not as black as he is painted. His physiognomy tells a different tale; he is just my ideal of 'Ernest Maltravers.' How kind his eyes are; have you ever looked into them, Selina?"

Miss Ruskinstone gave an angry sneer, vouchsafing no other response.

"My dear Nina, how foolishly you talk, about looking into a young man's eyes," frowned her father. "I am surprised to hear you."

Her own eyes opened in astonishment. "Why mayn't I look at

them? It is by the eyes that, like a dog, I know whom to like and whom to avoid."

"And pray does your prescience guide you to see a saint in a ruined *Lion* of the *Chaussée d'Antin*?" sneered Selina, with another contemptuous sniff.

"Not a saint. I'm not good enough to appreciate the race," laughed Nina. "But I do not believe your cousin to be all you paint him; or, at least, if circumstances have led him into extravagance, I have a conviction that he has a warm heart and a noble character *au fond*."

"We will hope so," said the Warden, meekly, with an expression which plainly said how vain a hope it was.

"I think we have wasted a great deal too much conversation on a thankless subject," said Selina, with asperity. "Don't you think it time, Mr. Gordon, for us to go to the Louvre?"

That day, as they were going along the Boulevards, they passed Ernest with Bluette in his carriage going to the *Pré Catalan*: they all knew her, from having seen her play at the *Odéon*. Selina and Augusta turned down their mouths, and turned up their eyes. Gordon pulled up his collar, and looked a Brutus in spectacles. Nina coloured, and looked vexed. Triumph glittered in Eusebius's meek eyes, but he sighed a pastor's sigh over a lost soul.

III.

"LE LION AMOUREUX."

THE morning after, as they were going into the *Exposition des Beaux Arts*, they met Vaughan; and no ghost would have been more unwelcome to the Warden than the distinguished figure of his fashionable cousin. Nina was the only one who looked pleased to recognise him, and she, as she returned his smile, forgot that the evening before it had been given to Bluette.

"Are you coming in, too?" she asked.

"I was not, but I will with pleasure," said Ernest. And into the Exhibition with them he went, to Ruskinstone's wrath and Gordon's annoyance.

Vaughan was a connoisseur in art. The Warden knew no more than what he took verbatim from the god of his idolatry, Mr. John Ruskin. It was very natural that Nina should listen to the friend of Ingres and Vernet instead of to the second-hand worshipper of Turner. Vaughan, by instinct, dropped his customary tone of compliment—compliment he never used to women he delighted to honour—and talked so charmingly, that Nina utterly forgot the luckless Eusebius, and started when a low, sweet voice said, close beside her, "What, Ernest, you here?"

She turned, and saw a woman about eight-and-twenty, dressed in perfection of taste, with an exquisite figure, and a face of brunette beauty; the rouge most undiscoverable, and the eyes artistically tinted to make them look larger, which, Heaven knows, was needless. She darted a quick look at Vaughan's companion, which Nina gave back with a dash of hauteur. A shade came over his face as he answered her greeting.

"Will you not introduce me to your friend?" said the new comer. "She is of your nation, I fancy, and you know I am *entêtée* of everything English."

Ernest looked rather gloomy at the compliment, but, turning to Nina, begged to introduce her to Madame de Mélusine. The gay, handsome *baronne*, taking in all the English girl's points as rapidly as a groom at Tattersall's does a two-year-old's, was chatting volubly to Nina, when the others came up. Gordon, though wont to boast that he belonged to the aristocracy of money, was always ready to fall in the dust before the noblesse of blood, and was gratified at the introduction, remembering to have read in the *Moniteur* the name of De Mélusine at the ball at the Tuileries. And the widow was very charming even to the professedly stoical eyes of a Brutus of sixty-two. She soon floated off, however, with her party, giving Vaughan a gay "À ce soir!" and requesting to be allowed the honour of calling on the Gordons.

"Is she a great friend of yours?" asked Nina, when she and he were a little in advance of the others.

"I have known her some time."

"And you are very intimate, I suppose, as she called you by your Christiana name?"

He smiled a smile that puzzled Nina. "Oh! we soon get familiar here!"

"Where are you going to see her again this evening?" she persevered, playing with her parasol fringe.

"At her own house—a house that will charm you. By the way, it once belonged to Bessy Rabutin, and it has all Louis Quatorze furniture."

"Is it a dinner?—a ball?"

"No, an Opera supper—she is famed for her Silkeny and her motts. Ten to one I shall not go; what amuses one once palls with repetition."

"I don't understand that," said Nina, quickly; "what I like, I like *pour toujours*."

"*Pauvre enfant!* you little know life," muttered Ernest. "Ah! Miss Gordon, you are at the happy age when one can believe in feelings and friendships, and all the charming little romances of existence. But I have passed it, and so that I am amused for a moment, so that something takes time off my hands, I look no further, and expect no more. I know well enough the champagne will cease to sparkle, but I drink it while it foams, and don't trouble myself to lament over it. *Qu'importe?* when one bottle's empty, there is another!"

"Ah! it is such women as Madame de Mélusine who have taught you that doctrine," cried Nina, with an energy that rather startled Ernest, though his nerves were as strong as any man's in Paris. "My romances, as you term them, still I believe sleep in your heart, but the world you live in has stifled them. Do you think amusement will always be enough for you?—do you think you will never want something better than your empty champagne foam?"

"I hope I shall not, mademoiselle," said Vaughan, bitterly, "for I am certain I do not believe in it, and am quite sure I should never get it. Leave me to the roses of my *Tritonicæ*; they are all I shall ever enjoy, and they, at the best, are withered."

"Nina, love," interrupted Selina, coming up with much amiability, "I was *obliged* to come and tell you not to be quite so energetic. All the people in the room are looking at you."

"I dare say they are," said Vaughan, calmly. "It is not often the Parisians have the pleasure of seeing beauty unaffected, and fascinations careless of their own charms. Nature, Selina, is unhappily as rare one side the Channel as the other, and we men appreciate it when we do see it."

When Vaughan parted from them soon after, he swore at himself for three things. First, for having driven Blurette, en plein jour, through the Boulevards, though he had driven Blurette, and such as Blurette, a thousand times before; secondly, for having been so weak as to introduce Madame de Mélusine to the Gordons; and, thirdly, for having—he the thorough-paced *Lion*, whose manual was Rochefoucauld, and tutor in love, De Kock—actually talked romance as if he were Werter or Paul Flemming, or some other sentimental simpleton.

Vaughan, to his great disgust, felt a fit of blue devils stealing on him, hurled one or two rose notes waiting for him into the fire with an oath, smoked half a dozen Manillas fiercely, and then, to get excitement, went to a dinner at the Rocher de Cancale, played écarté with a beau joueur, went to an Opera supper—not the De Mélusine's—then to Mabille, and came home at seven in the morning after a night such as would have raised every hair off Brutus's head, given a triumphant glitter to the Warden's small blue eyes, and possibly even staggered the hot faith of his young champion. Pauline de Mélusine was as good as her word—she did call on the Gordons—and Brutus, stoic though he was, was well pleased; for the baronne, though her nobility only dated from the Restoration, and was not received by the exclusive Legitimists of the old Faubourg St. Germain, had a very pleasant set of her own, and figured among the nouvelle noblesse and bourgeois décorés who fill the vacant places of the De Rochefoucauld, the De Rohan, and the Montmorency, in the "imperial" salons of the Tuileries, where once the noblest blood in Europe was gathered.

"It is painful to me to frequent Ernest's society," the Warden was wont to say, "for every word he utters impresses me but more sadly with the conviction of his lost state. But we are commanded to be in the world though not of it, and, if I shun him, how can I hope to benefit him?"

"True; and, as your cousin, it would scarcely be charitable to avoid him entirely, terrible as we know his habits to be. But there is no necessity to be too intimate, and I do not wish Nina to be too much with him," the banker was accustomed to answer.

"*Anglicè*, Vaughan gets us good introductions, and makes Paris pleasant to us; we'll use him while we want him; when we don't, we will give him his congé."

That's the reading of most of our dear friends' compliments and caresses, isn't it?

Vaughan knew perfectly well that they would like to make a catspaw of him, and was the last man likely to play that simple and certainly not agreeable rôle unless it suited him. But he had reasons of his own for forcing Gordon to be civil and obliged to him, despite the prejudices of that English, and therefore, of course, opinionated gentleman. It amused him to mortify Eusebius, whom he saw at a glance was bewitched with the prospect of Nina's *dot*, and it amused him very much to see Nina's

joyous laughter as he leaned over her chair at the Opéra-Comique, to hear her animated satire on Madame de Mélusine, for whom, knowing nothing of her, the young lady had conceived hot aversion, and to listen to her enthusiasm when she poured out to him her vivid imaginings."

Gradually the cafés, and the Boulevards, and the boudoirs missed Ernest while he accompanied Nina through the glades of St. Cloud, or down the Seine to Asnières, or up the slopes of Père la Chaise; in his new pursuit; and often at night he would leave the coulisses, or a lansquenet, or the gas-lights of the Maison Dorée, and the Closerie des Lilas, to watch her thorough enjoyment of a vaudeville, her fervent feeling in an opera, or to waltz with her at a ball, and note her glad recognition of him.

To this girl Ernest opened his heart and mind as he—being a reserved, proud, and sceptical man—had never done to any one; there was a sympathy and confidence between them, and she learned much of his inner nature as she talked to him soft and low under the forest trees of Fontainebleau, such talk as could not be heard in Bluettes's boudoir, under the wax-lights of the Quartier Bréda, or in the flow of the Sillery at la Mélusine's soupers. All this was new to the tired *Lion*, and amused him immensely. La chevelure dorée was twisting the golden meshes of its net round him, as De Congressault told him one day.

"Nonsense," said Ernest; "have I not two loves already on my hands more than I want?"

"Dethrone them, and promote la petite."

Vaughan turned on his friend with his eyes flashing.

"Bon Dieu! do you take her for a ballet-girl or a grisette?"

"Well, if you don't like that, marry her then, mon cher. You will satisfy your fancy, and get cinquante mille francs de rente—at a sacrifice, of course; but, que veux-tu? There is no medal without its reverse, though a 'lion marié' is certainly an anomaly, an absurdity, and an intense pity."

"Tais-toi," said Ernest, impatiently; "tu es fou! Caught in the toils of a wretched intrigante, in the power of any tailor in the Rue Vivienne, any jeweller in the Palais Royal, my money spent on follies, my life wasted in play, the turf, and worthless women, I have much indeed to offer to a young girl who has wealth, beauty, genius, and heart!"

"All the more reason why you should make a good coup," said Emile, calmly, after listening with pitying surprise to his friend in his new mood. "You have a handsome face, a fashionable reputation, and a good name. Bah! you can do anything. As for your life, all women like a mauvais sujet, and unless the De Mélusine turn out a Brinvilliers, I don't see what you have to fear."

"When I want your counsel, Emile, I will ask it," said Vaughan, shortly; "but, as I have no intention of going in for the prize, there is no need for you to bet on the chance of the throw."

"Comme tu veux!" said the Parisian, shrugging his shoulders. "That homme de paille, your priestly cousin, will take her back to the English fogs, and make her a much better husband than you'd ever be, mon garçon."

Vaughan moved restlessly.

"The idiot! if I thought so——The devil take you, Emile! why do you talk of such things?"

At that minute Nina was sitting by one of the windows of their hotel, watching for Ernest, with a bouquet he had sent her on a table by her side; and the Rev. Eusebius was talking in a very low tone to her father. She caught a few words. "Last night—Vaughan at the Frères Provençaux—a souper au cabinet—Mademoiselle Céline, première danseuse—quite terrible," &c. &c.

Nina flushed scarlet, and turned round. "If you blame your cousin, Mr. Buskinstone, why were you there yourself?"

The Warden coloured too. With him, as with a good many, foreign air relaxed the severity of the Decalogue, and what was sin at home, where everybody knew it, was none at all abroad—under the rose. Some dear pharisees will not endanger their souls by a carpet-dance in England, but if a little bird followed them in their holiday across the Channel, it might chance to see them disporting under a domino noir.

"I had been," he stammered, "to see, as you know, a beautiful specimen of the archbontant in a ruined chapel of the Carmélites, some miles down the Seine. It was very late, and I was very tired, so turned into the Frères Provençaux to take some little refreshment, and I there saw my unhappy cousin in society which *ought*, Miss Gordon, to disqualify him for yours. It is very painful to me to mention such things to you. I never thought you overheard——"

"Then, if it is very painful to you," Nina burst in, impetuously, her *bouche de rose*, as De Kerroualle called it, curving haughtily, "why are you ceaselessly raking up every possible bit of scandal that you can against your cousin? His life does not clash with yours, his acts do not matter to you, his extravagance does not rob you. I used to fancy charity should cover a multitude of sins, but it seems to me that, now-a-days, clergymen, like Dr. Watts's naughty dogs, only delight to bark and bite."

"You are cruelly unjust," answered the Warden, in those smooth tones that irritate one much worse than "hard swearing." "I have no other wish than Christian kindness to poor Ernest. If, in my place of pastor, I justly condemn his errors and vices, it is only through a loving desire to wean him from his downward course."

"Your love is singularly vindictive," said his vehement young opponent, her cheeks hot and her eyes bright. "No good was ever yet done to a man by proclaiming his faults right and left. I should like you much better, Mr. Buskinstone, if you said, candidly, I don't like my cousin, and I have never forgiven him for thrashing me at Rugby, and playing football better than I did."

Eusebius winced at this little touch up of his bygone years, but he smiled a benign, superior, pitying smile. "Such petitessees, I thank Heaven, are utterly beneath me, and I should have fancied Miss Gordon was too generous to suppose them. God forbid that I should envy poor Vaughan his dazzling qualities. I sorrow over him as a relative and a precious human soul, but as a minister of our holy Church, I neither can, nor will, countenance his gross violations of all her divinest laws." With which sublime peroration the Warden, with a sigh, took up a work on "The Early English Piscini and Aspersoria," and became immersed therein.

"Poor Mr. Vaughan!" cried Nina, impatiently. "Probably he is too wise to concern himself about what people buzz in his absence, or else he

need be cased in mail to avoid being stung to death with the mosquito bites of scandal."

Gordon came down on her with his heavy artillery. "Silence, Nina! you do not know what you are defending. I fear that no slander can darken Mr. Vaughan's character more than he merits."

"A gambler—a roué—a lover of married women, of dancing-girls," murmured Eusebius, in an aside, meant, like those on the stage, to tell killingly with the audience.

Nina flushed as scarlet as the camellias in her bouquet, and put up her head with a haughty gesture. "Here comes the subject of your vituperation, Mr. Ruskinstone, so you can repeat your denunciations, and favour him with a sermon in person—unless, indeed, the secular recollections of Rugby intimidate the religious arm."

I fear something as irreverent as "Little devil!" rose to the Warden's pious lips as he flashed a fierce glance at her from his pale-blue eyes, for he loved not her, but the splendid *dot* which the banker was sure to pay down if his son-in-law were to his taste. He caught his cousin's glance as he came into the salons, and in the superb scorn gleaming in Ernest's dark eyes, Eusebius saw that they were not merely enemies, but—rivals: a Warden with Church principles, all the cardinal virtues, strict morality, and money; and a *Lion* with Paris principles (if any), great fascinations, debts, entanglements, and an empty purse. Which will win, with Nina for the cup and Gordon for the umpire?

THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT.

An Adventure of the German Emperor Maximilian. (Temp. Henry VIII.)

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

THE rose clouds hovered round the sun,
 High up amid the soft June blue,
 The poppy's brimmed with last night's rain,
 The clover glistened with the dew,
 As slowly to the tournament
 A knight in black paced o'er the field,
 His visor down, his pennon blank,
 No herald blazon on his shield.

He passed the crowds of country folk,
 Red-hot and hurrying to the ring;
 He greeted sages, wintry old,
 And maidens blushing like the spring.
 The blackbirds piped from hedge and tree,
 He answered with a lusty song;
 When hearts are young, and eyes are bright,
 The dullest way seems never long.

* * * *

Their crimson housings swept the field,
 Their shields were blazing golden suns,
 The russet breastplates, silver lined,
 Were riveted; and both at once;
 The trumpets let the champions go:
 They met with such a thunder-shock,
 As when Atlantic tempests break
 Upon the headland's emerald rock.

The red went down; the knight in black
 Reined up and seized another lance;
 Again the sounding heralds blew,
 And woke the rabble from their trance.
 A gilded champion hurried forth,
 And drove against the conqueror;
 Black scarcely moved—the fool was struck
 As tempests hurry down the fir.

If you looked round the eddying lists,
 You saw a bruise on every shield,
 Blood streaming from a dozen helms,
 The broken lances strewed the field.
 The knight in black, alone untouched,
 Sat like a statue on his steed;
 You would have thought his steel was silk,
 His lance no heavier than a reed.

A Titian sky ruled o'er the scene
 With sapphire heart, and piles of white
 Swaled mountain high; a golden cream
 Tinged half of them, a greyer light
 Imbued the rest. A sea of flags
 Moved round the ring as the Unknown
 Rode conqueror, and took the crown,
 Laying it at the judge's throne.

The jealous knights arose in arms,
 Bruised, torn, and blooded, shook their spears,
 And swore no masker should receive
 The prize. All shout, but no one cheers.
 He stood up, and his visor raised,
 Then cried, "Ye haters of the law,
 I AM YOUR EMPEROR! Beware!"
 They looked, and trembled as they saw.

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

. . . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—
 Bp. LATTIMER'S *Sermons*.

THE BRUTE WORLD, A MYSTERY.

How can any one, asks Madame de Staël, reflect upon the animal creation, and not be lost in the astonishment excited by their mysterious existence? A poet has called these our fellow-lodgers, *les rêves de la nature, dont l'homme est le réveil*. To what end have they been created? What mean those looks of theirs, seemingly covered by an obscure cloud, from behind which some idea would fain find an opening? What are their relations to us-wards? "A bird lives longer than a man of genius, and an indescribable feeling of *bizarre* despair seizes upon the heart when, after losing one we love, we see the breath of life still animating an insect, that still moves on the earth, whence the nobler being has disappeared."*

There were nations of old, and those, as Montaigne phrases it, "some of the most ancient and noble," who "not only received brutes into their society, but gave them a rank infinitely above them, esteeming them familiars and favourites of the gods." In one place, the crocodile received adoration; in another the serpent-eating ibis; the monkey was honoured with a statue of gold; here a fish, and there a dog were objects of votive veneration. Montaigne—fond as he was of his cat—had no disposition to go any of *these* lengths. "But when, amongst the more moderate opinions," he adds, "I meet with arguments that endeavour to demonstrate the near resemblance betwixt us and animals, how much they share in our greatest privileges, and with how great plausibility we are put into comparison with them, I abate a great deal of our presumption, and willingly resign the title of that imaginary sovereignty which some attribute to us over other creatures."† Perhaps Pascal had Montaigne in his mind—as indeed he so frequently had—when he indited this among his other Thoughts: "It is dangerous to make a man see too particularly how near is his equality with the brutes, without also showing him his greatness. It is dangerous, again, to make him see so much of his greatness as to overlook his degradation. It is still more dangerous to leave him ignorant of both. But it is extremely advantageous to call his attention to both."‡ Pascal gladly merged speculative difficulties in practical improvement—leaving the problem of the brute-world to be attempted, not solved, by Descartes and others whom it perplexed, while he allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Charron insists in his peculiar and paulo-post-Montaigne way, on the "grand voisinage et *cousinage*" between Man and the other animals.

* De Staël: De l'Allemagne, IV^{me} partie, ch. ix. "De la Contemplation de la Nature."

† Montaigne's *Essays*, by Cotton, bk. ii. ch. xi. "Of Cruelty."

‡ *Pensées de Pascal*, I^{re} partie, § iv. 7.

We presume that no less freely than Mephistopheles talks of "my aunt the snake," would Charron allude—though in the patronising tone, perhaps, usually adopted towards poor relations—to his cousin the beaver, badger, or bear; and especially, his first cousin the baboon. But Charron is more serious than Montaigne, and has far less of irony and chuckling *laissez aller* in his ruminations. He seriously regards the brute creation as having so many advantages over man, that, at times, he all but accords their condition his entire preference.* There are moods and tenses in many a man's mind, when this notion of preference is dallied with, as having something in it after all. Misanthropy then exalts the quadruped and his destiny at the expense of the featherless biped. Cynicism then extols the lot of grovelling content to the prejudice of the sons of men, disquieted in vain.

Ἀπαντα τὰ ζῷα ἐστὶ μακαριώτατα,

is one of Menander's† invidious comparisons. Even Wordsworth's grey-haired man of glee, old Matthew, could envy the blackbird among leafy trees, the lark above the hill: "with nature never do they wage," he says,

A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

But *we* are press'd by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore.‡

In one of the very latest volumes of really readable and quite note-worthy verse, which the world has received and welcomed, we find meditations to the same effect on those creatures "so sound, and so robust in heart,"

The patient beasts, that bear their part
In this world's labour, never asking
The reason of its ceaseless tasking.

And looking upwards, the questioner then asks—

Hast Thou made man, tho' more in kind,
By reason of his soul and mind,
Yet less in unison with life,
By reason of an inward strife,
Than these, Thy simpler creatures, are,
Submitted to his use and care?

For these, indeed, appear to live
To the full verge of their own power,
Nor ever need that time should give
To life one space beyond the hour.
They do not püne with what is not;
Nor quarrel with the things which are;
Their yesterdays are all forgot;
Their morrows are not fear'd from far:

* See Sainte-Beuve's essay on "Charron," 1855.

† Gnomai, VI.

‡ Wordsworth: The Fountain.

They do not weep, and wail, and moan,
 For what is past, or what's to be,
 Or what's not yet, and may be never;
 They do not their own lives disown,
 Nor haggle with eternity
 For some unknown For ever.*

And in another of his poems occur these stanzas, pitched in the same mournful minor:

Why must the soul thro' Nature rove,
 At variance with her general plan?
 A stranger to the Power whose love
 Soothes all save Man?
 Why lack the strength of meaner creatures?
 The wandering sheep, the grazing kine,
 Are surer of their simple natures
 Than I of mine.
 For all their wants the poorest land
 Affords supply; they browse and breed;
 I scarce divine, and ne'er have found,
 What most I need.†

We are here reminded, however, *per contra*, of some remarks by the father of this poet. In one of Sir Edward's earliest and, though not most popular, yet ablest and most thoughtful works, the "New Phædo," we find it alleged, that, miserable as too often are the short and simple annals of the poor, no peasant lives so wretched a life as the less noble animals, whom we are sometimes tempted to believe more physically happy. In how large a proportion of creatures, he contends, is existence composed of one ruling passion—the most agonising of all sensations—Fear! Bearing in mind that his death-doomed Ambitious Student is the speaker, we quote the following (*quantum valeant*) reflections: "Observe how uneasily this poor squirrel looks around him. He is subject to perpetual terror from a large Angola cat, which my housekeeper chooses to retain in our domestic service, and which has twice very nearly devoured my nervous little hermit." "No; human life is but a Rembrandt kind of picture at the best; yet we have no cause to think there are brighter colours in the brute world. Fish are devoured by intestinal worms; birds are subject to continual diseases, some of a very torturing nature. Look at yon ant-hill, what a melancholy mockery of our kind—what eternal wars between one hill and another—what wrang—what violence! You know the red ants invade the camps of the black, and bear off the young of these little negroes to be slaves to their victors."‡ The fact may at first sight wear the look of a paradox, that whereas impugnors of revelation, of a certain school, will be found to argue in favour of animal happiness, the defenders of it lay stress on animal sufferings. Wollaston, for instance, says that unless there is a future state, which implies the most extended of all schemes of Providence, the pleasures of brutes, though but sensual, are more complete than ours; "they go wholly into them," he says; "their sufferings are not heightened by

* Owen Meredith (Rob. Bulwer Lytton): The Wanderer: "Babylonia."

† Ibid. "The Heart and Nature."

‡ The New Phædo, ch. i. (Student, p. 291.)

reflection; they are not perplexed by cares of families and posterity, are not anxious about a future state, have no disappointment; and at last some sudden and unforeseen blow finishes them, before they even knew they were mortal.* On the other hand, those who, like Professor Rogers, insist on the dark side of Nature, as an insoluble problem to mere benevolent theism, bid us consider the fearful destruction involved in the law of animated life by which one species preys upon another—the immense tribes of parasite animals, whose whole existence is framed upon the disease and torture of other creatures—the diseases in general, which, though allowed to have a moral purpose with regard to men, yet also torment with fruitless sufferings all the irrational creation. “Where,” they ask, “does Nature show a tender regard for life, when amidst the lavish multitudes she pours forth into being, myriads perish in the first struggle, and at every stage of existence, to be instantly replaced by myriads more?—a manner of creation, as it were, in sport or mockery, and not confined to zoophytes and reptiles, to the lower animals, but continued to the highest that tenant the earth.”† Indeed, the whole question is encompassed with difficulties so many, intricate, and as it were two-edged, or cutting both ways, that none other, probably, is more fertile in paradoxes, reluctant concessions, and unexpected conclusions.

Few, at present, who believe in the immateriality of the human soul, Mr. Hallam has said, would deny the same to an elephant; though he owns that the discoverers of zoology have pushed this to consequences which some might not readily adopt. “The spiritual being of a sponge revolts a little our prejudices; yet there is no resting-place, and we must admit this, or be content to sink ourselves into a mass of medullary fibre.” Brutes, he further observes, have been as slowly emancipated in philosophy as some classes of mankind have been in civil polity; their souls being almost universally disputed to them at the end of the seventeenth century, even by those who did not absolutely bring them down to machinery. “Even within the recollection of many, it was common to deny them any kind of reasoning faculty, and to solve their most sagacious actions by the vague word instinct. We have come of late years to think better of our humble companions; and, as usual in similar cases, the preponderant bias seems rather too much of a levelling character.”‡

Apropos of a “little Blenheim cocker,” whose “moral tact was most amazing,” and his likings and dislikings “really almost unerring,” Mr. Carlyle (apparently his owner) has these remarks: “On the whole, there is more in this universe than our philosophy has dreamt of. A dog’s instinct is a voice of Nature too; and farther, it has never babbled itself away in idle jargon and hypothesis, but always adhered to the practical, and grown in silence by continual communion with fact. We do the animals injustice. Their body resembles our body, Buffon says; with its four limbs, with its spinal marrow, main organs in the head and so forth: but have they not a kind of soul, equally the rude draught and imperfect imitation of ours? It is a strange, an almost solemn and pathetic thing to see an intelligence imprisoned in that dumb, rude form; struggling to express itself out of that;—even as we do out of our imprisonment; and succeed very imper-

* Religion of Nature, 211.

† See Hennell’s Christianity and Infidelity, p. 128.

‡ Hallam’s Lit. of the Middle Ages.

fectly!"* What ought to mortify us in the likeness of brutes to men, Mr. Leigh Hunt says (monkeys being his text), is the anger to which we see them subject—the revenge, the greediness, and other low passions. "But these they have in common with most animals. Their shrewdness and their sympathies they share with few. And there is a residuum of mystery in them, as in all things, which should lead us to cultivate as much regard for them as we can, thus turning what is unknown to us to good instead of evil. It is impossible to look with much reflection at any animal, especially one of this half-thinking class, and not consider that he probably partakes more of our own thoughts and feelings than we are aware of, just as he manifestly partakes of our senses; nay, that he may add to this community of being, faculties or perceptions which we are unable to conceive. We may construe what we see of the manifestation of the animal's feelings into something good or otherwise, as it happens; perhaps our conjectures may be altogether wrong, but we cannot be wrong in making the best of them—in getting as much pleasure from them as possible, and giving as much advantage to our fellow-creatures."† Spoken like an optimist—which, systematically and consistently, *Leontius* indeed was.

At the same time we may, with Sydney Smith, feel ourselves so much at our ease about the superiority of mankind—and have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon we have yet seen—and feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music—as to concede, with ineffable complacency, that all justice be done to the "few fragments of soul, and tatters of understanding," which they may really possess. "I have sometimes, perhaps," his Reverence fairly owns, "felt a little uneasy at Exeter 'Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice boys who are teasing them; but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always restored me to tranquillity, and convinced me that the superiority of man had nothing to fear."‡

It would seem to have been Plato's belief that the animating principle of the brute creation is itself but a repressed and mutilated form of the same essence which in man shines forth in the fulness and brilliancy of reason.§ He liked—in his desire of comprehending, as far as possible, every variety of phenomenon, under the simplicity and unity of single general formulas—to view the whole system of Nature as one vast mechanism subject to the immediate operation of mind, and solely constructed for its trial and display. This "complicated evolution of mental energy" would apply well enough to the human frame as superintended by human spirits, and the inanimate world as governed by superior powers; but the intervening region of brute existence seemed an anomaly in the conception. Plato might, as a modern Platonist suggests, have conciliated the difficulty as Descartes did, by classing the brute creation with the purely mechanical; he preferred to see in it an inferior and crippled form of the one universal energy of Soul.|| Descartes, in opposition to

* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iv. "Sir Walter Scott."

† Leigh Hunt: *Men, Women, and Books*, vol. i. p. 76.

‡ Sydney Smith's *Sketches of Moral Philosophy*, lecture xvii.

§ See Archer Butler's *Lectures on the Hist. of Ancient Philosophy*, vol. ii. third series, lect. iv.

|| *Ibid.* pp. 245 and *seq.*

the Scholastics, who, after Aristotle, admitted animal souls and vegetative souls, affirmed animals to be mere machines,—not a new theory, however, for it had been propounded by Jerome Pereira in the sixteenth century, as a counter paradox to the paradoxes of Rosarius, Montaigne, and Charron, who, as we have seen, drew slighter distinctions between man and animal than between one man and another.* Descartes renewed, developed, accredited this hypothesis of the *animal machine*. He compares the brutes to clockwork. The more we see in them of the marvels we call instinct, the more should we admire the industry of the Worker who could organise machines like these. Beware, he bids us, what you are about; if you ascribe a soul to animals, that soul is either mortal or immortal; if mortal, why should not man's be so too? if immortal, what a crime it then is to slay and eat creatures thus endowed! No, he tells us, they are pure machines: they suffer not; if they cry when beaten, 'tis only *comme cria un ressort lorsqu'on le presse*. If they suffer, how explain their suffering? Are they, peradventure, like us, fallen creatures? Can it be, as Malebranche suggests, that they have eaten of the forbidden—hay?† La Fontaine, in the name of his contemporaries, uttered ingenious and eloquent protests against the mechanical theory—making himself the echo of the age's common sense. Bossuet, in a chapter on the Soul of Brutes, which M. de Barante‡ pronounces remarkable for clearness and analytical power, argues that animals are certainly not the mere machines Descartes pretends, but that neither have they anything of that proximity to man which the Libertins claim for them: what is called their instinct, is nothing but an intermediate substance (metaphysicè) between mind and matter: incapable of general ideas, of education or of progress, they have neither society nor a language; they are destitute of laws and of religious worship; they know not God, and, being incapable alike of knowing and loving Him, they cannot be immortal—the prerogative exclusively of natures capable of knowing and loving Him for ever.§ The theory of Leibnitz is, in the main, a reproduction of Plato's: there is no hiatus in nature, he says, but a connecting system of grades in the scale of being; the monad is wherever substance is, and wherever the monad is, there is the soul, which advances in development and growth by minute intervals, from mineral to plant, from vegetable to animal, from brute to man. For Leibnitz knew of, or at least suspected, those intermediate beings, the polypus for example, the existence of which, and their indissoluble oneness with the frame of creation at large, have since then been verified by comparative science.|| But he accords to brutes a dull dim order of perceptions only, which constitute a sort of “empirical intelligence;” while in the case of man, to ideas of incomparably greater clearness are added reason, liberty, conscience. Mr. Lewes makes it a ground of special complaint against Locke that although he *did* begin the Physiological Method, and drew illustrations from children and savages, he neither did this systematically, “nor [the italics are in the original] *did he extend the Comparative Method to animals*. The prejudices of that age forbade it. The ignorance of that age made it impossible. Comparative Phy-

* Nourisson, *Progrès de la Pensée Humaine*, ch. xli.

† *Ibid.* 351.

‡ *Etudes Littéraires*, t. ii. p. 24.

§ Bossuet, *De la Connaissance de Dieu*.

|| See Nourisson, 477.

biology is no older than Goethe, and Comparative Psychology is only now glimmering in the minds of men as a possibility. If men formerly thought they could understand man's body by dissecting it, and did not need the light thrown thereon by the dissection of animals, they were still less likely to seek psychical illustrations in animals, denying, as they did, that animals had minds.* But though the prejudices of that age may have forbidden, and its ignorance rendered impossible, the extension of the Comparative Method to animals, the age was particularly and uneasily interested in the relation of the brute species to man: no one in the seventeenth century, affirms M. Jules Simon,† could have allowed himself to write on philosophy without devoting one chapter at the least to the soul of brutes.

Milton, probably, had not made his mind up, as the phrase goes, what this relation definitely is. The Miltonic Adam does, indeed, speak rather *de haut en bas* of "these inferiors beneath me set," among whom he discerns none likely to form a help meet for him, "fit to participate

All rational delight; wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort."‡

Eve, however, when the serpent's tongue beguiles her, is made to concede—independently of that beguiling rhetoric—the quasi-rational faculties of brute creation at large:

What may this mean? language of man pronounced
By tongue of brute, and *human sense* express'd?
The first, at least, of these I thought denied
To beasts; whom God, on their creation-day,
Created mute to all articulate sound:
The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.§

Well might Bayle declare the acts, motives, and feelings of the lower order of animals one of the profoundest mysteries that can exercise the mind of man.

Well, too, may *mon pauvre Fido* be thus apostrophised by the priest-poet his master:

O mon chien! Dieu seul sait la distance entre nous,
Seul il sait quel degré de l'échelle de l'être
Sépare ton instinct de l'âme de ton maître.||

Said Béranger to a visitor, the morning the old poet lost his cat (and Béranger loved *La Marquise* better, probably, than did Montaigne his feline friend, or Dr. Johnson *his* homely "Hodge"), "We have been friends [lui-même et la chatte *défunte*] these fourteen years. 'Tis an old friend gone and left us. 'Tis a sore grief, this, to Judith and me. Between us and the animals—who are not *si bêtes* as people say—there's a closer relationship than is supposed."¶

One of the late Gustave Planche's cavils at the Dictionary of Messieurs the French Academicians, was directed against their definition of Man

* Lewes, *Biogr. Hist. of Philosophy*, p. 622. Ed. 1857.

† *Le Devoir*, II^me partie, ch. ii.

‡ *Paradise Lost*, book viii, l. 390-2.

§ *Ibid.* book ix. l. 553-9.

|| Lamartine: *Jocelyn*, IX^me époque.

¶ *Mémoires sur Béranger*, par Savinien Lapointe, ch. xviii.

as "a reasonable being, composed of a soul and a body." In which definition he charges them with *tranchant* a question that Descartes discussed in such detail—with denying, in fact, that brutes have a soul. What, then, he asks them, becomes of the fidelity of a dog? Do you admit fidelity where you deny a soul? And if the dog be the most faithful of animals, then are there other animals of acknowledged fidelity? Do you believe in the fidelity of trees and stones? * And so forth. But how much easier it is to put questions on this subject than to find unanswerable answers!

Among the sprightly criticisms on the Fine Arts so numerous indited by M. Théophile Gautier, is one upon our great animal-painter, Sir Edwin Landseer, which is prefaced by some lucubrations, in the critic's off-hand way, on the nature and destiny of these puzzling "lower orders." The animals who with ourselves, he says, are denizens of the terraqueous globe—and speaking of them not from Natural History's point of view, but Philosophy's—deserve the "sympathetic attention of the observer," carrying about with them, as they do, an incomprehensible mystery, of which their silence may sanction a thousand interpretations, though small hope there seems of ever really penetrating it. If Descartes regard them as pure machines, Father Bougeant, the Jesuit, believeth them to serve as prison cells, individually, for those fallen spirits which, without taking a share in the revolt, refrained from "pronouncing for the Eternal." That good father contends, in his "Philosophical Amusement on the Language of Beasts," that each animal is inhabited by a distinct and separate devil; that not only was this the case with respect to cats, which—as Sydney Smith remarks †—have long been known to be very favourite residences of familiar spirits, but that a peculiar devil swam with every turbot, grazed with every ox, soared with every lark, dived with every duck, and was roasted with every chicken. Hartley Coleridge glances at extravagances of this complexion in his opening stanzas *de Animabus Brutorum*:

No doubt 'twere heresy, or something worse
 Than aught that priests call worthy of damnation,
 Should I maintain, though in a sportive verse,
 That bird or fish can e'er attain salvation;
 Yet some have held that they are all possess'd,
 And may be damn'd, although they can't be bless'd.
 Such doctrine broach'd Antonio Margerita,
 A learned Spaniard, mighty metaphysical.
 To him the butterfly had seem'd a Lytta,—
 His wasp-stung wits had grown so quaint and phtisical;
 To him the sweetest song of Philomel
 Had talk'd of nothing in the world but hell.
 Heaven save us all from such a horrid dream!
 Nor let the love of heaven,—of heaven, forsooth!—
 Make hard our hearts, that we should so blaspheme
 God for Christ's sake, and lie for love of truth.
 Poor Tray! art thou indeed a mere machine,
 Whose vital power is a spirit unclean? ‡

* Gust. Planche, *Portraits littéraires*, t. ii. "De la langue française."

† See his *Moral Philosophy*, lect. xviii.

‡ *Poems of Hartley Coleridge*, vol. i. p. 234. 2nd edit.

Neither to Descartes's mechanics nor to le Père Bougeant's dynamics does M. Gautier seriously incline. The great philosopher's opinion nobody can easily adopt who has lived familiarly with dog or cat; while the good Father's is a fantasy such as nobody would seriously discuss, but, at the best, greet with smiles, as an ingenious yet absurd hypothesis. But there's no denying a something that "preoccupies the imagination in this dumb creation, existing around us, and subjected to fatalistic laws.

"These animals are endowed with the same organs, the same senses, as ourselves,—often even of a far more perfect and subtle kind; they breathe, move, enjoy, suffer, and die; they have affections and antipathies, instincts which resemble ideas; they communicate among themselves by means of cries, calls, signals which, with a little attention, man himself can understand, and about which no mistakes are made by savages, trappers, peasants, shepherds, and all who live in solitude, in the presence of nature. Among those we have domesticated, what patient gentleness! what courageous resignation! what attentive intelligence! how do they share in our labours with all their heart and all their strength! how do they try to divine what is required of them, and what an inquiring wistful eye they raise to their master's, when in doubt or ignorance of his will! And for this *loyal concours* what recompense is awarded them? scanty food, blows, and, when old age is come, hastened by excessive fatigues,—the butcher's knife, the *équarisseur's* hammer, the rag-picker's hook. So innocent a nature, and so hard a fate! a passive endurance so touching, and punishments so cruel! What original sin is the cab-horse expiating? what forbidden herb has the yoked ox browsed on in Eden, or the poor ass, blow-battered, whose frail limbs totter under that monstrous burden?"

And then M. Gautier tells us that when he was a child, the thought of these things tormented him greatly, and that, in his "infantine simplicity," he used to arrange Paradises and Elysian fields for beasts that had been very good (*sages*): stables of marble, with ivory mangers filled with golden corn, for *chevaux de coucou* that in life had been overbeaten and overworked; well-warmed stalls, redolent of sweet hay, that, in bully Bottom's asinine phrase, hath no fellow; meadows green with daisies pied, shaded well with tufted trees, "et dont l'herbe étoilée de marguerites leur montait jusqu'aux genoux,"—all in readiness for overladen cattle and meek-browed beasts of burden; while, as accessories to this very French beast-Eden, angel-grooms (*anges-palefreniers*) and seraphim-cowherds (*séraphins-bouvier*s) were at hand, in *ce petit Théophile's* beatific visions, to tend and minister to these beatified brutes, and pat them with hands softer than ever was cygnet's down. Elect asses browsed thistles of an exquisite flavour, that grew of themselves afresh in the dental process.

All this is not very orthodox, perhaps,—the ex-visionnaire admits; but it seemed to him conformable to divine justice. He cannot forget that St. Francis called the swallows his sisters—which friendly appellation might cause the saint to pass for a little maddish, his saintship notwithstanding: and yet, contends M. Gautier, he was right: "for are not the animals our humble brethren, friends of a lower grade, created by God as we are, and pursuing with affecting placidity the line marked out for

them from the beginning of the world?—To beat an animal is as impious and barbarous an action as to beat a child.—The Middle Ages, in their darkness, were all but afraid of animals, whose eyes, full of dumb questionings and indefinite thoughts, seemed to them lit up by demonic malice,—and sometimes accused them of sorcery, and burnt them as if they were human beings. It will be one of the glories of civilisation to have ameliorated the condition of the brutes, and to spare them every needless torture.* M. Gautier is free to own that the English have long been in advance of the French in this path, but seems to augur trustfully from the fact that nobody now-o'-days laughs at our love for dogs and horses, that ordinary theme for the caricatures of 1815.* Let us hope that Mr. Rarey's tactics may, in both countries, and many another too, have done much to speed the good cause. But it will be some time yet, occasional street sights and police-reports at home assure us, ere the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals need vote its own dissolution. *Tant pis* for the brutes who get beaten—and who beat.

The day may come, said Jeremy Bentham, when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which never could have been withheld from them but by the hand of tyranny; when men will see that “the number of legs, the villosity of the skin, or the termination of the *os sacrum*, are reasons insufficient for abandoning a sensitive being to the caprice of a tormentor. What else is it that should trace the insuperable line? is it the faculty of reason, or, perhaps the faculty of discourse? But a full-grown horse or dog is beyond comparison a more rational as well as a more conversable being than an infant of a day, a week, or even a month old. But suppose the case was otherwise, what would it avail? The question is not, Can they reason? nor, Can they speak? but, Can they suffer?” And to *that* question, alas, no querist need pause for a reply.

Mrs. Jameson avows her impression that in nothing do men sin so blindly as in their appreciation and treatment of the whole lower order of creatures. To the affirmation that love and mercy towards animals are not inculcated by any direct precept of Christianity, she answers, that surely they are included in its spirit; though it has been remarked that cruelty towards animals is far more common in Western Christendom than in the East. With the Mahometan and Brahminical races, she adds, humanity to animals, and the sacredness of life in all its forms, is much more of a religious principle than among ourselves.—Bacon† does not think it beneath his philosophy to point out as a part of human morals, and a condition of human improvement, justice and mercy to the lower animals—“the extension of a noble and excellent principle of compassion to the creatures subject to man.” “The Turks,” he says, “though a cruel and sanguinary nation both in descent and discipline, give alms to brutes, and suffer them not to be tortured.” To Mrs. Jameson, then, who is apt both to think freely and to speak frankly, it should seem as if the primitive Christians, by laying so much stress upon a future life in contradistinction to this life, and placing the lower creatures out of the pale of hope, placed them at the same time out of the pale of sympathy, and thus laid the foundation for this utter disregard of animals in the

* Théophile Gautier: *Les Beaux-Arts en Europe*. 1^{re} série, ch. vii.

† Advancement of Learning.

light of our fellow-creatures. "Their definition of virtue was the same as Paley's—that it was good performed for the sake of ensuring everlasting happiness—which of course excluded all the so-called brute creatures. Kind, loving, submissive, conscientious,* much-enduring, we know them to be; but because we deprive them of all stake in the future, because they have no selfish calculated aim, these are not virtues; yet if we say 'a vicious horse,' why not say a *virtuous* horse?"† Elsewhere the same admirable writer observes that whereas in general the more we gather of facts, the nearer we are to the elucidation of theoretic truth,—with regard to animals, on the contrary, the multiplication of facts only increases our difficulties and puts us to confusion. Dr. Arnold even declared the whole subject of the brute creation to be, to him, one of such painful mystery, that he dare not approach it.

But whatever the "primitive Christians" may have thought or taught, explicitly or implicitly, on the "beasts that perish,"—it is no rule without exception among orthodox moderns to deprive them, in Mrs. Jameson's words, "of all stake in the future." Paradoxical or not, preposterous or not, the hypothesis of an after-life for the brute creation has been sometimes mooted, sometimes favoured, sometimes actually espoused, by accredited apologists for the Christian religion. Leland, in his strictures on Lord Bolingbroke, admits the supposition of brutes having "immaterial, sensitive souls, which are not annihilated by death."‡ Bishop Butler pronounces an objection to one of his arguments, as implying, by inference, the "natural immortality of brutes," to be "no difficulty: since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endued with."§ John Foster, the Essayist, thus apostrophises in his Journal a wee warbler of the woodlands: "Bird! 'tis a pity such a delicious note should be silenced by winter, death, and, above all, annihilation. I do not and I cannot believe that all these little spirits of melody are but the snuff of the grand taper of life, the mere vapour of existence to vanish for ever."|| He would or could have criticised with sympathy Le Maire's "Amant Verd"—the hero of which has been mistaken by half-awake commentators for a man, whereas 'twas an Ethiopian bird, Marguerite of Austria's pet paroquet, which died of regret, Miss Costello says, during its mistress's absence, and which the poet represents as received into "an imaginary Paradise of animals, where many readers who have lost and mourned similar favourites would not be sorry to fancy they were transported."¶ Miss Seward wrote a poem On the Future Existence of Brutes. Samuel Rogers could "hardly persuade" himself that there is no compensation in a future existence for the sufferings of animals in the present life—"for instance," said he, "when I see a horse in the streets unmercifully flogged by its brutal driver."** Hence, theists of the Theodore Parker school, who believe in a future life on the ground that

* To the three former adjectives very many will agree, and give their *ex animo* subscription. But, "conscientious"? . . .

† Mrs. Jameson's Common-place Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies. (1854.) See pp. 207-213 *passim*.

‡ Leland's View of the Deistical Writers, letter xxv.

§ Butler's Analogy of Religion, ch. i.

|| Life and Corresp. of John Foster, I. 155. Ed. 1852.

¶ Anne of Brittany, by L. S. Costello, p. 370.

** Table-talk of S. Rogers, p. 2.

it is necessary in order to make intelligible the benevolent purpose of Deity, consistently extend the belief to the immortality of brutes: the ultimate welfare must come to the mutilated beast overtaken by some brutal man, else, say they, the universe is not a perfect world, but is imperfect in this particular, that it does not serve the natural purpose of these creatures, who go incomplete and suffering. "I know many will think it foolish, and some impious, to speak of the immortality of animals. But without this supposition I cannot 'vindicate the ways of God' to the horse and the ox. To me the immortality of all animals appears in harmony with the analogy of Nature, rational, benevolent, and beautiful. The argument from consciousness is here out of place—as man knows nothing of the consciousness of the sheep and swine."* We find Mr. Everett the Methodist "divine" confessing to James Montgomery one day his almost persuasion that the brute race "will have a resurrection." To his argument from their sufferings the poet replied: "Their sufferings are not mental but physical, and are considerably less than we are at first disposed to imagine. Those lambs, for instance, that are frisking by our side, are rearing for the knife of the butcher; they will suffer death, but death to them will be only a momentary pang. The animals that do suffer in an extraordinary way, like the post-horse, and some others, form a very inconsiderable portion of the general mass; and even among these, there are very few, if any, which have not a much greater quota of enjoyment than of suffering. Their principal enjoyment consists in eating, drinking, and sleeping; and when we take into our calculations the large share which they have of each of these, their sufferings are fairly met: the notion of injustice is, therefore, without foundation."† The poet's logic would scarcely resist inquiry or stand a cross-examination; but let that pass. Dr. Johnson had a more characteristic and consistent way of evading the difficulty,—as when the Rev. Mr. Deane's essay, maintaining the future life of brutes, was mentioned, Boswell tells us, and the doctrine insisted on by a gentleman who "seemed fond of curious speculations. Johnson, who did not like to hear of anything concerning a future state which was not authorised by the regular canons of orthodoxy, discouraged this talk; and being offended at its continuation, he watched an opportunity to give the gentleman a blow of reprehension. So, when the poor speculatist, with a serious metaphysical pensive face, addressed him, 'But really, Sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him,'—Johnson, rolling with joy at the thought which beamed in his eye, turned quickly round, and replied, 'True, Sir; and when we see a very foolish fellow, we don't know what to think of him.' He then rose up, strided to the fire, and stood for some time laughing and exulting."‡ The hard-headed Sage would have had as little mercy, no doubt, on Lamartine's sentimentalisms in the same "sad dog" strain:

Non, quand ce sentiment s'éteindra dans tes yeux,
Il se ranimera dans je ne sais quels cieux

(we can fancy burly Samuel interposing a parenthetic chuckle at the *je ne sais quels*, and perhaps a Very well, Sir, vastly well indeed):

* Parker's Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology, p. 198.

† Memoirs of James Montgomery, vol. iii. pp. 296 sq.

‡ Boswell's Life of Johnson, *sub anno* 1768.

De ce qui s'aime tant la tendre sympathie,
 Homme ou plante, jamais ne meurt assésié :
 Dieu la brise un instant, mais pour la réunir ;
 Son sein est assez grand pour nous tous contenir !*

All this pretty pantheism would only have made the Doctor squeamish— if, at least, it could have any effect on that robust constitution. He would rather assent *à toto* with those who hold, or have never seen reason against holding,

That all the lives which throng the air and earth,
 And swarm innumerable in the dizzy deep,
 Die once for all, and have no second birth,—
 That, ceasing once, they do not even sleep,
 But are no more than sounds of yesterday,
 Or rainbow tints that come and pass away.†

M. Sainte-Beuve, describing it to be the *tactique* of Montaigne, Bayle, and other sceptics, either to degrade man to the level of the beasts in order to rattle him of his prerogative of immortality, or else to elevate the beasts almost to a level with man, in order to compel the inference that if he has an immortal soul, equally so must they,—adds: “Now this is a conclusion which repels and makes us ready enough to draw back.”‡ And the critic applauds the manner in which Charron’s censor and contemporary, the physician Chanet,§ refuses to be impaled on either horn of the above dilemma, but traces out the boundary lines and specific distinctions betwixt man and beast, which appear to him sufficient to justify the presumed difference in their destinies. The views of the spiritualistic philosophy are well represented in the writings of M. Jules Simon; as where he says, “All other beings are but parts of a whole; man alone is a centre; he knows himself, knows his power, and makes a free disposal of it. That of itself is already a pledge of immortality, for the life which God has given me has nothing in common with the existence of those creatures which, ignorant of themselves, have no further reason to continue in being, after they have once fulfilled their day’s task, or made room for another individual of their species.”|| Elsewhere again he iterates the argument, as regards these poor *accessoires*, these *êtres secondaires, créés pour l’ensemble, non pour eux-mêmes*.¶ not being self-cognisant, they cannot be a centre of action; whereas man is conscious of himself, recognises a moral law, and is aghast at the very thought of annihilation.

Nevertheless, there will always, probably, be Charles Bonnets in this world, so long as it wags, who will, in their kindly speculations, find room or make room for the brute tribes, in another. Charles Bonnet, the renowned Swiss naturalist, made himself benevolently busy about the future state of these his humble clients. In rapturous prevision he gives us his word for it, that “man, transported to another abode, more in character with the eminence of his faculties, will leave for the ape and the elephant this foremost place occupied by him among the animals of our planet. In this restitution of all things [*restitution universelle*] it may

* “Jocelyn,” IX^{me} époque. † Hartley Coleridge, *De Animabus Brutorum*.

‡ *Causeries du Lundi*, t. xi. “Charron.”

§ *Considérations sur la Sagesse* (1643).

|| Jules Simon: *La Religion Naturelle*, Préface, p. iv.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 314.

be that among apes and elephants will Newtons and Leibnitzes be found."* *Ce bon Bonnet!*

Mr. Leigh Hunt, again, from quite another point of view, and on quite other grounds, satirises the pride that smiles in so sovereign a manner at the notion of "other animals going to heaven," and which insists that "nothing less dignified than ourselves can be immortal." For his part, he is sorry he cannot settle the question, and confesses he would fain have as much company as possible, and can conceive much less pleasant additions to the society than a flock of doves, or such a dog as Pope's "poor Indian" expects to see admitted to that equal sky. It is as difficult to think, he avers, that many beasts and birds are not as fit to go to heaven at once as many human beings—"people, who talk of their seats there with as much confidence as if they had booked their names for them at a box-office. To our humble taste, the goodness and kindness in the countenance of a faithful dog are things that appear almost as fit for heaven as serenity in a human being. The prophets of old, in their visions, saw nothing to hinder them from joining the faces of other animals with those of men. The spirit that moved the animal was every-thing."†—In no very dissimilar strain does Mr. Henry Rogers (whom those applaud and think so "funny" who would possibly call Mr. Hunt profane) meet and dispose of "proud man's" objection, that to suppose the brutes immortal is simply ridiculous. Granting it to be so, the Professor submits that it is equally, or nearly as ridiculous, to affirm that they are *not* immortal—for what can be more ridiculous than to affirm that of which, either way, we know nothing? And his reply to the remonstrance that to suppose immortality of creatures so scantily endowed is too absurd, is: It is dangerous, O man, for *thee* to employ that argument. Is it not the very conclusion which a superior intelligence to thine—if it knew thee only in the same way thou knewest thy despised fellow brute—would form respecting thee? at least, if superior intelligence had not taught him what, it seems, superior intelligence has not taught *thee*, humility and modesty?

"Is it possible," he would say, "that this miserable biped, who physically manifests so marked a family resemblance to his cousin brutes; whose intellectual qualities, it is true, seem somewhat superior, though not always, to theirs, and insignificant at the best; whose moral qualities are apparently inferior; is it possible that this miserable compound of vast pretensions, enormous vanity, ridiculous arrogance, meanness, envy, cruelty; who domineers over the other animals; who is at everlasting strife with his own species; who sprang out of the dust, as his supposed inferior fellows did, and returns to the dust as they do, can aspire to immortality? It is absurd. Let us hope that he is only a transient blot on the creation, and that the universe will one day be relieved from his odious presence." Far be it from us (even for our own sake), adds Mr. Rogers, to whisper any doubt of the fallacy of such an argument; yet sure he is that an archangel might employ it with much more reason against us than we can against the meanest reptile that crawls. "Well," complacent man will say, "if all animals are to be immortal, let us hope, at all events, that they will not occupy the same world, or live in inconvenient proximity." "Kind heaven grant it," all the lower creation

* *Palingénésie philosophique.*

† *Men, Women, and Books*, vol. i. pp. 157 *sq.* (1847.)

will eagerly reply. "Man cannot be more anxious to get away from us, than we are to get away from him."—But in very deed, by the light of philosophy, we know nothing about the matter either way; and that is a beautiful school of philosophy (though it has few disciples) which teaches man to say of most things: "It may be so, and it may be otherwise. It is a point on which I only know that I do not know."*

Behold, we know not anything,
We can but trust—

or fear, as the case and our own disposition may chance. I hope there is a heaven for them, said the late Mr. Æsop Smith of his horses. And we say ditto to Mr. Smith. Not quite so fervently would we say it to Mr. Landor's estimate of the dragon-fly's future—yet neither to that would we, of *malice prepense*, say nay. This is his apostrophe to the said "insect king, of purple crest and filmy wing," that came to him as he wrote verses by the river-side, to "overlook what he was writing in his book"—

Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river!
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing!†

The shrewdly suspicious may allege, however, nor quite without semblance of reason, that Walter Savage Landor is more cynical than anything else in these lines, and designs rather to hint that horny-eyed readers may be soulless, than that the insect king is immortal. But there can be no question of his good friend Southey's sincerity, whenever he uttered wish or hope of another life for bird or beast. For instance, his verses on the death of a favourite old spaniel have this ending:

But fare thee well! Mine is no narrow creed;
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless Man. There is another world
For all that live and move . . . a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee.‡

Robert the Rhymer was young, and rather hot-headed, and more than a little heterodox when he indited this valediction (to poor Phillis) and malediction (on biped bigots). But more than twenty years afterwards, when settled down into a model Church and King laureate, he inserted this stanza among twice nine others, illustrative of Mr. Wright's picture of Lucy and her dead skylark:

I ask not whither is the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death is seal'd;
Our Father hath not made that mystery known;
Needless the knowledge, therefore not reveal'd.§

* See the essay on Descartes, in *Edinburgh Rev.*, Jan. 1852. Reprinted in vol. i. of Mr. Henry Rogers's *Essays*.

† Landor's *Miscellaneous Poems*, No. 180. (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 650.)

‡ Southey's *Poetical Works*, p. 138. Ed. 1844.

§ *Ibid.* p. 143.

Sydney Smith, on the other hand, is impatient of the affirmative hypothesis in such cases all and sundry. What, he asks, have the shadow and mockery of faculties, given to beasts, to do with the immortality of the soul? Have beasts any general fear of annihilation? have they any love of fame? do their small degrees of faculties ever give them any feelings of this nature? are their minds especially escaping into futurity? have they any love of posthumous fame? have they any knowledge of God? have they ever reached, in their conceptions, the slightest traces of an hereafter? can they form the notion of duty and accountability? is it any violation of any one of the moral attributes of the Deity, to suppose that they go back to their dust, and that we do not?*

The comfortable Canon, with good capon lined, ignores the *sufferings* of the race he thus consigns to dust—and the mystery a single instance of brute misery presents,—the anomaly that seems to confront and confuse us (so long as we connect sorrow with sin and physical suffering with moral culpability, and admit the doctrine of Compensation) in every galled jade that winces, and every starved, hooted, pelted, offcast dog that crawls under a hedge to die.

The Immortality of the Soul was a foremost topic in the last series of papers Professor Wilson contributed to the Magazine whose fortunes he made; and it is observable that he here gave no countenance to a notion he had rather favoured in earlier days, when exuberant in health and strength, and rioting in those *animal* spirits which made Kit North the very "king o' guid fallows, and wale of auld men." Sadder if not wiser grown, he holds out no such hopes for the brute-world, in his Northern Days, as he had joyously affirmed in his Ambrosial Nights. Here is a passage in point from his *penultima*: "We see how precisely the lower animals are fitted to the places which they hold upon the earth, with instincts that exactly supply their needs, with no powers that are not here satisfied."† Such is the tone, grave, temperate, reflective, of the *Dies Boreales*, of Christopher under Canvas. One-and-twenty years before, Christopher in his Sporting Jacket had written, of four-footed Fro,— "Not now, as fades upon our pen the solemn light of the dying day, shall we dare to decide whether Nature—O most matchless creature of thy kind!—gave thee, or gave thee not, the gift of an immortal soul:"—"thou hadst a constant light of thought in thine eyes—nor wert thou without some glimmering and mysterious notions—and what more have we ourselves—of life and of death!" &c.‡ But more emphatically is the affirmative sanctioned in one and another of the *Noctes Ambrosiana*, by one and another of the convives. Thus, the Shepherd loquitor: "I hae never been able to persuade my heart and my understandin that dowgs haena immortal sows." And then, pointing to Bronte: "his sowl *mauss* be immortal."—"I am sure, James," rejoins Tickler, "that if it be, I shall be extremely glad to meet Bronte in any future society."—"The minister wad ca' that no orthodox," resumes the Shepherd. "But the mystery o' life canna gang out like the pluff o' a cawnle. Perhaps the verra bit bonny glitterin insecks that we ca' ephemeral, because they dance out but ae single day, never dee, but keep for ever and aye openin

* Sketches of Moral Philosophy, lect. xviii.

† *Dies Boreales*, IV. 389.

‡ Christopher in his Sporting Jacket, Fytte Second. (Sept. 1828.)

and shuttin their wings in mony million atmospheres, and may do sae through a' eternity. The universe is aiblins wide aneuch."* At another time the English Opium-eater is made to discourse on "an affecting, impressive—nay, most solemn and almost sacred feeling" which "is impressed on the sovereign reason," in certain moods, "of the immortality of the brute creation—a doctrine which visits us at those times only when our own being breathes in the awe of divinizing thought, and, disentangling her wings from all clay encumbrances, is strong in the consciousness of her Deathless Me."† And once again, but long afterwards, on the Shepherd's avowal, "Aften do I wonder whether or no birds, and beasts, and insects, has immortal souls,"—the same speaker is supposed to reply: "What God makes, why should He annihilate? Quench our own Pride in the awful consciousness of our Fall, and will any other response come from that oracle within us, Conscience, than that we have no claim on God for immortality, more than the beasts which want indeed 'discourse of reason,' but which live in love, and by love, and breathe forth the manifestation of their being through the same corruptible clay which makes the whole earth one mysterious burial-place, unfathomable to the deepest soundings of our souls."‡ Though we are very far from thinking with Professor Ferrier and others, that Mr. de Quincey's style is happily reproduced—scarcely would we say it is well parodied—in the *Noctes*, we may perhaps accept the tenor of these excerpts as not materially misrepresentative of what he might have said. The Shepherd sums up in his racy vernacular what the Scholar had been expressing philosophically: "True, Mr. De Quinsby—true, true. . . Pair Brontë's dead and buried—and sae in a few years will a' Us Fowre be! Had we naething but our boasted reason to trust in, the dusk would become the dark—and the dark the mirk, mirk, mirk." The summing up, if not absolutely and decisively in favour of these poor dumb mouths, which cannot plead their own cause in the "running-down case" their trial presents, at any rate leans kindly towards them, and would fain cherish, if not a reasonable hope, still a hope of some kind—possibly quite irrational, but certainly very humane, persistent, and sincere.

*Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill . . .*

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.§

* *Noctes Ambros.*, vol. ii. pp. 12 sq. Ed. 1855.

† *Ibid.* p. 341.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. iii. pp. 16-17.

§ *In Memoriam*, § liii.

THE DEAN OF DENHAM.

I.

THE shades of twilight were fast gathering on the aisles of the old cathedral, and the congregation, assembled in the choir for afternoon service, began to wonder whether the chanter would be able to finish without a light. The beautiful colours of the painted east window were growing dim—exceedingly beautiful were they when the sun illumined them.

It was a full congregation, unusually numerous for a winter's afternoon, and one that threatened rain. The Bishop of Denham, an old man, sat in his throne; the dean, a much younger man and very handsome, was in his stall. By his side was a boy of ten, or rather more; he possessed the dean's own face in miniature, and there could be no mistaking that they were father and son. Underneath the dean was the pew of his wife, and with her was another boy, somewhat younger, but bearing a great resemblance to the one by the dean. She was a fair, beautiful woman, with stately manners and a haughty face; in age she may have been a year above thirty, though she did not look it.

The chanter bent his spectacles nearer and nearer to his book, and the dean, Dr. Baumgarten, quietly pushed back the curtain on the side of his own stall, leaned down, and whispered a word to one of the bedesmen who were congregated on the steps inside the choir-entrance. The old man shuffled out, and presently shuffled in again with a flaring tallow candle, which he carried to the chanter's desk. The chanter gave him a nod for the unexpected accommodation, and went on more glibly. He had seen a light taken to the organ-loft, before the commencement of the anthem.

The service concluded, the bishop gave the blessing, and the congregation left the choir, but they did not leave the edifice: they waited in the body of the cathedral to listen to the music, for the organist was treating them to some of the choicest morceaux amongst his voluntaries. He was a superior player, and now and then he chose to show them that he was, and would keep them, delighted listeners, full half an hour after the conclusion of afternoon service: and sometimes he had to do so by order of the dean.

The bishop had little ear for music, but he liked the stopping, and the social chat it afforded, very well. He slowly paced the flag-stones by the side of the dean's wife, the respectful crowd allowing them a wide berth: Dr. Baumgarten stood close to the railings of a fine monument, partly listening, partly talking to the sub-dean. It was the month of November, the audit season, therefore all the great dignitaries of the cathedral were gathered in Denham.

"What's that now, Lady Grace? It's something like Luther's Hymn: variations on it, possibly."

Lady Grace Baumgarten coughed down a laugh: but she knew the bishop's musical deficiencies. "It is a symphony from Mozart: your lordship does not listen."

"Mozart, eh. I can distinguish a tune well enough when they sing the words to it, and I know our familiar airs, 'God Save the Queen,' and 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' and such like, but when it comes to these grand intricate pieces, I am all at sea," spoke the bishop, in his honest simple-mindedness. "How are the children, Lady Grace?"

"Quite well, thank you. The two boys are here. I don't see them just now, but they are somewhere about."

Lady Grace could not see them, and for a very good reason—that they were not there. The elder, the one who had sat by the side of the dean, an indulged boy and wilful, had scampered out into the cloisters, the moment he could steal away from the paternal surplice, drawing his brother with him.

"Charley," quoth he, "it's come on to pour cats and dogs; and I promised Dynevor to go out with him after college. You go in, and bring me my top coat."

"Oh, Cyrus, don't send me! Let me stop and listen to the organ."

"You insolent little beggar! Come, be off; or else you know what you'll get."

"But the music will be over, Cy," pleaded the younger, a little fellow of eight.

"The music be bothered! Here, take my Prayer-book in with you. Such nonsense as it is of mamma, to make us bring our Prayer-books to college when there are the large books in the stalls, ready for use! Look you, Mr. Charles, I'll allow you three minutes to get back here with the coat, and if you exesed it by half a second, you'll catch a tanning."

! Master Baumgarten took out his watch—an appendage of which he was excessively proud—as he spoke; and Charley, knowing there was no appeal against his imperious brother, laid hold of the Prayer-book, and flew off towards the deanery.

! Cyrus amused himself with hissing and spitting at an unhappy cat, which had by some mischance got into the enclosed cloister graveyard; and, just before the time was up, back came the child all breathless, the coat over his arm.

! Cyrus snatched it from him, thrust one of his arms into its sleeve, and was attempting to thrust the other, when he discovered that it did not belong to him. Charley had by mistake brought his own, and Cyrus could not, by any dint of pushing, get into it. His temper rose; he struck the child a smart blow on the cheek, and then began to buffet him with the unlucky coat.

"You nasty careless monkey! What the bother did you bring yours for? Haven't you got eyes? Haven't you got sense? Now, if——"

"Hollo! what's up? What's he been at now, Cy?"

! The speaker was Frank Dynevor, Cyrus Baumgarten's especial chum when he was at Denham. He was considerably older than Cyrus, but the latter was a forward boy of his years, and would not acknowledge a companion in one of his own age.

"A little jakes! I sent him in for my coat; and he must bring his," explained Cyrus. "A tanning would do him good."

"What's he whimpering for? I never saw such a youngster; he's always at it!"

"Oh, the dear little angel, yes! He whimpers, and then goes to his

mamma, and she makes a molly of him, and gives him sugar-candy," ironically scoffed Master Baumgarten. "Now, Mr. Charles, perhaps you'll leave off snivelling, and go and get the right coat. It's his fault that I keep you waiting, Dynevov."

"I am not going. There's a row at home about my running out in the rain, so it's stopped, and I came to tell you. Here, Cy; come down this way."

The two boys, Dynevov's arm carelessly cast on the shoulder of Cyrus, strolled off together along the cloisters, the latter having thrown the coat atop of Charley's head, with a force that nearly threw him off his legs. Charley disencumbered himself, and spying some of the college boys, with whom he kept up a passing acquaintance when at Denham, he joined them. They were emerging noisily from the schoolroom, after taking off their surplices: music had no charms for them, so they had not remained amidst the listeners in the cathedral.

Now, there was a charity school in Denham for the boys of poor parents, a large school, its numbers averaging four or five times those of the foundation school in the cathedral, and from time immemorial the gentlemen of the college foundation and the boys of the charity school had been at daggers drawn. The slight pastimes of hard abuse and stone throwing were indulged in, whenever the opposition parties came in contact, but there occurred sometimes a more serious interlude—that of a general battle. Animosity at the present time ran unusually high, and, in consequence of some offence offered by the haughty college boys in the past week, the charity boys (favoured possibly by the unusual darkness of the afternoon) had ventured on the unheard-of exploit of collecting in a body round the cloister gate to waylay the young gentlemen on their leaving the cathedral. The college lads walked into the trap and were caught, but they did not want for "pluck," and began laying about them right and left.

The noise penetrated to the other end of the cloisters, to the ears of the two lads parading there, and away they tore, eager to take part in any mischief that might have turned up. The first thing Cyrus saw was his brother Charles struggling in the hands of some half-dozen "snobs" (the title bestowed indiscriminately by the college boys upon the other parties), and being handled roughly. Of course, having been with the others he was taken for one of them, and being a meek little fellow, who stood aghast in the mêlée, instead of helping on the assault, besides looking remarkably aristocratic, a crime in their eyes, he was singled out as being a particularly eligible target.

All the hot blood in Cyrus Baumgarten's body rushed to his face and his temper: if *he* chose to put upon Charley and "tan" him, he was not going to see others do it. He flung off his jacket and his cap, threw them to Dynevov, and with his sturdy young fists doubled, sprang upon the assailants. What a contrast, when you come to think of it! The stately, impassive dean, master of his cathedral, and standing in it, the cynosure of surrounding eyes; the elegant Lady Grace with her rank and her beauty, both of them particularly alive to the *convenances* of civilised life; and the two young Baumgartens just beyond earshot, taking part in a juvenile fight, as fierce as any Irish row. Ah, good doctors of divinity, fair Lady Graces, *your* sons may be just as disreputably en-

gaged behind your backs, little as you may suspect it, unworthy of belief as you would deem it!

What would have been the upshot, it is impossible to say—broken noses certainly, if not broken legs—had not the master of the charity boys come up, a worthy parish clerk, whom the whole lot dreaded more than anything alive. He had scented, or been told of, the expedition, and he had hastened to follow it, and bring down upon the fractious heads the weight of his wrathful authority. The very moment his portly figure was caught sight of, off flew the crew in ignominious alarm, the college boys raising a derisive shout after them, and then decamping to their own homes. A good thing for them, and that it was over and done with, before *their* masters came out of the cathedral.

Dynevor, who was hand-in-glove with some of the senior boys, returned Cyrus's property to him, and went away with his friends; and the two Baumgartens were left alone. Charles was crying and shaking, Charles's nose was bleeding, and down sat Cyrus in a corner of the cloisters, and held the child to him, as tenderly as any mother could have done.

"Don't cry, Charley dear," quoth he, kissing him fondly. "I know that biggest fellow that set upon you, and I'll pay him off as sure as he's a snob. I'd have paid them off now if they had waited, the cowards, and I don't care if they had killed me for it. Where did they hit you, darling?"

"They hit me everywhere, Cyrus," sobbed the child, who, though barely two years younger than his brother, was as a baby compared to him in hardihood, and knowledge of the world—if such a remark can be construed as applicable to a young gentleman rising eleven. "Oh, how my nose bleeds!"

Cyrus with his own white handkerchief kept wiping the suffering nose, kissing Charley between whiles.

"Charley dear," he began, between the latter's sobs, "if I hit you sometimes it isn't that I want to hurt you, for I love you very much, better than anything in the world. You mustn't mind my hitting you; I'm used to hit; and it'll teach you to be a man."

"Yes," breathed Charley, clinging closer to Cyrus, whom, in spite of the latter's imperiousness, he dearly loved. "I know you don't do it to hurt me."

"No, that I don't. There's not a soul in the house cares for you as I do, and I'll stand by you always, through thick and thin."

"Mamma cares for me, Cyrus."

"After her fashion," returned Mr. Cyrus. "She makes a girl of you, and pets you up to the skies. But I'll fight for you, Charley; I'll never let a hair of your head be touched when we go together to Eton or Rugby, whichever it's to be."

"I hope I shall get brave, like you, Cy. I think I shall, when I am as big as you: nurse says you were not much better than me when you were as little."

"Oh, I'm blest, though!" returned Cyrus, not pleased with the remark; "she'd better say that to me. I never was a molly, Charley, I never had the chance to be, so nurse must have said it to humour you. Why now, only see what a girl they make of you: they keep you in these dandy velvet dresses with a white frill. A white frill! and they don't let you

stir out beyond the door, unless there's a woman at your tail to see you don't fall, or don't get lost, or some such nonsense. And then look at mamma, taking you into her pew on a Sunday! Never was such a spectacle seen before, in Denham Cathedral, as for a chap of your age to sit in the ladies' seats. I'd rather be one of those snobs, than I'd be made a molly of."

"Don't call me a molly, Cy," sobbed the child.

"It's not your fault," returned Cyras, kissing him still, "it's theirs. You have got a brave heart, Charley, for you won't tell a lie, and you'll be brave yourself when they'll let you. I'll make you so, I'll teach you, and I'll love you better than all of them put together. Does it pain you now, Charley dear?"

"Not much. I was frightened."

A little while longer they sat there. Cyras soothing the still sobbing child, stroking his hair, wiping his eyes, whispering endearing names; and then they got up, and he led him affectionately towards the deanery, which was contiguous to the cathedral.

A couple of pretty objects they looked when they got into the well-lighted residence. Both their faces smeared with blood, Charley's velvet dress and his "white frill," and Cyras's shirt front: for the latter, in his caresses, had not escaped catching the stains. The dean and Lady Grace had not entered, and Cyras smuggled Charles into the nursery.

"Oh, my patience!" uttered the nurse, who was sitting there with a little lady of six, Gertrude Baumgarten. "You wicked boys! what have you been up to? This is your work, I know, Master Cyras!"

"Is it," retorted Cyras. "Who gave you leave to know?"

Gertrude backed in fear against the wall, her eyes, haughty and blue as were her mother's, wide open with astonishment. She did not like the appearance of things, and she began to cry.

"Now, don't be such a little stupid," exclaimed Cyras; "there's nothing to cry for. Charley's nose bled, and it got on to our clothes."

"Yes, it's me that's hurt, nurse," put in Charley, remembering his grievances and giving way again. "It isn't Cyras."

"Of course it's not," indignantly returned the nurse; "what harm does he ever come to? You have been striking him, that's what you have been doing, Master Cyras."

"It's nothing to you, if I have," retorted Cyras, in choler. "You just say it again, though, and I'll strike you." He disdained to say it was not, or to defend himself: he was of by far too indifferent a temperament.

A loud, sharp scream from Charley; his nose had spun out bleeding again: and at that moment there was another interruption. The room door opened, and the dean and his wife entered: the former wearing his surplice and hood still, and carrying his trencher, for they had been hurriedly disturbed by the noise as they came in from the cathedral.

The nurse, whose temper was not a remarkably calm one, and who disliked the daring Cyras, was busy getting hot water and a basin. "Look at him, my lady, look at him," cried she, "and it's Master Cyras's doings."

"What does all this mean?" demanded the dean, his eyes wandering from one boy to the other, from their faces to their clothes: "what is it, I ask?"

The dean might ask, but he was none the nearer getting an answer. Charley, his head over the basin, was crying in fear and excitement, and never heard the question; and Cyras had one of his independent, obstinate fits coming on, and would not open his lips in explanation or self-defence.

"How dared you hit him?" exclaimed Lady Grace, turning to Cyras. "You are growing a perfect little savage!" and raising her delicately-gloved hand in the heat of the moment, she struck Master Cyras some tingling blows upon his cheeks. Dr. Baumgarten, deeming possibly that to stand witness of the scene did not contribute to the dignity of the Dean of Denham, just escaped from service in his cathedral, turned away, calling upon Cyras to follow him.

It was not Cyras, however, who followed the dean, it was Lady Grace. He had gone to his own study, had laid down his cap, and was taking off his sacred vestments himself, dispensing with the customary aid of his servant. His wife closed the door.

"Dr. Baumgarten, how is this to end?" she asked.

"What do you mean, Grace?"

"I mean about Cyras; but you know very well, without my telling you. The boy has been indulged and pampered until he is getting the mastery of us all. He positively struck Gertrude the other day. The system that you pursue with that boy is most pernicious; and it will surely be his ruin. You cannot see his failings, you supply him with an unlimited command of money——"

"Unlimited!" interrupted the dean. "You speak without thought, Grace."

"I think too much," she replied. "I have abstained hitherto from serious remonstrance, for if ever I have interfered by a word, you have persisted in attributing it to a jealous feeling, because he is not my own child. But I now tell you that something must be done: if that boy is to stop in the house and rule it, I won't. I will not allow him to ill-treat Charles: I will not, I say."

"Peace, Grace: remember the day."

"I do not forget it. Your son did, probably, when he struck Charles. If you have any feeling for your other children, Dr. Baumgarten, you will take measures by which this annoyance may be put a stop to: it is to me most irritating."

Lady Grace left the room, and the dean rang the bell, despatching the servant who answered it for Master Baumgarten. Cyras had not yet gone the length of disobeying his father's mandates, and attended as soon as he had been, what the nurse called, "put to rights," meaning his unsightly shirt exchanged for a clean one. Charley, his nose shiny and swollen, but himself otherwise in order, stole in after him.

"Now, Cyras," began the dean, "we must have an explanation, and if you deserve punishment you shall not escape it. I did not think my boy was a coward, who would ill-treat his younger brother."

The colour flashed into the cheeks of Cyras, and a light into his eyes. But he would not speak.

"Come hither, Charles. Do you see his face, sir?" added the dean, taking the child's hand. "Are you not ashamed to look at it, and to reflect that you have caused him all this grief and pain——"

"Papa," interrupted Charles, "it was not Cyrus who hurt me. It was the snobs."

"It—was—the—what?" slowly uttered the dean, his dignity taken a little aback.

"Those charity snobs. I was with the college boys in the cloisters, and they set upon us; there were five or six upon me all at once, papa, and I dare say they would have killed me, only Cyrus came up and fought with them, because I was not strong enough. And then he sat down and nursed me as long as I was frightened, and that's how the blood got upon his clothes."

The dean looked from one to the other. "Was it not Cyrus who hurt you, then? I scarcely understand."

"Cyrus loves me too much to hurt me," cried Charley, lifting his beautiful, deeply-set brown eyes, just like Cyrus's, just like the dean's, to his father's face. He was kissing me all the time in the cloisters; he was so sorry I was hurt; and he says he loves me better than anybody else in the world, and he'll pay off that biggest snob the first time he sees him. Don't you, Cyrus?"

The boy turned caressingly to Cyrus. Cyrus looked red and foolish, not caring to have his private affections betrayed for the public benefit, and he roughly shook off Charley. Dr. Baumgarten drew Cyrus to him, and fondly pushed his hair from his forehead. "Tell me about it, my boy."

"Charley was just talking to some of the college boys, papa, and those horrid charity snobs——"

"Stop a bit. What do you mean by 'snobs'—a very vulgar word, Cyrus. Of whom do you speak?"

"Oh, you know that big charity school, papa: well, they are always setting on to the college boys, and they came up to the cloisters this evening, and Charley, being with the boys, got in for his share of pummelling, and I beat the fellows off him. That's all."

"Why did you not say this to your mamma in the nursery? You made her angry with you for nothing."

Cyrus shook back his head with a somewhat defiant movement. "Mamma's often angry with me for nothing, as far as that goes. I don't care. And as to nurse," he added, drowning a warning gesture of the dean's, "she's always telling stories of me."

"Now what do you mean by saying 'I don't care,' Cyrus? It is very wrong to be indifferent, even in speech."

"I mean nothing, papa," laughed the boy. "Only I can fight my own battles against nurse, and I will. She has no business to interfere with me: let her concern herself with Charles and Gertrude."

The dean left the boys together, and went in search of his wife. He found her in her chamber. She had taken off her out-door things, and was now in her dinner dress. The attendant quitted the room as he entered it.

"Grace," said he, going up to her, "there has been a misapprehension, and I have come to set you right. Charley got into an affray with some strange boys in the cloisters (the details of which I shall make it my business to inquire into), and Cyrus defended him against them—going into them no doubt like a young lion, for he possesses uncommon

spirit; too much of it. We have been casting blame to Cyrus unnecessarily."

Lady Grace lifted her eyes to her husband. She knew him to be an honourable man (putting out of the question his divinity and his deanship), and that he would not assert a thing but in perfect good faith. "What did they mean, then? Why did not Cyrus speak?"

"His spirit in fault again, I suppose, too proud to defend himself against an unjust imputation," replied the dean. But the dean was wrong, unhappily: Cyrus was too carelessly indifferent to defend himself. The dean continued: "I ordered Cyrus before me, and began taking him to task: Charles, who had come in with him, spoke eagerly up, saying Cyrus had fought *for* him, to defend him from his assailants, not *against* him. You should have heard the child, Grace, telling how Cyrus sat down and nursed him afterwards in the cloisters, kissing him and wiping the blood from his face and whispering him how he loved him better than anything else in the world. Grace, those two will be affectionate, loving brothers, if we do not mar it."

Lady Grace felt that she had committed an injustice in striking Cyrus, besides having been guilty of an unlady-like action, and perhaps she felt more contrition at the moment than the case really warranted. "How 'mar it?' " she faltered.

The dean put his arm round his wife's waist ere he replied. "Grace, you best know what is in your heart: whether there is not a dislike towards Cyrus rankling there. I think there is, and that the feeling makes you unjust to him: if you be not very cautious, it will sow dissension between the children."

Grace Baumgarten burst into tears, and laid her face upon her husband: she loved him almost as passionately as she had ever done. "Ryle," she whispered, "if there be any such feeling in it, it is born of my love for you."

He smiled to himself. "I know it, my dearest: but it is not the less inexcusable. You cannot bear to think that another was once my wife, and that he is her child. Grace, she has been dead for years, so long as almost to have faded from remembrance: surely you might let your jealousy die out and not visit it upon him."

"But you do indulge him, Ryle: you indulge him to his own—I was almost going to say destruction—but perhaps that is too strong a word. You indulge him more than is good for his benefit, far more than you do our own children."

"Nay, Grace, surely not; the idea—forgive me—must have its rise but in yourself, in this feeling I have spoken of. Or, it may be, that knowing you dislike him, I am the more kind. Perhaps it is."

"I cannot help fancying, when I see you so lavish in your affection for him, that you loved *her* better than you love me," murmured Lady Grace.

He turned her face up to his, and kissed it many times, telling her between whiles that she was "a goose," and "worse than a baby."

"The Very Reverend the Dean of Denham!" groans the scandalised reader. Good reader, it may not have been your fortune to know a dean in private life. It has been mine, and I can assure you they are not a whit

different from ourselves. And Dr. Baumgarten, remember, was handsome, and young, for a dean: not quite forty.

Lady Grace was right, and the dean was right. The one in saying that the dean reprehensibly indulged Cyrus; the other in believing that Lady Grace disliked him. Unconsciously perhaps to himself, the dean was inordinately fond of Cyrus, and always had been; he did indulge him very much, especially in the fact of supplying him with a large amount of pocket-money. Cyrus was naturally extravagant, and it made him more so—it induced a habit of carelessness of money; and the indulgence fostered his self-will. Lady Grace's aversion was calculated to render him more indifferent than he was by nature; it was the chief cause of his acting the tyrant to his brother, so much more eased for in the home circle (the dean excepted) than he: while he was getting into a habit of untruthfulness and deceit, in hiding his faults from her. Altogether, with Cyrus Baumgarten's peculiar qualities and temperament, he was being brought up in about the worst manner he could well be. And yet, the boy might have been made into a good and honourable man, had they gone the right way to work. Poor Edith! could she look on at this lower world?

II.

IN the handsome drawing-room of their town residence, Berkeley-square, sat the Dean of Denham and Lady Grace Baumgarten. They had entered the room almost at the same moment, dressed to receive guests. The dean gave a dinner party that day, and the hour, named for it, was drawing nigh.

Years have elapsed, and the dean, a man of fifty now, is more portly than he was wont to be, but Lady Grace carries her age well, and looks not a day older than the period a woman never confesses to having passed—five-and-thirty. But in the dean's face there is a look of anxious care: what can the flourishing Dean of Denham have to cross him?

A vast deal more than the world at large suspected. Gifted with an aristocratic wife, and she with aristocratic tastes and habits, the dean had fallen long and long ago into a more expensive rate of living than his means warranted. Embarrassment followed, as a necessary consequence; trifling enough at first, and easily staved off—not done away with, staved off. But the staving-off plan does not answer: it is something like the nails in the horse-shoe, doubling as they went on: and Dr. Baumgarten had now attained to a height of perplexity in his pecuniary affairs, not frequently reached by a dignitary of the Church.

Half the labour of his later life had been to hide it from Lady Grace, and he had in a great measure succeeded. She could not avoid knowing that they were in debt, but she had no conception to what extent, and debt is rather a fashionable complaint. She also found that the dean invariably ran short of ready money, but that is nothing uncommon either.

What of Cyrus Baumgarten? He had given trouble—was it likely to be otherwise? It had always been the dean's intention that Cyrus should follow his own calling, the Church. Cyrus knew of this; but had not given himself the trouble to object, although never intending to fall in with it. Make a parson of him! dress him up in a black coat and a

white choker! the young gentleman was wont to say behind the dean's back—no; he'd rather go in for the clown at Astley's! he'd rather be a jockey at Newmarket! he'd rather hew timber in the backwoods of America! he'd rather perch himself on a three-legged stool at a dark desk in a City office! None of those fellows need have a conscience, but a parson must, and so he'd leave the Church to those who liked consciences. The treason was reported to the dean, and he had Cyrus before him: the boy was seventeen then, and had not grown less reckless with his advancing years. Though, in spite of the dean's opinion to the contrary, the objection proved that Cyrus was not so totally devoid of conscience as some might have been. A serious dispute took place between him and his father, which came to no amicable adjustment, for the dean was positive and Cyrus obstinate. Following close upon this, a worse matter was disclosed: it was discovered that Cyrus, young as he was, had contracted debts to the tune of three or four hundred pounds. The anger of the dean was terrible; it was whispered in the house that he laid his stick about Cyrus, vowing he should study for the Church, or be discarded: but whether this was true or not, even Lady Grace could not say. In the consternation arising from the disclosure of the debts, the ill-feeling that ensued upon the variance between father and son, Cyrus disappeared, and when he was next heard of it was as a sailor on board a ship, on her voyage to New Zealand. He had shipped himself as a common sailor, before the mast, and it was said had chiselled a drunken sailor out of his papers and passed them off as his own, to enable him to do so. The ship came back, but not Cyrus; he remained at New Zealand: in a merchant's house, he sent word home; and the dean transmitted him some money. Four years after, at twenty-one, he was back again, gay, rattling, reckless as of old; but exceedingly handsome, exceedingly like what the dean had been before him. This was a few months previous to the dinner, for which the dean and Lady Grace are now waiting.

It was a formal dinner party, one periodically given by Dr. Baumgarten to a few nearly superannuated lights of the Church, who came in their mitred carriages with their old wives beside them; it was not at all one of those delighted in by Lady Grace; neither Charles (but he was at college) nor Gertrude was admitted to it: Cyrus would have been still more out of his element; but Cyrus had not shown himself at home for the last week.

The dean stood with his elbow leaning on the mantelpiece, and his hand supporting his head: a strange weight of care sat upon his brow, so great, so strange, that it could not escape the notice of his wife.

"Is anything the matter? You do not look well."

"Well? Oh yes."

"You are troubled then. What is it?"

"Nothing; it is nothing, Grace." And the dean removed his elbow, smoothed his brow, and called up a smile, just as the first black silk apron came sailing in. The dean, however, had received some painfully perplexing tidings not many hours before.

But never had the Dean of Denham been more courteous, more brilliant, more alive to the duties of a host than he was that evening. He sat at the head of his board after Lady Grace had withdrawn, and the social old bishops admired his learning, retorted to his wit, yielded to his

fascinations, and enjoyed his good wine. It was a remark amongst their lordships the next day, that Baumgarten had surpassed himself. The ladies thought the same when he appeared with their lords in the drawing-room. Gertrude Baumgarten was in it then, and was singing to them some of her sweetest songs; but they forgot the songs when they listened to the dean.

A servant was crossing the saloon with a coffee-cup: he halted for a moment near his master, and spoke in a tone imperceptible to other ears. "The gentleman is come again, sir, who was here to-day, and some one else with him. I have shown them into the library."

Drawing to the door imperceptibly as it were, with a word to one, a smile for another, the dean passed out of it, unnoticed, for they were engaged with their coffee, and Gertrude was singing again. In the library were two gentlemen, and further off, sitting at the edge of a handsome chair, as if handsome chairs and himself did not often come into contact, was a shabby-looking man. The man had been there for several hours, and had had refreshment of a substantial sort served to him three times. Of the gentlemen, one was the dean's banker, the other his lawyer; and the man was a sheriff's officer. The Dean of Denham had been arrested.

The Dean of Denham had actually been arrested! Such calamities have occurred to men even higher in the Establishment than he. As he came up to his door that afternoon, and put his foot upon his door-sill to enter it, he was touched upon the shoulder by the man sitting now in that uneasy chair. The exclusive dean shrank from the contaminating contact, his haughty pride rose, and he spoke severely.

"Fellow! what do you mean?"

"The Reverend Ryle Baumgarten, I believe. Sir, you are my prisoner."

Staggered, shocked, almost bewildered, he, by some process of persuasion or reasoning, got the man to enter his house, and wait while he sent for his lawyer. The lawyer came. Arrangement appeared to be hopeless, for the dean was worse than out of funds, and his revenues were appropriated for years to come. The dean said, Receive the bishops that night, as had been fixed, he must: and the perspiration streamed from his face at the idea of going to prison. The lawyer knew him to be a man of honour, whose word was unquestionable, and he passed it, to go quietly to his destination the following morning, provided he could remain in his house that night. The lawyer answered for him to the capturer, and the latter was made at home in the library. Meanwhile the dean wrote a note to his banker.

The latter, wishing to be courteous, answered it in person, and sat now at the library table, the dean on one side him, the lawyer on the other. But where was the use of his coming? he had been privately saying to the lawyer, he and his house were in for it too deeply, as it was, and not a shilling more would they advance; no, not to keep the dean out of purgatory, let alone out of prison. He intimated somewhat of the same now to the dean, though in more courtly terms.

They consulted together in subdued tones, not to be audible to the man at the back, but to no earthly effect; it all came round to the same point: the dean had neither money nor money's worth; even the very

furniture of the house he was in, and of the deanery at Denham, was pledged, so to be called, for money which had been lent upon it: heavy liabilities were thick upon him, and he had no means of meeting them: he had staved off and staved off the evil day, only to make it all the worse, now it was come.

Nothing could be done, nothing whatever; the lawyer was unable to help, the banker would not, and the conference closed. Dr. Baumgarten, upon thorns in more ways than one, went back to his wondering bishops, the comforting assurance that he must surrender the next morning, playing Old Harry with his brain.

"Oh, here's the dean. Lady Grace feared you must be taken ill."

"Never better in health in my life," laughed the dean, gaily. "I was summoned to the library on business: people will come at inopportune times. Your lordship is winning, I see: a knight and a castle already; fair trophies: but Lady Grace generally contrives to lose all before her, when she attempts chess."

The guests departed at the sober hour of eleven, and Lady Grace immediately prepared to go to her dressing-room. The dean had been making up his mind to tell her while he talked to the bishops; "A glib tongue covers an aching heart"—how is it that the proverb runs?

"Grace, don't go up this minute. Good night, Gertrude."

"Good night, dear papa."

"Ryle!" uttered Lady Grace as the door closed, "you are not well, I am sure of it! What *were* you doing when you were out of the room so long to-night?"

The dean leaned against the wall by the side of the fireplace, all his false bravery gone out of him. When the spirits have been forced for hours, the revulsion is sometimes fearful. She went up to him in alarm, and he laid hold of her hands.

"It seems," he said, with a ghastly face, "as if I should almost die in the telling it."

Her lips turned whiter than his, and her voice sank to a dread whisper. "Something has happened to Charles!"

"No, no; the children are all safe, it has nothing to do with them. It has to do with myself alone: and—you—in a degree—as part of me."

"Ryle, you are ill," she faintly said; "you have some disorder that you are concealing. Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"Ill in mind, Grace. Oh, my wife, how shall I tell you that I have been an embarrassed man for years, and that now the blow has come."

She shivered inwardly, but she would not let it be seen. "What is the blow?"

"I am arrested. I must go to prison to-morrow morning."

So little was Lady Grace familiar with "arrests" and "prisons," that she could not at once comprehend him, and when she did, the popular belief in her mind seemed to be that a dean, so enshrined in divinity and dignity, could never be made an inmate of a prison. The first emotion passed, they sat down, and Grace poured upon him question after question: Whatever had brought it on? how much did they owe? why didn't he tell the lawyers to settle it?

Puzzling questions all, for the dean to answer. It had been coming

en too long for him to be able to trace "what" had brought it; little by little, step by step, the grain of sand had grown to a large desert: how much they owed he could not precisely tell, himself: and oh! the mockery of the innocent remark, Why didn't he tell the lawyers to settle it?

"Ryle!" she suddenly exclaimed, "you had an advance from the bankers a day or two ago. I saw you draw a cheque for two hundred and twenty pounds—don't you remember? I came in as you were writing it. Is that all gone?"

"It was the last cheque they cashed—the last they would cash. The money was not for myself."

"Who for, then?"

"It does not signify. It is gone."

"But you must tell me, you know, Ryle: now it has come to this pitch, you must not keep me in the dark. I must know how much you owe, and how the money has gone, and the right and the wrong of everything. Of course there's nothing to be done now, but to raise money upon my property. What did that two hundred and twenty go in?"

"Arrests seem to be catching in the family just now," observed the dean, with a bitter smile. "Cyrus got arrested, and I had to extricate him. It was not much, Grace; as a drop of water to the ocean."

Whether as a drop, or a bucket, it seemed to freeze Lady Grace. "Cyrus!" she ejaculated, scornfully.

"He is my son. Grace, this blow will kill me."

"If you went to prison it would be enough to, but that can't be thought of. Money must be raised on my property, I say."

"My dear, I thought you knew better. It is yours for your life only, and then it descends to your children. The Lord Chancellor himself could not raise a shilling upon it."

Lady Grace started up. "Is it so? What in the world is to be done?"

He did not say what: he foresaw too well, and his countenance betrayed it. She put her arm round his neck.

"No, Ryle dearest, you never shall: there shall be no prison for you whilst I live. I will be back in an hour."

"Why, where are you going?" he exclaimed.

"To my brother. A cab will take me there in safety. He must manage this. Now, don't attempt to stop me, Ryle; what harm should I come to? If you are afraid, come with me."

"I wish I could. I am a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" she ejaculated. "Here, in your own house?"

"I may not quit it, except to exchange it for the prison."

She had a bonnet and shawl brought down, and a man-servant was ordered to attend her. For once in her life Lady Grace condescended a word of explanation. "She had business with Lord Avon, and the dean felt too unwell to accompany her." She remembered one important item of information she was ignorant of, and went back to ask it.

"Ryle, how much is it you are arrested for?"

"Close upon three thousand pounds."

She drove to the Earl of Avon's residence. He was not at home: his servant believed he might be at the club. Away to the club went Lady

Grace. The earl was there, and the message was taken in to him. A lady wanted to see him.

A titter went round the table, and the earl exploded a little at the waiter. What the deuce? A lady to see him? What next? Who was she?

The waiter could not say. She was in a cab.

"What's her name?" returned the earl. "Impudence? Go and ask."

The man went and came back again. "It is Lady Grace Baumgarten, my lord."

Lord Avon gave a prolonged stare, and then hurried out. "Why, Grace, what's up now?" cried he, as he approached the cab. "Is Berkeley-square on fire? Or is Baumgarten made Primate of All England?"

"Come inside, Henry, for a minute, I want to speak to you. The dean's arrested for three thousand pounds."

"Oh, is he?" equably returned Lord Avon. "He has been a clever fellow to keep out of it so long. Nobody but a dean could have done it."

"And you must find the money to release him."

"Anything else?" inquired Lord Avon.

"You *will*, Henry: you must."

"Look here, Grace," said the earl. "Thousands are not so plentiful with me: but if they were, and I went to the old Jew's to-night, and paid the money down, there'd be the same to do over and over again to-morrow."

"Went to where?"

"Where's he taken to?"

"He is at home. They have gone out of their usual way, he said, and allowed him to be at home to-night: a man is there, and will take him in the morning. Henry, it must not be; you must come to his aid."

"But I say that it will be of no use. I know more of Baumgarten's affairs than you do: in fact, I have already helped him out of one or two pits: though of course things have been kept from you."

"But what is to be done?" uttered Lady Grace. "The Dean of Denham can't go to prison; such a scandal never was heard of. Henry, I won't stir from your side, this night, till you give me the money."

"Where am I to get it from?" quietly asked the earl. "Out of that gutter?"

"Nonsense. You possess a cheque-book, I suppose?"

"All this comes of marrying beneath——"

"Hold your tongue," interrupted Lady Grace. "He is an honour to the family: and I know, if he has gone beyond his means, it has been for my sake. Will you go home with me now; and talk things over with him?"

"No," said the earl, "I can't to-night. But I'll be in Berkeley-square the first thing in the morning, and see if anything can be done."

"What time? By nine o'clock, or it will be too late."

"I'll be there by nine. Good night, Grace."

Lady Grace returned home. She was entering the drawing-room,

when the butler came suddenly out of it to meet her, and in a very un-butler-like way closed the door in her face to prevent her entrance. His usually florid complexion had turned yellow, and he spoke in a flurry, as if he did not weigh his words.

"Oh, my lady—not in there, please."

Lady Grace wondered if he had been visiting the decanters. "Open the door," she calmly said. "Is the dean there still?"

The butler put his back against it and held the handle firmly. "I beg your pardon, my lady, you must not go in."

She was alarmed now: she saw the man's agitation. Her imagination pictured the dean surrounded by a shoal of sheriffs' officers, with perhaps Mr. Calcraft in the rear, or some other myrmidon of justice equally awful: her ideas were not very clear upon the distinctions of law. At that moment a servant came in view, the same who had gone with her to seek Lord Avon.

"Pull him away from the door," shrieked Lady Grace, in her tremor, to the footman, a powerful fellow six feet high. "He is mad, or has been drinking."

The butler made a sign to the man. "My lady, the dean is taken ill," he stammered; "that's the truth. I thought your ladyship had best not see him."

She waved him away in her wilful manner: she would have had him removed by force, had he held out, and the butler knew it. He stepped aside: "The nearest doctor instantly," he whispered to the man: and then he followed her in.

Leaning back in a low easy-chair, almost at full length, his head resting on the back of it, lay the dean. His face was white, his mouth was open: but his eyes were closed as if in a calm sleep. Nevertheless, there was that in his face which struck terror to the heart of his wife. She grasped hold of the butler's arm and shrieked aloud.

"Yes, my lady," he whispered, believing that she saw as well as he, "I fear it is death."

Far too deep now for shrieking, for violent outward signs, was the terror, the anguish of Lady Grace. Her thoughts flew to—knowing the situation of her husband, the exposure and disgrace hanging over him—her fears flew to self-destruction.

"I came in, my lady, just before you returned," said the butler, "and I saw him lying in this way. I could not rouse him, and I was about to send for medical aid when I met your ladyship."

Lady Grace had knelt down, and clasped her husband. In that moment of horror, what cared she who was present? She called him by endearing names, she kissed his face, she besought him to speak to her: but there was no answering response, and conviction told her that there never would be again.

Never in this world. But it was no act of self-destruction: he had died from disease of the heart, brought on by the evening's excitement. Cyrus Baumgarten came home that night, and passed it alone with his father, in a storm of passionate sobs, reckless man as he was deemed. And the world, next day, was busy with the news that the Very Reverend Byle Baumgarten had been gathered to his fathers, and that the rich deanery of Denham was in the clerical market.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.*

A WRITER would seem to place his argument on the incontestable basis of truth when he goes to the very commencement of things. M. Esquiros not only carries investigation into the very depths of an inquiry, "*appesfondit les choses*," as our excellent allies and friends would express it, but he actually starts from the very dawn of creation itself. We would have said from the mysterious epoch of an older world, but Professor Powell insists that there is nothing mysterious in nature, and probably the Savilian professor is in the right, and that what appears mysterious is only so on account of our ignorance. True faith bids us accept many things that are, and perhaps ever will be, incomprehensible here below, but then the field of investigation is in such matters outside of nature.

M. Esquiros, who further claims an advantage which he says other travellers will not envy him, that of having taken root in the civilisation which they have only traversed by steam or by the flight of birds, wished, he says, to avoid two dangers—the one, of merely skimming the surface of a profound nationality difficult to penetrate, the other, of so identifying himself with it as to efface all angles and characteristic reliefs. The way in which he has proposed to himself to abide by this safe and wise middle course will appear curious enough to us practical people: it is to begin with England ere it was yet moulded from the vasty deep, and to go on with the investigation of Celtic, Roman, and Saxon antiquities, and the ethnographical results produced by the Danish and Norman invasions!

The Englishman is the king of matter; he masters the elements, he fatigues the ocean, he torments water, fire, and vapour, he subjects to himself all the blind and brutal forces of the physical world; but whence does the secret of that immeasurable power spring? From the earth; if Great Britain is the first of industrial nations in the world, it is due in main part to her mineral riches, especially to the two elements that generate mechanical motion, iron and coal. The life of the inhabitants, local industries, the manners of the agricultural populations, working classes or commercial, the relative prosperity of certain districts, the style of landscape, the physiognomy of towns, the architectural character of monuments and houses, all attach themselves to geological conditions as to their common root.

There is, no doubt, much truth in the fact that England is in great part due to her prosperity and civilisation to her mineral riches, but she is also in no small portion indebted for such to the industry, skill, and perseverance of her sons, as also to the steadiness, the prudence, the obedience to law, and the energy of the Anglo-Saxons as a race, and which are effecting in the present time in the New World what these qualities have already brought about in the Old. The mineral resources undoubtedly still affect the physiognomy alike of country, town, and people to a certain extent: the Welsh and Gaels still stick to their primitive mountains; stunted growth, rags, ashes, and smoke cling to the great manufacturing and mineral centres, and the unwashed artisan and

* *L'Angleterre et la Vie Anglaise*. Par Alphonse Esquiros. Bruxelles: Colleccion Hetzel.

paid-faced factory man are not the precise counterparts of their truly agricultural peers. But all these things are so amalgamated in our civilisation, they fade away by so many almost imperceptible shades, that it becomes like the second childhood of an ancient philosophy to bring them in the present day in the relation of cause and effect. M. Esquiros does not, however, think so. There is no country in the world, he declares, which leads itself better than Great Britain to this study of the national territory in its relations to civilisation and arts; and so he tackles with the three great starting-points or orders of monuments, as he calls them, geological maps, geological museums, and the labours of English geologists. Smith and his map lead the way; the British Museum, the Museum of Practical Geology, and the geological lakes at the Crystal Palace, fill up the centre of the picture; whilst Owen, Lyell, Murchison, and Miller are worthily made to adopt the back-ground. British geologists, M. A. Esquiros justly enough remarks, have identified themselves each with his own fragment of the old empire of Neptune: thus, Smith first developed the Oolitic epoch; Miller, the Old Red Sandstone; and Murchison and Sedgwick, the Silurian and Cambrian systems respectively. Taking Wales as the centre of the Silurian system, Scotland as that of the Old Red Sandstone, and Ireland as the unfortunate type of the excessive development of carboniferous limestone without its valuable accompaniments of coal and iron, M. Esquiros sketches briefly and pleasantly enough the leading facts of the case. As an example:

The Longmynd constitutes, with other mountain groups situate in the country, of Wales, especially to the north of the Bay of Cardigan, the basis of the whole Silurian region. These gloomy rocks are the first that rose up from the limitless bosom of the ocean, and beneath which lay, at an epoch far removed, what is now called Old Albion. The first waves that were doomed to meet with a resisting body broke against these rocks, now situated in the interior of the country. You have there beneath your eyes the most ancient rampart that defied the sea, the citadel of rocks that precluded the construction of that great island whose power now extends to the extremities of the world. Every Englishman who is enthusiastic in the cause of the antiquities of his country cannot but entertain feelings of respect when he contemplates in this old fragment of Great Britain the cradle of his native land.

To these old deposits which contain the first elements of organisation, succeed, in England, the three great formations of the middle ages of geology—the new red sandstone, the oolites, and the chalk. Each in its turn, our author justly remarks, affects materially the aspects of the landscape and the character of the soil. Most of our old feudal castles and ivy-clad abbeys were constructed out of the first—the burial-ground of gigantic reptiles. The Portland stone, also, the tomb of giant lizards, furnished materials for the portico of St. Paul's and of many of our public buildings. With the chalk, M. Esquiros becomes still more familiar, and takes us in contemplative rambles to Dover Castle, Abbey Wood, Shooter's Hill, and Rosherville Gardens, an old abandoned chalk quarry. Nor is the Wealden, and its historian Mantell, passed over in silence; and the author concludes this portion of his subject by remarking that the great historian of the inhabitants of ancient seas and islands of Britain—Richard Owen—believes, as did our old preceptor, Geoffroy

Saint-Hilaire, that the creations of older times were the embryos of the beings that succeeded to them in the scale of time (and formations, and that they stopped at those very conditions of life, which are now traversed, by the representatives of extinct species in the wombs of their mothers.

The conclusion arrived at is certainly curious and ingenious, but it is difficult to see its precise bearing upon the character of England and the English. If, as a well-known lecturer used to put it, it is a frog, a fish, a bird, a man; the same thing applies to the whole human race, who have to pass through the same transformations, and these have as little to do with the future character of that race, as has the physiognomy (or structure of the country)—that is to say, influencing it in a very slight degree—but that in a maximum degree the more the race approaches a natural condition, as in the case of the Red Indian or the Arab, and in a minimum degree the further it is removed from that dependence by civilisation.

It is the same with ethnography, a highly interesting and ingenious pursuit, but one, excepting in extreme cases, which presents few practical and useful results. M. Esquiroz begins here as he does in the case of the physiognomy of Great Britain, with the most remote traces of the first appearance of man. But while he has been assisted in this inquiry by Latham's "Ethnology of the British Islands," Wright's "Celt, Roman, and Saxon," and Davis and Thurnam's "Crania Britannica," a no less important and more speculative work in that delicate ground where the researches of the geologist and the archaeologist dovetail into one another, Daniel Wilson's "Pre-historic Annals of Scotland," has been neglected.

The results arrived at by M. Esquiroz are pretty nearly on a par with most ethnological inquiries. They only serve to confirm the difficulties which surround the question as to how it is that we see so many persons with dark eyes and black hair amongst people composed of races Celtic, Saxon, Danish, and Norman, who had all light hair and blue eyes. It would, says our author, be puerile to attribute this change to the relations established by the English with the people of the South. He argues, therefore,

The conclusion to be drawn from these facts is, evidently, that without the intervention of foreign races the existing race has gone astray from the conditions which existed at first among the tribes whose concurrence has formed the English population. Now, where shall we search for the causes of such a phenomenon? The changes that have taken place in the form of the cranium have already taught us that human organisation is not stationary.* Just as children are often born with fair hair and light complexions, which they lose

* We cannot omit noticing a fact that has lately occurred illustrative of the curious uncertainty of ethnological discussions. Mr. Wright described certain skulls as having been found at Uriconium, which presented a nearly uniform character of deformity, and which he said might be popularly explained by stating that the head stood askew, one eye advancing more than the other. "They must," added this distinguished antiquary, "have been frightfully ugly fellows, and absolute barbarians, for the skulls show a very low organisation." Now Mr. J. Barnard Davis has shown that the true solution of this apparently strange anomaly in the appearance of a race of people is to be found in the simple fact, that the human skull is capable of undergoing extraordinary changes of form after inhumation, from the pressure of the earth. Mr. Davis has indeed given figures and examples of such posthumous distortion in his "Crania Britannica."

as they grow old, so do races part, as they arrive at maturity, with the signs of adolescence. The temperament changes, the hair and eyes become of a darker hue.

When Rasselas questioned the Philosopher who declared that happiness was only attainable by living according to nature—a theory, by-the-by, which anticipated George Combe's "Constitution of Man"—what it is to live according to nature? the answer was, "To live according to nature is to act always with due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of cause and effect; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things." Whereupon, we are told, the prince bowed and was silent, for he found that this was one of the sages whom he should understand the less as he heard him longer. We fear the reader will arrive at pretty nearly the same conclusion in reference to M. Esquiros's ingenious explanation of the discrepancy between what ethnology would lead us to expect, and what is really presented by the aspect of the English people. Temperament, habits of mind and body, a thousand circumstances of diet, employment, pursuits, exposure, confinement, wealth, poverty, and even manners, influence the appearance of parents and offspring alike. Even the children of the same parents often vary in appearance. We knew a couple whose first children were all fair; residence in a hot climate brought on hepatic disease, and the rest of the family were dark. M. Esquiros's theory, in fact, carries the doctrine of the successive metamorphoses of the embryo into the existing individual, with whom he thus establishes ages of growth; and from the individual to the nation, who are made to lose, as they grow to maturity, the signs of adolescence. This presumes also, it is to be observed, that fair hair and complexion are as much the sign of adolescence in a nation as they are in an individual. We do not know what some of our Teutonic and Scandinavian flaxen-haired friends will say to this, any more than our own light-haired gentry. Will they take it as a compliment to be considered still in the youth of their power, or will they spurn the proposition as an infringement upon the dignity of a presumed manhood?

Admitting, however, M. Esquiros's view of the causes of complexity in aspect of the national type, although it really throws no light whatsoever upon the subject, but admitting that those who are darkest are arriving nearer to maturity, we must pass to that which struck the author most in British civilisation and character. The first he places on the list is Personality. On quitting France for Belgium or Holland, M. Esquiros says, one still treads the moral soil of France, but passing over to Great Britain the line of demarcation is neat and decisive. The civilisation of Great Britain is like certain stars endowed with a movement that is peculiar to itself. "This sentiment of *me* (personality), the moral root of the English institutions and liberties, is associated with a very marked predilection for foreign expeditions, with a kind of adventurous spirit, which scatters the children of Great Britain all over the world." The motto of the Royal Artillery, *ubique*, is that of the whole nation, but wherever he goes "the Englishman takes with him his customs, his manner of living: he is at home everywhere." "Such a preoccupation of the national sentiment," M. Esquiros goes on to argue, "does not

dispose the insulars of Great Britain to a very lively sympathy for strangers. There are, however, cases in which this character betrays itself, and one of these exceptions is so honourable, that I ought not to omit mentioning it: it is, that in presence of a court of justice the interest of the judge and of the public is always in favour of the stranger; every one admits that the law ought to protect the person who is not protected by his native soil."

The next feature that is characteristic, we are told, of English civilisation, is division of labour; this, M. Esquiros says, not merely in an economical point of view, but as a marked disposition in the race. Every one scrupulously confines himself within the limits of his own studies or avocations. M. Esquiros might have added, that he is a bold man who would venture without them, for he is looked upon by one-half of his countrymen either as a pretender or an impostor. This natural inclination is, we are told, fortified at an early age by study. May it not be altogether the result of education? There may be such a thing as an instinct for union, but we doubt if there is also another for disunion, or division of labours or interests. The latter is only the working of egotism upon the more complex social system.

M. Esquiros will, however, have it that such "an hierarchy of functions" tends much to simplify public liberty. The different trades and professions, he says, group themselves in particular quarters, and carry on their labours without interfering the one with the other." "The British constitution, with its curbs and its counterpoises, is an image of the same tendency to the equilibrium of liberties by the division of the antagonism of powers; it is, no doubt, permissible to dream of some other political ideal, but, except when under the influence of strong prejudices, it is difficult not to be struck by the complicated and majestic mechanism of institutions that have now worked for ages, protecting all the liberties of individuals, and ensuring peace to Great Britain without imposing upon her the sacrifice of any moral or civil conquest." This generalisation, unfortunately, overlooks two or three very important features in our national history. There have been such things as a Magna Charta, a Commonwealth, a Bill of Rights, and an Act of Settlement.

To a nation so agitated by the tempest of affairs as the English, M. Esquiros says an anchor was requisite, and that anchor is in the family:

The interior holds a great place in British life. I especially love the word that is used to express it: the *chez-soi* is egotistical, the hearth only embraces a detail of domestic manners; but the *Acme* of the English expresses all that there is that is most complete, most delicate, and most touching in the temple of the family and of private virtues. There exists in England a whole fireside literature, a cheap literature, which consists of magazines, miscellanies, novels, and romances. Such a library has not, in an artistic point of view, I must admit, a very great value, and I can readily understand why critics have overlooked it, but it presents its own particular interest to the moralist.

As this fireside literature embraces the works of Thackeray, Dickens, and our other popular writers, as well as those of Macaulay and other historians, philosophers, and moralists, we may leave it to them to discuss the merits of their works, in "an artistic point of view," with M. Esquiros; as to magazines and miscellanies, those of any merit whatsoever

certainly rival M. Esquiro's in their logic, even if he surpasses them in "an artistic point of view." "This life of the interior," we are justly told, "is chained to a religious feeling." It is a pity that this was not noticed in referring to the fireside library. "Anglican Protestantism has, so to say, transported the worship of church into the house. The great festivals of Christianity are at the same time the festivals of families." Of all these religious solemnities, we are told, that Christmas is the most profoundly incorporated into our manners:

Preparations are made several weeks in advance. Prodigious flocks of geese advance steadily from the north of England by the different roads to London. Great oxen proclaim their arrival by boat and railroad with their loud bellowing. Meat is heaped up in pyramids in the front of butchers' shops. It is in the evening especially, in the populous quarters of London, in Whitechapel for example, that these mountains of edibles must be seen, in the midst of a tumultuous crowd, and by the light of a thousand gas-burners, whose flames play to and fro in the wind. The interior of the houses are being decorated at the same time: the walls of the parlours are adorned with garlands of laurel, ivy, and holly. The latter is preferred, for its dark green foliage is enlivened by red berries, which the old songs describe as pleasant wherewith to crown the grave head of Winter. A branch of mistletoe, a relic of ancient Celtic superstitions, is fastened to the ceiling, hangs from the middle of the room, or even sometimes at the doorway. The mistletoe is not merely distinguished by its delicate leaves and its pretty white fruit, but it confers on every man admitted into the house the privilege of kissing every lady or young girl drawn—always by accident—under the sacred branch.

M. Esquiro's has been lucky in the circles in which he has moved; far be it from us to insinuate that they were in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, but we may take the liberty of remarking that such an extreme licence as is here depicted is not general among any families that we have ever been acquainted with. Nor have we ever witnessed what he describes as a national occurrence at Christmas—the solemn chanting of the ballad which describes a young lady as being by accident closed in a great family chest, everybody standing up!

Our author is equally minute, without being more reliable, however perfect his pictures may be in "an artistic point of view," in his sketch of the streets of London. "Two features strike me most forcibly," he says, "in the character of the Saxons: force and greatness (*la force et la grandeur*)."

They have impressed all their works with these features, and more especially the aspect of their cities. Cast your eyes upon London, that city which is always ending and always beginning again. The cataract of Niagara has fewer waves, it makes less noise and smoke than that human tide, the population of London. It is especially on one of those foggy days, so common in the month of November, that this colossal strange city, by itself in the world, must be seen. The yellow fog is made still denser by the torrents of smoke which are poured forth towards the skies by the immense brick chimneys, the thousand furnaces of industry and house fires. If you consult your watch, it is eleven o'clock in the morning; if you look up heavenward, it is still night. The gas-burners flame, the shops in the Strand are lit up, men and children, black as demons, carry torches, which they shake under the very feet of the horses; yet for what good purpose? the light only renders the livid denseness of the fog more obscure. Well, in that rampant cloud, in these diurnal shades, men go, come, and circulate with changeless countenances, busy, silent; some in luxurious garb, others in

the rage of poverty. They seem like shadows wandering in a cemetery. Nothing, I can assure you, is, however, less fantastic than the object of their activity. Every one pursues in London, according to the order of his ideas and of his occupations, a different object: M. Rothschild seeks there for the bank of the entire world; the merchant for the most extensive field for business that exists anywhere; the grazier for a limitless market for his beasts; the statesman for the seat of government, and of the different branches of administration; the man of pleasure for the play-bills, or the entrance to the tavern; the artist seeks there and finds there all these things at the same time. Whosoever loves the spectacle of multitudes, and of vast cities, voluntarily abandons the desert to the traveller; he meets in London, in that forest of men, a subject for contemplation, at least equal for grandeur to all the prodigious scenes of nature. There is a kind of charm, and a positive vertigo in studying all these phases of human nature, the variety of which is inexhaustible. And then if you are weary of the sight of a people ever buying or selling, of the eternal noise of the wheels of machinery, of horses, of the rolling of locomotives and waggons, which pass over your head in the very streets of London, shrieking as they go by, walk but a short distance, and, in the midst of that arid solitude of the crowd, you will find an oasis. One summer's evening I was in Hyde Park: all was silent around me except the birds; cows cropped the grass, great old trees shook their aged and neglected heads in the breeze, children were playing, swimming, or tumbling in a sheet of water—the Serpentine. In the midst of that immense horizon, limited by naught save lines of verdure and the blue heavens, I should have deemed myself a hundred leagues from a capital; yet I was in London. But one of the most solemn perspectives that I know is London seen by the flight of a steam-boat. I cannot appreciate a great city without a great river; it is the vital artery of commerce. The Thames has the very genius of the English. It is deep, laborious, powerful, and gloomy; it bears on its bosom hundreds of steamers, that do duty as omnibuses, and go from one end of the town to the other, under poetic names, as the *Nymph*, the *Dryad*, *London Pride*, *Swallow*, *Stork*, *Sunflower*, and *Forget-me-Not*. The bridges of London, the public buildings, Westminster, St. Paul's, Somerset House, and all those steeples, must be seen from the paddle-box of one of these boats, as they rise like giant spectres out of the fog, fronted by the angular gable ends of the old wharfs, with their great cranes and ponderous chains, which bravely lift up the massive and obscure riches of the whole world.

How different is reality from poetry and art? It is consumption that makes this wealth. The cranes lift up wine, beer, grocery, fruit, stone, corn, coal, and a thousand other things of daily use. There is nothing obscure in the riches of London—it is a simple question of a vast demand and an adequate supply. But this character of force and greatness, M. Esquiros tells us, is manifested even in the creations of industry, and he gives, as examples, Lord Palmerston's monster mortar at Plumstead, and the *Great Eastern*, both more notable than satisfactory; and he ends by declaring with all foreigners—as a drain of comfort reserved for themselves—that the only things wanting are delicacy and taste.

Four chapters devoted to gipsies, and to that which English writers—Borrow foremost—have written concerning them, lead the way to the hop-pickings of Kent, and the breweries and taverns of London. M. Esquiros, who generalises all matters, however small, declares that the Latin races drink wine and the Saxon beer, and he adds, with some truth, that this is a difference which is not without its influence on the national character.* But we doubt very much if it is precisely as he puts it,

* It is all a matter of races with M. Esquiros. Elsewhere he says, "The Latin races eat bread, the Saxon races drink it."

that the so-called "sang de la vigne" confers impetuosity and warlike ardour on the one class, whilst beer only imparts patience and endurance on the other. All the wine-bibbers of Italy are not heroes, and had the various populations under the Hapsburg rule been better provided with strong beer, we doubt if they would not have held their ground more firmly at Magenta and Solferino.

Our public-house signs and inscriptions puzzle most strangers, and M. Esquiro explains them for the uninitiated. He tells us why we see Barclay and Perkins on the signboards, what is the meaning of "entire," and whence the popularity of the so-called "Green Man." Ale, he says, is recommended by the most flattering epithets, as "belle, brillante, splendide;" porter, on the contrary, is "fort, célèbre, monumental." The latter, we suppose, at some tap in the neighbourhood of Fish-street-hill.

Inns, we are told, are gone with the "diligences," by which we presume stage-coaches are meant, albeit the olden French diligence was itself extinguished ere it ever came up for compactness, celerity, and even elegance—indeed in anything in which skill, art, and taste were combined—to the English stage-coach. Gin-palaces, we are also told, are taking the place of public-houses, and taverns of the latter. The form of the pint pot is pre-eminently Saxon. At the bar we meet "the broker, the death and fire hunter (*sic*), the dealer in hot eels, with his tin boxes, the clown, the Punch and Judy man, the dealer in water-cresses, the professional beggar, the organ-player, the aristocratic street-sweeper, the Jew old-clothesman, and the laundress"—a motley tribe to be distinguished as the "types of London." The tap is frequented by the working classes, the parlour by the "petite bourgeoisie," and, we grieve to add, in some districts, by a better class of men in business. "The association of beer-literature and the fine arts," we are told, "is as old as Old England." Witness Swift, Addison, Garth, Goldsmith, and Johnson. As the fine arts associated with taverns invariably consist of portraits in oil of mine host and hostess, and coloured engravings of racing-horses, we should be sorry to include them as "types." The habit of drinking beer one after the other from the same pot is, we are also told, far more general than is supposed, and the real Briton never puts the pot to his lips without first "pronouncing a toast." These are peculiarities among our countrymen that were previously, we are ashamed to say, unknown to us. Among the most popular of their toasts is, it appears, "May the skin of our enemies be turned into parchment, and may our rights be written thereon." This must have been a joke at the expense of an amiable and well-intentioned foreigner, but one who was recognised as such even by the farmer who is described as standing in his hop-plantation the fac-simile of a Saxon Bacchus! The bars of English taverns are attended to by "handsome women, cold and much adorned, the princesses of commerce, such as are only met with in England, placed beyond the reach of human seductions by an imposing calm and the Olympic majesty of affairs." This is very rich; we hope it will meet the eyes of Mrs. Brown of the Ship, or Mrs. Jones of the Red Lion.

There are fifty thousand habitual drunkards in London; but, says M. Esquiro, if there is anything more distressing than drunkenness itself, it is the desire of drunkenness. It is indeed the spectre of Tan-

talus. Drunkenness is too truly the besetting sin and vice of the British. It destroys soul and body, fills the madhouses with lunatics, ruins the family, and sets at naught every attempt made to improve the tone of the working classes. M. Esquiros thinks that the opening of public places of recreation on Sundays would effect an improvement; he argues like a foreigner, who finds that recreation on the Sunday evenings is not provocative of drunkenness abroad. But it is questionable how far it would tell with such a determined set of drinkers as the English. The great associations, as those of the Odd Fellows and Foresters, might do something by discountenancing drunkenness, even to expelling a contributor for frequent offences. They would have a good excuse for adopting such a line of conduct, for sickness, incapacity, and death—all the incidents that drain the funds of the association—are entailed by this sad habit of excess.

In the chapters devoted to what M. Esquiros designates as "*Les Industries Excentriques*," he treats the question in a purely philosophical point of view. "The celebrated Dr. Prichard," he tells us, "has divided the human race into three branches: the settled races, the half-wandering races, and the nomadic or wandering races. There is not one of these three 'manners of being' that is not met with in the bosom of the great civilisation which is the object of our studies." No doubt of it, but not in the sense of the ethnographic distinctions established by Prichard: what he alludes to are nations or populations. In London it is at the most individuals or groups that we have to deal with, when describing the exceptions to that general rule which gives a home to every one. The eccentric industries of England are, according to our author, divided into three branches: the street-musicians, the showmen, and strolling or travelling stage-players. The mere mention of these will suffice to attest how exceptional are their avocations. The greatest number of them—especially of the street musicians—are, indeed, foreigners—Germans or Savoyards—and few, indeed, are mere wanderers. In the word "showman," we are told we see another manifestation of the Saxon love of personality. It is always Englishman, yeoman, liveryman, alderman, or showman: This is like an ascending scale, the gamut of which is the Lord Mayor's show. M. Esquiros's sketches of low life, and of wandering life, or of "eccentric industries"—amongst which the author introduces the "itinerant preacher"—are felicitous enough, and fairly and kindly portrayed. There is no national perversity in the author. Where the details are not quite accurate, they are never intentionally so; where he is critical, it is not in the spirit of hostility, but of pure justice; but still there is a wide difference between his tame and colourless descriptions of eccentric industries and the warm, life-like pictures of the author of "*Gaslight and Daylight*, with some London scenes they shine upon." The French are well known to caricature themselves far more effectually than can be done by any foreigner, and so it is with the English. They can best describe their own foibles, peculiarities, eccentricities, follies, and vices. There can be no question of this, even "*au point de vue de l'art.*"

THE STORY OF FRANCESCO NOVELLO DA CARRARA.

AN EPISODE IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

IV.

SOON after their arrival in Florence, the Lady Taddea gave birth to a son, Ubertino, who was destined to outlive his elder brothers by the space of one short year.

When Carrara had established his family in a secure and comfortable home, he again set forth upon his travels, in the hope of inciting the enemies of Visconti to declare war. It is supposed by some, that Venice, though openly in the act of contracting an alliance with Milan, was actually negotiating in secret with Carrara; but dark and intricate as the policy of that republic had always been, this supposition is hardly to be credited.

Carrara went first to Bologna, to learn, in person, how the seigniorship of that town was disposed towards him. His reception was cold from the authorities, but the feeling of the people was in his favour. Bologna was anxious for time to consider how to act; it was ready to follow in the steps of Florence, but, till that republic had declared itself, the seigniorship would give no decided answer to Carrara, and he therefore quitted the town and embarked at Ancona.

It was his intention to traverse the Adriatic and to land in Croatia, that he might visit the Count of Segna, his brother-in-law. A storm overtook his vessel, and it was driven into Chiozza, where, in spite of remonstrance, the master of the bark insisted on landing for provisions. Although disguised, Carrara was recognised, and heard men shouting, "To arms! to arms!" With the great coolness which usually characterised him in moments of danger, the signor peremptorily commanded the captain to come on board, and, by dint of using all haste, the vessel was got under weigh ere chase was given. The wind, too, shifted to a favourable quarter, and they quickly lost sight of the port. This incident shows how unlikely it was that any amicable negotiation should have taken place between him and that republic. Carrara disembarked the following morning at Porto Savio, and rode on horseback with his attendants to Ravenna.

The Adriatic was considered too perilous for him to attempt again to cross its waters. The Venetians ruled these seas, and their vessels were everywhere on the alert to capture him, should he again seek to push his way to the opposite and friendly shore of Croatia. Carrara abandoned all idea of doing so, and returned to Florence, where he was received with greater marks of distinction than on his first arrival.

Giovanni Galeazzo's conduct had been such as to cause both the governments of Florence and of Bologna to doubt his sincerity.

They perceived that he was only delaying to make a declaration of war, that he might strengthen himself and be better prepared for a struggle which had for its aim their destruction and his own aggrandisement.

The seigniorship proposed to Carrara that he should pass into Germany

and open a league with the Duke of Bavaria, offering him subsidies if he would attack Visconti by Friuli. Though the danger of becoming such an ambassador was great, Carrara did not for a moment consider it; his only scruple was the fear that, by acting thus openly against Galeazzo, he might be the means of increasing the severity of his father's imprisonment, for he was now closely confined in the château of Santo Colombano, deprived of his jewels and money to the amount of three hundred thousand ducats, and charged seventy-five ducats a month for his miserable subsistence. All his attendants had been dismissed, and he found himself surrounded by the spies of his enemy, who watched his every movement, and were ready to catch hold of his slightest word.

About this time Carrara the younger received a message from his father, imploring him not to attempt to conciliate his enemy, but to take vengeance upon him for the wrongs they were suffering.

"Henceforth," wrote the elder Carrara, "I know how to judge Giovanni Galeazzo. Neither honour, compassion, nor his oath will lead him to perform a generous action, and if he does good, it is because his interests are concerned. The sentiment of generosity is a stranger to him, and virtue is a subject of calculation with him, as well as the impulses of hatred and anger."

The person who conveyed this message was an old and faithful servant of the elder Carrara. He had contrived to evade the vigilant officers of Visconti, and had also concealed about his person three rubies, which he gave to Francesco Novello, as coming from his father, and entreated him to use the money they would realise in prosecuting the war. Carrara smiled. "Take them to the Lady Madonna Taddea," he said; "she will keep them with the rest of our treasure."

Thus assured of the full approbation of his father in the dangerous step he was about to take, he accepted the office of ambassador to the Florentine republic at the court of Bavaria, and, taking leave of his family, he set forth on his long and circuitous journey.

Unable to pass either through the dominions of Visconti or through those of the Venetians, he was forced to make a long détour, and, sailing from Leghorn, he traversed the Gulf of Genoa, and landed in Provence.

Passing through Dauphiny and Savoy, Carrara reached Geneva, and from thence proceeded by Lausanne to Zurich. In this latter town, as he was reposing for a few days from the fatigues he had undergone, he encountered an agent of the lord of Milan, who recognised him in spite of his disguise, and bowed as he passed by. Aware of the danger which threatened him by this discovery, Carrara called for the master of the inn, and, throwing off his disguise, declared his real name, and the danger to which he knew he was exposed.

The man was deeply moved, assured Carrara of his willingness to aid him, and to prove his fidelity produced a silver vessel on which the arms of Carrara were engraved, and which had been given to him by the elder lord of Padua whilst he was in Italy.

By break of day Francesco Novello had started for Constance, escorted by armed guides, who had been procured for him by the innkeeper. This good man, to show his zeal for the welfare of his illustrious guest, accompanied the little band in person, and refused all recompense for the service he had rendered.

This instance of generosity pleased Carrara greatly, and he continued his journey to Munich with lively hopes of success in an undertaking which had begun so well.

The Duke Stephen of Bavaria, to whose court he was bound, was son-in-law to Bernabo Visconti, whom Galeazzo had murdered, and this circumstance rendered Carrara still more hopeful. He was about to open to him an opportunity for revenging the injury done to his wife's family. The duke would surely seize such an occasion gladly, and, urged on by his wife, would not hesitate to listen favourably to the alliance he was about to proffer on the part of Florence.

These were the encouraging thoughts in which Carrara indulged before the first interview, and his hopes were fully realised when that event took place.

The duke received him most favourably, and listened to the detailed account he gave of the usurper's crimes. Carrara, in his capacity of envoy, enlarged fully upon the advantages to be derived by the war, offering on the part of Florence 80,000 florins to commence operations, and sufficient supplies from Bologna and Florence to defray all the after expenses of his army. The duke embraced the proposition as eagerly as even the sanguine hopes of Carrara had anticipated, promising to march twelve thousand horse into Italy in the spring.

Elated beyond measure by his apparent success, Carrara quitted the court of Bavaria and journeyed into Croatia, there to await with his sister and brother-in-law the arrival of an envoy from Florence with the confirmation of the treaty into which he had entered with the Duke of Bavaria.

An escort was sent with him as far as Monte Toro, where he dismissed them with thanks, and proceeded onwards over a mountainous and difficult tract of country.

At Modrusa he met a friend from Padua, who told him of the hardships his subjects were enduring from the tyranny of the Visconti; and it was whilst conversing with this friend that his sister Catarina, who had been apprised of his arrival, came to meet him and to conduct him to her husband's castle, who was unable to show the same deference to his guest on account of being confined to the house by a severe attack of gout.

The possessions of the Count of Segna and Modrusa stretched along the canal of Morlach, and his influence in the country was considerable.

On the morning after Francesco da Carrara's arrival he heard mass, and then proceeded to his brother-in-law's chamber, where he narrated to him all that had occurred, all his adventures and misfortunes, together with his reasons for hoping that his restoration would now be speedy.

Every mark of respect and affection was lavished upon the exiled lord by his distinguished relatives, and promises of aid were not wanting to strengthen Carrara's hopes of ultimate success, when a messenger arrived from Florence bringing intelligence which was destined to extinguish all the bright dreams for the future in which he had so fondly indulged.

The signiory thanked him for the trouble he had taken; they were aware of the obligations they were under, but the articles of the treaty which he had contracted with the Duke of Bavaria could not be carried out, the republic of Florence and the communes of Tuscany having just concluded, by the interposition of Pietro Gambacorta, a league with

Giovanni Galeazzo, which had been signed in the month of October, 1389.

Thus deceived where he felt most secure, Francesco Carrara gave himself up, for the first time, to despair. His accustomed fortitude forsook him, he was crushed by such repeated and humiliating calamities. Where could he seek for support, and, if wholly unaided, what could he do?

The ever-changing policy of his allies showed him how little he could trust to their assistance, but without them what was he?—an exiled, persecuted man, with means only sufficient for the maintenance of himself and family.

A spirit like Carrara's could not long be subdued by reverses such as these, and the affectionate sympathy of his much-beloved sister and her worthy husband revived and consoled him.

Count Stefano pointed out to him how that, by the help of some Hungarian friends, he could safely promise him three thousand horse, which they would maintain in his service for a year at least. He advised him also to negotiate with the King of Bosnia, who was enraged against Visconti for having assisted his bitter enemies, the Turks, during a recent war.

Francesco da Carrara immediately commenced his preparations for a journey to this semi-barbarous country, but, before setting out, he yielded to his sister's entreaty that he should consult a prophetess who lived amongst the mountains not far from the town of Modrusa, and who was of great renown amongst the superstitious, as to the result of such an undertaking.

Carrara in all probability had little faith in the power of such a person, but curiosity and love for his sister Catarina led him to comply with her urgent and repeated request. The prophetess was sent for and conducted to Stefano's castle. Before venturing upon any revelation, she required to be made fully conversant with the past life of the person who wished to consult her.

Carrara drew, therefore, a slight sketch of all that had befallen him in the course of his eventful career, disclosing his designs and wishes, and demanding of her what lay hid from him in the mystery of the future, what the result of his journey would be, and what he had to expect from others.

The woman asked time, that she might consult with the spirit ere she spoke, and accordingly withdrew, returning in the space of an hour. She then revealed to Carrara many things, and amongst them she promised that he should re-enter his rightful territory in June, and recover his lost power.

"Your journey to Bosnia will not take place," she continued, "for you will have to treat again with the Duke of Bavaria. I see that you give no credence to my words now, but I declare that, at this very moment, the Comte de Vertu has violated the treaty with Florence and Bologna, and that war will break out between them. The messengers are seeking for you even whilst I speak, and the news they bring confirm my words. You have also required of me to reveal the future with regard to your father. He will die in captivity."

The sibyl quitted the castle. What she had said troubled Carrara; he

knew not whether to believe her, or to treat this announcement as the fabrication of an ingenious brain.

On the morrow he set forth upon his journey to the King of Bosnia, but scarcely had he started than he was stopped by messengers from the signiory of Florence, who, having exhibited their credentials, informed him that a fresh quarrel had arisen between their republic and the Comte de Vertu, and that they were instructed to authorise him to renew the treaty with the Duke of Bavaria, which they had formerly rejected. Carrara having ascertained that the Florentine ambassadors were actually in Friuli waiting till it should be time to ratify the treaty with Bavaria, thought that now, at least, he might place confidence in his fickle allies, and, accompanied by Piedro Guazzalotti, the Florentine ambassador, he set out for Munich, passing by Ramestorich, Ottenburg, and Hall. At Munich he was received by the Duke of Bavaria, who declared himself ready and willing to renew the promises he had already made, and to accept of an alliance with the Florentine republic upon the former conditions.

Having learned the duke's pleasure, Guazzalotti started for Friuli, and soon returned with the ambassadors.

The season of the year was so far advanced that it would have been impossible to make any military arrangements, and the winter, therefore, was passed in diplomacy, in consultations, and in planning for the future.

Carrara repaired to Carinthia, that he might spend this tedious season of delay with his aunt Lieta da Carrara, who had married the Count of Ottenburg, a much-valued and powerful friend.

Now that the consummation of his desires seemed to approach so near, Francesco Novello found this temporary inaction almost more than he could bear.

He dreaded any delay, and indeed he had but too good cause to fear lest the spring should find the policy of Florence once more changed.

This trying winter brought much family affliction to add to his numerous anxieties.

The Count Stefano of Segna, and the aunt with whom he was residing, both died. His natural brother, the Count of Carrara, whom he had enrolled amongst the adventurers under John Hawkewood, was taken prisoner; and, to add to his fears, he learned that his beloved and widowed sister Catarina was besieged in the castle of Modrusa.

During all these family afflictions Carrara was supported and consoled by the Count of Ottenburg, who was himself mourning the death of his wife; but, in spite of the kindness he received, Carrara's health succumbed for a time under the many shocks it had sustained, and he was confined to a sick couch for some weeks.

With returning spring came better tidings and renewed vigour.

His brother was set at liberty, Florence and Bologna were forced into a declaration of war against Visconti, and the Paduans were wearied of the tyranny under which they had been groaning, and quite prepared to receive their rightful lord.

Cheered by such intelligence as this, Carrara repaired without loss of time to Bavaria, that he might hasten the preparations of the duke.

The Florentines, doubtful of their own strength, had implored the pro-

tection of Charles VI. of France, but they only received his reply to their embassy at the moment when the war broke out, and the conditions which France imposed as the price of her aid were such as the republic could not with honour accept.

The council for war assembled. The command of the troops was given to John Hawkewood, at that time in the service of Queen Margaret, but whose personal hatred to Giovanni Galeazzo was such as to tempt him to accept the office entrusted to him by Florence. He was placed at the head of an army of two thousand lances, or six thousand cavalry.

Bologna brought a thousand lances into the field under Giovanni Barbiano, and every effort was made by the republics to carry on a successful campaign.

The forces of Visconti were infinitely superior in numbers, but his army was dispersed over too great a surface, and the advantages he would otherwise have derived were in this manner frustrated.

A few castles fell into his hands, and some incursions were made, but whilst directing all his attention upon the Italian republics, he was suddenly surprised by the intelligence that Carrara had entered the Trevisian territory at the head of an armed force.

Weary of awaiting the pleasure of the Duke of Bavaria, who continued to counsel delay, Carrara determined to commence operations alone, and boasted that he would be in Padua ere the duke had begun his march, and have ample time to make due preparations for his reception.

His force did not consist of more than three hundred men-at-arms and two hundred infantry, collected together by Michael Rabatta, his bosom friend, and other noblemen of Friuli, at their own expense.

The Venetians, alarmed by the growing power of Visconti, had declared their neutrality, and permitted the passage of troops through the territory of Treviso. Carrara took advantage of this permission, and pushed forward to the frontier of his father's dominions.

The Florentines had insisted upon Carrara's taking under his protection Can Francesco della Scala, the son of Antonio, on whom he had formerly made war conjointly with Giovanni Galeazzo, and therefore the standard of his house was carried in front of Carrara, together with that of the community of Padua and the "carro," badge of the Carraras.

Wherever the little army appeared, they were received with acclamations of joy from the oppressed inhabitants.

Padua had been reduced to the rank of a provincial town; it had lost its position, and their pride revolted at the many insults practised upon them. In every village where Carrara appeared, he was surrounded by an eager crowd ready to welcome him back to his dominions with all the *empressement* that they had shown when preparing to greet the generals of Visconti but a short time before, and he found himself encamped under the walls of Padua with a well-organised force, aided by upwards of twelve thousand peasants.

On the 18th of June, 1390, Carrara sent his defiance to those in command of Padua, but his herald was treated with contempt, his pennon thrust into his trumpet, and he was ordered to return to his lord with the

information that the man was a fool who attempted to enter by the door when he had been thrown from the window.

It was well for Francesco da Carrara that he knew the locality so perfectly in which he found himself, for he was enabled to arrange his troops in the most advantageous order, and to plan out the best mode of attack.

Below the bridge over the Brenta the water did not reach above a man's knee, and at this point the town was only encircled by a simple wooden palisade. Carrara knew this, and at midnight he was the first to descend into the water, accompanied by twelve men with hatchets, and a company of lancers. They soon gained the palisade, and to distract the attention of the guards from their operations, a command was given to the armed peasants on the opposite shore to set up a great shouting. This had the desired effect, and a breach was soon made. The enemy's guards, having been divided and taken by surprise at this sudden attack, made small resistance, and Carrara, heading two hundred of his men, hewed a passage through the fifty who opposed his entrance, and pushed his way as far as the cemetery of St. James.

It was then that the cries of "Carro, carro!"* resounded on all sides from the startled inhabitants; the banner of Carrara waved through the streets, the flourishing of trumpets rent the air and sent terror to the hearts of the Milanese garrison, whilst it determined the vacillating Paduans to side with their ancient lord, whose enterprise seemed about to be crowned with success.

Ere long Carrara found himself in possession of all the gates of the city, and had the satisfaction of driving the troops of Visconti, together with those of his own subjects who were against him, into the two fortresses, one of which was delivered into his hands on the following night, through the instrumentality of the owners of some houses in the immediate neighbourhood.

The next day brought the joyful news that Castelbaldo, Montagnana, Este, and Moncelise had declared in favour of Carrara. Intelligence of the most cheering kind continued to pour in, and the returning tide of fortune overwhelmed Francesco Novello with gratitude, so that he threw himself upon his knees in the midst of his people and gave thanks to God.

Whilst flushed with victory, he did not forget to whom he owed his success, and repairing to the church of St. Antonio, he remained on his knees in full armour during the celebration of mass. Rising at the conclusion of the service, he divested himself of his richly embroidered surcoat and placed it on the altar with reverence, as an offering to his patron saint.

But little blood had been shed during this short and spirited conflict, and Carrara's humanity restrained his soldiers from pillaging his enemies' houses.

Verona, having heard of the revolution which had taken place so successfully in Padua, took arms on the 25th of June in favour of Can Francesco della Scala, a boy of six, but who was the son of their ancient lord. They seized all the gates of the city, but could not obtain possession of the citadel, and disputes arose amongst themselves, which

* "Le char! le char!" les armoiries de Carrare, un char de gueules en champ d'argent.—*Simondi*.

weakened their forces and crippled their efforts. Some wished to establish a republic, others wanted to place the infant prince in possession of his father's territory, and whilst they were disputing, Ugolotto Biancardo suddenly appeared amongst them with five hundred lances sent from Milan to defend Padua. He forced his way into the citadel, and from thence attacked the town, massacred the inhabitants, and delivered everything up to the pillage of the soldiers.

This done, he continued his route to Padua, hoping to meet with equal success. Francesco da Carrara was not a man to allow himself to be taken by surprise, however, and every day added to his strength. On the 27th of June reinforcements arrived from the Duke of Bavaria, and on the 1st of July Duke Stephen himself made his appearance, but with fewer men than he had promised to bring. The 5th of August brought succours from Florence, and ere the month had run out the citadel of Padua was in the hands of Carrara, and he once more found himself upon the throne of his fathers—a position which his own activity, perseverance, and courage had gained for him.

THE NOVEL IN GERMANY.

WE are happy in being able to state that a decided improvement has recently taken place in German novels, and, as conscientious perusers of nearly every work of that nature which appears—and their number is legion—we think we have a right to form an opinion on the subject. The transitions in public taste which have lately taken place in Germany have been very curious, and equally curious is the bell-wether system among the authors. At the time Sue's "Mysteries of Paris" appeared with such success, there was a perfect run upon capitals in which mysteries were performed—Amsterdam, Petersburg, Lichtenstein—in short, every town where a prince ruled, if only over half a score vassals, was marked down as good for a mystery. When this mania died out, there was a rush for novels with French plots, a Madame Lewald being at the head of the sisterhood; for it is a curious fact in novel-history, that the most improper novels are written by women. Unfortunately for the readers, although the improprieties were placed in evidence, the wit that glazes them in French novels was absent, and this class of novels had only a success among milliners and students. The latest phase of German novels is the "Debit and Credit" school, the success of that work having produced an extraordinary number of imitations, the best among them being probably a novel called "Cash," the significance of which title induced us to read the book.

But through the midst of these sporadic successes, one class of novel has been steadily making its way in the shape of the historico-political. The revelations made by Dr. Vehse in his "Courts of Germany" were a veritable fund for romance writers, and it would be impossible for us to quote a hundredth of them. The most celebrated among them, however, are

Laube's "Carlschüler" and König's "Clubbists of Mayence," two works which, in their peculiar way, will bear comparison with the best stories of any literature. Such novels have this special advantage, that the events which occurred during the last century at the court of Germany were so astounding, that they transcended fiction. It was merely necessary to follow the accepted version, fabricate an ideal hero and heroine, and the story told itself. That such books should be successful was not surprising; people like to read "scandal against Queen Elizabeth," and make themselves conversant with the sayings and doings of crowned heads; and it affords them some moral gratification to find that rulers may be publicans and sinners, just as well as those of the commoner clay. For this reason, and apart from the intrinsic merit of his novels, Hackländer has achieved a reputation in Germany not surpassed by that of Dickens among ourselves. In truth, his "New Don Quixote" is one of the most extraordinary works that has been produced in any country for years, and, so soon as it is terminated, we hope to be able to justify our assertion by giving our readers an analysis of it. In the mean while, we have selected a novel of the class to which we allude, as calculated to furnish some idea of the style of fictional literature most popular at present in Germany.*

The story opens with a flattering daguerreotype of Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, who will be best remembered as the father of Maria Theresa. All that impartial history can say in his favour is negative; he was not so bad a tyrant as Leopold the Great, his immediate predecessor, and did not persecute the Protestants so vindictively, because he was careless in religious matters. But we need not dwell on his character here, as it has been ruthlessly dissected by Michiels in his recently published "Secret History of the Austrian Government." Still, we will quote one passage, to show how cleverly novelists can turn history to their purpose:

As regards his education, the emperor's knowledge of languages was considerable, as he could speak with all his subjects in their own language: with the Hungarian Latin, with the Milanese Italian, with the Bohemian Slavonic, with the Spaniard Spanish, with all the world French; but he stammered a little with his own dear mother tongue, and had to help himself out by using the Viennese dialect. At court German was not spoken, but generally Italian: the sounds of the musical language "del bel paese, ove il si suona," soothed the emperor's ear, and reminded him of his Roman empire of the German nation. But, before all, the emperor was a great musician: he was a virtuoso on the violin, and composed operas; he was also a numismatist and collector of coins; a lover of architecture; a patron of painting; a Mæcenas for historians, to whom he opened all the archives with unexampled liberality; and, last of all, a mighty hunter before the Lord. For days his passion for shooting led him through swamp and forest after game. "That is a shot!" his favourite Trantson once said to him, when the emperor had killed a stag very cleverly; "twould have been better had your majesty been a forester!"—"Well, well, I've no cause to grumble as it is," Charles replied.

This passage irresistibly reminds us of one in the latest issue of the Buckingham press, in which his grace sums up all the excellent qualities

* Aus den Tagen der Grossen Kaiserin: Historische Novellen. Von Levin Schücking. Second edition. Prague: Kober.

of the great and good George IV. with about as much effect as the traditional operation of washing a blackamoor white.

At the opening of our story, the court at Schönbrunn was engaged with the momentous question of Maria Theresa's marriage. There were several suitors, among them Frederick of Prussia, a Spanish prince, and, lastly, Duke Francis of Lorraine, who had just exchanged his French principality for Tuscany. Intrigues, of course, were rife at court; but the chief mover was a certain Spanish nobleman, the Viconte de Bojador, who was in love with a waiting-woman of Maria Theresa, Countess Juliane Bologna. The lady is willing to have him, but unwilling to leave her mistress; and she makes it a condition that he must ensure the Spanish marriage for her mistress ere she will consent to be his. Francis of Lorraine, then at court, was the favourite, and the only way to destroy his chance was by compromising him with some lady, and allowing the matter to reach the ears of the emperor, whose virtue would take the alarm.

While the Viconte was casting about how to effect this, he saw three litters standing at the door of Count Trautson's country-house, who had just returned from a tour of inspection on the Turkish frontier. He peeps through a window and discovers three odalisques. He contrives to enter the house, and has a conversation with one of them, a Greek girl, from which he learns that the count had carried them off from the Pasha of Widdin, and brought them to Vienna, for what reason she did not know. The Viconte professes love at first sight, and the Greek slave believes him. The Viconte thinks he sees his way, but has to behave cautiously, as Count Veit Trautson is not a man to be played with.

Fortunately for his schemes the young archduchess was pouting with the Duke of Lorraine, as she had learned that he left his apartments secretly every evening, and did not return till a late hour. He would not reveal the motive of his conduct, and Maria Theresa, in her pride, would not explain her suspicions; hence they parted on very unfriendly terms. The Viconte then called to his aid Baron Klein, the court jester, though not officially appointed, a dwarf, who naturally fancied every woman in love with him. This worthy little gentleman the Viconte persuades into a belief that the fair slave has seen him and is enamoured of him, and of course the baron hurries on the wings of love to the rendezvous. The Viconte lifts him on his shoulders to kiss the maiden's hand, which she holds out to him, and he is enraptured. But the Viconte gives him an awful blow, by telling him that the Duke of Lorraine is a favoured rival, and soon induces him to tell the emperor all. This he does, and the emperor has an interview with his daughter, which causes her to leave his presence with swollen eyes. Only that and nothing more the courtiers could see; but taking it into consideration with the striking coldness the emperor showed the Duke of Lorraine, they came to the natural conclusion that his matrimonial shares had sunk to zero. Still, the emperor was not satisfied with the mere word of a jester, and he therefore sent for Count Trautson to cross-question him on the subject; and here for a suggestive excerpt:

Two gentlemen were standing before the emperor, one of ripe age, the other quite an old man. The former was a muscular, broad-shouldered man, on short, stout legs, with light unpowdered hair, and a face of which it could only be said

that it belonged to an honest German soldier, had not a fabulously large and very red nose given him a distinction shared by few mortals. He wore a uniform—not that tight-fitting dress of the present day, but the loose and picturesque garb of the Thirty Years' War, and of that white colour which was once the distinguishing mark of all the troops belonging to the Catholic States. This was General Count Veit Trautson, who had his first audience of the emperor since his return from the Banat.

By his side stood a peculiar and most remarkable personage, of great age. He was a little man, with round shoulders, and the first glance told you he came from the south. His thin face was disfigured by a very long, slightly aquiline nose, and was of a delicate yellowish brown colour. His eyes were small and black, but extraordinarily lively; their fire had something piercing in it, and seemed to read the soul of everybody; and it was whispered that, when his eyes flamed with youth, few ladies' hearts had been able to resist their magic. With the exception of these electrifying eyes, his little form revealed neither much mind nor anything extraordinary. On the contrary, this face, with a nose reminding you of a horse's profile, looked simple enough when the eyes were directed to the ceiling, as was usually the case, and the hand was hastily moved to the waistcoat-pocket to take out a pinch of snuff; for, like the great Frederick, he would not be troubled with a box. The fact that the exterior of this old man, surnamed "the Capuzinerl," was not handsomer and more attractive, will appear to our readers very insignificant, and scarce worthy our dwelling on. But it is not so. The old man has been dead these hundred years, and would be almost forgotten by the world, did not some honest journeyman—as he walks along alone, and desires to cheer his heart with a hearty German song—bring him to life again in the verses of a warlike ballad, whose clumsy rhymes re-echo from the old Dacian Danube, like the clash of Christian battle-axes and maces on Saracenic shields, or of Turkish scimitars upon imperial knightly helms. For this old dishevelled eagle, who boldly raised on his outstretched wings the grandeur of the Holy Empire for the last time, and flew from victory to victory in the intoxication of his youthful heroism, accomplished all this from the fact of his possessing a horse's nose and bold black eyes, which looked daringly even on a king. Hence it came, too, that Louis XIV. said he could not endure this face, and the little abbé left France with the words he would come back again sword in hand, and thus became the servant, general, and protector of Austria and the German Empire. The old man's real name was Eugene, Prince of Savoy and Piedmont, Imperial General of Infantry and Field-Marshal of the Holy Roman Empire. His soldiers called him "the Capuzinerl," from the brown Capuchin's coat he was accustomed to wear when in the field.

The emperor cross-questioned Trautson carefully, but he lied like a prospectus, and nothing satisfactory could be discovered about the odalisques. Hence the much-perplexed monarch entrusted to the vicoude the duty of finding out the truth. The fact was, that Trautson had brought the three slaves to Vienna with perfectly correct motives: he intended to entrust them to his aunt, the prioress of a convent in Moravia, for conversion, but, on his arrival with his impedimenta, was much embarrassed at finding his aunt dead. He naturally wished to keep the matter secret, for fear of scandal, and was in a very awkward position, from which Prince Eugene, to whom he confided his troubles, offered to help him.

The Vicoude's intrigues were now coming to a head; all he needed was a way of entrapping the Duke of Lorraine to the villa, and thus be enabled to report to the emperor that he had seen him there, and for this purpose he induced the Countess Juliane to write a note of the precise

nature he wanted, which he had delivered to the duke. But the emperor was not the only person who felt anxious about the odalisques: Maria Theresa also desired to acquire certainty, and induced her waiting-woman, the Countess Bologna, to assume a masquerade dress as a Turkish lady, and proceed to the villa in the gloaming, and the young countess, naturally fond of intrigue, readily consented.

But the best-laid schemes of gods and men frequently fail through one slight hitch: the Viconde had not taken into consideration the little baron's jealousy. He was constantly prowling about the villa, trying to get a sight of his beloved Greek, and saw the Viconde enter mysteriously. This added fuel to the flame: he managed to climb up to a window, and saw the Viconde doing his best to console his own special fair one. In mad rage, he rushed from the spot vowing vengeance, and the sight of the countess proceeding to the villa in her masquerading garb aroused a horrible suspicion that the ladies of the court were engaged in a conspiracy against *him*. He hurried off to the emperor, and laid all the affair before him.

In the mean while, the Viconde was not on roses; he had been surprised by Veit Trautson, and compelled to conceal himself behind the curtains of an alcove. But the annoyance was even greater when Juliane glided into the room. The scene is worth quotation.

"May a heaven's cross thunder weather smash it all!" Trautson shouted, as he saw a fourth odalisque so unexpectedly before him, "who is she?—what does she want?"

"My illustrious and most serene pasha," the waiting-woman said, in a flute-like voice, "I hear that you are one of the greatest philosophers in this world, and as I, too, belong to the chosen, who call themselves the faithful servants of Allah and Muhammad their prophet, I come to share in your wise expounding of the Sunna and the sacred Koran. Permit me to sit at your feet, mighty mollah, and refresh my thirsting soul at the source of enlightenment which your wisdom causes to gush forth from the soil of consecrated tradition."

"The deuce fetch me if it is not the Bologna," Veit Trautson replied to this address, which was uttered with great pathos; "but may I be pounded to a mummy if I know what gives you the courage to come here and try to make a fool of Veit Trautson."

"I derive this courage," Juliane continued, with the same mocking boldness, "from my thirst for wisdom and my desire to see the pearls of truth distil from your lips like the precious dew of the morning, my noble pasha; but now permit me to join my fellow-scholars, who have been so fortunate as to delight in the sight of your fearfully learned head for a longer time than myself."

"This is growing better and better," Trautson growled, as he saw with vacant amazement Juliane coolly surveying the three girls in turn.

"Parlate Italiano?" she then asked.

The Greek girl, before daring to reply, timidly looked at Trautson.

"Countess Bologna," the latter said, "will you have the kindness to tell me what you really want here, and what gave you the confounded idea of coming here in a masquerade when the carnival is long over? The way to the mad-house does not pass through my garden. Out with it—what does your grace want here? or shall I employ a short process?"

"I trust, most venerable Mollah Trautson," the countess replied, "that before talking of your rights, you will remember your duty, which consists, according to the laws of the Koran and the customs of your country, in joyfully welcoming every guest who comes under your roof, and saying, with perfect humility, 'I am favoured by your entrance: regard the house as your own.'"

"Never, in my whole life, has a woman so mocked me," Trautson shouted,

his eyes beginning to sparkle, and his red nose turning blue; "may Satan trample on me if I stand this mockery any longer!"

With these words, he stepped towards Juliane, who was frightened by his looks. But she tried to keep up her character still, and escape by some lucky manoeuvre.

"My mighty teacher, revered light of wisdom, exalted chandelier of true interpretation, you know the proverb, 'Resemble the palm, my son: when you stone it, it throws you dates in return.' You hurl at me the stones of your angry words, but I cast kisses to you."

And while ironically kissing her hand to him, the countess tried to fall back on the door, but Trautson, who was now perfectly mad with passion, interposed his bulky person.

"Stay, contessa," he yelled; "you do not escape so easily. Out with it! What is the meaning of this? Who told you of my pavilion and my guests? What did you want here?"

And with these words he seized Juliane's arm, who was so frightened by his passionate glances, that she shrieked for help. At this moment the curtain was violently drawn back, and a threatening voice said:

"Count Veit Trautson, let the lady loose immediately!"

It was the Viconde with his sword drawn, and the two men were just coming to blows, when a new arrival came in the person of the Duke of Lorraine, who looked all amazement at the scene. But he had scarce time to inquire into the matter, when the sound of arms being grounded was heard, and an officer came in to arrest everybody he found in the pavilion, by the emperor's orders.

We need not delay here to show how the emperor saw through the whole of the intrigue, and the Viconde justly dismissed from court and all his charges; we prefer showing how Francis of Lorraine won his wife. In the first moment of anger at himself, a sovereign prince, having been arrested, the young duke sent a letter to Charles, stating that he was about to leave the court at once, and then proceeded to take leave of the fair Maria Theresa:

"You intend to leave the court?" the archduchess said quickly, as the duke entered.

"Yes, archduchess, I must do so—for ever. I am compelled to this step by the manifest sign of his dissatisfaction which the emperor has given me. I know not what fault I have committed, but believe I am the victim of an intrigue. But if any intrigue is sufficient to induce the emperor to encroach on my rights as an independent sovereign——"

"You regard the matter very tragically, my lord duke!" Maria Theresa haughtily interrupted him.

"I regard it as my feelings command me."

"The point is, whether those feelings are correct."

"And can you, most gracious archduchess, assert that there is anything false in a feeling which regards honour before aught else?"

"That may sound very chivalrous," the archduchess objected, "but if a young girl is permitted to have an opinion in such matters, I should believe that the Christian is superior to the cavalier, and should accept humbly and calmly what his conscience must tell him is the consequence of his actions."

"An action for which our conscience reproaches us is usually called a sin. Did you mean to say that I had committed a sin, and was rightly served?"

"Suppose I did?"

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what sin I have laden on my unhappy head?"

"I am not your confessor," Maria Theresa said, turning coldly from him.

"Then you have no right to appeal to my conscience, without telling me your motive, your justification."

Maria Theresa blushed; her lips were shut by the character of the suspicion which she was obliged to entertain against the duke, while, on the other hand, her open nature urged her to speak out openly, and thus come to an explanation with him.

"I have already told you," she said, after a long pause, "that your nightly absence from your apartments has been noticed. Perhaps this stands in some connexion with the emperor's ill will, of which you complain."

"Impossible! quite impossible!" the duke interposed, in amazement.

"And yet I must believe it."

"But I give you my word, as a prince, that my evening occupation for some time past has been in reading the 'Law of Nations' with Baron Weber. But, as he is a very timid man, and afraid that my confidence in his abilities may arouse envy at court, we have kept the affair secret."

The archduchess regarded him with widely opened eyes.

"How can this stand in connexion with the emperor's anger, and my arrest in Trautson's summer-house?" the duke continued. "That is as mysterious as the note which was given me yesterday by a strange footman, with a message that the writer expected me at Trautson's pavilion in the evening. I went harmlessly to the place where I was invited, and, when I arrived, I was arrested!"

"And this note, where is it?"

"In the emperor's hands."

The archduchess looked fixedly in the young man's face, but it was impossible to imagine any thing more truthful.

"But," she remarked, timidly, "your visits to that pavilion had been noticed before——"

"Who can have noticed what never happened? Mention him to me, and we will soon reach the bottom of this intrigue."

The archduchess was silent, for, after all, she had no informer to denounce.

"Tell me any person who can accuse me of an action which merits the emperor's displeasure. If not, most gracious archduchess, you must confess that I had full reason to feel insulted."

"And suppose I were to confess it?" Maria Theresa replied, as she blushed once more.

"Then I should, at any rate, have a consolation for the miserable and bitter pain with which I leave this place. My heart bleeds at this separation from what was the dearest to me on earth—from my happiness, the hopes I had nursed, and all the proud aspirations to which my mind had soared; that, archduchess, I need not describe to you, because something stands between us which prevents you listening to me with that kindness which could alone unloose my tongue."

The duke was in a state of great excitement; he turned away quickly, and the archduchess fancied she saw a tear in his eyelashes, which he tried to conceal by rising hastily.

"But, Heavens!" she said, with great emotion, "I do not send you away."

"You do not send me away? Who else is it, then? What drives the thorn of the insult so deep into my heart, as the thought that you, Maria Theresa, justify what your father has done to me? I could have an explanation with the emperor, for he is just and noble, but I cannot conquer the thought that *you*, archduchess, entertain a suspicion unworthy of me!"

Maria Theresa jumped up and offered him her hand.

"Francis," she said, in an indescribable tone, which pierced the duke's soul, "I believe I have been unjust to you."

He seized her hand and covered it with kisses. At this moment the door was flung open, and the lady in waiting announced "His majesty the emperor!"

Of course the emperor soon set all matters to right; and though the duke was at first obstinate, and thought he had a claim to a public apology, the emperor's remark, that "relations are not so particular,"

quite reconciled him. He saw that Maria Theresa was his own, and all the past was forgotten. Prince Eugene, who had accompanied the monarch, said jestingly:

"God bless your majesty and this union, for which"—and here the old warrior tapped his sword—"we have here the best pragmatic and most practical sanction."

Our readers will see, from this necessarily crowded analysis, that there is excellent stuff for a novel in such combinations of court intrigue and natural love. The author has carried out his design most successfully, and appears to have a decided talent for dramatic effects. We fancy that we can trace, in our sketch, materials for a capital comedy, which would be a relief after the washy adaptations from the French, and it is quite at the service of any of our playwrights.

One thing strikes us with surprise—what the crowned heads think of these systematic exposures of the weaknesses of their ancestors. Surely the censorship cannot be very strict in Bohemia, when such historical revelations as Herr Schüicking's can be printed. The best antidote, it strikes us, would be a really honest history of the Austrian Empire, and Francis Joseph would clear away many misconceptions if he allowed such a work to be published from the imperial archives. The Hapsburgs are the only crowned heads in Europe who truly shun the light, and people are led to suppose, in consequence, that their deeds are so evil that they must be kept in the dark. Were the light of publicity let in, Europe would recognise, to its amazement, that the Hapsburgs are no worse and no better than other reigning houses, whose tyranny centuries of rule have in a measure legalised.

EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS IN PARIS FOR 1859.

THE French have every few years what they designate as a free exhibition, or "exposition," of pictures; that is to say, an exhibition to which all pretenders are admitted, whatever may be their qualifications. The idea seems absurd at first, and upon the occasion of the experiment being last carried into effect—that was in 1848—the result was heralded by an Homeric burst of laughter. But the idea is not, however, so absurd as may appear at first sight. This unanimous verdict of the public was of the greatest utility to many. Artists are, by their refined feelings and cultivated sensibilities, like literary men, an exceedingly susceptible class. We all know the annual heart-burnings for which the hanging committees are responsible with us, and how many an artist, who has considered himself unfairly dealt by, has seceded from one society and given in his adhesion to another, and yet has still continued to be so discontented with the position of his pictures, either with the place or the contrasts with which they were placed in juxtaposition, that the malady increased in gravity till nothing could cure it but that he must constitute a society by himself, and have his own annual gallery, uncontested and unrivalled. If this is the case with the admitted artists, what must it be with the excluded? With us they find a solace in the Portland, Crystal Palace,

or other popular galleries. But in Paris, where there is only one "Exposition," the excluded deem themselves to be the victims not only of the grossest injustice, but of the darkest and most malevolent persecution. The only cure for this is an exhibition open to all. Many an unfortunate, who held a paramount conviction of his genius—a talent all the more deserving of encouragement because it had been ignored at previous select exhibitions—has been indebted to such an exposition for the final dispelling of his illusions, and his being induced, much to his advantage, to definitely abandon a career for which he was never born. Some have struggled in France, as in this country, against the judgment of the Academicians—the pashas of the Palace of Industry—and have proclaimed the imperious necessity of a "contre-exposition," where the public could decide upon the merits of pictures excluded by the malevolent in power. But, somehow or other, whilst we have so many exhibitions of the kind, Paris has never been able to organise one. The consequence is that, although the experiment of a free exhibition has not been resorted to of late, and that the decisions of the jury of Academicians are the subject of yearly denunciations by fretted vanities, still the number of works of art—pictures, models, and sculptures—of various merit and dubious morality that are exhibited in the successive Salons, far exceeds anything of the kind seen in this country, and presents such a vast congeries of varied merits and demerits, such a mass of incongruities, such orgies of colours and saturnalia of forms, and, indeed, such a "tohu-bohu"—as our good neighbours would call it—of canvas, that the eye and intellect are alike bewildered—may, for a time, positively confounded.

The practised man—the visitor initiated in the mysteries of previous Salons—knows where to find his Ingreses and his Delacroises with the same unerring instinct that the Londoner seeks out his Maclises, his Stanfields, his Robertses, or his Websters; but those who have had to superintend the disposition of the ten thousand pictures accumulated in the annual Salon, seem to have had no general principle to guide them; they have put celebrities by the side of the unknown or the untried, they have grouped sacred and historical paintings amid battles and profane subjects, and they have filled up the intervals with the full-lengths of marshals and councillors of state—"toiles officielles," as they are significantly called in the Champs Elysées. Why should not the visitor do the same thing? Neither dwell with the subject, nor scorn the execution, nor seek out the celebrities, but just rove from room to room, and let the eye be caressed by a charm here or won by a beauty there, or let it gently gloss over a defect here, while it repudiates an irredeemable incompetency further off.

Leaving himself thus solely to his impressions, unbiased by previous study or convictions, the visitor to the Salon of 1859 would probably have been first brought up before the great landscape of M. Palizzi, "La Traite des Veaux" in the valley of La Tongue, in Normandy. The critics have exhausted themselves to discover a fault in this fine painting, whose greatest beauty is its truth to nature. Failing to do that, they have proclaimed that the artist has not sufficiently "idealised" his subject—that he is an imitator of Paul Potter; and yet not a Paul, for he followed nature as a master, and not as a slave.* We hope M. Palizzi will

* Les Peintres Français—Salon de 1859—Louis Jourdan; Salon de 1859—Maxime du Camp.

not allow himself to be led away by any such fallacious criticisms. No one was more true to nature than Paul Potter, and any attempt to "idealise" nature, as it is called, or to improve upon reality, must inevitably end in the ridiculous and the burlesque. But critics are no more accessible to unrestricted satisfaction than human nature is to pleasure without alloy. M. Troyon has painted another great landscape—it hung immediately opposite M. Palizzi's—and he selected for a subject "Le Retour à la Ferme." A dark and gloomy aspect was in effect imparted by the dying light to this fine landscape. And what do the critics cry for? Light and colour—just where they are not in nature. "Why," said a bourgeois, looking at this very picture, "did the artist introduce that black dog in his foreground?" The black dog mystified him. He did not see through the artist's trick. The black dog gave a little relief to the darkening shades of evening. Both these pictures are too large for a moderately sized house. The Dutch and the Flemings used to limit their landscapes, and their marines, and their picturesque interiors, so that if not cabinet pictures, they were at least adapted for any ordinary sized room. They must also have been rewarded by a ready market for their gems.

If we are to believe the French critics—and we should not like to venture upon such a wholesale condemnation of art upon our own unsupported responsibility—there is not "faith" enough in France for success in sacred subjects. It is only in landscapes that there is any progress made. Among the thousands who devote themselves to religious subjects, because there is a constant demand for such productions, there are few who are animated by the faith that inspired Raphael and the Pleiad of illustrious masters. There are plenty of Virgins, Christs, Apostles, and Saints in the Salon, but on none of them is breathed that simplicity which imparts so much attraction to art, and acts like magnetism upon the crowd.

M. Daubigny has four landscapes, all together. He is an artist much in favour, and is spoken of as one who can command the greatest resources. But if we hold that nature cannot be improved upon, cannot be "idealised," it by no means follows that it suffices for the artist to study nature in her ugly moods, or her less attractive aspects. He may combine as much as he has a mind, group, and sketch, and colour as his genius best serves him, and still remain true to nature. Great expanses of green, which M. Daubigny, for example, so much delights in, may be natural without being beautiful. It is in eliminating the beautiful from the real, and co-ordinating the truths of nature, that lies the discriminating genius of the artist, not in attempting to improve upon nature.

M. Belly, a pupil of Troyon's, has been to the Nile for his subjects, and he has succeeded admirably with the grey tone of Egyptian landscapes; not too much of it, yet sufficient to be characteristic, and, at the same time, in harmony with his other colours. It is in the same sense that MM. Fromentin and Bellel have interpreted Algeria. We have before given an account of M. Fromentin's residence at El Aghouat—the city in the desert—and his streets in that well-depicted city, or citadel, and his "Lisière d'Oasis pendant le Sirocco" are what might be expected from so persevering and so conscientious a student of nature. M. Bellel has a wondrous fine sketch of the Sahara—it represents a fraction of the tribe of Ouargla in the search for an encampment over an expanse that

stretches far away beyond the reach of vision. One of M. Corot's most remarkable pictures was hung to the right on entering the second salon. It was a landscape, with figures bathing. Here again the critic intervenes. It is not because there are naked figures—that is admitted in art, as Alfred de Musset has propounded,

Tout est nu sur la terre, hormis l'hypocrisie :
Les tombeaux, les enfans et les divinités ! —

but it is that the artist "a copié trop exactement le modèle; il fallait le copier en le poétisant." Bah! the artist did not, we presume, take a misshapen object for a model, and if not, and the object was not beautiful, the reproach would seem to direct itself to nature rather than to the artist. Hypercriticism will not stay till it has remodelled all the works of the Creator. M. Corot, it may be remarked, upon whom this flippant criticism is passed, is one of the most distinguished men in what the French designate as "notre grande école." A painter of another school, "la grande école flamande," M. Knaus, of Wiesbaden, contributed one of the prettiest pictures in the exhibition, "La Cinquante," the fiftieth anniversary of marriage of an old couple, who lead the way in an open air dance, beneath the shade of trees and to the sound of a rustic orchestra. Everything is perfect in its way; the faces are miniatures, the colouring is admirable, the composition at once full of poetry and truth. M. Kniff, of Belgium, has also a pretty landscape, whose only faults are perhaps a metallic tone which is not in either sky, or land, or living thing, only, in fact, to be met with in the minerals of which, unfortunately, paints are often manufactured. M. Francis Bein has an unpretending picture, "Après l'Orage;" there is not a figure in it, but the effect is very great, and the impression left by it is lasting. The same artist's "Le Matin dans la Lande" is another admirable work of art. M. Bein's contributions to the Salon enable him this year to take his place by the side of the Palizis, the Troyons, the Daubignys, and the Corots.

M. Breton, a young artist, had the honour this year of admission into the Salon Carré, and his pictures, "La Plantation d'un Calvaire" and "Les Glaneuses de l'Artois," deserved the distinction, if there is any, in being in the Salon Carré, which, whether square or not, is the one which must be first entered, and in which the official canvases before alluded to—portraits of great and little personages—cumulate in great strength. In the absence of Rosa Bonheur, who had nothing this year, Madame Henriette Browne—we should suppose a French lady wedded to some one of British descent—carried off the palm among female artists without a dissentient voice. Madame Browne is particularly strong in portraits. Her portrait of M. de G——, in the salon, was among the best in the exhibition, and ranked, according to experienced critics, next to those of M. Flandrin, who reigns triumphant in that branch of art. Apropos of portrait-painters, we must not neglect also M. Hebert, M. Lazerges, and M. Bonnegrâce, all of whom had pictures worthy of their well-established reputations. There was also an exquisite thing of the above-mentioned Madame Browne—a *sœur de charité* tending a sick orphan—it was one of the gems of the exhibition.

It would be a curious thing to know what, and how many, pictures were excluded from this crowded collection. We hear accidentally of a

morning star, "L'Etoile du Matin," by M. Chaplain, either on its way to London or now exhibiting there, and an Eve, by Madame Frédérique O'Connell, whose name would indicate some such social position as Madame Henriette Browne, both alike excluded "pour crime d'indécence," yet we are told by those who have seen them, that they are not a bit more reprehensible than the Eve by Clesinger; but then French artists and critics are alike exceedingly jealous and susceptible in regard to the functions of the jury of selection, and they are equally jealous of any known artist venturing into an unaccustomed path. They denounce, for example, the paintings of M. Clesinger and of M. Etex alike, both being sculptors of established reputation.

If we are to believe the same critics, there has been a great falling off in the established reputations this year. M. H. Flandrin is said to have been alone true to himself. Diaz had several pictures—"Venus et Adonis," "L'Education de l'Amour," "Galatée," "Mare aux Vipères," and others—but, carried away by his early successes, he is said to have made no attempts at improving himself, but to have painted away simply because his pictures sold, and now by dint of turning, like a horse in the arena, in that vicious circle of effects which he knew so well how to produce, he has arrived at a point where nothing is before him but retrogression and failure. This, alas! is the history of many modern artists in other countries besides France.

M. Eugène Delacroix had some imposing sketches, more particularly "Le Christ descendu au Tombeau," "Ovide exilé chez les Scythes," and "Saint Sébastien;" but, after all, they are mere sketches, unfinished paintings, with a predominant violet tone, but in which the master reveals himself in the exquisite delicacy of his touch and the harmony of his composition. M. Gérôme, an artist who obtained great celebrity last year by his "Duel des Pierrots," has been equally successful this year in a semi-historical line. His "César Mort" and "Cirque Romain" have given rise to many sharp criticisms in as far as the execution of details is concerned, but there seems to be no two opinions as to the effect produced. The same artist has treated a very difficult subject—"Le Roi Candaule," the crowned fool of Lydia, who exposed his wife to his friend Gyges, and suffered in consequence—with so much skill that the picture, delicate as the subject was, was generally classed with Knauss's "Cinquantaine" as one of the pearls of the Salon. M. Muller took for subject "La Prescription des jeunes Irlandaises Catholiques en 1655," and he has been deservedly unsuccessful. Irish skies are not leaden, albeit sometimes grey and overcast. There is nothing metallic in nature that is not below the soil. Then, whilst the sea seems rough and angry at the fair burden it is about to receive, the damsels themselves tread the plank with as much dignified steadiness as if summoned into the presence of their hostile judges. M. Hébert's pictures, the "Cervarolles" and "Rosa Nera," albeit the works of a distinguished artist, also sin terribly against nature. Even the French critics, who are neither educated nor trained in the great basis of all art—the love of truth and simplicity—exclaim against "cette prodigalité de tons nacrés dans les rochers," and fretfully ask: "Pourquoi ces tons papillottés qui ne sont pas dans la nature, et qui nuisent à l'effet et au relief de l'action?"

According to M. Louis Jourdan, there is no country where the taste

for works of art exists more than in France, and yet there is no country more utterly void of the sentiment of art. The French public is utterly guiltless of that instinct of the true and the good which reveals to the most ignorant the traces of genius. The crowd never stops before a good picture, unless its beauties have been proclaimed abroad; it invariably cumulates only where there is some common or terrific subject, worked up in glaring and screaming colours. We suspect this criticism does not apply to France only. The French ladies are also accused of preferring "les papillotages blancs et roses que M. Dubufe vermillonne pour le bonheur des femmes élégantes" to the simplicity and sobriety, the conscientious and serious portraits of MM. Ingres, M. H. Flandrin, Bonnegrâce, Ricard, Pérignon, and a few others, the works of the first two being chefs-d'œuvre. Is there not an equally invincible, albeit not openly avowed, inclination for that which is vulgar to be detected nearer home? It is not only "le monde parisien" that is attracted and caught by "le joli, le chatoyant et le papillotage!"

So long as this applies to the public, there is no great harm done, but when it is made to influence art, as will invariably happen—when, as in portrait-painting especially, the artist may prefer pleasing the public to the critics—it becomes a more serious thing. Among the new exhibitors of the year, for example, is M. James Tissot, who could do great things if he was not so anxious to make the sacrifices demanded by the vulgar exigencies of ladies' toilettes and "l'étalage d'un marchand de nouveautés." Another new man, on the contrary, M. Emeric de Tamagnon, exhibited a view of the Basilica of Sainte Marie Majeure at Rome, in which no sacrifice is made to the false gods; the qualities of the painting are more solid than brilliant.

French patronage of art has been agreeably shown in the eight panels exhibited by M. Paul Huet, and which were painted for the decoration of a private house. How pleasant for the eye to rest upon such well-painted landscapes, instead of upon the grotesquely unnatural designs so characteristic of paper-hangings! If pictures were painted on canvas of more limited dimensions, the sale would be better assured, and a better taste would at the same time be developed. Of such a class—that is to say, fitted for the private dwelling—were M. Lambinet's, and M. Auguste Bonheur's landscapes. The latter illustrates worthily the name he bears—that of his father Raymond and of his sister Rosa.

M. Lhuillier mystifies a subject far too much indulged in by continental artists—the procession of the Holy Eucharist. Who is that gentleman who precedes the procession as lantern bearer? It is manifestly the reminiscence of some sad domestic incident. M. René Menard's "Marche des Animaux" would alone have sufficed to establish a man's reputation. M. Jeanron's "Plaine avant l'Orage," although harsh and hard, earned great praise. It was even hinted "que Rembrandt ne le désavouerait pas." M. Louis de Kock's "Animaux dans un Bac" was another pretty picture; so also of M. Ernest Guillaume's "Sick going to Cauterets," only that he has made his landscape as pale as his patients. There was a piece of "dead nature" by M. Juglar—a chef-d'œuvre of its kind. If M. Leroux had half the same amount of vigour, his landscapes, otherwise meritorious, would be first-rate. His "Marais de Kramaseul" attested to the fact. It is the same with M. Dubuisson's "Relay of Horses on the Road from Lyons to Grenoble;" there is great

care, and yet a manifest want of vigour. M. Coignard had also three good, but by no means faultless, landscapes. M. Comte took a pleasant subject, "Margaret of Scotland kissing the sleeping poet Alain Chartier," but, alas! the pitiless critics decided that "le sujet est gracieux, et il est disgracieusement traité!"

M. Courdouan has been more fortunate. His "Vue d'Evenos in the Gorges of Olioules," his "Route de Cargueiranne à Hyères," and "Les Pirates recevant la Chasse," are all admirably true to nature, and great as works of art. M. Comte Calix, with his marble staircases, vases, and statues, and female figures also like statues, in "Le Chant du Rossignol," is just the reverse—artificial to a degree. And what a moonlight! M. Michel announces in his work called "Vie universelle," that the moon, being the head-quarters of evil geniuses, is about to disappear, and that its place will be taken by more genial satellites. M. Comte Calix has anticipated the event. So also of the same artist's "Biches effrayées," the said "biches" being, by-the-by, bathing females. Even the French critics admit "qu'il y manque ce presque rien qui est tout: la vérité."

There were no less than two "Incendies de l'*Austria*" in the Salon. Both were egregious failures; one, by M. Isabey, well known for his "charmans papillotages," detestable in the eyes of all true artists, was neither more nor less than "une erreur monumentale;" the other, by M. Tanneur, was not worth mentioning. One of the admitted best marines in the Salon, "La Pêche aux Thons," by M. Suchet, was also good, but not exactly altogether true to nature.

M. de Tournemine brought some very pretty things from Syria and Asia Minor. The "Habitations près d'Adalia," the "Souvenir de Tyr," and the "Café en Asie-Mineure," were admirable in all points for truth as well as for excellence of execution. The very fault found with them by the critics, that they are silvery instead of golden, only shows the artist's correct appreciation of certain aspects of Syrian light and shade. But there ought to be nothing metallic, either silvery or golden, except in minerals or in works of art reproduced on canvas. M. Zeim goes to the extreme in the other way. His "Gallipoli," "Damanhour," "Constantinople," and "L'Entrée des Eaux Douces," are "inondés de flots d'or"—flaming, in fact. Such pictures must be painted to suit the bourgeois idea of Oriental opulence of colour, not to imitate nature.

M. Bonnegrâce has some fine serious studies in "Saint François de Paul distribuant des Aumônes à la Porte de son Couvent," "Jésus Enfant enseignant les Docteurs," and "L'Amour et Psyché," all good works of the so-called "contemporaneous school." The excellence of the last can be best judged of when the critics cry out for "plus de soleil, plus de rayonnements lumineux autour de ces amants immortels." M. Bonnegrâce had too much taste to have recourse to such meretricious art. M. Bonnat's "Bon Samaritain" may also be noticed for the same high qualities, but in a more humble sphere.

It ought not to be omitted that there were no want of pictures which appealed to the feelings through the medium of subject, as well as more general themes reproduced on the canvas. M. Marchal's mother, for example, taking her child to the hospice, exposed cleverly one of the most grievous evils in the French social system. M. Antigua's episode of

the Vendean war was full of spirit and movement. Pity that the same artist should waste his energies over bathing nymphs who have not time to dress themselves. The Salon is always full of such. The critics were very hard upon M. Baudry's "Madeleine." They declared that it was a sick and repentant lady from the Mabile! Those who are familiar with the occasional affectation of French art will believe it. M. Baudry has also attempted a "Toilette de Vénus;" it is another mistake.

MM. Fauvelet, Plassau, Fichel, and Chavet are the most distinguished of the satellites that move in the orbit of Meissonnier, but they have by no means attained the perfection of their master. To number the satellites of different orders that glimmer in that vast Salon, would indeed be almost to number the stars that glitter in the firmament. Some force themselves upon the attention, as M. Glaize in his "Traison de Dalila," for example, only to annoy; others, again, are small and humble "pochades," as they are called on the Continent, and yet pleasing, witness M. Boulanger's "Message," and a host of others. Some are mere mannerists, as M. Ed. Frère, in his numerous "tableaux de genre;" others are indifferent to their olden repute, as M. François; and others, again, are tripping up the steps of their predecessors, as M. Cabat, in his only picture "L'Etang des Bois." Others have actually died since the colours were laid on the canvas—Benouville, for example, whose "Jeanne d'Arc" was so full of promise. The same artist had also a curious unfinished picture, "Sainte Claire recevant le Corps de Saint François d'Assise," representing Madame Benouville and her two children. Every year's Salon is, indeed, a history. If an artist has travelled, his pictures will tell you where he has been; if he has been in trouble, it will come out in some way or another, if only in the dull, Clichy tone of one or more of his pictures; if he is in love, it will idealise all his female figures; and if he is married, his better-half is sure to appear on canvas. Strange, that if he should die his body should also lie at the feet of his wife and children, as in the instance of Benouville's picture.

The fault found of the French artists by their own countrymen is that, "aux prises avec les nécessités de l'existence," they live from day to day; do not read, study, or travel sufficiently; are insensible to the great social questions and movements of the epoch; live in their studios, where they pass the time in futile discussions, "as if they were encamped in the midst of us, strangers to what takes place around them, and indifferent to the future." The criticism is, no doubt, correct in many cases. Financial resources are as requisite to variety and success in art as in literature and science. But still the French, considering the general paucity of their means, are the least of all nations exposed to the rebuke of want of enterprise. The true artists—and there are many of them—travel far and wide in search of subjects, as every successive Salon will tell. Upon the whole, the Exhibition of 1859 has been looked upon as a comparative failure. There is no great or triumphant progress. Art, we are told, "is sick, but not dead." "Art," again, it is added, "is not a thing without or apart from the social condition. It is either nothing, or it is the idealised expression of the feelings, the fears, the hopes, the joys, and the sorrows that animate the masses. Art is all that it can be in the present day: it reflects our indecisions, our aspirations, our doubts." If so, it may indeed well be sick!

SOCIAL LIFE IN BERLIN.

It has been for some time growing more and more the fashion for authors to write special works about certain cities and towns, and laboriously exhume all the social unpleasantnesses which our fathers, wiser in their generation, overlooked. We find a pleasant amalgam of statistical information and would-be funny writing to gild the arithmetical pill, and, altogether, such a book serves the real purpose of a book in the present fast age; you skim through it over a pipe, pick out one or two smart sayings, and an hour after you have reached the last page you forget what it was all about. And this is certainly a wise provision of nature: for were a much-enduring critic necessitated to remember all he reads in this prolific age, he would speedily become a candidate for Hanwell.

The peculiar class of book to which we refer has remained for many years a species of specialty of Englishmen; and the Cockney school of writers have made great use of their researches down Whitechapel way, or in the unctuous purlieus of the docks. Now and then an adventurous scribe has invaded Paris, and given us accounts of La Californie and the Barrière du Mont Parnasse, but the Circean capital has hitherto been the *ultima Thule* of Mr. Dickens's acolytes, and we may search in vain for any books which will give us such Asmodean views of Berlin or Vienna. The only other European capital which, to our knowledge, has been successfully invaded, and the spoils laid before a British audience, is St. Petersburg, of which city "A Journey due North" gave us a very full and apparently truthful account. Under these circumstances it does not surprise us to find that Herr Kossak, a "fast" contributor to the Prussian press (were such a thing possible), should have taken up his pen on behalf of his father city, and favoured his countrymen with some gaslight and daylight scenes from the German Athens.* Having performed the pipe process over this little volume, we will hasten to transcribe such passages as struck us most, ere they fade away from the daguerreotype-plate of memory.

The very first sketch shows us with amazement the similarity existing between the feminine minds of England and Germany: for does not the Frau Regierungsräthin insist on keeping a little foot-page, because her husband has just had a rise in his office? The tribulations she endures read like a page from *All the Year Round*. First, there is her husband opposed to the scheme: thoughts of the new livery remind him with lively horror of his tailor's account current; but, of course, lovely woman gets the best of the engagement. The advertisement is sent off to the paper representing the *Times* (with a difference) in Berlin, and Clara is happy. Bright visions float across her mind of a many-buttoned uniform walking nobly behind her as she goes to shop, and, oh, won't the Frau Commerzienrätthin be jealous, that's all! Unfortunately, all that's bright must fade, and Clara's bright visions are sicklied over with a pale cast when the expected pages make their appearance. The first has

* Berliner Federzeichnungen. Von E. Kossak. Berlin: Otto Janke.

hitherto been in the service of a donkey—that is to say, his master kept a market-garden, and he attended on that useful domestic animal; but there was a difficulty about some pine-apples which the donkey ate, but his master thought he stole, and so he resigned his exalted functions. He felt a necessity to enter a private family, and understood his duties thoroughly: when his master was overtaken, he used to put him to bed, and was quite ready to do the same for the lady's husband. Of course such a young ruffian as that wouldn't do; so, on the lady hinting as much, he coolly pulled out a cigar and asked for a light. We need not dwell on the miseries of that day, but will leap over to the next morning at five o'clock, when a tremendous peal at the bell aroused Clara from her slumbers, and made her feel certain something dreadful had happened to "Mamma." Of course the servants were not up, so the husband goes shivering to the door, where he finds—a candidate for the pagedom. On being asked why he chose that unearthly hour, he merely said he had business to attend to later in the day; so the angry housemaster bangs the door in his face.

And so it goes on the day through: boys of all shapes and sizes, prematurely ripe and quite antiquated, even antiquarian or antediluvian lads, children who have hardly been weaned, and young men with signs of a beard, make their appearance. But none suit Clara. There is too much realism about them; they do not come up to her ideal page. At length, though, she is satisfied—a most respectable widow, whom she takes at first for a visitor, arrives with her son. It is the old, sad story: her husband had died of overwork and neglected merit; she cannot support the boy, so he must go to service. He had been for some time as tiger to the Connt of Eberzahn Kappzaum, lieutenant in the Heavies; but that gentleman's morals were loose, and the mother was compelled to take him away. Of course Clara engaged him on the spot, and put him to work.

With his appearance in the house strange events commence: the wine decanters leak, apparently; cakes disappear in a mysterious manner; the master catches him dusting his cigars; in short, the demon of distrust broods over the cellaret. At length, one fine day, the page is missing, and with him a silver watch belonging to the cook, not to mention other unconsidered trifles which he carried off on his predatory foray. And in that way the Frau Regierungsräthin was cured of her ambitious dreams about a little foot-page.

Another type of Berlin life will be found in the circulating library. The Mudies and Booths of the Continent are far behind their London competitors; there, you see no seductive advertisements of two thousand copies of such a work, which send the author into agreeable elysium, and suffuse all other authors with the gall of jealousy. In Berlin, such a work as Freytag's "Soll und Haben," which has enjoyed such a European reputation, no one can say why, except for the same reason that sold eighteen editions of the "Proverbial Philosophy," is amply represented in a circulating library by six copies. Equally curious is it to read who are the patrons of these libraries, for all classes are represented; here we have a minister sending for a volume of a popular novel, and being placed on the list with the baker, the blacksmith, and the minister's own coachman. But there is one rule, possibly not peculiar to Berlin: whenever a book is asked for, which the library does not possess, it always

happens to be out. Or, what would Mr. Booth's kindly assistants say to the possibility of such a conversation as this :

On Monday evening I was witness of a memorable dispute between my little friend and a man who looked like a valet de chambre. The librarian talked himself into a furious passion :

"I must request you, Herr Platzmann, to tell his excellency that I will not take the 'Ségar' back. If gentlemen write remarks in books, they must not be angry if I ask them to keep them."

"Excellency told me," the aforesaid Herr Platzman replied, "that the book was old, and you must esteem it an honour if a mimister write anything in it with his own hand."

"Then his excellency will allow me to put the two volumes in my shop, and sell them to anybody who will give a few shillings for his autograph."

On another occasion two soldiers came in, laid a very dirty book on the table, and asked for the next volume. Our author looked at the book ; it was the first volume of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "The fly-drivers have all read it," he was told ; "now it is going through the barracks. Soldiers are always the last."

We wonder whether there exists any man in London like one our author knew in Berlin, whose delight it was to walk about the suburbs and look for "a floor to let." He would inspect it, and make all sorts of impertinent raids on the penetralia of the lodgers ; and when he had annoyed them to the verge of madness, go to the landlord of the house, and give him a bede roll of repairs to be done before he could think of taking the rooms : his tenants had shamefully injured his property. Of course, as soon as his back was turned, the landlord rushed up-stairs to upbraid the outgoing tenants, and insist on their doing all the repairs ; and so a furious war of words would be speedily enkindled. There are, possibly, worse ways of spending an idle hour or so.

Equally represented in Berlin are those callow politicians who pester newspaper editors with mares'-nests they have discovered. Our gobemouches have fortunately one receptacle ever open if the rumour be sufficiently spiced, but in Berlin there is no refuge for the destitute. At the sight of one of them, an editor says to himself, "Hic niger est hunc tu, Romane, caveto!" During the Regency squabbles in Berlin, of which we, by the way, heard very little, though there are repeated allusions to them in this volume, these gentry had a very busy time of it, and, on finding their efforts all wasted on ungrateful editors, they became to a man "loyal Prussians"—that is to say, virulent opponents of the Regent. We fancy an amusing volume might be written about that period of political confusion in Berlin.

The next type we come to is, fortunately, very rare among us : we allude to the "infant phenomena," who are so prolific in Germany. We can remember one odious specimen that used to visit Baden-Baden every summer with a guitar, a boy's turn-down collar, and flowing locks (though he must have been five-and-twenty at the least), and slobbered over a lady's hand whenever she gave him twopence. He was one of the few persons we have met with whom we felt it was our mission to kick, but we wisely refrained, for you can never calculate beforehand the price of a kick in Germany. In that country the police allow no one but themselves to do the kicking. But to return to the physiology of the marvellous children, as described by Herr Kossak. The musical prodigy

of the present day has but little in common with that marvellous boy who composed a piece for the pianoforte just after he was breeched, and was known by the name of MOZART. The reputation of a prodigy in the present age is generally of a factitious growth: the father, while sitting over his beer, tells his friends of the marvellous musical abilities of his child. The report spreads quickly through the town, and the father is, in a manner, compelled to dedicate the little being to art. The father starves the boy and gives him doses of stick periodically, both of which, combined, soon cause him to look interesting. He then procures certificates of his boy's ability from the chief persons in the town, and, armed with these, boldly goes on a begging foray—either to procure the child a better instrument, or a more talented instructor. When the boy is ready for publicity, he is brought forward, and earns money which his father spends.

Female prodigies wear short white frocks, and trousers with frills (even when twenty years of age), and remain children longer than the boys; indeed, one trainer of prodigies allowed his child to play until a compassionate old bachelor procured her admission to the almshouses for old maids. Generally, both sexes lead a miserable life, and their talent is worked for the profit of greedy parents. As to what becomes of them all, it is a question as difficult to solve as that propounded as to the eventual fate of giants in the "Old Curiosity Shop:" but Herr Kossak believes he has traced one young lady who, when her father died of the bottle, married an old gentleman, and would not suffer a pianoforte in her house.

The worthy Berliners have a great predilection for horticulture, and all through the suburbs pleasant oases may be seen, which cause an agony of apprehension to the fortunate owner. He has three great enemies, the sparrow, the caterpillar, and the cat, and though he may manage to keep the first at bay by nets, the second by a war of extermination in the spring, the third laughs him to scorn. If we can believe works on natural history, the wild cat no longer exists in North Germany, but this, according to our author, is an error. There are abundant specimens in the neighbourhood of Berlin, and, as the use of guns within the city is forbidden, the race would overrun the suburbs, were it not for the collectors of catskins, those Zamiels and Caspars of civilisation. The poor proprietor at length falls into a state of brooding insanity, and threatens to sell house and garden if he cannot drive away the cats, and he passes sleepless nights in inventing traps which will foil the enemy.

The growing mania for Cochin-China fowls among the Berliners causes our author to make a mournful allusion to the death-blow they will give to ballads. It is no longer possible to describe the crowing of a cock, for these colossal birds growl. Fancy the early village cock being described as growling in salutation of the sun! why the poetry vanishes with the alteration of a word. Equally fond are the Berliners of enormous watch-dogs, that live in constant animosity with everybody, except the master who thrashes them and the cook who feeds them. They appear to be suffering from a chronic state of indigestion, which only a snap at a plump calf at all relieves. But the garden itself is the great attraction; and the owners generally go in for the growth of eccentricities. Some are passionately fond of flowers, others of dung-beds, peaches on espaliers, varieties of tulips, and so on. The most general

favourite, however, is the gourd: these may be seen from the Colossus of Rhodes, down to the black crooked lump under which a potsherd is thrust to keep the damp off. Owing to the love for cucumber salad, that vegetable is also grown extensively, and may possibly explain the attacks of cholera which make their appearance in Berlin at midsummer.

So fond are the Berliners of any green thing, that they actually subscribe for the season to the principal gardeners, and go there every afternoon to drink coffee, the utensils for which they bring with them. They will pay as much as three pounds a year for the privilege of a table and chair in these temples of Armida. Hitherto we thought that the love of flowers was more fully developed in the Londoners than in any other nation, but we confess that the Berliners beat us. One thing is in our favour: we have the Kensington Gardens and Covent Garden to satisfy our longing for nature, *gratis*. Mr. Gye has already erected an exquisite temple to the goddess Flora, and when the new gardens for the Horticultural Society at Kensington Gore are opened, we may defy the world.

Conservatism has many peculiar ways of displaying itself. In Berlin it is shown by drinking white beer, and ignoring the claims of the Bayerisch, which has almost entirely ousted that pernicious beverage from the market. For our part, we are not surprised a bit, for the beer in North Germany was really atrocious. During our residence there, we suffered from these atrocities in the shape of beer. First, there was Brunswick Mumm—eugh! tasting for all the world like treacle and vinegar badly mixed: then came Schwarzbier, which you were flatteringly told was like English porter, and at which a pauper would turn up his nose; and last came white beer, which was just endurable, and that was all. Perhaps, though, the great fault was that you were served by men. After living for years in and around Bavaria, and listening with delight to the “*Woe Schoffens*” of the pretty beer-girls, as plump and hearty as their barrels, it caused a sudden revulsion to be waited on by a male creature, who talked execratingly polite German that set your teeth on edge. But, we still maintain it, the white beer in itself and apart from the waiter, was a mockery, delusion, and a snare. You took a heavy pull, and about a yard of froth adhered to your moustache, and you found that the pretentious Seidel was only half full. Perhaps, though, regard being had to the nature of the beverage, that was a mercy. Still, there are patriots in Berlin who stick to this stuff, when they can procure the delicious Salvator beer! It evidently emanates from the same feeling that made the women for a time drink that villanous acorn coffee, and give the difference towards the German fleet. The oak-trees were *not* cut down to build it, and yet the ladies soon recovered from their folly. But the white beer-houses are few and far between in Berlin, and they are already beginning to be regarded as antiquities. Ten years hence and guide-books will describe them with the same reverence as the Coliseum in Rome, or the Palace of the Doges in Venice. Ten years later there will be a case in the Berlin Museum containing the mysterious goblets, representing a “white or a half white,” and the so-called “cool blonde.” Yet, in our own knowledge, time was when a large class of deep thinkers and clever orators was known in Athens on the Spree by the name of the “white beer Philistines,” and the brewers of that beverage were regarded by the thirsty populace as unapproachable Brahmins. Alas,

sic transit even the glory of beer! Pale ale is destined to become the great mistress of the world. Imagine the *Great Eastern* chartered by an Alsopp solely to carry XXX to our pining brethren in the East! We really should not be surprised if the leviathan were eventually employed for that purpose; but, even then, the old argument may be applied—her untimely shipwreck would prove a national calamity!

Of course a stranger rarely puts an unhallowed foot in these few surviving white beer refuges. If a pedlar or a hurdy-gurdy boy dare to enter, the whole establishment takes up arms to repulse the invader. The guests are all respectable old gentlemen who have met together for years, and play their customary game of cards. But enough—perhaps too much—on so vulgar a subject: we only allude to it as a characteristic of social life in Berlin.

As a counterpart to these quiet nooks, where the meditative tradesmen and bureaucrats spend their evenings, let us take a glance at the "Hospices," the name by which the private restaurants are known in Berlin. These are decidedly an institution peculiar to that city, the only thing at all approaching to them we can call to mind being the oyster-cellars in New York. The Hospices are usually most frequented after the theatre and parties are over, and have something of the Haymarket stamp about them, except that all you eat and drink is unexceptionable, which, we are told, is not the case in that portion of London which wakes up when respectable folk go to bed. But there are "cabinets particuliers" for that class of company: vice in Berlin, at any rate, shuns the glare of notoriety. Hence you may hear in an Hospice a female voice ordering "a hundred of oysters and a couple of bottles of Chablis," but you rarely see more of the possessor of the voice than the amplitude of her crinoline, as it disappears last of all through a doorway.

Officers are the staple customers of the Hospices. After twelve they drop in, order beef-steaks and roast beef, and any quantity of Scotch ale: in short, the detachment is starved, and is clamorous for rations. As even the conversation of crowned heads is overheard and published—did we not have a full and particular account of the meeting of the emperors at Villafranca?—we may be permitted to listen to the edifying conversation of the officers from our quiet corner. "Had to stand the whole evening," a tall, handsome dragoon growls, as he chews away at a piece of beef. "How was the commissariat?" asks a lineman, and the bold dragoon replies, without lifting his eyes from his plate, "First, tea and cake, and afterwards cake and tea." Not only do officers seek help in the Hospices for the defective hospitality of society, but civilians drop in at midnight and demand the strongest food of the waiters. A briefless barrister is sarcastically explaining to the company that our age, to judge by the refreshments offered at evening parties, is far from solving the great social question. About one o'clock the proprietor of the Hospice makes his appearance: he got up at nine, drank his coffee at ten and read his paper, and now he appears among his guests, as if expecting to spend a long and happy summer's day. It causes him mild surprise to see gentlemen leave his Hospice at so early an hour, with rather doubtful legs, but he recovers his equanimity entirely on hearing a call from one of the side-rooms for coffee hot and strong!

Among the countless human errors which are handed down from generation to generation, like the small-pox, the greatest is certainly the divi-

sion of mortals into a strong and a fair sex. It is not our purpose to suggest any new division, for every classifier has to tremble before his successor, and the proverb, "Divide et impera," can only possess a charm for the Napoleons: we will, therefore, confine ourselves to proving the incorrectness of the classification. Many times doubts have assailed us whether women are exclusively fair and men exclusively strong, and whether, in our great cities at least, they ought not to exchange titles. Better and older observers may settle the question about the daughters of Eve, we will confine ourselves to the sons of Adam, and maintain that they at present put forward every possible claim—in Berlin at least—to wrest that flattering title from the ladies. According to our author, it only needs to stand by one of those colossal mirrors recently put up in the cafés and restaurants, and convince yourself in a quarter of an hour that the ladies are far more free from the grave reproach of vanity than the gentlemen. Women and girls go past the silvery plain, which is as tall as a grenadier and a half and as broad as two Falstaffs, and only take a transient glance at themselves. *They* carry out the worship of externals with an invincible belief in themselves; they are firmly convinced that they are beautiful, and do not suffer from the torture of scepticism when they know they have arranged their toilette properly at home. Not so the men. Nine out of ten young men will stand before the beauty trap in the gold frame, pull out a brush and comb—which the young civilised German always carries, like the Chinese his writing materials, and the worthy Montenegrin his long knife—and give the final touch to their hyacinthine locks. Although the production of an effect by their good looks is the highest object of their terrestrial wishes, in their heart of hearts they entertain doubts, and they wish to convince themselves of the reality of their charms as often as possible by personal inspection, just as a boy who has had his first watch given him is continually feeling if it is still in his pocket, or pulling it out to see if it is going. A handsome woman wishes to enchain one man—or, not to put too fine a point on it, sundry men; but the handsome man does not wish to enthral—he is free from that modest weakness—but to conquer, carry away, render desperate, an entire sex. This thirst for conquest, and a dark foreboding that all is not quite secure as regards his invincibility, drive him continually to the mirror, and give his countenance that look which, in a more poetic age, less encumbered with state papers and state forms, was called weariness of life.

Our readers will no longer be vexed at the minor coquetries of women, or feel indulgent towards the charming weaknesses of beauty, if they will join us in the study of a pattern youth of the new fair sex in the pages of Herr Kossak. To thoroughly appreciate him, we must introduce ourselves to him at midnight. His graces may be compared to the meat of a rather tough black-cock, for they must be properly prepared twelve hours beforehand. The glorious youth, prior to retiring to his bed, commences a regular embalming of his person, as if he were about to be buried in a coffin of sycamore-wood, and astonish the world by his beauty four thousand years hence. In the first place, he washes himself with filtered rain-water, and then with an essence named after the aroma of the lily, which bleaches and tones down all spots and inequalities on the skin. After this introduction he proceeds to his hair, for we assume that the young member of the fair sex is in possession of that vegetation

which the passions of modern men treat as barbarously as their ancestors did the mountain forests. The distinguished youth is not exposed to any such reproach: he is in every respect a first-rate woodman. Wherever anything grows on his head and face he treats it with conscientious love, and with the tenderness of a gardener, who is growing rare specimens for a flower and fruit show. All the philo-capillary productions of France and England, the oils of Rowland, and the balsams of Dupuytreu, the brushes and combs, the Bostrokizons and sponges, the vinegar and honey-water of the French Society for Health, cosmetics, kalydor, and the blackest beard polish of Hungary, lie on his toilet-table; a man of nature, whose only ornamental instruments consist in his fingers, would not comprehend the mysterious use of a single article. But even the most attentive observation would not penetrate these secrets of the toilet: they are handed down traditionally from one fop to the other. The final operation consists in wrapping the noble head in an East Indian pocket handkerchief. Then the dandy draws on his almond pasted hands a pair of dogskin gloves, and retires gracefully to rest. In his dreams, graces and amoretos sport around him: if he has eaten a hearty supper, he feels like Ganymede borne to heaven by an eagle, in consequence of his beauty, and suffers that terrific fall from a height which usually precedes awakening.

So soon as the sun has risen sufficiently high to peer through his curtains, the youth commences his heavy day's work. He must prepare for his appearance on the horizon of the nobility and respected public. After several hours of deep rumination he at length decides on the morning's coat, waistcoat, and inexpressibles. The last obstinate hair is smoothed down, the Paris hat put on his head at a graceful angle of eighty-eight degrees, his delicate hands swing the ivory-mounted cane, and the world's wonder proceeds to a fashionable coffee-house. The way in which the coffee is imbibed is a pattern, and arouses the admiration and envy of the green tradesmen's sons, whose masculine charms are not yet so thoroughly schooled, so academically modelled. The waiters, a race of beings who ever keep up an active sense of the aesthetically beautiful, neglect the other guests, and stamp on their memory every movement of the incomparable being. With what perfect grace he smokes his cigar, and puffs the smoke idly forth; how easily and naturally he holds the fashionable journal with the rebuses and horror-exciting charades! Every movement is calculated for the unhappy ladies who are thoughtless enough to pass this dangerous point. Like the antlion, the handsome man sits in the funnel of his charms, and devours the innocent female hearts that roll down it. After stamping on his brain the gossip of the day, and receiving some valuable information from his satellites, he bombards the promenade with the cross-fire of his annihilating glances.

After the promenade, he proceeds to call on several artistes whom he patronises and sometimes makes presents to. He never appears before them without flowers, except when they reach so unconscionable a price that he is obliged to fall back on bonbons and similar dainties which do not affect the female voice. On the steps of these graces' throne he finds a number of his fellow fops, with whom he has long formed a secret confederation for mutual and self-adoration. All heavy fathers warn their sons against these idle scamps, though those on the stage fraternise with them,

and will even drink from their glass—if the bottle has been paid for. At dinner-time the model man disappears for a season. Not that he finds his daily meal at those common free tables which poor students affection—he dines at free tables where his hosts sit observing him like poor students of his polished manners. The art of eating oysters gracefully, plucking artichokes with elegance, dividing lobsters anatomically with knife and fork, dissecting a chicken—these are not born with a man. He may have brought into the world with him a certain predisposition, as is the case with versifying, but the ability is only learned by incessant observation of the masters. Hence, all rich families, with any pretence to polished manners, invite our professor on all solemn occasions to their table, where he is expected to provide the material amusement and instruction of the guests, just as the men of letters and artists also are invited to undertake the mental department.

After dinner, our valuable member of society must maintain the idea of beauty at the theatre. Hence, he rushes home, and makes the requisite evening toilet. This is the most important of the day, as it is usually inspected by opera-glasses. The youth is generally attired all in black, in order to bring out the interesting pallor of his face and the irreproachable whiteness of his linen and gloves. He invariably reclines, with the immobility of a statue, in his fauteuil, and only the appearance of a celebrity wrings from him gently-rounded signs of applause. As a general rule, he does not applaud, but in moments of universal delight he will become temporarily faithless to his principles of the noblest self-command.

At times he disappears in a mysterious manner from society, usually during the summer. His enemies then assert that he is going through ascetic exercises in the debtors' prison, and his sunken face, on his return to the stage of life, does not contradict these malicious assertions. Thus he will live for about ten years, as the delight of the graces, but then, after his means are entirely exhausted, commences his metamorphosis from the fair into the strong sex, and he may be seen at times with unkempt hair and shabby coat, going his rounds to borrow a trifle from his former patrons.

We have dwelt more at length on this specimen of a Berliner, because the type has fortunately died out in our practical country. Cricket, rowing, boxing, and riding absorb the superfluous energies of our young men, but in Germany, we fear, that Herr Kossak's picture of a fashionable youth's life is not at all exaggerated. And if they be such in the green wood, what will they be in the dry? Such revelations as these go far to prove why Germany is so sunk among nations, and, in spite of all the spasmodic exertions that are now being made, we feel convinced that she can never become great, glorious, and free, so long as the flower of the nation gives way to such effeminacies as we have just recorded.

Our space warns us, or we would have introduced a few more sketches of Berlin life to our readers. We think we have shown, however, that there is ample room for a clever volume of Berlin sketches, and some of our fast young writers would find sufficient scope for their satirical powers under the lindens at Kroll's or on the Kreuzberg. We hope the hint will be taken, for we confess to a slight feeling of satiety on the subject of the back-slams of London and Paris.

A MUSICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

ALTHOUGH the critic is popularly supposed to know everything, we candidly confess that we had not, hitherto, heard of a Herr Lobe, musician and composer of operas to the court of Weimar. If, however, he be as good a musician as he is an author, we much regret that we did not make his acquaintance at an earlier date. The story of his life,* which we now purpose to review, is not so curious for the revelations it makes about the hero's own life, as for the side-glances it enables us to take of the celebrities of the day, among whom the most prominent is decidedly Goethe. The Goethe and Schiller squabble, still going on in Germany, bears a curious affinity to the two camps into which Dickens and Thackeray have divided the British reading public. Goethe can never become so popular as Schiller, because he appeals to the mind instead of the passions; but he has an ever-increasing body of partisans, who recognise his beauties, and staunchly defend him against all comers. But objectivity will always keep the upper hand, so long as people like to be amused without the necessity of any concentrated thought. But this in parenthesis.

Herr Lobe, according to his own showing, was an infant phenomenon, for he appeared on the boards of the Weimar theatre, and performed a solo on the flute, at the unripe age of eleven. He describes in the minutest detail all the emotions that overpowered him, and how he regained his courage by the sight of a little girl, who bounded on the stage to enact the part of a fairy, with all the *aplomb* of a veteran actress. But this has been described often enough, and we may safely pass to matter more attractive.

Like many geniuses, our author learned but little at school; all he brought away with him, he confesses, with much humility, was a little Christianity, the names of some Roman emperors, but not a single German one, and several blue bruises on his left shoulder; he retained the last the longest. One of his teachers, who believed that there was good ore somewhere about him, superstitiously employed the divining rod to detect it, which all the world knows is cut from a nut-bush. Nothing came of it, however, but the aforesaid blue marks. On the other hand, he was so full of music that it broke out in him in the shape of a grand symphony. This magnificent work he entrusted to the Capellmeister of the Weimar theatre; but, on hearing a rehearsal, he was horrified at the trash he had written, and concealed himself in the profundities of the box which he had entered with so much pride as an eminent composer. But he was not discouraged by his defeat, and in the year 1818 set about the composition of a grand heroic opera, known as "Wittekind," for which he wrote the book himself, though he had not a notion of poetry in him, and was wonderfully ignorant of the history of his hero. After reading up laboriously he set to work, and would, no doubt, have been a grand poet, had it not been for the confounded rhymes. Heart and dart, star and far, truth and rath, all these rhymes are common enough in an opera; but, unhappily, he came across words now and then which could not be rhymed. Thus the word "Mensch," so indispensable in an opera, cost him a month's gesta-

* Aus dem leben eines Musikers. Von J. C. Lobe. Leipzig: Brockhaus.

tion. The only rhyme he found was "Rensch;" but the proprietor of that name was croupier at a faro-table, and was not fit society for a Saxon king. At last, some kind soul relieved his agony by telling him that "Mensch," like our English words "silver," and "month," had no rhyming partner.

At the end of two years and a half the great work was completed, and Herr Lobe had the sweet satisfaction of seeing his opera produced on the stage. The clever young rascal had taken the measure of the director for the part of the hero, and so, of course, the opera was produced. The opera was performed twice, and then consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. What a magnificent return for so much labour!

With the rehearsal of Goethe's "Turandot" hangs a tale, worthy of insertion here. Herr Lobe fancied himself in love with one of the actresses, but contented himself with gazing on her at a distance: he could not muster up sufficient courage to address her. She was to appear in a speaking character, for the first time, in "Turandot," and the great author came to the rehearsal. Herr Lobe, urged by his love, and unable to see his fair one from the orchestra, clambered over into the pit, and gradually worked his way into the very centre of the house, where he stood entranced. Forgetting all else, he listened to the liquid honey that distilled from her lips, till, all at once, Goethe rose majestically in his box, and shouted, "Take that drunken scoundrel from my sight!" A guilty conscience told Herr Lobe that he was the culprit, and he rushed from the house in a state of desperation. What were his feelings, though, the next day, on finding that Goethe had not alluded to him at all.

On proceeding on a tour to Berlin, our author took heart of grace to write to Goethe, asking a letter of introduction to Zelter, and the great man expressed a wish to see him. (This is confirmed by a passage we find in Zelter's correspondence with Goethe, in which he speaks highly of his performance at Berlin, and remarks that he is one of the finest flute-players he ever heard.) The conversation between the two is deeply interesting, and we should like to extract it in its entirety, but space will not permit it. Hence we must confine ourselves to the most salient points. Here is a most suggestive passage, for instance:

"I see from your letter that you busy yourself with various matters in which musicians ordinarily take no interest."

I ventured to object that this might have been less frequently the case formerly, but recently musicians were striving for a varied education, and that many composers and virtuosi had proved that they could make a skilful use of the pen. I mentioned Reichardt, Zelter, Carl M. von Weber, &c.

"Very good, then! I see, too, that you have made attempts of the same sort, though you have not studied. For, if I am not mistaken, you were engaged in our orchestra in 1811. How old were you then?"

"Fourteen, your excellency."

"So you went straight from school to the orchestra?"

"And how from the school, excellency! I should blush were I to tell you what I learned at school, or rather did not learn."

"Your letter to me was well composed. How did you form your style?"

"Excellency, like Franklin with Addison's "Spectator" I behaved with some of your works—read them, noted the contents, and then wrote them down some time later and compared them with the original."

"Not bad. And what works of mine did you treat in this way?"

"First, the whole of 'Werther.'"

"Well!" Goethe said, smiling, "you did not make a fortunate selection there.

The style and expression of that production bear a peculiar stamp, which cannot be imitated, and, indeed, ought not."

"I have also treated in the same manner the 'Propylea' and the 'Electric Affinities,' Wieland's 'Agathon,' and Schiller's prose works."

"Very good," Goethe said; "I must praise your industry. I have also heard that you are engaged in composing an opera. Who wrote the book?"

I timidly and modestly replied that I was obliged to write it for myself, as I could find no one to do so for me.

"And you have succeeded?"

"I am now engaged with the composition."

"Then we shall have an opportunity of seeing the result shortly. But have you not laid too much on yourself? The composition of an opera demands a large stock of power and perseverance, and will not a considerable portion of that be expended in preparing the text? Do you feel no loss of it in composing?"

In the course of the conversation, Goethe urged the young man to keep a journal of all he saw while absent, and begged him to come to him on his return, and describe faithfully the condition of the drama at Berlin. He most gladly did so, and his excellency condescended to hold a long conversation with him about all the pieces he had seen during his stay in Athens on the Spree. Among these was Kotzebue's "Deodata," and our author candidly confessed that the scenery had been so superb that he did not notice whether the piece was good, bad, or indifferent. In reply, Goethe made a magnificent remark, which, had Mr. Charles Kean but known it five years back, he would now be a richer man:

"I consider that very natural, but very lamentable. The good people do not think to what this immoderate external pomp must eventually lead. The interest in the piece is weakened, and a feeling for externals substituted for it. **BUT A REACTION WILL ASSUREDLY TAKE PLACE.** I shall not live to see it, nor perhaps you. The decorators and machinists will at last have nothing new to offer the public, and the latter will grow disgusted with display. Then people will recover their senses, the real thing, which is now thrust back, will be brought forward again, and good novelties be created."

Our author very nearly learned during the conversation with Goethe how dangerous it is to play with the lion. He had explained to him the feelings with which he had followed the performance of Spontini's "Fernando Cortez," and the poet replied, kindly:

"It is the enviable lot of youth to receive and enjoy impressions in all their freshness and strength. With increasing power of criticism, the source of those unpolluted joys gradually dries up. Every man is an Adam, for each is once in his life expelled from the paradise of warm feelings."

Here Lobe was weak enough to attempt a compliment, and said:

"With the exception of a few happy men"—and here he bowed to Goethe—"who have collected wisdom, and yet keep the feelings of youth unweakened."

Fortunately for him, Goethe saw that his visitor did not appear conscious of having made a smart remark, hence, he let him down easily, and shook off the compliment as a mastiff would rain-water. The result at which our author arrives, after his conversation with the greatest poet of his age, appears to us to deserve transcribing, for it is a fair summary of the charges brought against Goethe.

No poet was ever so honoured in life, but, at the same time, so calumniated as Goethe. All men fancy they know better than their neighbours. A man who does not do a thing exactly as I represent it to myself and desire it, has not done it rightly. And no two men form the same idea of a thing, although every man considers his own the best. But the "man" Goethe has also been frequently attacked, and attempts have been made to convert a philosopher of the Greek mould into an every-day man, suffering from the weaknesses and defects of our modern age. He is said to have been proud: I entertain a strong suspicion that those who called him so, met him with the same feeling, though with less right. He always secured respect for his manly and mental dignity, but no modest man would have found Goethe proud. Then he had in reality no heart? Who, then, passed on the world in Goethe's name "Werther," "Egmont," "Faust," &c.? He was no puling Hamlet in life; he boldly parried the blows of fortune, or, if he received a wound, would not bleed to death of it, strove to heal it, and sought to conceal the pain, like a man and a philosopher. Imitate him if you can, but do not deny him a heart! But he was possessed by the demon of egotism. Of course, he did not say to Schiller: "Come here, take my appointment, my house, my fortune, and enjoy them, while I accept your straitened circumstances in exchange." He thought first of himself and then of others. In this point we all stand far above him. Yet later works have sufficiently proved of what sacrifices for others he was silently capable. Last, and worst of all, Goethe was no German, because he wrote no political songs or partisan leading articles. I should like to know how good Theodore Körner would regard his devotion in 1813 were he to return to our German earth in this year of grace 1859?

But I am growing excited, so, to soothe myself, I take up the third volume of "Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe." That is a book! read it, and learn to know Goethe, not as the journals described him, but as he really was! What is the cause of the many attacks upon him? Heine, who once laboured in this department, allows very simply and honestly that the motive of his invectives against Goethe was jealousy. Yes, had not Goethe become so celebrated, or had he lived his whole life through a poor scrub in a garret, those bitter attacks would not have been made on him. But he was a minister. "Poets are valued there," many thought, who could also make verses, and off they went to Weimar. They hoped to become at the least councillors of state. If they did not become so, they went off again in extreme wrath, and vented their spite in the nearest journal. Good Heavens! instead of being angry with him, they ought to have asked themselves how he attained this exalted position. I will answer the question. He studied the world and mankind, not merely to describe them in his poems, romances, and plays, but also to learn how to employ them for his own advantage. He would not be, as had been the case up to his time, a poet graciously tolerated in society, but he wished to make his position and profession as respected as they have a right to be. He studied, at the same time, the art of making himself of consequence. In short, he was as great a politician in his own service as he was a poet. There you have the secret—but this he wisely kept to himself, for it does not do to let the world know too much.

It is naturally impossible to treat a work like Herr Lobe's with any degree of regularity, for here he breaks off into a clever analysis of the overture to "Don Juan;" there he discusses learnedly twenty-four bars from Cherubini's "Water-Carrier." These purely musical lucubrations we will leave to the chosen ones who revel in such dialectics, for to ourselves we confess that an overture is an overture, and nothing more. But we can understand the reverend spirit in which Herr Lobe writes of Mendelssohn, and we cannot, therefore, fill up our paper better than by taking a retrospective glance at that great artist's life.

Mendelssohn was born at Hamburg on February 3, 1809. His father,

a much-respected banker, and son of the celebrated philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, and his mother, a Bartholdy, were both remarkable for talent, liberal education, and a love of the arts. In his third year the family left Hamburg, and took up their permanent residence in Berlin. There music was one of the favourite enjoyments of the parents: at their house all musical artists, native or foreign, were sure of an hospitable reception. Felix soon displayed a remarkable liking for music, and, at the same time, extraordinary talent. His parents did everything in their power to foster and promote this talent. He received his earliest instruction on the pianoforte from his loving mother, but so lightly, mildly, and sportively, that the little scholar could not feel any annoyance through over-exertion. Then he had as teacher for the pianoforte Berger, for composition Zelter. By his sixteenth year his progress was so great that he had finished a number of compositions, among them four operas.

In 1825 his father took him to Cherubini, in Paris, to hear from this great master whether the lad had a real talent for music, and if it would be worth while allowing him to follow the career he had selected. It was an especial piece of good fortune to have such a father, for a hundred others would have forced their hot-house plant. Cherubini merely confirmed what was unmistakable, and gave Felix for some time lessons in counterpoint, in which, indeed, the boy was already well versed. On returning to Berlin, the former studies were continued, specially on the piano, under the guidance of Moscheles. But his classical education was not neglected, and he translated the "Andria" of Terence so cleverly that it was thought worthy of being printed. He was eventually matriculated at the University of Berlin, attended the lectures sedulously, passed his examination, and could have boasted of a classical education had such been in his character.

In 1829, his father thought it time to send him into the world and make him independent. He proceeded first to London, where he preluded with his overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and assisted at several concerts. Thence he proceeded to Scotland, where he formed the idea of his overture to "Fingal's Cave," which he eventually carried out in Berlin. In 1830 he proceeded to Italy, through which country he travelled with several distinguished artists. In Rome he composed Goethe's "First Walpurgis Night" and the first part of "Lieder ohne Worte." In that city he also formed the acquaintance of Hector Berlioz. On his return from Italy he proceeded to Paris, where he produced the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, but nearly closed his career. He was attacked by cholera, but happily recovered, and proceeded to London once more. He felt happiest among us, for not only had his talent been first recognised here, but he had made many friends, among them Klingemann, secretary to the Hanoverian Legation, and Chorley, a talented author. (The expression is our author's own.)

In London Mendelssohn soon became very popular, and appeared repeatedly in public. On his return to Berlin he tried for a directorship of the singing academy, but it was the old story—the prophet found no honour in his own country. In 1833, however, he was appointed director of the musical festival at Dusseldorf, and he was eventually appointed director of the weekly singing society, the winter concerts, and the music in the Catholic churches. The theatre in that city was at this time in a very poor condition, and Mendelssohn was invited to do his

best to improve it. He did this in so satisfactory a manner, that a company was soon after formed to build the new theatre, in which Mendelssohn was manager of the operatic, Immermann of the dramatic, performances. They hoped to revive in Dusseldorf the brilliancy of Weimar, under the Goethe and Schiller régime, but they lacked practical experience. Affairs went on so badly that Mendelssohn retired from the management a few weeks after, and the whole affair was broken up. There was one advantage derived from this, that Mendelssohn devoted his entire attention to the concerts, and developed that extraordinary directing talent which he afterwards perfected at Leipzig, to which city he was soon summoned as director of the Gewand Haus Concerts. With this change of residence the most influential period of his life commences; he remained in Leipzig from 1835 to 1844, and from 1845 to his premature death.

A melancholy event fell upon him soon after his arrival in Leipzig: he lost his father in November. He was compelled, in consequence, to proceed to Berlin, where he renewed his acquaintance with David, the violinist and composer, who had just returned from Russia. This gentleman he invited to Leipzig, and the two laboured so successfully, that they raised the musical art to a perfection even remarkable in Germany. In the same year Mendelssohn completed his "Paul," which was directed by Mendelssohn himself at the Grand Lower Rhenish Music Festival at Dusseldorf, on Easter Sunday, 1836. The success was brilliant, but the author was not satisfied till he had introduced various changes. While directing the Cecilien Verein at Frankfort for a sick friend, he was introduced to the preacher Jean Renaud, and formed the acquaintance of his future wife in his youngest daughter Cecilia. An interesting concert at Leipzig formed the finale of 1836. It was known that he was about to start for Frankfort immediately after it was over to visit his betrothed, and the finale from "Fidelio" was purposely selected, in which are the words, "Whoso has gained a lovely wife, let him join in our joy." The applause appeared unending, and Mendelssohn was greatly affected by the kindness of his audience. In the spring of 1837 he married, took his wife to Dusseldorf, and then proceeded alone to England, where he produced his "Paul" at the Birmingham Musical Festival. It created the greatest sensation, and was performed fifty times in forty-one different towns within eighteen months. In 1841, he was invited to Berlin by the King of Prussia, as Capellmeister with a large salary; but he soon returned to his favourite Leipzig. Again he was summoned to Berlin, with the title of music director-general, and was entrusted with the management of the church music in the cathedral. But he was not comfortable here, and we find him again in London in 1844; on this occasion he was invited to the palace, when the Queen sang several of his songs to his accompaniment.

On his return to Berlin he asked for his dismissal, which was graciously conceded, and he returned once more to Leipzig, where he completed his oratorio of "Elijah." In 1846 he took it with him to England, where it was performed for the first time at Birmingham, and received with indescribable enthusiasm. In 1847 it was repeated, under his direction, at Exeter Hall, under the auspices of the Sacred Harmonic Society, as well as in Manchester.

On his homeward journey he received the startling news of his sister Fanny's death: it shook Mendelssohn terribly, and it was even said that in his emotion he broke a small blood-vessel, and the blood that pressed on his brain and caused him intense pain, was the consequence of his premature death. He had often said that he would not live to any great age, and the death of his sister augmented his forebodings. Still, he tried to recover his spirits, and as he found he could not work with a will, he travelled with his family in Switzerland, and remained for some time in Interlaken. Here he worked hard on an oratorio, "Christ," and an opera, "Lorelei," for which Geibel had written him the book. He returned to Leipzig, and on the 9th of October, while accompanying a young lady to his song "Vergangen ist der lichte Tag," he was taken suddenly ill and carried to bed. He recovered; but after a walk he took with his wife on the 28th of October, he was seized with a nervous affection, under which he remained unconscious for some time. When he recovered he complained of terrible headache. The news of his dangerous condition excited the deepest sympathy throughout the city. On the 3rd of November he had a fresh attack, which robbed him entirely of consciousness, and destroyed all hopes of his recovery, and at nine of the evening of the next day he died painlessly and calmly, at the age of thirty-nine. Leipzig gave him a magnificent funeral procession, and his body lay in state in the Paul's Church, where a selection from his "Paul" was sung. The body was afterwards conveyed by a special train to its last resting-place in Berlin.

Mendelssohn may justly be termed the Admirable Crichton of music. He understood thoroughly Greek, Latin, and Spanish, wrote and spoke French, English, and Italian. He painted excellently, and sketched freely and boldly from nature. He excelled in all bodily exercises, as swimmer, rider, gymnasiast, and graceful dancer, and these were only the produce of his leisure hours, for he devoted the greater portion of his life to the study and development of his favourite art. As son, husband, father, brother, and friend, he was admirable, full of affection, and capable of the greatest sacrifices. He never displayed any jealousy of foreign artists, and helped rising talent by advice and action. It was not till after his death that affecting instances became known of his silent benevolence. Many cases of regular support given to poor persons came to light, of which his most intimate friends knew nothing. Many a tear of warm gratitude fell on his coffin. In a word, Mendelssohn was one of nature's true noblemen, a firm and masculine character, a faithful priest of his art, and one of the most glorious models for aspiring musicians that history has yet held up. To his fatherland his loss was irreparable: for with him expired the pure school of music, and that endless confusion sprung into birth which is known as the "music of the future." Had he but been permitted to live, he would infallibly have become one of the greatest musical geniuses of a country already so prolific in great men. Still, his name may worthily be ranked with those of a Mozart and a Beethoven.

GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EPISODE OF THE NOTARY'S CLERK.

"MONSIEUR has slept well, I hope!" said Jean Lalouette, when he waited upon Hubert next morning at breakfast.

"For that matter—yes, tolerably: that is to say, I slept soundly enough after I did go to sleep, but it was not immediately; which reminds me that I had a sick neighbour."

"Sick, Monsieur?"

"I should say so. Sick, or, at all events, suffering; for, whoever he was, he groaned terribly."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" exclaimed Jean Lalouette, striking his forehead, as if an idea had suddenly entered his mind. But perplexity did not long disturb him. His brow became smooth, his features expanded, a gleam of fun danced in his eyes, and the corners of his mouth were puckered up with suppressed mirth. "Monsieur must pardon me," he said. "That occurrence was unforeseen—unfortunate. I should have remembered that a dog when he is shut up will howl."

"This must have been a most extraordinary dog," observed Hubert, "for the noises he made sounded more like oaths than howling. I should certainly say they proceeded from a man; no dog could have uttered them."

Jean Lalouette was no longer able to contain himself, but burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Monsieur is right," he said, when he was able to speak. "Monsieur is quite right."

"But why," asked Hubert, in surprise—"why should this circumstance—the pain that the poor man evidently suffered—make you so exceedingly merry?"

"Ah, again I have to beg pardon," returned Jean Lalouette. "It is necessary I should explain. The person mistaken for a dog—in a certain sense he deserves to be called one—is a human being with very bad propensities. I mentioned yesterday that there was a meddling fellow who had done some mischief in the case of the lady who, unknown to me, had sought concealment here. He is one of those people who are for ever suspecting; when an affair is cleared up they cannot be satisfied, but always look for something more. This Nicolas Fâcheux was present when the Duchess gave herself up. Perhaps he thought the King was hidden in the same place. The thoughts of such a person one cannot tell, but one may observe his actions. I noticed his restless looks, and watched him closely. After the business was happily over, instead of going away with the rest, he fell back into the house, retreated along the passage, and finally crept up-stairs. My eye was upon him all the while, and as he advanced I softly followed, taking off my shoes that my footsteps might not be heard. He went of course, as I supposed he

would, to the chamber where the Duchess had been. After a time he came out, and from where I stood, behind a projection in the gallery, I saw his face. He had been disappointed, but was not disposed to leave off prying. He crossed the gallery, and tried an opposite door, next to the room in which Monsieur slept. He entered, and then it was that I conceived a project. Proceeding on tiptoes, I also crossed over to the same door, and, peeping in, saw my friend very busily searching about. The room has in it a good deal of lumber, and beside the chimney-piece there is a large dark closet. Into this he went, disappeared, in fact; for, as I had the honour to observe to Monsieur, the closet is very large and deep. No sooner was he there than I bounded across the room, closed the door rapidly upon him, double-locked it, and had tumbled a heavy press against it, almost before he knew he was a prisoner. *Mon Dieu*, how he kicked and shouted! But one was as useless as the other. It would have taken fifty *Fâcheux* to have forced that door, and, as to the noise he made, I laughed at it. It was the grand fête of the Republic, and everybody was shouting; besides, the room was remote from the street. So I left him to enjoy his holiday, forgetting the possibility of his disturbing Monsieur; though, to tell the truth, I thought he would have been tired out before night."

"And what do you mean to do with him now?" inquired Hubert, who could not help being amused at the punishment inflicted on the notary's clerk.

"If I chose to hand him over to his friend the Commissaire de Police for surreptitiously entering my dwelling, I might do so; but it is a trouble he is not worth. Add to which, I have had my revenge, and no longer bear him malice. If Monsieur, however, is curious to see the disturber of his slumbers, I will have the honour of releasing the little *bossu* in his presence."

Hubert had so much curiosity, whereupon Jean Lalouette summoned all his household, which included Phrosyne, who, as her lover was going on another journey, had arrived to say adieu. The host of the *Coq d'Or* did not tell his family what he had in store for them, but merely spoke of a surprise; and, with some wonderment as to what it might be, they all hurried up-stairs.

The room where Nicolas *Fâcheux* was confined remained in precisely the same state as when Jean Lalouette left it the day before. He approached the cupboard, and, with a comic expression on his face which belied his words, exclaimed in a loud, formal voice, as if he were addressing the officers of justice:

"I cannot tell who may have attempted a burglary in my house, but if your information is correct, messieurs, the delinquent is possibly here. As on a recent occasion, I offer no opposition to the strictest search: on the contrary, I demand it."

Then, turning towards the door, he said:

"If any guilty person, harbouring bad designs, is concealed within, he is invited to speak."

No answer was returned.

"Perhaps he has fainted from exhaustion and want of food," suggested Hubert, in a whisper.

"We shall see," returned Jean Lalouette, in the same tone. Then, raising his voice again, he said:

"I am all obedience to your orders, Monsieur le Commissaire. These are certainly dangerous times, and if you believe that the safety of the Republic demands such a measure, I yield a prompt assent. A loaded musket discharged through the keyhole will doubtless force the lock: should the ball lodge in the person of any unhappy marauder, his blood be upon his own head. You will only have done your duty."

These words were scarcely pronounced, when, to the astonishment of all save the innkeeper and Hubert, a cry of consternation came from the cupboard.

"Spare me! spare me!" screamed the unseen speaker. "I am an innocent man—I am no robber—imprudence is all my crime; in mercy, do not fire! I shall be killed. Oh, help!"

"Who is there? What is it? Say! Tell us what has happened," demanded Madame Lalouette, Marie, Phrosyne, and the others, all in one breath.

"Judge for yourselves," replied the innkeeper. "Here, Louis, help me to lift this press."

The heavy blows which fell on the door while this operation was being performed, increased the fears of the prisoner. Again he begged and entreated, believing himself in peril of instant death. Ah! he would give everything he possessed in the world if they would refrain from the barbarity of shooting him in the dark. Yes, let him only be released unhurt, and he would place himself at the disposition of Monsieur le Commissaire, who might, indeed, remember that he had rendered services to the Republic. This, and much more, the miserable little wretch poured forth with the utmost rapidity of utterance.

"Stand back all of you," shouted the innkeeper, when the press was removed. "Make ready, present—fire!"

At the last word he turned the key sharply in the lock, the cupboard door flew open, and the notary's clerk staggered forward and fell with his face on the floor, where he lay motionless.

"What! Nicolas Fâcheux!" cried the women.

"It is he, indeed!" said Jean Lalouette. "He must be badly wounded, if not dead! Speak, Nicolas, if you are still alive!"

"Killed with fright, I think," said Hubert.

"In either case he must be allowed the rites of burial," observed the innkeeper, gravely. "Raise the body, Louis."

But before this friendly office could be performed, Nicolas Fâcheux had raised himself, though to his knees only, and stared about in stupid amazement. He looked in vain for the Commissaire de Police—no armed men were there, no muskets—nothing more formidable than the family of Jean Lalouette, who saluted him with a roar of laughter.

"Well, Monsieur Fâcheux," said the innkeeper, as soon as the general mirth had subsided, "I hope your night's lodging has been a pleasant one. If the bed was not properly aired, the fault was yours for not telling me that you meant to sleep in my house. The next time you are my guest I will take care you are treated better."

By this time the notary's clerk was on his legs. Every violent passion deformed his ugly features. He was mocked by the man he had tried to injure, exposed before the lover he had wished to supplant, degraded in the presence of the girl whom he had had the vanity to aspire to, the English stranger was the witness of all this, and, what was the worst

part of it, the law was not on his side. He was silent, but excess of rage, not prudence, made him so: could he have spoken, his language would most likely have earned him a good drubbing at the hands of Louis or Jean Lalouette. As it was, he shuffled off without a word, crestfallen and contemptible, but happy to have escaped with a whole skin.

And so ended the episode of Nicolas Fâcheux.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHATEAU DE GOURNAY.

MANy cautions were given to Louis to be sure and come back safely—by whom uttered I need hardly say—as he drove the *patache* out of the court-yard of the Coq d'Or, with Hubert Gurney sitting beside him the better to enjoy the drive. Knowing something more now of his companion—a community of interests having drawn them closer together—Hubert asked many questions about the family whose former chateau he was on his way to visit, but with the best intentions in the world, and the greatest desire to communicate all he knew, Louis could add very little to the information which his father had already given. The nature of his occupation made him familiar with the country for ten or a dozen leagues round Amiens, but a local acquaintance was all he possessed, and Hubert was fain to content himself with that. So by easy stages, with Louis's domestic history for the principal subject of conversation, the travellers progressed towards Gournay, halting at Poix and one or two other small towns from which more than one *grand seigneur* in the olden days derived his title, and reaching their destination at a late hour. The Pelican, a notable inn in that part of the country, harboured them for the night, and on the following morning Hubert, with Louis for his guide, set out on foot for the object of his journey.

After crossing the Epte, which is here little more than a brawling stream that winds at the foot of the hills which surround the town, and climbing a rugged cross-road along the face of a steep slope, Louis pointed out a fantastic iron gate between two stone pillars in the centre of a long, dilapidated wall, which he said was the entrance to the ancient domain of the Gournays. Whoever the new proprietor might be, he had been at no pains to render the exterior of the property attractive. Perhaps he did not think it worth his while so long as the broad lands, which lay within, were well cultivated, and evidences of cultivation, extending to the very edge of the estate, appeared now where formerly nature had been left to do very much as she pleased. In other words, thrift had superseded neglect, and corn and beetroot grew where pastures formerly spread, yielding little herbage, and valued chiefly for the rum they offered to those who followed the chase, the De Gournays hunting after the fashion of Frenchmen in general, with much noise of hound and horn, as if to rouse the welkin were chiefly their aim, which, indeed, may possibly be the case.

Something, however, of the old character remained, in the broad avenue of limes which led from the road to the chateau. How those trees had escaped the axe could only be accounted for by the supposition that they had been mortgaged while they stood: that they would stand much longer did not seem probable, a sinister white cross being scored on the trunks of the largest amongst them. Along this avenue Hubert and Louis took their way, and soon the chateau, of which the roofs only had

yet been visible, rose upon the view. A few hundred yards from the house the avenue ended at another iron gate, more fantastically ornamented than the first; like that, it was unlocked, and creakingly expanded its rusty jaws on being forcibly pressed; when these were opened wide the château revealed itself in all its length, at the further extremity of what in England would have been a smooth green sward, but here was only a broad patch of coarse rank grass.

It was a large and remarkable building, and showed signs of various periods of construction, the most ancient referring to a feudal period, and that which, by comparison, might be termed modern, belonging to the era of the *renaissance*. Under either aspect, plain or ornamented, defence appeared to be a leading consideration with those who raised or added to it, strong machicolated towers flanking the *corps de bâtiment*, and every window along the front being raised so high from the ground that an armed horseman could not reach them even with his lance. The only entrance was by a lofty pointed archway at the bottom of a projecting central tower, which ran up higher than the roof—itsself very high and steep—and was crowned by a dome with a look-out turret-chamber at the very summit. The front of this tower was rich in broken ornament, the windows rose in tiers of various sizes, some of them with small galleries of communication, and an ample space was left between the first and second floors for the heraldic devices of the family, which were sculptured in many other places so far above the eye as to be guessed at rather than deciphered, beneath the pinnacles of the numerous dormer windows, and at intervals between the battlements. That the owners of the Château de Gournay had once been powerful and wealthy, was evident in the massiveness and extent of the walls and towers, and in such decorations as still remained, but that they had fallen from their high estate was equally clear in the general air of decay which fell like a blight upon the whole building.

"Sad enough," said Hubert, in reply to a remark from Louis, "that so fine a place should have passed away from the family. Who is the present proprietor?"

Louis was unable to say, but believed it was some one in Paris. He did not live there, however, and in fact Louis had heard that the château was to let.

"Such being the case," said Hubert, "there will be no difficulty in seeing the interior. Somebody, I suppose, is there to show it?"

"Of that," replied Louis, "there could be no doubt. Indeed, Monsieur might observe that the great door was open, and a person standing under the archway. If he was not mistaken, it was Pierre Angot, the gardener, a friend of his father's, who had been about the place for more than fifty years."

While Louis was speaking, the gardener, who had noticed strangers approaching, came from beneath the shadow of the archway. Louis saluted him by name, and after they had shaken hands, mentioned that the gentleman whom he escorted was desirous of seeing the château. Pierre Angot, removing his casquette, said it would give him great pleasure to accompany Monsieur, though the sigh that followed his words plainly showed that his heart was not in his new vocation. He then requested permission to precede Hubert, and they entered the building.

Having taken down a heavy bunch of keys, with the largest of which

he opened a ponderous inner door, the old man led the way up a long flight of stairs. On the landing-place he stopped to recover his breath, observing, with a faint smile, that the lowest rooms in the Château de Gournay were higher above the ground than the tops of many houses. And the family to whom it had belonged—as Monsieur might probably have heard—was a high one, too; the greater the pity they did not live there still; high people for high places, that was his idea; he had seen too much of the other thing, and now, he was told, there was another revolution—the third that had happened in his time; what good would that do, he wondered? If there must be revolutions, everybody should get their rights: those who had lost their property by foul means ought to have it back again; that was what he understood by revolutions.

More in this strain was not needed to intimate that Pierre Angot, the present custodian of some *nouveau riche*, into whose hands the château had fallen, unfavourably contrasted its new master with the one he had lost. It pleased Hubert to hear him, for he was curious to learn as much as he could of the Gournay family, and as they proceeded from room to room, he asked his conductor many questions respecting them.

Pierre Angot's was a long experience. He remembered three generations, though, to be sure, he was only a boy in the time of the old count, who died by the guillotine during "The Terror," yet he recollected him perfectly, a tall, stately old gentleman who always carried a sword, had his hair tied with a rosette of black ribbon, and wore buckles of gold in his shoes. After him there was a long interval, and then the father of the present count, who, though an emigrant, had never fought against France, returned from abroad, and was well received by "Celui," the famous emperor—famous he was, as all the world knew. He recovered the estate, and died in the château, while young Monsieur de Gournay—Pierre might call him so, for he was younger than himself by upwards of twenty years—while young Monsieur de Gournay was at Venice. When he came back from Italy was the pleasantest time of Pierre's life, for the beautiful lady, the late countess, doted on flowers, and if she gave him plenty to do, she rewarded him well for his pains. Never were such fine bouquets as he used to gather for her! Mademoiselle Bianca, too, when she was quite a child, used to come into the garden and ask Pierre's leave to pick the flowers, as if she had not the right to do just as she liked—nobody, he was sure, would have prevented her; and nothing pleased her so much as to sit in the bright sunshine on the broad stone steps and make garlands of every colour. It was being so much among flowers, Pierre thought, that made the dear young lady paint them so well as she afterwards did. And this reminded him that, in the cabinet in the adjoining room, which he should have the honour of showing Monsieur, there remained one small picture done by Mademoiselle Bianca, and accidentally left behind when Monsieur de Gournay quitted the château. Pierre did not show that cabinet to everybody, for people generally who came to see the place did not seem to care about who had lived there, but Monsieur should see it certainly.

It was a small circular room, occupying the whole space of the slender tower which formed one angle of the building.

Very small—Pierre went on—as Monsieur would observe, in comparison with the other apartments; but then it was the choice of Mademoiselle Bianca, and when you had your choice what signified the rest?

After all, the situation was delicious, for it overlooked the garden and the broad moat, which was not stagnant water, as Monsieur might fancy, but a running stream, fed by a great many springs, and covered in summer with water-lilies—fall, too, of carp, as old almost as the château itself. Ah, when the trees were green with leaves, and the sunshine sparkled on the water, with a bright blue sky, and the roses in all their bloom, you might travel far and wide and meet with few things so charming as the view from Mademoiselle Bianca's chamber. If Monsieur would place himself at the window, he might imagine what he described, only now it was winter, and now—ah, now!—everything was changed; everything, but the picture of which he had spoken; there the colours were as bright and fresh as the flowers from which they were painted; to keep them from fading, he always covered the picture up when he left the room; he wondered, when he was gone, if anybody else would do the same?

So saying, Pierre removed a dusky fragment of curtain which hung before the object of his admiration, to which he pointed with an exulting smile. In the matter of the fine arts, a young lady's productions are rarely subjected to any very severe criticism; partiality sees wonders in the simplest efforts, and complaisance forbears to undeceive the partial. But in the picture which Mademoiselle de Gournay had painted, you might admire without partiality, and refrain from criticising without forbearance. It was a very natural composition of fruit and flowers, carelessly mingled as they might have been cast upon the ground after they were gathered; and the colouring completely justified the praise bestowed by Pierre.

"You see, Monsieur," said he, remarking Hubert's look of satisfaction—"you see, Monsieur, I was not wrong in saying that Mademoiselle de Gournay could paint. I have been here all my life, and know every plant and tree in the garden. You have only to show me such a flower or such a fruit, and I will tell you where it came from. Well, Monsieur, it is the same with everything in that picture. I know them all! That is what I call a fine, a wonderful ability, to paint roses and peaches as if they were human faces!"

In his turn Hubert warmly commended the work of Mademoiselle de Gournay; he had never seen anything better; he should have imagined that some famous master had executed it; it was really quite perfect. Perhaps he spoke too highly in its favour, but at all events he said what he thought. He might not have been the best judge in the world, but surely his was an honest opinion, for as yet he knew nothing of Mademoiselle de Gournay.

There was an additional reason, though, now for wishing to know her. Beauty was hers—that Monsieur Lalouette had told him—the evidence of her possessing at least one remarkable talent was before him; and, for her disposition, he had only to listen to the flow of words with which the old gardener, whose eyes were moist with tears, described her sweetness of temper, her kindness to the poor, her patient endurance of the calamity which had reversed her own and her father's fortunes. There was the conviction, moreover, in Hubert's mind that, however remote, a connexion existed between his family and that of Monsieur de Gournay. On the stained glass windows of the old chapel through which Pierre Angot had conducted him, he had seen the well-known shield with the three golden besants on a chief azure floating in a field Or, above it the soaring

falcon, and around it the trusting motto which relied on God for help. He derived more pleasure from heraldry that day than ever he had extracted from the science before.

But how make the acquaintance of Monsieur de Gournay, and verify his belief?—how realise the truth of what was now but a fanciful dream? He learned from Pierre Angot the name of the person who had bought the Gournay property, but that did not advance him much, for Monsieur Simonet, the purchaser, a “rentier,” as he modestly styled himself, had never dealt with the late owner directly in the transaction. It is true the heaviest mortgages on the estate were those which had fallen into Monsieur Simonet’s hands; but this was in his regular, or, it might be, irregular, way of business, through the medium of an agent seeking money for his principal, so that, in all probability, no personal intercourse had ever taken place between him and Monsieur de Gournay. Of that, however, Pierre Angot could not be certain; he had only gathered what he knew from chance conversation. But one thing he was sure of. Monsieur Simonet, whom he had seen and spoken to, was not a man to trouble himself about the after-fortunes of a gentleman whose property had slipped through his hands. He was the possessor of the estate, and what became of Monsieur de Gournay—these were his own words to Pierre when he ventured to deplore the ill fortune of his late master—Monsieur Simonet no more cared than he cared for what the tide swept under the arches of the Pont Neuf in Paris: he and it were gone, and there was an end of both. Yet Monsieur Simonet was accessible, very readily so—of that Pierre had no doubt—to any representation that concerned his own interests, and if the gentleman whom Pierre had then the honour of addressing wished to see the rich notary on the subject of hiring the château—if that were Monsieur’s design—Pierre would engage for it that he would not be deaf to his proposals: only Monsieur must be careful, for he would have to do with a very long-headed man.

This was opening up a new view of the case. It even suggested more than the idea of mere casual occupation, and Hubert resolved to think over it. At any rate the château was to be let, and whether he had any intention of taking it or not, that fact alone furnished him with the means of introduction to Monsieur Simonet, whose address he at once wrote down. How liberal was the fee which he pressed into Pierre Angot’s hand, when he rejoined his guide, need not be mentioned; neither is it of any consequence to relate what passed between him and Louis on their way back to the inn, except that he told the young man the name, and occupation, and place of residence of Monsieur Simonet.

To return to Paris was now Hubert’s object, and finding a place vacant in the diligence which passed through Gournay from Dieppe, he bade Louis a cordial farewell, at the same time charging him with a kind message to everybody at the Coq d’Or.

CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

AMONGST the various students of both sexes who issued from the private entrance to the gallery of the Louvre, on one fine afternoon in the autumn which preceded the Revolution of 1848, was a tall, slender girl,

dressed in deep mourning. She was met at the door by a woman of middle age, whose plain cap and kerchief sufficiently denoted her station in life, if the assiduity with which she relieved the young lady from one or two objects which she carried had not shown that she was her *bonne*.

After a few words of inquiry on the part of the young lady, both crossed the Place du Carrousel side by side, and left it by the gate which opens on the Quai des Tuileries, and pursuing their course over the Pont Royal, made the best of their way along the Rue du Bac, till they reached the Rue de Varennes. Here they turned and continued their walk about half way down the street, when they stopped at a wide *porte cochère*, at which the *bonne* knocked, and they were admitted.

A glance through the open door disclosed the court-yard of one of the largest private hotels in the Faubourg Saint Germain, but the young lady and her attendant passed on without question from the *concierge*, who bowed respectfully as the former went by. She was one of the family, then, and her visits to the Louvre were only made to gratify her inclination for painting? A gratification it certainly was to be able to go there as often as she chose, but she was neither one of the family to whom this vast hotel belonged, nor was it simply inclination that made her an artist. A governess, perhaps? That distinguished air and noble expression, which struck all who saw her, might equally have graced one of the well-educated class who suffer so much of the world's contumely, meriting all its respect and consideration; but in this instance the fact was not so. She was as well-born as the Comte de Montrichard, under whose roof she now lived, and ought to have been more richly endowed than either of his daughters, but Fortune's wheel had long been sweeping downward in her father's house, and now she was as poor as if she never had other prospect in life than that of gaining her existence by the labour of hand or brain. To pass every available hour in studies which were prosecuted in the hope of their being one day remunerative, was, then, a necessity of her position from which she had not shrunk, though her direct purpose was not yet avowed.

With a light step the self-elected artist traversed the court-yard of the Hôtel Montrichard, turning aside at the foot of the grand staircase to enter a narrow passage which led to a suite of apartments on the ground-floor. The first and second rooms were untenanted, but in the third she found the person whom she was evidently seeking.

He was a man about fifty years of age, with features careworn but handsome. He was seated at a table with his head resting on one hand; he held a pen in the other, and was looking steadfastly before him when the young lady entered, meditating apparently on what he should say next in the half-written letter which occupied him. There was so much resemblance between the two that few would have found any difficulty in pronouncing them father and daughter.

At the sight of the beautiful girl the troubled expression disappeared, and a gleam of pleasure lit up his face.

"I am glad you are come," he said; "you have given a long day to your favourite pursuit."

"It did not seem long to me, I assure you," was the smiling reply. "I was quite surprised when I heard the signal for leaving off work."

"And what have you been painting to-day?"

"Oh, I have begun a new picture: a portrait after Raffaele. Give me the portfolio, Justine. There! How do you like that?"

"Very much indeed. You have improved wonderfully. Whose is the portrait?"

"That of a friend of Raffaële: Count Balthasar Castiglione."

"Ah! I remember: the author of the 'Cortigiano.' And what made you choose that famous man for your subject?"

"In the first place, because it is such a fine, noble head; in the next—Can't you guess the reason?"

"An ambitious one, perhaps. Because the original is by Raffaële?"

"That, of course, had something to do with it, but it did not quite determine me."

"What was it, then?"

"Look in that glass, papa, and then you will discover."

"Flatterer! I have no claim to such a face as this."

"To me it appears very like yours. Especially when you are thoughtful."

The father's countenance changed.

"Yes," he said, gravely, "that may help the resemblance. The unhappy, my child, have always something in common."

The daughter's eyes filled with tears: she took her father's hand and pressed it earnestly. Then, replacing the picture in the portfolio, she told Justine to take it to her room.

When the *bonne* was gone she turned to her father.

"Has anything happened to-day? You seemed sadder than usual when I first saw you."

"No, Bianca, there is no change: but that, in itself, is cause enough for increased sadness. The longer our uncertain position lasts the worse it becomes."

"But is it so very hopeless?"

"Are we not quite dependent? Montrichard has given us house-room: he would do more if I permitted; his purse might be at my command; but such assistance must not be thought of. I could not borrow, even from my best friend, without the prospect of repayment. Little hope is there of my doing that! Is not all gone? What have we that we can call our own? Am I not a beggar?"

Monsieur de Gournay rose and paced the apartment with quick steps. So much bitterness was in his tone, so deep a gloom had settled on his brow, that Bianca forebore, for the instant, to speak. After a few hasty turns he paused; his eye fell on his daughter as she anxiously watched him; the look of affection, which the remembrance of his misfortunes had banished, returned again, and he caught her in his arms.

"I was wrong, Bianca," he said, "to distress you, though it was of you more than of myself that I was thinking."

"And if you thought of me, my dear father, why not have thought more cheerfully? You said we had nothing that we could call our own. Oh yes, we have. Health is ours—mine, at least—and energy, and will. Surely all is not lost while these remain!"

"How can they avail us, my child, without opportunity?"

"Not if we wait, expecting always, attempting nothing. Opportunity never comes to the idle."

"True, Bianca, but even those who seek it are often doomed to disappointment. Here, for instance, is the answer I received this morning from the minister to whom I offered my services. I was willing to go to Algeria, to the remote colonies, anywhere for employment. My request

is refused, though the man of whom I asked it knows me well—knows better than any one of what I am capable.”

“ Ah, I am glad to hear this !”

“ Bianca !”

“ The minister’s consent to your application might have involved our separation : a fatal climate might have been your destiny. But it was not of you, dearest father, that I was speaking when I said that opportunity never came to the idle. Do I not know your perseverance—am I not the daily witness of your endeavours ?”

“ Of whom, then, my child, if not of me ?”

“ Father—of myself !”

“ Of yourself, Bianca ? To be idle—that is to say, not to work for a living—is a condition which allows, in your case, of no alternative. There must be no work for you, my darling child !”

“ And why not, papa ?” asked Bianca, gently.

“ Because I know of none which is fitting for you to engage in—you, noble on both sides, so delicately nurtured, one who might be the wife of the first person in the land ! And you to talk of work !”

“ I have heard, papa,” returned Bianca, archly smiling, “ that greater people than I have been forced to work. Remember the story you have often told me about my great-uncle, Monsieur de Pommeraye. When he was in London—you always laughed when you spoke of it—he not only kept a little shop where he sold snuff, but actually made the boxes to hold it. And yet he was a Marquis, and a *grand seigneur* ! Madame de Pommeraye, too, a fine lady, one of the *dames d’atour* of the queen, made money by her embroidery.”

“ You forget, Bianca, that they were emigrants, living in a foreign country, where nobody knew who or what they really were. In Paris the case is very different. Could I become a snuff-merchant, or you take in needlework ? We must be poor, indeed, when we are brought to that pass.”

“ I had no such idea, papa. Something a little more respectable was in my thoughts.” She paused for a moment, and then added, in an altered tone : “ You know, dearest father, how you have educated me, sparing no acquirement that I was capable of reaching. If I am skilled in music, if I have a knowledge of more than one language, if I have attained some proficiency in painting—and you and others have given me credit for no less—do I not owe my ability to your care and kindness ? These accomplishments pass for something in the world—the world from which our altered fortunes have driven us—when they serve only to adorn their possessor ; but when they can render some little aid towards the one sole object of a grateful daughter’s hopes and wishes, then, dearest father, their usefulness pleads in their favour ; to neglect the opportunity which they offer is not only to be idle but sinful. I have thought of this long and deeply. It is my vocation, more than any other, to be a painter. Not for amusement, but for profit, have I gone daily to the Louvre since we came here. Suffer me, dearest father, to work in this way for our mutual good !”

Monsieur de Gournay tenderly embraced his daughter.

“ Not yet,” he murmured—“ not yet. I have one resource left. When that fails, Bianca, your noble inspiration may be our guide !”

OVINGDEAN GRANGE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.*

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Part the First.

JOHN HABERGEON.

I.

A VIEW FROM AN OLD BARROW ON THE SOUTH DOWNS.

FAIRER spot than this cannot be found amidst the whole range of the South Downs—nor one commanding more delightful views.

Look at it and judge.

It is the rounded summit of a hill; or, to speak with greater precision, the mid-summit of a series of soft bosomy eminences, springing from a hilly ridge, that trends towards the coast, and rises and falls smoothly and gently in its course, like the waves of a slightly agitated sea. The lovely mount is covered with short elastic sward, redolent of thyme and other sweet-smelling herbs, and is crowned by an ancient bowl-shaped British barrow, on the bank of which we will seat ourselves, and look around.

How pleasing is the prospect! how fresh the air that visits us! No breeze so fine and invigorating as that of these Sussex downs; no turf so springy to the foot as their smooth greensward. A flock of larks flies past us, and a cloud of mingled rooks and starlings wheels overhead. Mark yon little T-shaped cuttings on the slope below us—those are the snares set by the shepherds for the delicious wheatear—our English ortolan. The fairies still haunt this spot, and hold their midnight revels upon it, as yon dark-green rings certify. The common folk hereabouts term the good people “Pharisees,” and style those emerald circles “hag-tracks:” why, we care not to inquire. Enough for us, the fairies are not altogether gone. A smooth, soft carpet is here spread out for Oberon and Titania and their attendant elves to dance upon by moonlight; and there is no lack of mushrooms to form tables for Puck’s banquets.

Own that no hills can be more beautiful than these South Downs. They may want height, boldness, grandeur, sublimity; they possess not forest, rock, torrent, or ravine; but they have gentleness, softness, and other endearing attributes. We will not attempt to delineate the slight but infinite varieties of form and aspect that distinguish one hill from its neighbour; for though a strong family likeness marks them all, each

* *Right of Translation reserved.*

down has an individual character. Regarded in combination with each other, the high ranges form an exquisite picture.

Contemplation of such a scene soothes rather than excites, and inspires only feelings of placid enjoyment. We are called upon for no violent emotion. We are not required to admire nature in her wildest and most savage aspect. We have a peaceful landscape before us, of a primitive character, and possessing accompaniments of pastoral life. Yonder is the shepherd, with crook and dog, watching his flock browse on the thymy slopes—the unequalled sheep of the South Downs, remember. At our feet lies a well-cultivated valley, with broad patches of turnip and mangel on one side, and a large stubble-field on the other, where the ploughman with his yoke of patient oxen is at work. In this valley you may note a farm-shed and a sheepfold, with rows of haystacks and corn-stacks at various points, evidencing the fertility of the soil. In front of us is the British Channel. A burst of sunshine illumines the tall white cliffs on the east, and gleams upon the far-off lighthouse. That pharos is on Beachy Head. On the near height overlooking the sea stands a windmill, while a solitary barn forms a landmark on that distant hill. Altogether, a charming picture. But we have not yet fully examined it.

The beauteous hill, on the brow of which we are seated, has necessarily a valley on either side. On the right, and immediately beneath us, is a pretty little village, nestling amid a grove of trees, above whose tops you may discern the tower of a small, grey old church. With this village we trust to make you more intimately acquainted by-and-by. It is Ovingdean. On the left, and nearer the sea, you may discern another, and considerably larger village than Ovingdean, almost as picturesque as the latter, and possessing a grey, antique church at its northern extremity. This second village is Rottingdean.

Behind us, and around us on every side, save towards the sea, are downs—downs with patches of purple heather or grey gorse clothing their sides—downs with small holts within their coombs, partially cultivated, or perfectly bare—everywhere downs.

Pleasant it is where we sit to watch the clouds chase each other across the valleys, up the hill-side, over the hill-top, then losing them for a while, behold them again on a more distant eminence, producing in their passage exquisite effects of light and shade. Meet emblem those fleeting clouds of our own quick passage to eternity.

Smiling, and sunny, and joy-inspiring are the downs now; but at times they have a graver aspect. Ere cockcrow at earliest dawn, or at the midnight hour, they have a solemn and mysterious look, and seem, like the Sphinx, to mutter secrets of the Past. Of most other places in the land the ancient features are changed, disfigured, or wholly obliterated; but the old visage of the Sussex Downs is unaltered. It is the same as when the Celtic Britons held their funeral ceremonies on this green mount; as when the warlike Romans made their camps upon yonder neighbouring hill; as when our Saxon ancestors dwelt in those secluded valleys, and gave names to them which we still retain. What wonder that such ancient hills—ancient, but endowed with perpetual youth—should sometimes discourse of the great people they have known! What wonder when the scene is the same that the shades of the mighty departed should sometimes revisit the theatre of their earthly actions!

Before quitting our seat on this old tumulus, let us hear what delightful Gilbert White has to say about the district: "Though I have now travelled the Sussex Downs upwards of thirty years," writes this charming natural historian, "yet I still investigate that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year, and think I see new beauties every time I traverse it. Mr. Ray was so ravished with the prospect from Plumpton Plain near Lewes, that he mentions those scenes in his 'Wisdom of God in the works of Creation' with the utmost satisfaction, and thinks them equal to anything he had seen in the finest parts of Europe. For my own part, I think there is something peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely figured aspect of chalk hills in preference to those of stone, which are rugged, broken, abrupt, and shapeless. Perhaps I may be singular in my opinion, and not so happy as to convey to you the same idea; but I never contemplate these mountains without thinking I perceive somewhat analogous to growth in their gentle swellings and smooth fungus-like protuberances, their fluted sides, and regular hollows and slopes, that carry at once the air of vegetative dilatation and expansion. Or, was there ever a time when these immense masses of calcareous matter were thrown into fermentation by some adventitious moisture; were raised and leavened into such shapes by some plastic power; and so made to swell and heave their broad backs into the sky so much above the less animated clay of the wild below?"

With all our admiration of the amiable author of the "Natural History of Selborne," we are not disposed to regard our South Downs in the light of vegetable productions or chemical fermentations; but we leave the solution of the question to the geologist.

And now let us descend to Ovingdean, which lies at our feet.

II.

OIVINGDEAN GRANGE IN THE YEAR SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE.

SINCE the year 1651 but slight change has taken place in the general aspect of the sequestered little village of Ovingdean (*Offingas den*, in Saxon), situated in a charming dene, or woody valley, amidst the South Downs, and within a mile of the coast.

During the two centuries that have elapsed since the date assigned to our story, the habitations of this secluded little village, which, notwithstanding its contiguity to the queen of watering-places, Brighton, seems still quite out of the world, have scarcely—with one important exception, namely, the modern mansion known as Ovingdean House—increased in number, or consequence. Indeed, the Grange, which, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was the principal residence of the place, is not only greatly reduced in size, but has entirely lost its original and distinctive character. Still, regarded without reference to the past, Ovingdean Grange, as it now appears, is a fair-proportioned, cheerful-looking domicile, and with its white walls and pleasant garden, full of arbutuses, laurestines, holms, and roses, offers a very favourable specimen of a Sussex farm-house. In one respect, and that by no means an immaterial one, the existing Grange far surpasses its predecessor; namely, in the magnitude and convenient arrangements of its farm-yard, as well as in the

number of its barns, cow-houses, and other outbuildings, all of which are upon a scale never dreamed of in the olden time.

But as it is with the ancient house that we have now to do, we must endeavour to give some notion of it. Even in 1651, Ovingdean Grange was old, having been built in the reign of Henry VIII. Constructed of red brick, chequered with diamonds, formed of other bricks, glazed, and of darker hue, mingled with flints, it seemed destined to endure for ages, and presented a very striking frontage, owing to the bold projections of its bay-windows with their stone posts and lintels, its deep arched portal with a stone escutcheon above it, emblazoned with the arms of the Maunsels, at that time its possessors, its stone quoins and cornices, its carved gables, its high roof, covered with tiles encrusted with orange-tawny mosses and lichens, and its triple clusters of tall and ornamented chimney-shafts.

Old Ovingdean Grange did not want a rookery. In a fine grove of elms, occupying part of the valley towards the south, a large colony of these aristocratic birds had taken up their quarters. Nor must we omit to mention that many of the trees, in the upper branches of which the rooks' nests might be seen, had attained a girth and altitude not a little remarkable, considering their proximity to the sea. It has been already intimated that the ancient farm-yard was neither so extensive nor so well arranged as its successor, but it possessed one of those famous old circular dove-cots, which used to be the pride of a Sussex country-house, and which, before pigeon-matches were introduced, never failed to supply the family table with a savoury pie or a roast. At the rear of the house was a garden, walled round, and laid out in the old-fashioned style, with parterres and terraces; and beyond it was an orchard full of fruit-trees. Higher up on the down was a straggling littleholt, or thicket, the trees of which, by their stunted growth and distorted shapes, manifested the influence of the sea-breezes. When we have mentioned a small park-like enclosure, having a ring fence of low trees, and displaying within its area a few venerable hawthorns, ancient denizens of the downs, we shall have particularised all the domains of old Ovingdean Grange.

The little village of Ovingdean consisted then, as now, of a few neatly-kept cottages, clustered like beehives near the mansion, some three or four in the valley, but the most part amongst the trees on the side of the eastern down. These cottages were tenanted by the bailiff, the husbandmen, shepherds, and other hinds employed at the Grange.

But the most pleasing feature of the place, and one by which it is happily yet distinguished, was the church. Scarce a stone's throw from the Grange, at the foot of a wooded escarpment, on the western side of the dene, and on a green and gentle declivity, stood, and still stands, the reverend little pile. Grey and old was Ovingdean church at the time of our story, for its architecture is Norman and Early English, but it is upwards of two centuries older now, and somewhat greyer in consequence, though Time has dealt kindly with it, and has touched it with a hand so loving and tender, that if he has robbed it of aught, he has only added to its beauty. Peace rests upon the antique little fane, and breathes from out its hoary walls. Peace rests upon the grassy mounds and carefully-tended tombs lying within its quiet precincts. Nothing more hushed, more sequestered, more winningly and unobtrusively

beautiful, can be conceived than this simple village churchyard. The grey old walls that surround it, and shut it in like a garden, the trees that shade it, and completely shelter the holy edifice on the north, give it a peculiar air of privacy and tranquillity. Subdued by the calming influences of the spot, the heart becomes melted, the thoughts soar heavenward. Truly, a quiet resting-place after the turmoil of life.

Nor will the devotional feelings inspired by a pause within these hallowed precincts be lessened by an entrance into the sacred edifice itself; for there, if you love simplicity, you shall find it; there you shall behold a primitive little village church, without ornament, yet possessing the richest ornament in the absence of all decorative artifice; lacking not the graces of ecclesiastical architecture as displayed in the rounded arches dividing its nave from the chancel, and elsewhere in the structure; there, nothing shall disturb your religious train of thought; there, you shall find a rustic congregation, and shall listen to rustic voices chanting the holy hymn; and above all, you shall hear our Church's noble service well and worthily performed, and shall have good ghostly council from a good man's lips.

Though sufficing for the thinly-peopled parish in which it stands, the dimensions of Ovingdean church are modest enough, the nave and chancel, taken together, being little larger than those of many a private chapel. Aisles it has none, though it may once have possessed a south wing, marks of an arch being still discernible on the external wall on this side of the edifice; the roof is open, and crossed and supported by stout beams of oak; and the low square western tower, entered from within, serves the joint purposes of vestiary and belfry. We should prefer the true colour of the stone and timber to whitewash, but the latter, at all events, is clean and cheerful to look upon, and serves to display the many hatchments and marble tablets reared against the walls. Over the screen separating the nave from the chancel may be read these comforting words: "*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" Together with this verse from the Psalms, well suited to the place: "*This shall be my rest for ever: here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein.*"

But though we love the old pile, we must not linger within it too long, but go forth into its quiet churchyard, now basking in sunshine, and visited by the sweet and delicate air of the downs. If there be a gleam of sunshine in the skies, it seems to seek out this favoured spot; while, when the rain descends here, it falls gently as the tears of a mourner. Would you see, ere we pass out by the arched gateway leading to the rectory, two relics of two centuries ago? you may perceive them in yon pair of decayed elder-trees, whose hoar, gnarled, corrugated trunks, and fantastically twisted branches, flung out like huge antlers, have but little vitality about them, and yet are deservedly spared for their age and picturesque appearance.

Where the present cheerful and commodious parsonage-house now stands, stood, in earlier days, a small monastic-looking structure, of higher antiquity even than the Grange; and this time-honoured edifice, all traces of which, except some portions of its garden walls, have disappeared, had served as an abiding-place for many successive pastors of the neighbouring church.

But alas! in the unhappy and distracted times of which we propose to treat, this little manse sheltered no minister of our Church. A woful change had come over it. The good pastor, who for years had dwelt there, honoured and beloved by all who profited by his teaching; who was pious, charitable, tolerant, and irreproachable in conduct; this excellent man, with whom no fault could be found, save that he was a firm and consistent supporter of the established Church of England, and a resolute maintainer of its tenets and of episcopal jurisdiction, was deprived of his benefice, driven from his dwelling, and no longer permitted to exercise his sacred functions within those walls where his voice had so often been heard. The Reverend Ardingly Beard, for so was named this sufferer in a good cause, bore his own crosses without a murmur, but he ceased not to deplore the fallen state of the Church, now become a prey to ravening wolves. When condemned as an obstinate and incurable prelatist and malignant, and dispossessed of his church and living, he had the additional grief and mortification of finding his place occupied by the Reverend Master Increase Micklegift (as the latter chose to style himself though his real name was Zaccheus Stonegall), an Independent minister, and a zealous expounder of his own doctrines, but whom Mr. Beard regarded as a hypocrite, and highly dangerous to the spiritual welfare of his somewhat flock.

But the dispossessed clergyman did not retire altogether from the scene of his labours, though prevented from continuing them as heretofore. He obtained an asylum at the Grange, with its owner and his assured and sympathising friend, the royalist Colonel Wolston Maunsel. For many years a widower, the good pastor had found solace in the companionship and affectionate attentions of the only child left him, his daughter Dulcia. At the time of his suspension from his religious functions, which unhappy event occurred about four years before the date of our story, Dulcia Beard had just reached her fifteenth spring, and though she felt the blow at the moment with as much acuteness as her father, yet with the happy elasticity of youth she speedily shook off its effects, and regained her wonted buoyancy of spirit. In sooth, there was not much to make her regret the change of abode. Apartments were assigned to her father and herself at the Grange, where they might dwell as retired as they pleased, and in order to remove any sense of dependence on the part of his reverend guest, Colonel Maunsel appointed him to the office of his domestic chaplain. Thus, though forbidden, under the penalty of fine and imprisonment, to preach to his somewhat flock in public, or even to perform the church-service covertly, our good clergyman was enabled to address in private such as were not backsliders or apostates, and prevent them from wavering in the true faith. Greatly beholden, therefore, did the worthy man feel to him who, under Providence, afforded an asylum, fraught with so many advantages to himself and his dearly beloved child.

In all respects Dulcia Beard merited her father's love. A gentler, sweeter disposition than hers could not be found; purer and higher principles than she possessed never existed in female bosom. As she grew towards womanhood her personal charms became more fully developed. Soft and delicate in mould, her features expressed in every line the amiability and goodness of her nature. Impossible to doubt the candour of her clear, blue, earnest eyes. Equally impossible to misunderstand the

serenity of her marble brow, or the composure of her classic countenance. Calm was her countenance, but not cold; classic were her features in form, but with nothing rigorous in their outline. If her features corresponded with her nature, so did her person correspond with her features. Graceful in the highest degree, her figure was tall, and of exquisite symmetry. Her manner was entirely unsophisticated, and captivating from its very simplicity. The very reverse of a modish gentlewoman was Dulcia Beard, and owed none of her attractions to art. Whether any other image beside that of her father had found a place within that gentle bosom, will be seen as we proceed.

Colonel Wolston Maunsel of Ovingdean Grange has been described as a Royalist, but his description of himself, "that he was a Cavalier to the backbone," would be more correct. Colonel Maunsel hated the rebels and Roundheads and the whole Republican party, civil, military, and religious, as he hated poison; but if he had a special object of aversion it was Noll Cromwell. The execution of Charles deepened the colonel's animosity towards the regicides, and after the direful tragedy of Whitehall, he assumed a mourning habit, vowing never to put it off till the death of the martyred monarch should be fully avenged upon his murderers.

Colonel Maunsel was descended from a good old Sussex family; the branch he belonged to having settled at Ovingdean. Though not brought up to the profession of arms, but rather from habit and position disposed to lead the life of a country squire, our loyal gentleman, on the outbreak of the Civil War, alarmed by the imminence of the crisis, and instigated by his own strong Cavalier feelings, had deemed it incumbent upon him to abandon a home he delighted in, together with a wife whom he passionately loved, and join the standard of the king. For several years Wolston Maunsel served under Prince Rupert, and shared in the victories as well as in the defeats of that great, though somewhat rash, commander. He fought at the famous battle of Edgehill, where Rupert's matchless cavalry did such signal execution upon the Parliamentarians, at Lansdown Hill, and at Chalgrave Field; was present at the sieges of Bristol and Bolton, at the important but ill-starred battle of Marston Moor, and at Ledbury, after which engagement he obtained from the Prince the command of a regiment of dragoons. Colonel Maunsel's last appearance on the battlefield was at Naseby, where his regiment was completely cut to pieces by Fairfax, and he himself severely wounded and made prisoner. With other captives he was sent by the victorious Parliamentary leaders to the castle of Chester, and detained long enough there to shatter his health. Heavy fines were inflicted upon him, which greatly impoverished his estates, but after nearly a year's confinement he was released, and retired to his residence at Ovingdean, where we have found him.

But other calamities, besides defeat and loss of property, had befallen the unfortunate cavalier. During the time of his immurement within Chester Castle, his beloved wife, who was not permitted to share her husband's captivity, had died from grief and anxiety. An only son, then just sixteen, was, however, left him. Had the Civil War continued, this high-spirited youth, who inherited all his father's principles of loyalty, and hated the republicans as heartily as his father, would have followed in the old Cavalier's footsteps; but when Colonel Maunsel was set free, the struggle was well-nigh over, the Royalist party was crushed for the time,

and did not rally again for nearly five years, when Charles the Second was crowned at Scone, and entered England at the head of a small army, with the futile hope, as it proved, of conquering his rebellious kingdom.

Then it was that Clavering Maunsel, who by this time had become a remarkably handsome young man of one-and-twenty, and was as eager for the fray as a war-horse stirred by the trumpet, was despatched by the colonel to aid the youthful monarch. If his father had tried to restrain the young Cavalier, the attempt would have been ineffectual; but the loyal old colonel did no such thing. On the contrary, he commanded him to go; gave him his own sword, and bade him use it against the enemies of the king, and the slayers of the king's father. While straining his son to his breast at parting, the gallant old Cavalier declared that he envied him, his sole grief being that he could not accompany him. "But of what use to his Majesty would be a battered old soldier like myself, who can scarce move limb without help?" he cried. "So go, my son, and fight for me in the righteous cause. Strike down those accursed traitors and parricides—slay them, and spare not."

With his son, Colonel Maunsel sent a veteran follower, to whose care he knew the young man could be safely confided; and the measure was very judicious, as the event proved. The faithful attendant to whom Clavering Maunsel was entrusted was an ancient trooper in the king's service, named John Habergeon, who had fought with the colonel in many a rude engagement with the rebels, and had bled with him at Naseby. Though numbering more years than his old master, John Habergeon's strength was by no means on the decline. Hoary was he as an Alp; his gigantic frame was as hard as iron; and few younger men could cope with him in personal encounter. John Habergeon's exterior was by no means prepossessing. His features were harsh, and his manner crabbed and stern. His figure was gaunt and tall; and he stood so stiff and erect that he lost not an inch of his stature. Yet under this rugged exterior there beat a heart tender as a woman's; and follower more faithful and devoted could not be found than trusty John Habergeon.

It was not without some difficulty and danger that Clavering and his companion managed to reach Worcester, in which loyal city the adventurous young king had established his head-quarters. Though the new comer brought him no important levy of horse or foot, but only a single follower, Charles received the young man with great satisfaction, and well aware of his father's high character, misfortunes, and fidelity to the royal cause, at once bestowed upon him the command of a troop of horse under Colonel Wogan.

It is not our purpose to describe the events preceding the disastrous day of Worcester, nor to furnish any details of that fatal engagement, when the hopes of the young monarch and his adherents were utterly destroyed. Having as little sympathy as the Cavaliers themselves with the Republican army and its victorious general, it is no pleasure to us to record their successes. Suffice it then to say, that while preparations were making by Charles and his generals for the coming conflict, Clavering exhibited the utmost ardour and impatience; and when at length the luckless 3rd of September arrived, proved himself by his fiery courage,

and perhaps by his rashness, to be his father's son. Some intelligence of his brave doings during the battle had been received at Ovingdean Grange, but what became of him afterwards was not known. His name did not appear amongst the list of the slain; but such lists in those troublous times were ever imperfect. Wogan's regiment, it was known, had suffered severely in covering the king's retreat; and what so probable as that foolhardy and inexperienced Clavering had fallen then. So at least feared his father. So feared another, whose gentle heart was distracted by doubt and anxiety.

Sad presentiments had filled Dulcia's breast when young Maunsel, full of martial ardour and enthusiasm for his cause, had set out on the expedition. She had accompanied him to the summit of the down overlooking the neighbouring town of Brightelmstone, then giving little promise of its future magnitude and importance, and chiefly noticeable from this point by a cluster of quaint old houses, with red tiled roofs and gables, grouped around the ancient church on the hill, together with a short scattered street, consisting mostly of cottages and mean habitations, running towards the sea:—she had accompanied him, we say, to this point, and after a tearful parting—tearful on her side, at least—had gazed wistfully after him till he gained the brow of the opposite hill, when he waved a farewell with the scarf she had embroidered for him, and disappeared from view.

Had he disappeared for ever? was the question that occupied Dulcia, as she returned to the Grange with her attendant, Patty Whinchat. Very beautiful and very picturesque did the old house appear, embosomed amidst its trees, and with the old church adjoining, as viewed from the high ground she was traversing, but she looked not towards it, for her thoughts were wandering in another direction. Patty, a lively little damsel, and disposed to take a cheerful view of things, chattered away, and assured her mistress that Master Clavering would soon be back again, after killing all the Roundheads; but after a while, receiving neither response nor other encouragement to talk, she became silent, and tried to shed a few tears for company.

Often did Dulcia recur to this parting with Clavering, and never without reviving the sad forebodings which she had then experienced. These, however, were vague fears, and easily shaken off. But when she heard of Worcester's disastrous fight—when rumours of dreadful slaughter of the Royalists reached her—when day after day passed, and no tidings came of Clavering,—we may imagine how much she suffered. She dreaded to receive confirmation of her worst fears, and yet this suspense was well-nigh intolerable. By day a pallid image with stony eyes was ever before her; and at night she beheld the same figure in her dreams, stretched like a blood-stained corpse upon the battle-plain.

As to Colonel Maunsel, though anxiety as to his son's fate was naturally uppermost in his bosom, the consideration of what he deemed to be a great national calamity weighed so heavily upon him, as in some degree to absorb his private griefs. The issue of the battle of Worcester he deemed fatal to his country. England was dishonoured; its glory obscured. Right, religion, loyalty, were trampled under foot. Republicanism was clearly in the ascendant: the star of monarchy, which had shone for a moment with its accustomed splendour, had set, he feared,

for ever. While deploring the prostrate condition of his own party, now at the mercy of its hated opponents, he felt yet more acutely the terrible jeopardy in which the head of that party was placed. What had become of Charles, after the conflict on which he had staked his fortunes, the colonel could only conjecture. But he felt certain that the royal fugitive had as yet contrived to elude the vigilance of his enemies. Charles's capture would have been too loudly proclaimed not to be quickly known throughout the realm. But it was almost equally certain that the young king was yet within the country, and his retreat might, therefore, at any moment be discovered. A large reward was offered for his capture; and the penalties of high treason, loss of life and forfeiture of estate, were adjudged to such as should harbour him, or aid in his escape. Colonel Maunsel was well aware, from his own feelings, that no personal risk would prevent any loyal subject from assisting his sovereign; but he naturally dreaded lest the reward offered by the council of state might tempt some sordid knave to cause Charles's betrayal. All these considerations sorely perplexed and grieved the old Cavalier's spirit. The burden of his anxiety was almost greater than he could bear, and threatened to bow him to the ground. He began to fear that the messenger who brought him word that his son had been found amongst the slain, would tell him that the king had been captured. Such tidings, doubly calamitous, he was well assured, would prove his own death-blow.

III.

SHOWING WHAT BEFEL CLAVERING MAUNSEL AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

A WEEK had elapsed since the calamitous day at Worcester—a week, as we have shown, of frightful anxiety and suspense to the principal inmates of Ovingdean Grange—but still no tidings came of Clavering Maunsel, or of his faithful follower, John Habergeon. Neither had news, good or bad, been received relative to the fugitive king.

Somewhat late at night, the old colonel was sitting with Mr. Beard and Dulcia in the great hall of the mansion. Supper had been discussed, though a couple of long-necked flasks with tall glasses were still left upon the huge oak table; prayers had been read by the good clergyman; and the little party were conversing sadly together before their separation for the night. Colonel Maunsel ordinarily retired at an earlier hour than this, but he cared not now to seek his chamber, since he found no rest within it.

The hall in which we discover the little party was spacious and lofty, with a moulded ceiling, panels of dark oak, a high carved mantelpiece, deep bay-windows, having stained glass within them, and an elaborately carved doorway corresponding with the mantelpiece, and opening upon a corridor. Several old family portraits, male and female, in the costume of James the First's time, and in that of Elizabeth, adorned the walls. Mingled with these portraits were trophies formed by pieces of old armour, coats of mail and shirts of mail, skull-caps, bucklers, and chanfrons, surrounded by two-handed swords, battle-axes, maces, cross-bows and long bows; while a buck's head with enormous antlers occupied a conspicuous position opposite the fireplace. The night being chilly, a comfortable wood fire blazed upon the dogs on the hearth, and diffused a

cheerful light around. A few high-backed arm-chairs of richly carved oak, cushioned with crimson Utrecht velvet, together with an open cupboard, on the shelves of which were displayed several capacious flagons, parcel-gilt goblets, and other drinking vessels in glass and silver, with a massive salver, gilt like the goblets, in the midst of them, constituted the furniture of the room.

There was one portrait, hung apart from the others, that claims special attention. It was a full-length picture, by no less a painter than Vandyke, of a young and lovely woman, attired in a robe of rich white satin, made very low in front, so as to display a neck of ravishing beauty, and far whiter than the satin, pearl ornaments upon the stomacher, a pearl necklace around the throat, pearl earrings, and bracelets of the same gems on the arms. The features of this charming personage had a somewhat pensive expression that by no means detracted from their loveliness; the eyes were magnificent, and black as night; the hair of raven hue, contrasting forcibly with the dazzling whiteness of the skin. The dark locks were taken back from the centre of the forehead, and disposed in thick ringlets at the sides of the face, their sole ornament being a spray of green leaves placed on the left of the head. This portrait, which bore the date 1630, represented Lady Clemence Maunsel, the colonel's wife, and when gazing at her bewitching lineaments, no one could wonder that he had passionately loved her, or that he ceased not to deplore her loss.

At the time that his wife's portrait was painted, Wolston Maunsel was scarcely her inferior in point of personal appearance, and they were noted as the handsomest couple in Sussex. Long years and much suffering, both of mind and body, had done their work with him, but he had still a very noble and striking countenance. His locks were grizzled, and flowed over his neck and shoulders in cavalier fashion; his beard was pointed in the style familiarised to us by Vandyke. His figure was tall and spare, but his wounds and after sufferings had stiffened his limbs, afflicting him with rheumatic pains, which caused him to move with difficulty, and prevented all active exertion. His features were finely formed, but very thin, his complexion dark, and his black overhanging eyebrows and keen grey eyes gave him a stern and austere expression. His habiliments, we have said, were sable; his black taffeta doublet and vest were of the graceful fashion of Charles the First's time; his trunk hose had knots of ribbons at the knees; black silk hose encased his still shapely legs; and his shoes were of Spanish leather, high-heeled, and with black roses on the instep. A wide falling band of lawn, edged with lace, set off the old Cavalier's handsome physiognomy.

A venerable-looking man was the Reverend Ardingly Beard, with a bald head and the snowy honours of age upon his chin, for the clergy of those days wore the beard. Bitter had been his cup, but it had not soured his heart, as was plain from his benevolence of expression and kindness of manner. Resignation to the will of Heaven was the governing rule of the good man's life, and the influence of this principle was apparent not only in his conduct, but in his aspect and demeanour. Patience and humility were written in legible characters in his countenance. Prohibited by the enactments in force against the clergy of the Church of England from wearing the cassock, he was compelled to assume the garb of a civilian. His garments were sombre in colour, like those of the colonel, but of a coarser fabric. Little more need be said of the worthy

pastor, except that, as his eyesight had begun to fail him, he was obliged to have recourse to spectacles.

Dulcia Beard has already been described as singularly beautiful, but sooth to say, if her anxiety should not be speedily relieved, her beauty will run great risk of being materially impaired. Already, her cheeks have lost their bloom, and the lustre of her eyes is sadly dimmed. Her manner, too, has quite lost its cheerfulness, and she heaves deep and frequent sighs. Patty Whinchat, her handmaiden, is in despair about her young mistress, and feels certain, unless Master Clavering should come back, and quickly too, that she will break her heart. Patty cannot understand why Mistress Dulcia should be so foolish, seeing that there are other young men in the world quite as handsome as Master Clavering, but there is no use reasoning with her—pine away she undoubtedly will, in spite of all that can be said.

By degrees the conversation, which, as may be supposed, had never been of a very lively character, began to flag, until at length it wholly ceased. Fain would Dulcia have withdrawn, but she did not like to disturb Colonel Maunsel, who remained with his face buried in his hands, as if lost in gloomy thought. After a long pause the old gentleman roused himself, as if by a great effort, and for a moment gazed vacantly at his companions.

"I crave pardon," he said, as soon as he had collected his scattered thoughts. "I had forgotten that I was not alone; but you will excuse me. In truth, I can bear this state of suspense no longer, and intend to set forth for Worcester to-morrow, and ascertain, if I can, the fate of my son."

"But consider the risk you will run, my good sir," mildly objected Mr. Beard; "and how unfit you are for such a journey."

"Unfit I am for it, I well know," the colonel rejoined, mournfully; "and like enough the effort may kill me, but I may as well go as tarry here, and die by inches. However, I will take counsel of one who can best guide me in the matter."

"Ay, take counsel of Heaven ere you decide, sir," the clergyman said.

"My counsellor is in heaven," the colonel returned. "Lend me your arm, Dulcia. I would fain arise."

Thus called upon, the young maiden instantly flew to his assistance, gave him his crutch-handled stick, and helped to raise him from his seat. The old Cavalier got up with great difficulty, and his rheumatic pains extorted a groan from him. After a momentary stoppage he moved on in the direction of his wife's portrait, halting opposite to it. Dulcia, who still supported him, watched his proceedings with some surprise, but she made no remark. The colonel gazed wistfully at the portrait, and then, in earnest and supplicating tones, but so low as scarcely to be audible to Dulcia, besought his dear departed wife to give him some sign by which he might know whether his design met with her approval.

Filled with wonder at the singularity of the proceeding, Dulcia began to fear that grief had turned the old colonel's brain; but she had little time for reflection, for scarcely were the words uttered than a noise was heard without in the corridor, and the next moment Patty Whinchat, in a state of the greatest excitement, and followed by an old serving-man wearing the colonel's livery, rushed into the room.

"That is my answer!" Colonel Maunsel almost shrieked. "What is it, woman? Speak!" he vociferated.

"Oh! your honour, John Habergeon is come back," responded Patty, well-nigh out of breath.

"Has he come alone?" the colonel faltered.

"No, your honour, no!" Martin Geere, the old serving-man, cried. "The wench has lost her wits. John has brought Master Clavering with him, but the young gentleman be in a sorry plight—a woful, sorry plight, for sure."

"But he lives! he is safe!" the colonel exclaimed, in a transport of delight. "Where is my boy? Bring him to me—bring him to me, quick."

"He is here, your honour," responded the sonorous voice of John Habergeon from the corridor.

Heavy footsteps resounded from the passage, and in another instant the old trooper appeared, sustaining his young master with his stalwart arm. Leading Clavering to the nearest chair, he deposited him within it, with as much tenderness and solicitude as could be exhibited by a nurse towards a sick man.

On beholding his son, the colonel uttered a cry, and shaking off in his excitement the rigidity of his limbs, and seeking for no support, rushed towards him with a quickness which, under other circumstances, would not have been possible. Dulcia and Mr. Beard followed, but remained standing at a little distance, unwilling to interrupt the meeting between father and son. In the mean time, several others of the household, male and female, had flocked into the room. These persons, when he had placed his young master in the chair, as before related, John Habergeon took upon him to dismiss.

In good sooth, Clavering Maunsel was in a sorry plight. His apparel was soiled and torn; and the jerkin, over which he had worn a corslet on the field, was stained with blood. His long dark locks were dishevelled and unkempt, as if he had gone bareheaded for days; and such, indeed, was the fact. His lineaments were ghastly pale from loss of blood and other suffering; and his right arm appeared to be broken, for it was bound up, and supported by the very scarf which Dulcia had embroidered for him.

"My boy—my dear boy! how I joy to see thee back again!" the old colonel exclaimed, embracing him, and bending over him with effusion. "I had well-nigh given thee up for lost."

"You must thank John Habergeon for bringing me to you, father," Clavering replied. "Without him, you would never have beheld me more. But why come not Dulcia and her honoured father nigh me? I long to greet them, but am too much exhausted to rise."

Thus summoned, the young maiden was instantly by his side. Clavering extended his uninjured arm towards her, feebly pressing her hand, and fixing a tender look upon her, while she remained gazing upon him with tearful eyes. The good divine next came in for his share of the wounded man's notice.

"I shall die content now that I have seen you all once more," Clavering cried, in a feeble voice, and half closing his eyes, as he sank back in the chair.

"Tut! tut! talk not of dying!" Colonel Maunsel exclaimed. "I tell thee thou shalt live—live and grow hearty again, and shalt carry havoc amongst those canting Roundheads and rebels. I was worse hurt at Naseby than thou art, and should speedily have recovered from my wounds, had I been properly tended, and not lodged in that pestilent castle of Chester, where the prison fever took me and brought me to the gates of death, leaving me ever afterward stiff of joint and lame of limb, so that I can neither mount horse nor bear sword. But thou shalt get well again in less than a month, I warrant thee, Clavering, and be ready once more to fight the king's enemies. Thou hast youth and a sound constitution to back thee, and need'st fear nothing."

"He looks very faint!" Dulcia exclaimed, anxiously. "A cup of wine, methinks, would do him good."

"Well thought of, girl," the colonel cried. "A cup of wine instantly."

"Captain Clavering is suffering more from weakness and want of nourishment than from his wounds," John Habergeon said, filling a goblet with sack, and handing it to Dulcia. "Give it to him, fair mistress," he continued, with a gruff kind of gallantry. "The cup will taste better from your hands than mine;" adding, in a tone calculated only for her ear, "he hath talked of scarce any one else save you since he got his wounds."

Blushing deeply, but taking no notice of this embarrassing whisper, Dulcia gave the goblet to Clavering, who looked at her fixedly as he raised it to his lips.

Just then, the groom of the kitchen, Giles Moppett, accompanied by Martin Geere and Patty Whinchat, entered the hall, bringing materials for a plentiful repast, which they proceeded to place upon the table with all possible expedition. Fortunately the larder happened to be well stocked. The viands were chiefly of a substantial character—so much the better, John Habergeon thought, as he looked on, almost with a wolfish eye, while the dishes were being set upon the board. There was a mountainous roast round of beef, a couple of boiled pullets, little the worse for their previous appearance at the board, a dish of larks, a huge pigeon-pie, and, better than all, the remains of a magnificent roast bustard—bustards were then to be met with on the South Downs. As soon as the arrangements for this impromptu supper were completed, Clavering, upon whom the generous liquor he had swallowed had produced a very beneficial effect, was borne to the table by his father's directions, without moving him from the chair wherein he sat. Giles Moppett, who acted as carver, then inquired what his young master would be pleased to take; but Clavering refused to touch anything till John Habergeon had been served, and bade Moppett fill a plate with roast beef for the old trooper. John was far too hungry to be bashful, so he sat down, as he was enjoined to do, and speedily cleared his plate, which was promptly replenished by Moppett. The old trooper was no indifferent trencherman in a general way; but just now he seemed to possess an inexhaustible appetite, eating like one half famished. After doing prodigious execution upon the round of beef, he devoured a leg and a wing of the bustard—no trifling feat in itself—only pausing occasionally in his task to empty a flagon of nut-brown ale, poured out for him by the attentive Martin Geere. Finally, he attacked the pigeon-pie, and soon made a great hole in it.

His prowess was watched with infinite satisfaction by Colonel Maunsel, who encouraged him to go on, repeatedly ordering Giles Moppett to fill his plate anew. At first, Clavering ate sparingly and slowly, but as he gained strength his appetite increased, and if he could have used both hands, he might, perchance, have rivalled John Habergeon's wondrous performances, for he seemed to have fasted as long as the old trooper. But notwithstanding his insatiable hunger, the young man took good care to call in Dulcia's aid to cut up his meat for him, which he was certainly entitled to do, seeing that he could not perform the task for himself. A pause, however, in this terrible masticating process having at length arrived, on Clavering's side, at least—for John, it seemed, would never cease,—Colonel Maunsel thought he might venture to ask for some particulars of his son's escape after the battle. The first inquiries, however, of the loyal old gentleman were, whether Clavering knew aught of the king?

"I trust his Majesty has escaped his enemies, father," the young man replied; "but I have heard nothing concerning him since I was separated from him, in the manner I will proceed to recount to you. After the rout on that unlucky day, when all went against us, and the King was compelled to retire, I had the honour of forming part of the small escort that attended him, having previously assisted, with my Lord Cleveland and Colonel Wogan, in covering his retreat from the city. We rode off at nightfall in the direction of Stourbridge, his Majesty having decided upon taking refuge at Boscobel House, whither Mr. Charles Giffard, than whom there breathes not a more loyal gentleman, had undertaken to conduct him."

"I know Charles Giffard well," Colonel Maunsel remarked; "and can avouch, from my personal knowledge, that he is as loyal as thou hast described him. I also know Boscobel, and White Ladies, another house belonging to the Giffards, and in either place his Majesty would find a secure retreat. The king could not be in better hands than those of loyal Charles Giffard. But go on, my son; how far didst accompany his Majesty?"

"Within a mile of Stourbridge," Clavering replied; "when we were attacked by a troop of the enemy's horse, and the king was exposed to much peril, running great risk of capture."

"Capture! 'Sdeath! you would none of you have suffered those vile knaves to lay hands on his Majesty's sacred person!" the old colonel exclaimed, his eye blazing fiercely, and his limbs trembling with passion. "Oh! that I had been there, with an arm as strong as that which I boasted before Naseby! What didst thou do, boy?"

"That which you would have done yourself, sir," Clavering rejoined. "I used your sword to some purpose against the crop-eared curs, and made them feel the edge of the weapon. Finding the king beset by the captain of the troop and three or four of his men, who had recognised his Majesty, and were shouting out 'that the Lord of Hosts had delivered Abijam, the son of Rehoboam, into their hands,' and were menacing him with death if he did not yield himself up to them, I fired my pistol at the head of their leader, and throwing myself upon the others, assailed them so furiously, that the king was able to extricate himself from them and get clear off."

"What! thou hast been the happy instrument of saving his Majesty's life—thou, my darling son!" the old Cavalier exclaimed, in tones half

broken by the deep emotion which he vainly endeavoured to repress. "By Saint George! thou hast done well, Clavering—thou hast done well. And if thou hadst perished in the act, thou wouldst have died the death which I myself should have most coveted—a death worthy of one of our loyal house."

"But, Heaven be praised, my brave young friend is spared to us!" Mr. Beard ejaculated. "May he be preserved to be a prop to your declining years, sir," he added, to the colonel.

"May he be preserved to aid in King Charles's restoration, that is all I pray for!" the old Cavalier exclaimed.

"I cry 'Amen' to that prayer, father," the young man rejoined, fervently.

Hitherto Dulcia had abstained from speech, though her cheek had glowed during Clavering's narration. She now ventured to remark:

"But you have more to tell us of that desperate encounter, have you not? It was there that you received your hurts?"

"You are right, Dulcia," Clavering replied. "His Majesty, whom Heaven preserve! had got off as I have informed you, but I myself was surrounded, and had a sharp conflict with the base knaves, from whom I neither expected to receive quarter, nor would have deigned to accept it, and who, moreover, as you may guess, were mightily enraged at the king's escape. Ere long my right arm was disabled by the blow of a pike, and being thus at the mercy of the murderous rascals, I should have been despatched outright, if it had not been for John Habergeon——"

"Say not a word about me, captain, I beseech you," the old trooper interrupted, looking up with his mouth full of pigeon-pie.

"I marvelled where John could have been all this while," the colonel observed. "I thought he could not have been far off."

"John was by my side, sir," Clavering rejoined. "By my side, did I say? He was in front—at the rear—on the right—at the left—everywhere warding off blows aimed at me, and doing terrible execution upon the rebels. But even John could not save me from being thrown from my steed, and trampled under foot by the Roundhead troopers, who tried to dash out my brains with their horses' heels. The stoutness of my casque saved me from their malice, and my breastplate protected me from all other harm except some trifling bruises——"

"Call you hurts such as yours trifling, my good young friend?" the pastor cried. "You must needs have a frame of iron to bear such injuries, and speak lightly of them."

"Fore Heaven! Clavering is as tough as his father," the old colonel remarked, smiling complacently; "and can bear much knocking about. There is nothing like a close headpiece with great cheeks, and a stout corslet and cuissarts, if you have the ill luck to be hurled on the ground and ridden over. Your well-tempered breastplate stood you in good stead on this occasion, boy."

"It was much dented, I promise you, father," Clavering replied. "Howbeit, I escaped with life, though those caitiff troopers declared they would send me to perdition."

"Heaven open their own eyes and save them from the pit!" the clergyman ejaculated.

"Nay, such spawn of Satan deserve not your intercession for them,

reverend sir," the old Cavalier exclaimed, impetuously. "I would dispatch such devil's servants to their master without an instant's scruple. Oh! John, my worthy friend," he added to the old trooper, who was still quietly pursuing his meal, as if in no wise concerned in Clavering's relation, "I estimated thee aright. I knew thou wouldst be serviceable to my son."

"I would not have stirred a foot for these cursed Roundhead curs, your honour," John Habergeon replied; "but I wanted to draw them from Captain Clavering as the sole means of saving his life, so I made pretence of flight, and the rascals galloped after me. They shot my horse, but I got off scathless."

"Thou art a brave fellow, John," the colonel said.

"Brave, indeed! and trusty as brave!" Clavering cried. "He rescued me from certain destruction. I was unable to stir from the spot where I fell, and if those butcherly Roundheads had returned, or others of their side had come up and found me lying there and still breathing, they would infallibly have knocked out my brains."

"Now to look at dear, good John Habergeon, no one would guess what a warm heart he possesses," Dulcia exclaimed. "I ever liked him; but I knew not his true worth till now."

"Men must not be judged by their exterior, child," Mr. Beard said. "The sweetest kernel hath sometimes the roughest shell."

"Just as the best blade may be found in an ill scabbard," the colonel said. "John is somewhat harsh of feature it must be owned, but he hath a right honest look. You would never mistake him for a Puritan."

"I trow not, your honour, if a real Puritan were nigh," the old trooper replied, with a grin. "But enough, methinks, has been said about me."

"Not half enough," Clavering rejoined. "I have not told you a tithe of what John did for me, father. When you know all, you will comprehend how much gratitude I owe him. He bore me in his arms from the scene of strife to a place of safety, where he set my broken arm, and put splints, which he himself quickly prepared as well as any surgeon could have done, over the fracture, bound up the limb, dressed my bruises, and, this done, he again carried me to a barn, where we passed the night, John watching by me all the while. After some hours' rest I was able to move, and we set out before daybreak across the country, as near as we could conjecture in the direction of Stratford. We made but slow progress, for I was very stiff and weak; but John lent me all the aid he could, cheering me on, and talking to me of home and of those I loved, when I was half inclined to lie down in despair. As the day advanced, he procured me some milk and bread, without which I could no longer have gone on, for I had tasted nothing since the previous morn—the morn, you will remember, of the fatal battle. Having partaken of this food, I was enabled to continue my journey, and ere night we had found shelter in a thicket between Stratford and Long Marston, when John left me for a while to procure fresh provisions for our support. The faithful fellow came back, bringing with him meat and a bottle of stout ale; but though half famished, he would touch nothing himself till I had eaten and drunk. But I must be brief, for this talking is too much for me. During the whole of our toilsome journey hither, exposed as we have been to constant hazard from the Republican troops which are scour-

ing the country in every direction, dreading almost to show our faces lest we should be set upon by some Roundhead churls, resting now in a wood, now beneath a haystack, but never under a roof, obtaining food with difficulty, and the little we got of the coarsest kind,—during all these difficulties and dangers, my trusty companion, who might easily have provided for his own safety, kept ever by my side, and tended me, cheered me, watched over me—nay, actually in two instances saved me from capture with his good right hand, for I could do nothing in my own defence—and finally succeeded in bringing me home in safety.”

“ Blessings upon him for his noble conduct !” the clergyman exclaimed.

“ Ay, blessings upon him !” reiterated both the colonel and Dulcia.

“ Well, it is all right now, since I am back again at the dear old house,” Clavering continued. “ As to my wounds, I heeded them not. They will soon heal. But the thought of *how* I got them will last during the rest of my life.”

“ Thou art a true Maunsel, every inch of thee, Clavering,” his father cried, in approval. “ What signifies a limb lost, or a drop of blood the less in one’s veins, if we have done good service to the royal cause. And thou hast saved the king’s life. Think of that—think of that, Clavering Maunsel.”

“ I *do* think of it,” the young Cavalier replied.

“ I crave your honour’s leave to propose a toast,” John Habergeon cried, rising.

“ Thou hast my full license to do so,” Colonel Maunsel rejoined. “ Fill thine own glass from that flask of Malvoisie to the brim, and all of us will follow thine example. Even fair Mistress Dulcia will not refuse thy pledge.”

“ Nay, that I will not, in good sooth, colonel,” Dulcia cried.

“ You will all do me reason, I am sure, when you hear my toast,” John said. “ A health to King Charles, and may God preserve him from his enemies !”

All arose; the colonel unassisted, for his new-found activity had not yet deserted him; and Clavering contrived to get up from his chair. The glasses being filled, the toast was drunk by the whole company, including even Dulcia, who raised the goblet to her lips. Colonel Maunsel repeated the words pronounced by the loyal old trooper with great fervour and solemnity; adding, “ I will put a rider to thy toast, John, and drink to his Majesty’s speedy restoration.”

While the party was thus occupied, none of them were aware that their proceedings were watched from the bay-window on the left by a sallow-faced, sinister-looking personage, habited in a Geneva cloak and bands, and wearing a tall steeple-crowned hat on his head. We have said that this spy was unobserved by all the party; but his presence did not pass unnoticed by the quick eyes of Patty Whinchat, who entered the hall just as the treasonable toast (for such it would sound in the ears of a Republican) had been drunk.

“ Mercy on us !” Patty screamed. “ There’s a man at the window.”

“ What say’st thou, wench? A man at the window !” Colonel Maunsel cried. “ Go and see, John. I can discern no one.”

The old trooper did not require bidding twice, but rushed to the bay-window indicated by Patty. However, he could perceive nothing to justify the girl’s alarm, and told the colonel as much.

"What manner of man didst fancy thou sawest, wench?" the colonel cried.

"It was no fancy, your honour; I'm sure I saw him," Patty rejoined. "I saw his hatchet-face, and his cat's-eyes, and his tall, sugar-loaf hat, and his Geneva cloak and bands——"

"Oons! that should be Increase Micklegift, from thy description, wench," the colonel interrupted.

"It *was* Increase Micklegift whom I beheld," Patty replied. "I'll swear to his ugly nose."

"No occasion for swearing, Patty," the clergyman remarked. "We will believe your simple affirmation."

"Go and send some one forth, Moppett," the colonel said to the groom of the kitchen, "to ascertain whether this pestilent rascal be indeed within the garden, or elsewhere lurking about the premises."

"I'll go myself," John Habergeon rejoined; "and if I catch him, I'll treat him as I would a hen-roost plunderer."

"Nay, harm him not," the clergyman cried; "but admonish him."

"Ay, ay, I'll admonish him, your reverence," John Habergeon replied, "—with a cudgel."

This incident caused Colonel Maunsel considerable uneasiness, and somewhat abated his satisfaction at his son's return. Clavering, he well knew, might at any moment be arrested as a traitor to the Commonwealth, for having borne arms for his lawful sovereign, and might even suffer death for a display of loyalty, which the Rump Parliament regarded in the light of high treason. Since Clavering was in this danger, it was necessary that the utmost caution should be observed in regard to him; and though the colonel could rely upon his household to maintain perfect secrecy as to their young master's return, yet if Increase Micklegift had become aware of the fact, concealment would be hopeless. Moreover, Colonel Maunsel felt satisfied, from his knowledge of the Independent minister's character, that he would not hesitate to denounce Clavering.

These considerations, as we have said, greatly alarmed the old Cavalier; but he was somewhat reassured by John Habergeon, who, on his return, after some quarter of an hour's absence, declared that he, with Giles Moppett and Martin Geere had carefully searched the garden without finding any traces of the supposed spy. But, to make all sure, they had gone up to the old rectory, where the Independent minister had taken up his abode since Mr. Beard's secession, and knocking at the door, had been answered by Increase himself from his chamber window, who bade them be gone about their business, and not disturb him at that unseasonable hour of the night.

This latter piece of information was well calculated to allay the colonel's fears, and he began to agree with John Habergeon, that Patty Whinchat, in spite of her positive assertions to the contrary, must have been mistaken, and could not have beheld the mischievous Independent divine. Deeming, therefore, that further precautionary measures were unneeded for the night—whatever might be requisite on the morrow—he saw his son conducted to his chamber by John Habergeon (we must leave Clavering's parting with Dulcia to the fair reader's imagination), and tarried with him for some time, when he himself sought his couch. Long ere this, all the other inmates of Ovingdean Grange had retired to rest, happier than they had been for many days.

THE FRENCH ALMANACKS FOR 1860.

THE French Almanacks come to us this year in their customary guise of yellow and red, and yellow and blue, and the green and blue stamp of the Prefecture of Police on "colportage," which ensures fealty and docility. There are the same familiar types, long-nosed, wide-mouthed victims, bearded and paraded sharpers—the same stereotyped models for beauty and fashion in bourgeoisie and aristocracy alike; but, alas! in novelty or humour there is a manifest falling off. As far as our old friends, the "Almanach Comique" and the "Almanach pour Rire," are concerned, they might as well have for frontispiece an extinguisher bearing a well-known profile. It will be at once felt to what straits are fun and sprightliness reduced in the land of bellicose despotism, when we find that the fact of the sickly trees in the Champs Elysées having been bandaged, and of Devisme having invented an explosive ball, are almost all that Cham seems to have found to exercise his clever pencil upon as novelties. An importunate tailor is represented as addressing one of these trees so clothed, and recommending a change of garments; a peasant is helping them to ass's milk, and false collars are affixed to their ugly physiognomies as they outgrow their swaddling-clothes. With the "balle explosive de Devisme," children of four years may go forth to shoot lions, but to an adult the practice may be attended by inconveniences, as illustrated by two other sketches, in one of which the fragments of the lion blown up into the air are projected against the sportsman himself, and in the other, a whale similarly treated—that is to say, having an explosive ball lodged in its inside—blows up boat and crew and sportsmen all together. *Risum teneatis, amici!* It is but fair to say that Cham has made one hit in the same almanack. The subjects are two French sailors in China—French to the pointed nose and gaping mouths. One has a stick in his hand. "What!" says his mate to him, "don't you know that they eat with sticks in this country? You have taken that stick from a Chinese house—you have taken the soup-spoon; robbery of plate, my good fellow, and you will be in for it." The inevitable jealous husband, who asks a negro to come and nurse his wife—"Me no doctor," says the African. "You black, that is all I want; come and take care of my wife"—is a pure *niaiserie*; and the "fashionable" returning from a steeple-chase, the ground strewn with the wounded, mumbling how delighted he has been: "C'était cha-mant! cha-mant! pa-ole d'honneur!" (an "elegant" of Paris can no more speak his own language correctly than a fashionable piece of affectation in our own country), would be almost repulsive were it not that the illustration has a wider bearing. The same pencil would evidently, had it dared, have given another and a different application to the sentiment. The fields of Magenta and Solferino would have been the scene of suffering; but who would have been the cold-blooded, indifferent—or, if you will have it so, stoical—looker-on? "Will monsieur purchase a ticket for the theatre?" "No, my good fellow, on joue la comédie chez moi," is in Cham's better style. So also the pickpocket, who remarks, "Sir, there is an eclipse taking place." "I don't see it," replies the victim, with his

nose in the air, whilst he is being relieved of his watch. "You will, then, presently, sir," continues the sharper, with infinite gusto.

We give the following, not so much as a specimen of humour as the sketch of a type, with characteristic accessories :

Before speaking of Mademoiselle Bibiane Filandrin, I must ask permission to describe the little coterie in which I met her for the first time. It was at the Odéon that I had one evening the misfortune to make acquaintance with a lady whose hair hung in long "repentiers" (what a word for ringlets?), and who wore a red scarf on a light blue dress. From her mouth, however, issued forth a string of well-turned phrases. The lady dressed badly, but she spoke well. She was a blue-stocking. I was weak enough to allow myself to be invited for the evening of the Thursday ensuing. On her card was "Aspasie de Villiers," and, considering her spare habit, she might have added "Cotterets."

The Thursday that followed, having ascended four stories, I was received by a female domestic some forty years of age, dressed as a lady's-maid, and who introduced me into the boudoir of her mistress. Madame Aspasie de Villiers had on a dress of black velvet that evening, without any ornaments, so that she had the appearance of a first-class hearse. We were alone, and we spoke of our labours.

"I," said Madame Aspasie, "lead a miserable life enough. I pass my whole time in writing books for children. I am sufficiently reasonable to persevere in an occupation which enables me to live, but I am not sufficiently insensible not to suffer at being obliged to indite tales which are entitled 'Easter Eggs,' 'The Young Girl and the Canary,' and so forth, when I would like to be writing romances after the fashion of Balzac and Georges Sand. I have, indeed, begun one, and you must favour me with your opinion upon it."

To my infinite horror, Madame Aspasie rose to open her desk, and I was lost, had not the maid come in to announce company. What an escape! The company was composed of all that contemporaneous literature, be it epileptic or realist, has among it most seedy and hirsute. The soirée was opened by Mademoiselle Paméla Crapuzot, who favoured us with a fragment of an unpublished poem on Agnes Sorel, which was received with tremors of enthusiasm. M. Venceelas Sardinenski, a young Gascon from the North, a Pole excessively refuged, followed with the outline of a drama, entitled "The Heroins of Cracow." There were five dead bodies to each act, making a total of twenty-five victims, without reckoning the "assistants."

After M. Sardinenski, Madame Zoé Grenouillet made her appearance. She must have weighed something like a hundred kilos; and she was so nicely set in her pearl-grey dress, that she resembled a bale of goods in its wrapper. Madame Grenouillet recited, in a stentorian voice, a little unpublished novel, called "The Young Consumptive;" a subject exceedingly new. She was followed by a young lady, seventeen years of age, who sang a sonnet on "Green Peas." All that was wanting was an ear for time.

I had got hold of my hat, and was about to make a desperate attempt at flight, when Mademoiselle Bibiane Filandrin, a meteor of twelve years of age, was announced. Blue-stockings have their families, just as roses and fish have theirs. On the other side of the "barrières" blue-stockings are no longer blue-stockings, they are transformed into muses. Every town with ten thousand inhabitants has at least one muse—to amuse it.

Châtellerault, the country of pocket-knives, witnessed the birth within its walls of one of these poetic stars, and that was Bibiane Filandrin. Nothing so precocious had been witnessed for a distance of twenty leagues. What was most remarkable in her was that impatience of genius which never permitted her to finish what she began. This impatience dated with her, indeed, from before her birth, for she was in such a hurry to honour Châtellerault with her appearance that she came before her time, and after a period of only seven months' incubation. This impatience on her part was attended with disagreeable consequences.

for it did not give her father time to recognise her, and to the act that registered her birth were added the significant words "père inconnu."

This drawback did not prevent the little Bibiane from cutting her teeth on learning La Fontaine's fables. By the time she was three years of age she could recite without blushing:

"La cigale ayant chanté
Tout l'été,"

a fable which is, at the best, the glorification of egoism, but which little girls repeat with pleasure, because the prominent idea with them is a grasshopper that is asked out to dance. By the time she was four years of age, Bibiane made her auditors weep at her recital of *Théramène*. At six she won the first prize in literature, and had the honour of being embraced by the *sous-préfet*. Two years later she complimented in verse, after her own fashion, a princess who was passing through the town, and received an acknowledgment in twelve penknives. Henceforth the child was adopted by the Muse, and the local paper opened its columns to her effusions. Her reign was consecrated. She had nothing to do but to rhyme; and she rhymed accordingly.

Bibiane's mother was not only poor, but stupid; and she took the child about like a magic lantern. In return for the exhibition of the little marvel, the well-to-do citizens of Châtellerault gave the mother their turned-off bonnets and their old dresses. At last, like all other provincial poets, Bibiane penned a magnificent ode to a great poet of Paris, and was in return invited to a seat at the great intellectual banquet, at which her place was already marked out. The journey to Paris was forthwith resolved upon. The mother wept with joy. She packed up her rags; Bibiane took her laurels and penknives, and both started for the great city with fifty letters of recommendation.

They landed in Paris at one of those "hôtels garnis," the staircases of which are fetid, the passages obscure, and the rooms unfurnished. Their first visit was to the great poet, who invited them to take a seat, and, after allowing them to admire him in all his glory and his robe de chambre, showed them the door. Several months were spent in delivering their numerous letters of recommendation, in not being received, and in dining at "trente-deux sous." And as no one exclaimed as they went by, as they used to do at Châtellerault, "There is the celebrated little Bibiane, with madame her mother," the latter decided that the Parisians, the great poet included, were so many impudent fools.

Madame Zoé Grenouillet had met the little marvel at a builder's, who gave soirées to artists and masons. The next day she presented her to Madame Aspasia de Villiers. It was thus that I had the good fortune to make acquaintance with Mademoiselle Bibiane Filandrin.

Bibiane Filandrin's great speciality lay in improvisation. And how she was flattered at Madame Aspasia's! I would wish to remember all that this young Corinne improvised upon all kinds of subjects. The most difficult rhymes, the most obsolete words, did not make her hesitate for a moment: Bibiane knew everything, understood everything, and admitted no obstacles; her inspiration surmounted with the greatest intrepidity alike all social barriers, prejudices, and scruples. Four lines have alone remained impressed in my memory; but they will suffice to give you an idea of the prodigious poetic facility of Bibiane Filandrin. Here they are:

"Je sais que comme tout, la mort aura mon cœur;
Mais ceux qui dans ce cœur pudique et grave lurent,
Savent qu'il ne voudra que d'un sacré bonheur,
Certains qu'aux pieds de Dieu toujours les anges l'eurent."

The four lines were received with thunders of applause. As to myself, I was too much saturated with emotion to await the conclusion of the soirée; so taking advantage of a round of refreshments and cigarettes, I disappeared in a cloud of tobacco. I felt, indeed, ill at ease in the midst of all these women, who abused the weed and the dictionary of rhymes at the same time.

What has become of this little feminine coterie? I am not certain. But I have heard say that Madame Aspasia de Villiers keeps a table d'hôte; that Madame Zoé Grenouillet puts on leeches, and that Mademoiselle Bibiane Filandrin has taken place as lady's-maid with a demoiselle who spends the whole summer in the Château des Fleurs.

A common expression, "c'est un homme comme il faut," admits of a great variety of meanings. To the public at large, un homme comme il faut is just simply a well-dressed man; to most ladies, un homme comme il faut, is one who is civil and attentive to them; to men, un homme comme il faut, is a gentleman; on the Bourse, a Croesus; at Chantilly, a Seymour; on the Boulevards, a spendthrift. The world generalises, individuals particularise. With the latter, un homme comme il faut becomes un homme comme il *me* faut. Thus, with the restaurants, he is a gourmet; and with tradesmen, a man who bleeds freely. We have one more version to give, and, as it is embodied in a lively and characteristic sketch of life and manners, we will make a clear breast of it, and extract the whole:

"Good-by, Bichette. Upon my word of honour, if it was not that Tamailleon was the chief in my office, I would not have accepted his invitation to join this shooting party."

"Never mind. Good-by, Bichon. Had you refused him he might have felt hurt. We must keep on good terms with our superiors; and then, twenty-four hours will soon be over."

"Yes, but I fear you will be dull during my absence."

"I shall think that you are amusing yourself, and that will comfort me."

"I will bring home some first-rate game for you."

"A hare! I am so fond of hare."

"You shall have one of the first quality. Good-by, Bichette."

"Good-by, Bichon."

Thus it was that Narcisse Giromel parted from his beloved wife Cornelia, on one of the latter days of the shooting season, which happened also to be the evening of the Sunday before Lent (Dimanche-Gras).

Arrived at the house of his friend and chief, Tamailleou, Narcisse Giromel deposited his gun in a corner, hung up his game-bag on a peg, and, rubbing his hands, exclaimed, "Well, here I am. Have they brought our dresses?"

His host pointed to an arm-chair, on which lay two costumes of "pierrots."

"Delicious!" shouted Narcisse.

"And Bichette?" said his host, inquiringly.

"Bichette has been good. I promised her some game."

"You monster!"

"Well, I suppose it is so."

It is five in the morning, the scene a restaurant on the Boulevards. At that hour and at that period, certain restaurants have an aspect that is peculiar to themselves. Chiefs and helps, all alike, in the kitchen are in full movement. The lady of the counter is seated at her post of command, surveillance, and receipt. Customers are arriving, order their suppers, and select their cabinets. Waiters are hurrying to and fro. As the number of arrivals increases, it becomes a rush of clowns, pantaloons, columbines, shepherdesses, and débardeurs. The passages become encumbered, the possession of cabinets becomes a matter of dispute—some are carried by assault. The waiters become confused amidst the number of orders given in various directions at once. It is the moment for mistakes and quiproquos.

These night customers in no one way resemble those of the day. All ages have their representatives, although the great majority are young people. But these carry generally in their weary features an impression of anticipated old age, which brings the two extremes into strange approximation. We only speak here of the men; the women almost all possess the talent of fixing spring on

their features, and that principally when seen by candlelight. Oh, if they had but the power to make themselves as pretty as they do juvenile! Some of good families devouring their patrimony and their existence; moneyed men in a hurry to ruin themselves, and who do not find the Bourse sufficiently expeditious; husbands happy in an escapade; women in search of adventures,—such are the principal customers of these houses, whose nocturnal habits and physiognomy are, to an observing man, the subjects of a study that is not without its interest.

“Garçon, un potage—deux œufs!”

“Here, sir!”

A generous paymaster is in question, and the waiter darts off with the rapidity of lightning.

“Un potage—deux œufs!” he shouts out on reaching the kitchen door. “Be quick!”

“You must wait a moment,” retorts the chief, whose ears are assailed by a multiplicity of demands. The waiter, however, persists.

“They are for a gentleman who is in a great hurry.”

“Then he must wait. Give him the newspaper.”

“He does not want it.”

“Then go and sit down.”

At last, the soup and eggs are ready, the waiter seizes upon them, and runs with them to the lady at the counter.

“Un potage—deux œufs, for No. 3.”

At the same moment some one pushes his elbow. Fearing an accident, he places his dishes on the counter, and turns round to confront the disturber, exclaiming, “Maladroit!” Not so awkward neither, for the blow came from another waiter, who adopted that means to secure a similar order, without the trouble of going to the kitchen for it.

“Mon potage—deux œufs!” exclaims the waiter, when, on turning round, he finds that his dishes are gone. And then he hurries away, asking every waiter he meets if he has seen his potage—deux œufs, and he thrusts his head into the different cabinets, still calling after his potage—deux œufs.

In the mean time, the following colloquy is being carried on in a subdued voice at the extreme end of the corridor, between a “pierrette” (feminine pierrot) and a third waiter.

“Mon petit Philippe, one word, if you please.”

“Ten, to be agreeable to you.”

“You know that I have left the viscount?”

“Oh yes, I have heard his friends have sent for him into Touraine to marry him.”

“Marriage of spite, mon cher. I have run out of the ball-room for a moment; I have been besieged by M. Dubourg and M. de Saint-Paul. Both have placed their hearts and a supper at my feet. Before deciding which to accept, I wish for some information. You know them, Philippe, they are both customers. Give me your advice frankly; you would not like to deceive a poor woman. What is M. Dubourg?”

“A very good-looking fellow.”

“I am not blind; but of his means?”

“Oh, as to that, he is a man who verifies his bill, picks up his change, and leaves a franc for the waiter.”

“Really?”

“I have also heard that at every change of connexion, he has the furniture which he has presented to the fair one, repurchased by a broker at a nominal price, so that the same goods have now served to set up six mistresses.”

“Thank you, I shall not be the seventh. Now, what do you think of M. de Saint-Paul?”

“Long grey hair, sparsely decorating a head that is not over handsome, and a decided tendency to corpulence.”

“But I ask you if he is good?”

"As good as the notes for a thousand with which his pocket-book is crammed. He never asks the price of a thing, or troubles himself with the addition. Twenty francs for the waiter."

"C'est un homme comme il faut. I am off to the ball. Thank you, Philippe."

"Shall I keep a cabinet for you?"

"Certainly. M. Paul's twenty francs come to you as a matter of right."

Laughter and song mingle with eating and drinking, and light up the many interiors of the so-called "cabinets." One in particular distinguishes itself by the amount of noise and the extent of the consumption going on. Half a dozen pierrots are grouped in it, amongst whom Tamailleu and Narcisse Giromel, his friend and subordinate, figure prominently.

My veracity as an historian obliges me to say that these six pierrots were accompanied by six pierrettes, and I will add, however much I may be ashamed of Narcisse Giromel, that that unscrupulous husband had one for a neighbour who was by no means bad-looking.

It would be superfluous to enter into the details of all that was devoured, imbibed, or said by this glorious company during the Dimanche-Gras. I must content myself with stating, that by five o'clock in the evening their claims to be called reasonable animals were beginning to be very problematic, if they were in the least degree tenable.

At last, a pierrot proclaimed, with a terrible sigh,

"There is no company so good but it must separate, as good King Dagobert said to his dogs. 'Sonnon la retraite!'"

"What a pity!" exclaimed Giromel, casting a languishing eye at his pierrette.

"And why should we separate?" inquired five or six voices at the same time.

"True," replied, or rather chanted, Tamailleu :

"Quand on est si bien ensemble,
Devrait-on jamais se quitter?"

Here is the programme that I propose. Repose this night; meet here again tomorrow, Monday; repetition of the same on Tuesday, and Wednesday we will bury the Carnival together—if he does not bury us before."

"Adopted! adopted!" was shouted unanimously; and the guilty Narcisse Giromel shouted louder than any one else, till he was suddenly brought up by a twinge of conscience, which made him involuntarily sigh audibly, "Et Bichette!"

This reflection was received with a general burst of laughter.

"Bichette," gravely interrupted Tamailleu, "will not whip her Bichon because he has been three days shooting instead of one."

"True—capital. I have, besides, the means of keeping her quiet. Garçon!"

"Here, sir."

"Get me a choice hare."

"Jugged?"

"No, in its natural condition, with its hair on, and as newly killed as possible; and let me have a messenger."

Narcisse Giromel then indited the following loving epistle while the commissioner and the hare were being sought for :

"**MA BICHETTE**,—Your grieving Bichon is for two days more at the mercy of the pitiless Tamailleu. Under the fallacious pretext of extirpating all the game in the district, this cruel tyrant retains me till Wednesday in his detested manacles. Judge of the despair I feel—I who would give all the game that is in the forest of Fontainebleau for a single kiss of the tips of your roseate fingers!

"What an odious yoke is that of social and bureaucratic duty! May the fine animal, which Madame Tamailleu will be kind enough to forward you, indemnify, in however small a degree, for my absence! I promise you, on my return, another specimen of my skill.

Your faithful and miserable Bichon,

NARCISSE GIROMEL.

"What a monster that Narcisse Giromel is!" exclaimed the pierrette by his side.

When Cornelia Giromel received the produce of her husband's chase, she was much pleased with it, and she hung it on a peg in the pantry. But next morning she said to herself, like a good little housekeeper, "Narcisse is coming back the day after to-morrow: he is going to bring another hare with him; that will be quite enough for me. I don't want a whole hare for my own consumption; I will dispose of it." No sooner said than done. The marchand de comestibles next door volunteered three francs for what M. Narcisse Giromel had just paid nine on the Boulevards. Cornelia devoted the produce to purchasing a new ribbon for her bonnet.

Narcisse Giromel, his fowling-piece on his shoulder, his game-bag by his side, but with fallen crest, like a pierrot who has escaped from the conjugal nest for three days, was wending his way home slowly on the morning of Ash-Wednesday. Suddenly he struck his brow: "I was going," he muttered to himself, "to forget the second specimen of my skill. What would Bichette have said?" So he stepped slyly into the house of the next door dispenser of good things. He had only one hare to dispose of, so Narcisse was not troubled to choose. It was only six francs. That was three less than on the Boulevards.

"Halloa! Bichette, here is wherewith to make another civet."

"Oh, Bichon! what a splendid hare you have brought home." But, the first burst of admiration over, Cornelia uttered a shriek of surprise. Her forehead, too, lowered considerably. "What is this, sir?" she said, holding up the hare, and pointing indignantly at the ribbon which bound the feet. "Is this a ghost that you bring me back?"

Narcisse looked stupefied. "That!" he said; "why, that is a ribbon."

"Yes, sir, and the old ribbon off my bonnet, with which I had tied the legs of the hare that you sent me, sir, and which I disposed of to our neighbour."

Poor Narcisse stood self-convicted and condemned. Harassed and sleepy, he was not equal to a prolonged interrogatory; so, avowing all, he fell on his knees and begged pardon, while Bichette administered a sound cuffing on his ears. Poor Bichon! the Carnival cost him dear. He was well beaten, and had spent a month's wages.

The "Almanach Comique" informs us that every one is ill on Ash-Wednesday. It is the rule. "Et dire que le peuple français a la réputation d'être le plus spirituel de tous les peuples de l'univers!" It appears that the infirmity is not confined to the last days of Carnival; it extends to Chantilly. There are many persons, we are told upon the same authority, who go to races, not to see the horses or to make bets, but to give themselves an indigestion with truffles, and to empty sundry bottles of champagne; so that by the time the races are over they see everything turning round about them, and they can't keep upon their legs. It would be a dishonour to be drunk at home, but it is quite fashionable on the race-course; there is so much dust that the throat is always dry, and one is always thirsty.

"Voyez-moi donc ces chevaux de fiacre!" says an "elegant" to a friend at the races, as depicted by Cham.

"Parbleu!" replies the other; "they have been brought to the races so that they may see running. It is an example that they wished to give them." The idea is essentially French. They take to racing, hunting, and steeple-chasing as schoolboys take to Virgil and Horace, with a manifest personal distaste which is thinly veiled over by fashion, and more pompously gilded with the pretext of amelioration. Those who have horses to run, we are elsewhere told, let their jockeys break their heads under the pretext of ameliorating their horses. Talking of ameliorations, it would be a great relief if one of our pet Annuals was handed over to a

lady to edit for a year. The men are getting worn out. Topics are exhausted. There is the perpetual *chasse*! Reduced this year to firing by companies at one lark, and picking up a partridge, like an Irish patriot, in a cabbage garden, a "*perdrix aux choux*" being an accepted dish in Paris. There are the "*étrennes*;" the long-continued debate on which vexed question is at length given up. "All the while that we resolve to give to no one, we finish," it is basely conceded, "by giving to every one." There is Paris Port de Mer; the very idea is now at a discount. The Parisian has become jealous of the sea! Those delightful annual excursions which railroads first brought into fashion are now contemplated with mingled feelings of apprehension and horror.

"When a lady," we are told, "goes to take a walk on the sea-shore, some indiscreet superintendent of bathing-machines comes and asks her: "*Madame, se déshabille-t-elle?*" Or young men come and propose to your wife to accompany her in her bath. Go, then, when you don't know how to swim, and try and follow your faithless spouse, who is cleaving the waves asunder with some youth unknown to you; but, alas! not to her. *Les bains de mer sont des lieux de perdition.*" A lady editor is decidedly wanted, if only to vindicate the sex from such atrocious libels. The fact is, that as the gentlemen treat the ladies, so the ladies reciprocate, or the gentlemen fancy so. The demon of jealousy seems, indeed, to run riot at times in the metropolis of civilisation. Witness the following:

M. Bourdeaux is happy in the possession of a young, graceful, and charming wife, but he reproaches her, rightly or wrongly, with being more charming to others than to himself. He is persuaded that she has made of him that which Molière describes so well, and he is determined to prove it judicially.

"Ah, ah!" he said one fine morning, rubbing his hands, "we will see how she gets out of this, *la gaillarde*! Ah, my little mother, you thought you would make me walk a long time, but I am not one of those to go just as others like. I have made my wrongs known, and you shall see—you shall see!" And M. Bourdeaux rubbed his hands more briskly than ever—he was positively joyous.

No sooner was his case called on than he rushed up to the bar, and, radiant with the hope of revenge, he began: "I complain of my wife, who has made me——" But his speech was cut short by the magistrate. Madame Bourdeaux had anticipated him. She had laid a prior accusation before the court of infidelity on the part of her husband.

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Bourdeaux, taken aback, "it is all very good, but you are not exactly where you think you are. Talk away, talk away, I shall have my turn."

In the mean time, M. Bourdeaux had to take his position in the least agreeable and dignified compartment of the court. There he had to listen, whether he liked it or not, to a regular case drawn up by a commissaire de police and attested by numerous witnesses, and, finally, he had to hear himself condemned to a fine of 100 francs.

"Well," he got out at last to his infinite relief, "it is all very well, but I came here to complain of my wife."

M. Popelin, who appeared for the lady, rose to challenge the right of a man who had just been proved guilty of infidelity to impugn the character of his wife.

"But nevertheless," persisted the latter, "you cannot deny that she——"

But M. Bourdeaux was once more, and for the last time, interrupted by the court, who declined to hear him, and mulcted him in the expenses as well as fine. "Well," he said, as he went away, no longer rubbing his hands, "she has made me—— and I have to pay the expenses."

The "Almanach Prophétique" throws no more light than any other almanack upon the vexed questions of the day. We are not told whether the Pope or Italy will come out triumphant from the existing crisis. If a Victor Emmanuel or a Garibaldi will seize the prize, or if the continental powers will smother the nascent confederation. No ancient or modern prophecy affects the complications in Morocco, or concerns itself with the future of the Flowery Land. No horoscope has predicted if a dark despotism shall endure, or the light of liberty surge to the surface. The nephew of Nostradamus is as much a sphinx as the nephew of Napoleon. There is not—so effective is the yoke—one single allusion to the present or to the future, in a political point of view, in any one of the almanacks.

M. Babinet, de l'Institut, editor of the "Almanach Prophétique," treats us, in the absence of such, to a scientific discussion on the possibility of a state of things more disastrous even than those international and political turmoils which keep this little world of ours in perpetual hot water. The conspirators of Stamboul, the pirates of Rif, the invaders of Cambodia, the traitors on the Peiho, the buccaneers at St. Juan, and the insurgents in Italy, are, possibly, so many instruments in the hands of Providence to prevent a state of unhealthy stagnation; but their doings, and even the sanguinary issues to which these too often lead, are trifles compared with the future which M. Babinet, de l'Institut, has in store for us.

If the planets are, in relation to the sun, the residue of matter which has conglomerated into suns, after the primordial laws of creation, it may be said that other little masses of dust, or sweepings of the solar system, have escaped from being concentrated into planets, or the planets themselves escaped being concentrated into suns; and that these little masses, these embryos of planets, travel across the planetary heaven and come in contact with the earth, when they happen to get into its atmosphere. Such are falling stars, globes of fire, stones that fall from the sky, and sudden clouds of chaotic dust. In the order of smallness of mass, comets come afterwards, many of which must pass from one star to another, like messengers arriving from another solar system. All this is familiar to most persons.

But another and different condition of things appears to reveal itself to us in certain exceptional cases. These are cloudy pulverulent masses, that belong to no star, and which have been designated as cosmic clouds (clouds of the world). It was, to a certain extent, baptising the child before its birth. These masses of dust, well designated as chaotic dust, pass slowly before stars, and during their passage dull their lustre. Father de Vico, of Rome, saw a cloud of this description pass between Venus and the earth, and observers, warned by this example, will not fail to establish many cases in which the presence is attested of these cosmic clouds, strangers to the earth, to the sun, and to our solar system; real celestial Bohemians, without fire or place, which traverse worlds, going no one knows where, coming from regions equally unknown, and of an essence still more problematical than even the road which they travel over.

What follows will be something very serious for the pages of a small illustrated Almanack, for which M. Plon has exacted an astronomical article from me; but I beg the reader to have confidence in his own intelligence, for I can truly say that after much experience upon heads with long and heads with short hair, I have found none so stupid but that they could understand the effects that may possibly be produced by these cosmic clouds.

There are but very few "dizaines de siècles" when the terrestrial globe was constituted as it is now, and the Old and New Worlds had their oceans as they are now, when suddenly a mortal cold enveloped the earth; the continents were

covered with snow, and the different races of living things were extinguished on the spot where they stood. The mammoths of the Old World and the mastodons of the New were buried in masses of ice, where they are now found in their entirety, unaltered, and still available for the bears, wolves, foxes, and dogs of Siberia; the primitive stag is there standing upright, with his nostrils to the wind, and his antlers thrown back, as if it had died suffocated by the dense fall of snow. All these creatures, whether buried in the soil or enveloped in ice, perished on their feet, with their heads raised as high as possible. At that period numerous glaciers, the traces of which are met with all over Europe, were formed in an instant. The most simple idea that results from this multiplicity of facts is, that at that epoch the sun ceased to warm the earth during several days, months, or even years. To what else can we attribute this disastrous catastrophe? (It may be observed here, in a parenthesis, that modern research, as more particularly insisted upon at the late meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, tends to show that the human race was in existence at the epoch of this last terrestrial catastrophe.)

Some might refer to the action of comets; but these bodies are so light that they are not even seen on the sun or stars when they pass over them. Add to this, when comets are in proximity to the sun, they move with such rapidity that they would not dull its light for more than a few minutes. The comet of 1843 went half round the sun in two hours and a quarter.

Then, again, there are the spots on the sun in which some might search for an explanation, and supposing that a considerable portion of that star was thus blackened, there might be less of light and heat to almost any possible extent that can be imagined. But it appears from modern research that the spots on the sun have a period of ten years, after which they reproduce themselves—a fact which seems to indicate that these slight interferences with the brilliant envelope of the sun will never attain sufficient importance to affect the light or heat of our central star.

But should a vast cosmic cloud of a very compact nature, slowly borne on the wings of fatality, approach and envelop our sun, it would darken it the whole time of its passage, and which might be very considerable. An important remark connected with celestial mechanics, for which we are indebted to M. Leverrier, is that, after such an encounter, the cosmic mass would continue its way as before, only leaving as a trace of its passage the catastrophes that would ensue to the species living on the planets—catastrophes due to the temporary privation of the heat of the sun. When we reflect that there is only a difference in the elevation of the sun between summer and winter, we can better form an idea of the terrible effects that would result from the complete, or almost complete, extinction of the lustre of that star. After the lapse of only a few days everything would be iced on the earth, and all the vapours contained in the atmosphere would be condensed in the form of snow on the surface of the earth.

Only imagine the supreme lord of the Flowery Land in his paradise at Peking, Kaiser in his prater, emperor on his war-horse, pope in his pontifical chair, all converted at once into icy statues, like mammoths and mastodons of old, whilst their long-tossed peoples struggled for a last gasp of life prostrate at their feet! Then, indeed, might they for once admit that peace had been better than war, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and that the great day of wrath had at length come, when the sun was become "as black as sackcloth of hair." M. Babinet, de l'Institut, is decidedly a bird of ill omen.

GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XIV.

A COMPROMISE.

MONSIEUR DE GOURNAY'S resource was in the half-written letter which his daughter's return had interrupted.

It was addressed to the Marquis de Saverne, a near relation of his own, a man of great wealth and influence, who, if his inclination corresponded with his power, might render Monsieur de Gournay service as essential as the minister whom he had already applied to.

It may seem strange, in a country like France, where the family tie is usually so strong, that Monsieur de Gournay had not addressed himself in the first instance to the Marquis de Saverne. Pride, perhaps, might have had something to do with this reserve, for, generally speaking, the last people to whom we are willing to make a confession of poverty are those who have a kind of right to our confidence; but another reason existed.

In former days, when Monsieur de Gournay's fortune was unimpaired, and he lived upon equal terms with all his acquaintance, something had happened in connexion with the Marquis de Saverne which created an estrangement between the two kinsmen, though no open declaration of ill-will was ever made by either. So far, indeed, as the Marquis was concerned, the cessation of friendly intercourse seemed a matter of wonder, if not of regret; he could not—he said to his friends, when they noticed the absence of Monsieur and Madame de Gournay from the Hôtel de Saverne, and asked what had become of them—he could not explain his cousin's conduct; it was one of those caprices which are unaccountable; he was sorry for it; but what would you have? This appeal was unanswerable, and the friends replied by shrugging their shoulders exactly in the same way that the Marquis had shrugged his, and so the subject dropped. Monsieur de Gournay, however, was not of a capricious nature, and those who knew him best felt certain that he had good grounds for the course he adopted; but as he was silent he remained unquestioned, for he was one whom few cared to catechise.

Many years went by in this manner, the Marquis growing richer and more influential, Monsieur de Gournay poorer and—in the eyes of the world—of less consideration; but in one respect an equal fate had been their lot: Madame de Saverne was dead and so was Madame de Gournay. When these bereavements severally took place, there passed between the families those *lettres de faire part* which, with the French, are under no circumstances omitted, but the widowed husbands never met. At last came the climax of Monsieur de Gournay's worldly misfortunes, and then the chance of their meeting became more unlikely than before.

Yet, notwithstanding the proud spirit of Monsieur de Gournay, it was to the Marquis de Saverne that he was now writing.

"After all"—thus ran Monsieur de Gournay's thoughts, at the close of a long meditation—"after all, I may have wronged him by my suspicions. That he was an indifferent husband was a secret to nobody; that, older than myself by twelve or fifteen years, he aimed at the reputation of a *vert galant* was the opinion of most people; but that he was worse than such a character implies I cannot say I ever heard. Attentive to Madame de Gournay he undoubtedly was—more attentive, I thought, than was needful, the intimacies of relationship admitted—and a sudden sense of apprehension made me resolve, while I avoided an *esclandre*, to put it out of his power to disturb my peace of mind by forbearing his society altogether. Whether I was right or wrong in doing so, Heaven only knows! But here, at the expiration of fourteen years, he seeks a renewal of our friendship, in terms as cordial as if no coldness on my part occupied any place in his memory, telling me that old age has need of certain consolations, and that our mutual losses ought to supply us with the motive for being the same to each other that once we were. This letter of Saverne's has been in my possession a whole month without reply. I have pondered over it deeply. Every word it contains has been weighed again and again, and I have always arrived at the same conclusion—that his sentiments are sincere. Time, no doubt, has wrought an equal change in him as in every one else. Still I have been unable, hitherto, to bring myself to the condition of accepting the advantages which are implied, not named, in his letter. And why? Because the obligation, now that I am houseless, would be all on one side. But, Bianca! That reflection it is which shakes my resolution. If I could have obtained the appointment I sought, she would have been provided for. By economising severely for a few years I might have gained enough for our moderate wants. That dream is over! The minister refuses so coldly, so absolutely, that expectation in that quarter is worse than folly! What, then, remains? Acceptance of Saverne's offer of service? For Bianca's sake it must be so. To my task, then, no matter how distasteful!"

Monsieur de Gournay resumed the unfinished sheet, read over what was already there, reflected again, tore the paper into fragments, and began afresh, writing rapidly, and confining himself to a few lines, as if he strove, by being brief, to diminish the effect upon his own mind of the consent he unwillingly gave. This reluctance was not, however, apparent in his letter. He thanked his cousin for his proffered kindness, spoke of himself as anxious for immediate employment, and confessed the great obligation he should feel if the government could be moved in his favour.

Though this answer had been long deferred, no delay took place in its acknowledgment. A note was returned the same evening. The Marquis wrote with effusion:

"My dear cousin," he said, "if it were not for the gout, which keeps me a close prisoner in my room, I should not have written at all, but have presented myself in my own person at the Hôtel Montrichard. You will forgive me, then, if I ask you to come and breakfast with me to-morrow at twelve o'clock; we can talk over our mutual affairs, and rest assured, my dear Bernard, that my own will not interest me so much as yours."

CHAPTER XV.

A COMPACT.

MONSIEUR DE SAVERNE's hotel was in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré. Built at a time when the neighbourhood was only thinly populated, it covered a great deal of ground, with its large court-yard in front and still larger garden behind, but it had nothing, in point of architecture, to recommend it. Externally the building looked like a barrack or hospital, nor was the impression removed on entering the vast, unornamented hall, whence two broad flights of stairs ascended to various suites of apartments. These, for the most part, were large and dreary rooms, hung with bad pictures and filled with faded furniture, and conveying the idea that they were very seldom used.

But it would have been a mistake to suppose that the Hôtel de Saverne contained nothing more attractive than the dull and desolate saloons of which glimpses were obtained through half-open doors as you climbed the enormous staircase. The house was divided into two parts—the habitable and the uninhabitable—and the Marquis, whose habits were not those of a hermit, preferred the former. He occupied a suite on the ground-floor overlooking the garden, which was approached from a long and wide stone terrace, lined with pomegranate and orange-trees, in conventional square boxes, and interspersed here and there with vases and statues. On this side the morning sun shone brightly, as if, here at least, there was something worth shining on. The garden, indeed, deserved his brightest rays, for its parterres were filled in summer with the richest and choicest flowers, and when his beams penetrated the interior of the building they lit up apartments as gorgeous as were to be found in Paris. Whatever money could procure had been scattered through them; the costliest tapestry, the softest carpets, the most brilliant china, pictures of high quality, sculpture of rare merit, the most luxurious modern inventions, and the best of what was antique.

It would have been difficult, under the same roof, to have established a greater contrast than existed between the poverty-stricken aspect of one side of the Hôtel de Saverne and the magnificence of the other; and Monsieur de Gournay, though no stranger to Parisian incongruities, could not help thinking so, as he followed the servant who was in waiting to announce him.

After passing through an ante-chamber and one or two other rooms, he reached an apartment, somewhat smaller than the rest, but furnished with no less splendour, where he found his expectant host.

Monsieur de Saverne could not rise to receive his cousin, for—alas!—his implacable foe, the gout, had pinned him down in an easy-chair, but he stretched out both hands as Monsieur de Gournay entered, and welcomed him with the utmost warmth.

"It is very kind of you, Bernard," he said, "to accommodate a poor invalid—but see," he added, pointing to his gouty shoe—"what could I do! This is my condition now, nearly nine months out of twelve. But it is the penalty which age must pay for the immunities of youth, and though I suffer not a little I have taught myself to be content. Pardon

this egotism, my cousin, and permit me to present you to a connexion of the family whom as yet you do not know:—my niece, Madame de Marolles, the widow of my sister's son, Edgar, whom we had the sad misfortune to lose three years ago in Algeria."

That misfortune, however sad, seemed not to have crushed the smiling lady who now curtsied to Monsieur de Gournay as he turned to salute her; neither did it appear too oppressive a recollection to the speaker, who went on talking, eager, perhaps, to get over the first five minutes of an interview which, after so many years of interrupted intercourse, had certainly its awkward side.

"Hortense," continued the Marquis, "has consented to forsake the world and give herself up entirely to the task of cheering the solitude of her uncle. My life would, indeed, have been a desolate one, since the departure of that saint, but for my niece's self-devotion."

The Marquis, as he spoke, directed his eyes, with a melancholy air, towards a statue of silver, the size of life, which stood in a niche hung with black drapery at the upper end of the room.

"Surely," thought Monsieur de Gournay, "he must mean Madame de Saverne; and yet a silver statue is a strange memorial!"

It was so, however. In his ostentatious display of affection, this man, who cared nothing for his wife while she lived, had resolved that her memory should be perpetuated in the most available precious metal.

Monsieur de Gournay bowed, and the Marquis went on:

"But it is more than time that I should cease to occupy you with myself. You must tell me of your affairs. Not now, though, for here comes Baptiste, and with him breakfast. It is the only meal I care for. I rise at daybreak, study or occupy myself with business until this hour, and then eat with appetite—moderately, however, for there is a monitor here which tells me to be prudent. Come, then. Let us begin! Hortense makes tea à l'Anglaise. Ah, you prefer Bordeaux with your outlet! So do I!"

At breakfast the marquis did not display quite so much moderation as he had given himself credit for, but ate heartily of everything that the attentive Baptiste set before him. It might have been inferred from his appearance that abstinence was not one of his virtues, his large mouth, loose cheeks, and small grey eyes bearing evidence against him, no less than his *embonpoint*; but if his face was thus far his accuser, it did not altogether reveal his nature, and for that it was just possible the Marquis might have been thankful. Of conversation he had plenty at command, though it was apt to turn chiefly on his own sayings and doings—a habit that possesses the rich; yet here, again, you had no complete index of his character: he was something more than a mere egotist, and studied others while he seemed to be solely occupied with himself.

What might have been wanting on the part of the Marquis in outward demonstration to the world was in no degree shared by Madame de Marolles.

She was a person of most conciliating manners—so conciliating as almost to raise a doubt—yet that could hardly be!—of her sincerity. She never spoke of her own projects or wishes, but seemed to act as if those of others were always uppermost in her mind. Her smile or her sigh were equally at the service of her friends, and with such a

disposition friends, of course, were in plenty. How could they refuse their sympathy to one so unselfish! To Monsieur de Gournay she was all attention. Had he been as rich as her uncle she could not have expressed more solicitude, only that her solicitude for that uncle was boundless; his high qualities, his excellent heart, his noble nature, being the theme of her discourse, in words that flowed from her lips gently as a spring from its source. To guess at the age of Madame de Marolles you might have said eight-and-thirty, and given her pleasure; but it would not have been absolute flattery to have called her handsome, for she was very well preserved, and had certainly been good-looking.

When breakfast was over, Madame de Marolles withdrew, and the cousins were left to discuss the object which had brought them together.

The Marquis, in an altered tone, began the conversation.

"It is many years," he said, "since we met. You have suffered, I learn, from the villany of an agent."

Monsieur de Gournay replied in the affirmative.

"And to a great extent?" continued the Marquis.

"To so great an extent," returned Monsieur de Gournay, "that the whole of my property is gone!"

"Ah, that is serious indeed: worse than I imagined. The whole of your property—and irrecoverably gone?"

"I must think so, I fear. One Trécourt, who had the management of my affairs, my own imprudence having brought me to the necessity of trusting him, has disappeared, no one knows where, involving not only myself, but many more in the same ruin."

"How I wish, my dear Bernard, that you had trusted me instead of an *agent de change*! But that, now, is a vain regret; we must look more hopefully to the future. Something may yet be done. You are— and Monsieur de Saverne's voice slightly faltered—"you are—I know—a single man."

A shadow passed over Monsieur de Gournay's brow, and he remained silent.

Without appearing to notice the expression on his kinsman's face, the Marquis quickly added, "And without a family."

"Pardon me," said Monsieur de Gournay, speaking with a strong effort, "I have one child—a daughter."

"You surprise me, Bernard," exclaimed the Marquis, with a look of astonishment. "I imagined all your children had died in infancy."

"I lost both my boys at a tender age; but their sister survives."

"Poor thing! Doubtless she is very young."

"On the contrary. She is a woman grown."

"At your age, Bernard! The thing is impossible!"

"Nevertheless it is true. Bianca is eighteen."

"Ah! then, indeed, you have grave cause for reflection! A girl of eighteen, with neither home nor fortune!"

Monsieur de Saverne fell back in his chair and mused for some moments. At last he said:

"Tell me, Bernard, how do you like Hortense?"

"Madame de Marolles? She seems very kind and amiable."

"She is kindness itself. Listen, my dear Bernard. Before I was aware of your actual position—before I knew that you had any one still

dependent on you—when I wrote the letter which you answered yesterday—I had a proposal to make in right of our relationship—in right, also, of my seventy years. What I have just heard naturally increases my desire to serve you. But, in the first instance, you must consent to become my guest—yourself and Mademoiselle de Gournay, to whom Hortense will joyfully become the friend—the sister—the mother—everything you can desire for her. She is so gentle, so loving! You agree to this?”

Monsieur de Gournay did not immediately reply, but cast down his eyes thoughtfully, while his host watched him attentively. Had a third person been present, he might have supposed that the Marquis was to be the only gainer by the result. At length Monsieur de Gournay looked up.

“My desire,” he said, “was not to tax your hospitality. I am already, I fear, a burden to my friends; at least, I feel that I ought not to live at any man’s expense. My stay in Montrichard’s house has already lasted too long——”

“The greater reason, my dear Bernard,” interrupted the Marquis, “why you should say yes to what I propose. Montrichard has no claim of consanguinity upon you. I, on the other hand, am your nearest relation. Madame de Montrichard, moreover, is in a dying state; it is known that she cannot recover, even in that Italy to which they are going to take her. Your daughter requires protection. It will be the happiness—the duty, indeed—of Madame de Marolles to offer it. It is not yourself only of whom it is now a question.”

“I know it,” said Monsieur de Gournay, much moved. “And on this account I seek to put an end to a state of dependence which has already become most painful. If, as I said in my letter, I could obtain employment——”

“And why should you not? Did I propose that you should live with me for ever? Did I not say, ‘Come to us, in the first instance?’ leaving you at full liberty to choose your own hereafter. It is idle, Bernard, to hesitate—it is even unkind.”

Monsieur de Gournay grasped his cousin’s hand.

“Forgive my seeming ingratitude,” he said. “It shall be as you wish.”

“And I will soon relieve your anxiety,” said the Marquis; “you shall have enough to do. Now that you are reasonable, I can afford to explain my intentions. Like your own father, Bernard, I was for a period in emigration, and, like him, I accepted the terms on which emigrants were permitted to return to France. More fortunate than most of them, my property had been carefully managed by faithful agents, and I came back, at five-and-twenty, a richer man than my father was when he took me away, a boy of ten or eleven years old. He died in England, and England—in one respect—has always been the country of my predilection. In France I have accumulated wealth, but all of it has not been invested here; I have estates on the other side of the water which bring in a tolerably large revenue. Latterly, however, they have been mismanaged,—the returns are not sufficient. With my health it is impossible that I can see after this matter myself. I want somebody on whom I can rely to do so for me. You, Bernard, are the person I have fixed upon. Your judgment and ability will prove invaluable if you are willing to undertake the task. Stay—I have not quite done. Such a mission will

be greatly to my profit: it must be no less so to him who executes it. We will deal with each other like downright men of business, and when you have made a fortune by your own exertions you shall buy back the Château de Gournay, and be a *grand seigneur* once more."

There was so much friendship in the tone in which this offer was made, the equality of advantage seemed so fairly put, and the prospect of independence which it held out was so alluring, that Monsieur de Gournay did not hesitate to close with it. An honourable occupation for himself and protection for Bianca were all he asked, and Monsieur de Gournay left the Hôtel de Saverne with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day.

A strange smile wrinkled the Marquis's features as the door closed upon his cousin.

"At all events," he muttered, "he suspects nothing—this time."

CHAPTER XVI.

MISTRUST.

BIANCA heard the news which Monsieur de Gournay brought, not altogether without pleasure, because it was so evident a satisfaction to him to be freed from a state of inaction, but still with something akin to regret. Strong in her purpose, and confident in the possession of talents that might be turned to useful account, she had pictured a future of her own making, and immunity from work presented little attraction. To live amongst strangers, with the prospect, too, of an early separation from her father—even if not for long—were serious drawbacks on the advantages so unexpectedly placed before her. Since Monsieur de Gournay's misfortunes, Bianca had been accustomed to a life of solitude and reliance on her own resources, for while they found an asylum in the Rue de Varennes, they met with no society there, the family being gathered round the sick-bed of Madame de Montrichard in a distant part of the country. It was true that her father spoke highly of the Marquis de Saverne, and warmly extolled the agreeable manners of his niece—a luxurious hospitality also awaited her—but yet it was not the home Bianca would have made. She, however, allowed no trace of disappointment to appear, but with all outward cheerfulness prepared for the change which Monsieur de Gournay announced.

The same evening witnessed their removal to the Rue d'Anjou, where everything was prepared to receive them, as completely as if their visit had been long expected.

Madame de Marolles met Bianca with her sweetest smiles, and was prodigal of tender attentions; her reception by the Marquis was marked by the most friendly greeting; yet in neither instance did Bianca feel quite at ease. In Madame de Marolles there appeared a too studied desire to please, and the first sight of Monsieur de Saverne awoke a singularly unpleasant sensation, as if it were not for the first time that those quick grey eyes had been fixed upon her with the same peculiar expression. She tried to get rid of this idea, but it recurred more than once in the course of the evening, though without any corresponding enlightenment as to its cause. Eventually she dismissed the

thought, but she could not dismiss with it a sense of repugnance towards her newly found relation, amiable as he appeared, and kindly. Bianca was one who possessed great self-command, and feelings which would have betrayed themselves in others of her age she knew how to restrain. Monsieur de Gournay, consequently, saw nothing but a natural timidity in his daughter's slight reserve, and Madame de Marolles, who felt that her advances were not met with equal warmth, ascribed them to the same cause. As to the Marquis, who always calculated on making a favourable impression wherever he laid himself out for it, a happy ignorance of want of success was his portion.

Apart from the uncomfortable doubt which had lodged itself in Bianca's mind—and for entertaining which she could give no satisfactory reason—all went smoothly and, to a certain extent, happily, during the first few weeks of her sojourn at the Hôtel de Saverne. The Marquis behaved to Monsieur de Gournay with the familiarity one shows to one's oldest friend, and treated his daughter with a kindness that was quite paternal, while Madame de Marolles never flagged for one moment in her affectionate assiduity. It seemed to be her study to please all the world, and amongst those whom she succeeded in pleasing she might certainly reckon Monsieur de Gournay, who often spoke to his daughter of the regard and esteem with which Madame de Marolles had inspired him.

But Bianca felt that this pleasant kind of life could not always last: it must undergo a change on her father's departure for England; and as that event drew near, the troubled thought, which had never been long absent, returned with additional force.

It was natural enough that she should feel some uneasiness, for Monsieur de Gournay and Bianca had never yet been separated, but that which cast its shadow upon her was not the mere pain of parting, but a foreboding of undefinable evil. Nevertheless, she strove against it as she had striven against many a feeling whose expression would have created anxiety in her father: it was weak, she said to herself, to yield to apprehension without a given cause,—and, moreover, she knew that a word from her would have altered those views which Monsieur de Gournay had entered into in the full belief that their prosecution was his only road to fortune.

The latter was now frequently closeted with the Marquis discussing the details of the mission about to be entrusted to him, the nature of which was such that he must necessarily proceed to England alone; and after every interview he declared himself still more sanguine of success, and happy in the idea of having undertaken the management of the business. There were complicated accounts to unravel which required very close attention, but Monsieur de Gournay never doubted that perseverance and a clear judgment would carry him through their intricacies; and the more difficult his task the easier his reconciliation to the money payment which his cousin so liberally offered.

On the last day of the discussion the terms on which the Marquis insisted were settled.

"England," he said to Monsieur de Gournay, "is a dear country, and London, where you will have to pass some time, is the dearest place in it. You will therefore stand in need of a good round sum to begin with, and when it is gone you can ask for more. As I have some experience in

the matter, you must permit me to fix the amount. To satisfy your scrupulous ideas on the subject of money matters, I will make it, as we men of business say, an advance on account. Here are five rouleaux of a hundred Louis each—a *bagatelle*, after all—but as the money must be changed, and the whole affair relates to my English estates, we will put it down in English money. Let me see: five hundred Louis—ten thousand francs—yes, just four hundred pounds; you must accustom yourself in London, my dear Bernard, to calculate pounds, shillings, and pence. I will write it down. There! Now you can sign this acknowledgment."

Monsieur de Saverne laughingly pushed the paper across the table, and Monsieur de Gournay gaily signed it.

"Now you are my debtor, Bernard," said the Marquis, in the same jocosè manner: "Take care I do not prove an inexorable creditor!"

The debtor and creditor both laughed, and so their transaction ended.

A little more must, however, be added before the money question is entirely disposed of.

It was long since Monsieur de Gournay had been master of so large a sum as ten thousand francs.

"It is well enough," he said, "for my millionaire cousin to call this a *bagatelle*; but I shall not spend it so quickly as he imagines, dear as England may be. Pleasures are not for me now, and my personal wants are few. There is another to be considered."

A long, long conversation took place between Monsieur de Gournay and his daughter before they parted that night: at its close he placed in her hands a part of his little fortune. It was a *rouleau* of a hundred Louis.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS.

At the time when the compact between the Marquis de Saverne and Monsieur de Gournay was made, there was living in London, in one of the streets that lie between the Strand and the Thames, a Frenchman named Louvel.

He had been so long a resident in England, he spoke the language so well, and was so familiar with English habits and modes of life, that most people took him for a native. It is true an acute ear might occasionally detect a foreign accent in his speech, or an observant eye notice certain peculiarities of manner, which are the signs and tokens of a Frenchman everywhere; but with the multitude he passed for one of themselves, his name being looked upon, by those who troubled themselves to think about it, as merely indicative of French descent. The general impression was strengthened by the fact that he had married an English woman, for there are those of a certain class who hesitate to believe that any English woman can "throw herself away"—as they term it—"on a foreigner:" he, also, always called himself Mr. Louvel, so that in all respects, except naturalisation, he was as much an Englishman as if he had been "to the manner born."

The brass-plate on his door declared that Mr. Louvel was a wine-

merchant, but he had other occupations which he did not proclaim so openly to the world. One of these was a species of agency for certain of his own countrymen, the chief amongst whom was Monsieur de Saverne. Not that he need have cared now who knew of his connexion with the Marquis. A rich man must have some one for an agent, and why not Mr. Louvel as well as another? At an earlier period of his life—perhaps that of his marriage, which had happened some five-and-twenty years before—he might have winced when the name of the Marquis de Saverne was mentioned; but Time had healed that wound—if wound, indeed, it were—leaving no scar behind, at least to outward appearance.

Mr. Louvel was one of those men who are sensitive when others are acquainted with their shame, but if the plague-spot be a secret known only to the persons interested in its suppression, the knowledge of its existence may then be calmly borne. It must be said, besides, that Mr. Louvel's acceptance of a position which the world does not greatly honour, was rendered more than endurable to him from the circumstance of the date of his marriage being that of his worldly prosperity.

On the day when he took to wife a beautiful but friendless orphan girl of sixteen, and agreed to relinquish the immediate hope of becoming a father, while he assumed the duties of a husband, Mr. Louvel received from the Marquis de Saverne, then living in England, the free gift of one thousand pounds; and when, a few months afterwards, a child was born, to whom he gave his name, Mr. Louvel did not refuse, from the same generous source, a sum of like amount. If that child died in infancy, sorely grieving the heart of its hapless mother—whose extreme youth, whose innocence, and whose defenceless condition pleaded for her fault—but grieving Mr. Louvel not at all, the loss did not disturb the relations which existed between Mr. Louvel and his kind patron.

Knowing his former valet's aptitude for business, and foreseeing many uses to which they might be applied, the Marquis de Saverne continued to bestow his confidence on Mr. Louvel. He appointed him receiver of the rents of estates which he had bought in Sussex, and entrusted him with the general management of the property, taking care, however—for the Marquis was a thorough man of business—that all the accounts were strictly furnished, and the balances regularly credited.

Nor had the Marquis any reason to complain of the choice he had made. It was so essentially the interest of Mr. Louvel to be honest, that, lax as his morality in other respects might be, he always rendered a faithful account of his stewardship. He was well paid for his work, objecting to nothing that was required of him; and being fonder of money than anything else, soon got together a sufficient sum to enable him to embark in trade. Mr. Louvel's native place was Bordeaux, and having relations living there, the opportunity of dealing in wine was not neglected. By degrees he established a very fair connexion, not trading to any great extent, but confining the circle of his customers to those who could afford to pay for the choicest kinds, and "Louvel's claret" enjoyed a first-rate reputation among certain connoisseurs. Mr. Louvel's own reputation stood also very well with the world, his antecedents being known only to his principal employer, and with him he was perfectly safe.

His domestic position may be briefly described. His family consisted

only of himself and his wife, their union being childless,—a sort of constant irritation to him, and of deep misfortune to her, for the fact that she had been a mother once, and once only, was made a subject of perpetual reproach: it seemed as if the remoter the event the bitterer his jealousy, aggravated, no doubt, by the reflection that there were none to inherit his gains. Her life was, consequently, as sad as might be, with no sympathy for her early loss, no community of feeling to obliterate the past, and make the present happy. She lived on, and that was all, shut up within the world of her own thoughts, as he in his, fixed upon one thing only—the desire to accumulate.

The year eighteen hundred and forty-seven was drawing towards its close—the month being December—when, on one of its darkest mornings, Mr. Louvel sat in his private room, reading by lamplight a letter which had just arrived from Paris. It was in a well-known hand, his correspondent being the Marquis de Saverne; the style also was well known to him—clear and concise—but yet he appeared puzzled by its contents, for twice he laid the letter down to think over it before he came to the end. His ideas then found expression in the following words:

“ ‘You know,’ he writes, ‘that I am, and always have been, perfectly satisfied with the way in which you administer the affairs under your charge.’ Yes, I ought to know that, for I have a hundred letters to tell me the same thing, and—better still—gratuities from time to time in acknowledgment. ‘It will surprise you, then, to find,’ he continues, ‘that I have just entered into an agreement with another person to take the management of the Sussex estates out of your hands.’ That is plain enough, however unsatisfactory to me; so is what comes next. ‘This person, a relation of my own, the Baron de Gournay, will shortly present himself in London, and require from you, at my instance, a statement of your accounts in reference to my English property.’ What follows is the mystery. ‘You will, therefore, lay before him a balance-sheet, from which it must appear that the receipts for the last three years have been progressively diminishing.’ How am I to do that, when, on the contrary, they have increased? But there is more to perplex me. ‘And in order that this diminution may not seem to arise out of natural causes, such as failures of crops or other accidents, you must confuse matters in such a way as to induce him to think that the fault lies with you alone.’ Very pretty this, Monsieur le Marquis! I am to sacrifice myself again and again—for ever! But, no, he does not mean that, I am sure, or why should he say: ‘Your doing this, exactly as I desire, singular as it may seem, will ultimately be of the greatest advantage to you. Above all things, remember that I want you to occupy the mind and time of Monsieur de Gournay as much as possible. Manifest reluctance, show symptoms of ill-will, but finally concede all that is demanded.’ I am likely enough to be reluctant and ill-humoured! ‘The state of affairs here is becoming critical, but it will not at all affect me, unless I have greatly erred in my calculations. That, however, is not the question just now: but the employment I want to give to Monsieur de Gournay. The longer he is absent from France the better. I count upon your fidelity, and you may be sure I shall well reward it.’ I ought not to doubt that, all things considered, though he never sets an easy task. It must be, then, as Monsieur le Marquis proposes. But the meaning of all this? That is

where I am at a loss. Monsieur de Gournay! I never saw him, though I recollect his father when I was quite a boy, an emigrant at the same time as Monsieur le Marquis. Yet, now I think of it, I must have heard something about this one. Stay! Was there not a little scandal some years ago,—something like a quarrel or a coldness in consequence? Yes, yes, I recollect now. It was my old friend, Baptiste, the *maitre d'hôtel* of Monsieur le Marquis, who told me of it. Il péchait toujours de ce côté-là; j'en ai les preuves, moi!"

As he uttered these words, Mr. Louvel set his teeth, and, scowling malignantly, shook his clenched fist at a portrait of his wife, which hung on the wall opposite. But the emotion was only momentary; his equanimity soon returned, and he resumed his soliloquy:

"What has been the cause of the reconciliation of the Baron de Gournay with Monsieur le Marquis? That I must find out, and then, perhaps, I may possess the key to this enigma. But I know nothing at present of Monsieur de Gournay's family history. Baptiste shall give me the information. I will write to him on the subject before I go to work."

This preliminary accomplished, Mr. Louvel read over his instructions; he then took down his books, and proceeded to examine them closely, in order to make out a case against himself.

It cost him several long, weary days, and many a muttered oath, before he achieved his purpose; but when he had done, the Marquis himself would have been satisfied with the imbroglio.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MONSIEUR BAPTISTE'S COMMUNICATION.

It was as well that Mr. Louvel should have lost no time in obeying the Marquis de Saverne's commands, for at the end of the week in which he received them Monsieur de Gournay arrived in London.

Dreary was the season, but drearier still the mission on which he came, though of its real object he, happily, knew nothing. He had parted from Bianca with a smiling face but a sorrowful heart—the separation being as deeply felt by him as by his daughter—though there was everything to reconcile him to his absence in the oft-repeated assurances of Madame de Marolles, who could not have said more if she had actually been Bianca's mother. Nor were the friendly words of Monsieur de Saverne less encouraging as he saluted his cousin on both cheeks, and gaily wished him a prosperous journey. Bianca, too, smiled through her tears when Monsieur de Gournay released her from his close embrace; and the farewell of Justine, as she pressed her master's hand, was, with an effort, cheerful. Still he was leaving his treasure behind, and where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.

Repeated promises to write were the last words uttered on both sides, and Monsieur de Gournay fulfilled his part on the morning after his arrival in London.

For the sake of recording his impressions, his letter to Bianca is preserved.

Thus it ran:

“I have travelled so little, my dearest child, since I was young—the *trajet* between Gournay and Paris not being worth calling a journey—that I own the prospect of a voyage to this country was, in itself, anything but reassuring. My poor father told terrible tales of bad roads, bad inns, and long and stormy sea-passages in his time, and my own recollections of travel both in France and beyond the Alps were more or less associated with the same discomforts. But you will be glad to learn that, except during a certain *mauvais quart d'heure*, which, *par parenthèse*, seemed an age, I landed in England without more inconvenience than might have attended an excursion for a *partie de chasse* at Compiègne or Fontainebleau. It was not exactly the same with François—but break it gently to Justine:—he, poor fellow, lay like a log on the deck of the vessel, washed over by every wave, with this difference, however, in favour of the log, that it is a solid body, incapable of internal agitation, while François——But I spare you the details. Enough that, while his torment lasted, he more resembled one of those tree frogs which Pierre used to bring you after bad weather at Gournay, than any other living thing. I could not before suppose that a human face was capable of becoming so green! On the other hand, you must let Justine know—as speedily as you please—that when he had eaten—at the hotel where we had rested, at Douvres—an English ‘*rond-à-bif*’ (*plat énorme de bœuf salé, mangé tout froid, aux cornichons*), and drunk to the bottom a large pot of ‘*stoutsbeer*’ (*boisson ordinaire du pays, couleur noire*), he was altogether a different person, and equal, he declared, to any enterprise. Dearest child, this is to make you smile; I smile at it myself; much more so than I did when I tasted of the famous (or execrable) liquor which so greatly pleased my servant. After that I was content to swallow some ‘*chéri*’ with my *côtelettes*—they are here of prodigious size, one of them sufficing for a dinner—though there was need of water with the ‘*chéri*’ to prevent me from being strangled. The hotel, after all, was a good one. It belongs to Milord Varden, of the family of the Duc de Vellinton, and, compared with some that I know in Paris, is not expensive. Tell Monsieur de Severne this, for he insisted that I should be ruined at the hotels before I got to London. All the rest of the journey was by railroad carriage, of the kind called ‘*express*,’ much faster than with us, but less elegant and not so warm, these being no *chaufferettes* for the feet. My companions, five in number, surrounded themselves with vast newspapers, every one calling out ‘*Times, Times*,’ the moment they took their places. In these they were absorbed all the way; at least, I suppose so, for though I composed myself to sleep as soon as I was able, and did not wake till we arrived at a place called ‘*Ticquettsce*,’ close to the *embarcadère de Londres*, I found them still reading. It was already dark when we entered this immense city, some idea of the size of which you may figure to yourself when I say—on the authority of the man who drove us—that the *Hôtel Mirart*, in its centre (at which my cousin advised me to descend), is distant more than ten miles (or seventeen *kilomètres*) from the station. The London horses, it is true, gallop very fast, much faster than those of Paris, which made the distance seem far less than it really was; but, on the other hand, the galloping costs a good deal of money, and if I were to be ruined in England (say to the Marquis), it must be by ‘*cabbié*’ (*on appelle ça le*

cocher de Londres). Once in the hotel I might have supposed myself in Paris—not from the appearance of the interior, but from the good French that was spoken, and the excellent *cuisine*, which soon caused me to forget *les côtelettes gigantesques (saignantes, par-dessus le marché), aux pommes de terre (grosses comme des obus et presque aussi dures)*. All, however, is not praise that remains to be said of *l'établissement* *Mivart*. In France we sleep on beds that deserve the name; in England they appear to content themselves with lying down on a monster-sack nearly filled with pebbles, or something equally hard, which yields to no pressure. Then in France we have the free air around us while we are sleeping; here it is a square tent shut up on every side, in which we run the risk of being stifled. But these are *niciseries*. Why do I repeat them to my dearest child? Alas, because, if sleepless on that English bed during a great part of the night, my every thought was given to you, and so the want of rest was little felt. When at last sleep came I was happy once more. I dreamt of Gournay and the terrace above the moat, where I saw you weaving flowers, where I saw another who caressed you, one who——But no, no—that was a vision I shall never see again! I forbear to write more, but embrace you with all my heart. Your loving father,

“BERNARD DE GOURNAY.

“Say many things from me, and present my respectful homage to Madame de Marolles. My cousin shall hear from me to-morrow.”

This letter despatched, Monsieur de Gournay referred to his agenda for the address of Mr. Louvel, on whom he proposed to call without delay. While he is on his way we must again enter that gentleman's sanctuary.

We find him occupied as when first we introduced him to the reader—that is to say, engaged in reading a letter from Paris. This time, however, it was not the Marquis de Saverne, but Monsieur Baptiste, his *maître d'hôtel*, who wrote.

Here is a translation of his epistle, free from a few inaccuracies in spelling:

“MY DEAR LOUVEL,—It is a thousand years, well reckoned, since I had any news of you, and but that I doubt your being fit for the other world, I should have thought you had run away from this. And so curiosity is uppermost? Not content with conducting all somebody's affairs in that vile country in which—for your sins, no doubt—you are compelled to live, you wish to be *au courant* of all that is going on here! Well, we are leading the old life, as far as we are able to do so, for age and the gout, our natural enemies, prevent us from emulating the exploits of our youth: at the same time neither age nor gout takes away our inclinations: This, I dare say, you can conceive as well as any one. But the plan of our campaign is now a little different—that is all the change; the object of the war remains the same. As inconstant as you please, as fond of a new face as ever. I fancied, during the last three or four years, that we were fitted with a yoke which was not likely to be shaken off; but it is probable I was mistaken. About the time I speak of, our nephew died in Africa, leaving a widow, passably good-looking,

though not in her first youth—indeed, commencing that second spring which lasts for ever. With some people the fantasy of the hour is all. It need not be beauty, it need not even be youth, so long as the idea lasts. In this case it lasted till the other day: then it took a new direction—such, at least, is my opinion. Shall I be more precise? The questions which you have asked about a certain cousin of ours, with whom there once was a little difficulty, make precision necessary. Three months ago we were driving in the streets of Paris—slowly, as our custom is, for a reason which has always been appreciated—when, crossing the square of the Carrousel, we saw the most beautiful face, the most graceful figure, the most charming person, in short, that ever eyes beheld. She was simply but elegantly dressed in black, and, though on foot, was evidently of superior order. An elderly woman, wearing mourning also, was her attendant. But for her presence our approaches might have been more direct. As it was, we ordered our coachman to change his route, and proceed at a slower pace, in fact to walk his horses, in the direction taken by the young lady and her servant. As they never turned their heads they were not aware of our following them, and we had the satisfaction of knowing where they went. That same afternoon, when we returned to our hotel, we sent for our confidential friend—an acquaintance of yours, one Monsieur Baptiste, I think you remember him—and desired him to find out everything concerning this lovely girl. The confidential friend executed his commission *à merveille*. It was a grand discovery, and—between ourselves—a not unprofitable one. Monsieur Baptiste ascertained that she was our own cousin, twice or thrice removed; the only daughter of that other cousin of whom you have spoken, living in circumstances greatly altered from those of former days. Thereupon we made advances, hoping to renew the old friendship; but a month went by—in the course of which we often saw the daughter, unknown to her—without our making any progress. One day, however, everything changed. The overtures were listened to, and all that we had hoped and planned came to pass. Our hospitality was accepted, and she whom we had secretly ‘adored’—you understand the figure of speech—came to live under our own roof. That is the actual condition of affairs. You who know, better than anybody, what we are, can draw your own conclusions. This is a long history, and has tired me, else I would add something concerning Monsieur Baptiste. He, however, presses your hand, and places himself at the feet of Madame Louvel.”

“Thank you, my friend,” said Mr. Louvel, folding up his letter; “you have enlightened me. The motive for sending away the Baron de Gournay is no longer obscure. It is, as Baptiste says, the old game played with fresh cards. A violent passion to gratify—and—*tant soit peu*—the piquancy of revenge.”

The noise of a carriage suddenly stopping at Mr. Louvel’s door, put an end to his soliloquy. Then came a loud knock, a rapid colloquy, and announcement of a visitor.

It was Monsieur de Gournay.

A FISH OUT OF WATER.

Most sincerely do we pity the adventurous Gaul who makes up his mind to a pleasure trip to 'bur own little island, for his stay among us must be a pregnant source of misery to him. Everything is so utterly different to home; the people are so busy that they have no time for the most ordinary politeness; and, worst of all, the barbarians do not talk French, the civilised language *par excellence*, and with which your Frenchman expects to reach the confines of the globe. We know not whether it is that the French have no aptitude for learning languages, or whether their natural vanity forbids them such condescension, but the fact remains the same; you hardly ever find a linguist in France, that is to say possessed of the languages passing current on the Continent. We remember an amiable croupier at Baden, who, though he had resided in the town for twenty years, could not speak three words of German. He would not take the trouble to learn, that was the plain truth. People must talk his language; it was an act of kindness on his part to give them opportunity for practising.

And, supposing the intelligent foreigner, desirous of purchasing some small article, rushes like a moth at a candle at the mendacious tablet of glass on which is painted "Ici on parle Français," how wofully is he undeceived! In his joy at being able to discourse once again in his beloved tongue, he pulls up the sluices of his eloquence and outpours a torrent of words, utterly perplexing to Sarah Jane, who, on the strength of three quarters at a Clapham school, has been appointed interpreter-general to the establishment. The confusion soon grows worse confounded, and they gradually fall back on a language of signs, which more and more convinces the intelligent one that the English are *des barbares*. So he goes back moodily to Leicester-square, packs up his carpet-bag, and returns to his favourite estaminet, where he does his best to convert all his chums into Anglophobists, suffering the while from the frightful indigestion produced by hard beefsteaks and porter, which foreigners persist in devouring as the national dish, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

These remarks have been drawn from us by the perusal of a small volume by Jules Lecomte,* in which he gives a ludicrous, though hardly exaggerated, account of the minor miseries he endured during a stay in England; and this portion of his volume we purpose to analyse, because it furnishes a fair notion of that side of the English character which strikes the foreigner most. But to show the impartiality of the man, we may first be permitted to quote an excerpt from the earlier portion of his volume:

We continually ridicule the English and Germans for their pronunciation of French, or mistaking one word for another. Vaudevilles have been written about this, and the comic operas are sure to have some eccentric from across the Channel or the Rhine, constantly exclaiming, "Godam!" or "Der Teufel!"

* *Voyages ça et là: Italie—Allemagne—Angleterre.* Par Jules Lecomte. Paris: Librairie Nouvelle.

But are we so much more brilliant when we try to speak English or German? It is not presumable, and the caricatures we draw may be returned to us with even sharper sallies,

Landing from the Folkestone boat gave our author the first opportunity of comparing English and French; while the former quietly enjoyed their breakfast—for there was three hours' interval ere the train would start—the latter were crushing bonnets and hats in their eagerness to be the first to have their trunks passed. The moral he draws from the different conduct of the English and French travellers is, that they both arrived in London precisely at the same moment—that is to say, “the calmness and moderation which the Englishman displays in all matters contributes to the strength and grandeur of the country, and allows him to build solidly and for the future, while our feverish ardour and impatient frivolity cause us to build on sand.”

One of the first things M. Lecomte was recommended in London, so he says, was to doff his red ribbon, for such things are laughed at in England. This he ascribes to the old story of the fox and the grapes, and there is certainly a slight degree of truth in the following remarks:

While, throughout all Europe, merit and distinction are honoured by those external signs which recommend individuals to public consideration (I speak of the principle without taking into account exceptions), English poets, authors, artists, and savans obtain nothing from government, which, indeed, prohibits them from accepting foreign decorations; whilst among us a man admired for his labours, services, or discoveries, is decorated by his own government, and by friendly governments. Here any man who is not of noble birth very rarely obtains these aristocratic distinctions, save in the army or diplomacy. This inferior position must necessarily wound the self-esteem of men worthy to be thus visibly honoured, and who deny the value of what is not accessible to them.

Granted that these remarks are correct, it is a mistake to quote the Legion of Honour as an example. *That* is as common as the Crimean medal among us, and many holders of it decline to wear it on the same principle that a hero of the Redan does not like to place himself on an equality with a commissariat clerk. Besides, Englishmen are susceptible to a peculiar feeling, and officers who have medals and decorations by dozens will not wear them except on state occasions, through fear of being thought guilty of self-laudation. It was the same feeling which induced Humboldt to throw all his orders carelessly into a drawer; they could not increase his personal value, and he would not attract attention by wearing them. There is one thing, however, to be said in favour of orders: they are a marvellously cheap way of rewarding services, and are employed to a large extent by small German princes, with whom money is a consideration.

Poor M. Lecomte, we had hoped better things of you, but you, too, raise the old stupid cry about the weather in England. He visited our shores in the sunny month of June, and for twelve days it never left off raining; and when he visited Regent-street (which he calls the Rue de la Paix of London, and most unjustly so, for it is thrice as long and twice as handsome as that street, although the Duke of York's column may not be quite equal to that on the Place Vendôme), his already depressed spirits sank to zero at the sight of the lapidary's shop in the

Quadrant, where a monsieur in a black coat and white tie was carving the mortuary inscription of a general officer. So, as he could not go out, he decided on taking a tour round his apartments in Wimpole-street, for which he paid, by the way, two pounds a week, with extras for washing, boot-cleaning, fire, candles, lucifer-matches, and toothpick. How the ancient landlady, who, of course, had seen better days, must have picked the bones of the "furrin gent." But now for the journey, and, mind you, we reproduce it solely to describe the effect our London lodging-houses have on our brethren from across the water.

In the first place, he falls foul of the carpet, not as a carpet *per se*, but because covered with so many floorcloths, &c., to hide the envious rents that time had made. Then the paper did not suit him, for one of precisely the same pattern had annoyed his eyes for months in a shop on the Boulevard. Well, that, at any rate, is no fault of ours. A sympathising friend had made him a present of some sporting engravings, and these reclined gracefully on arm-chairs, for the landlady could not think of allowing any nails to be driven into her walls. As he laments, "for a Rubens or a Lawrence a nail must not be driven into a paper worth two shillings the piece." His attention was then attracted to a table covered with an immense blue-fringed cloth, which he reverently raised. Call that a table?—nonsense! it is an *entresol*. "If," he adds sagaciously, "this table become fossilised, it will bear to future ages a colossal idea of the furnishing race of our epoch: it is a very Pelion of a table." The sofa, situated along one side of the room, meets with no greater favour, for on lying down upon it our author was led to the irresistible conviction that the coals were kept under it. But the object that disturbed his mind most was a huge fortress of mahogany occupying one side of the room; the prospect from the top must have been magnificent. He had not the courage to ask what it was, but assumed it was intended to make up a spare bed for a visitor. From our knowledge of lodging-house furniture we may state that it must have been one of those antiquated sideboards which can only be found in such establishments.

Any person desirous of roasting an ox M. Lecomte bids welcome, for his fireplace was so enormous that he found it impossible to keep up a "little" fire, as desirable in the month of June. On the chimney-piece was a long, low glass, in which he could just manage to see his eyebrows, and that would be a mortal offence to a Frenchman, while on either side hung two bell-ropes, thick enough to hold a three-decker, and surmounted by a cockade large as the crown of a hat. "Such was the formidable furniture, in the midst of which a man looks like a Lilliputian." Of his bedroom our author gives no details, except that the bed was as narrow as a berth on board a steamer, and the mattress apparently stuffed with sea-biscuits, to render the similitude more perfect. Come, M. Lecomte, you have fairly taken your two pounds' worth out in abuse. But, not satisfied with this, our author falls foul of our language:

Everything in this country is *box*: there is the horse-box, a clothes-box, a Christmas-box, box in the garden, a box at the Opera, a salt-box, box to a lock, box to a carriage, a pepper-box, a shooting-box, a box on the ear, a snuff-box, not forgetting *bozer*.

Allowed, M. Lecomte; but does it not strike you as equally absurd in your own language that you have only one word to express your feelings

towards a young lady and a leg of mutton? Here is another grand discovery: what is etiquette in England?

It is not etiquette to blow your nose, to spit, to sneeze. Is it etiquette to have a cold? It is not etiquette to speak loud even in parliament, to walk in the middle of the street, to run in order to escape a passing carriage. You ought sooner to be *écrasé*. It is not etiquette to seal a letter with a wafer, or to write without an envelope. It is not etiquette to have the slightest pattern on your waistcoat or your neckerchief in going to the Opera, to take soup twice, to bow to a lady first, to ride in an omnibus, to go to a party before ten or eleven, to a ball before midnight, or to drink beer at table without immediately returning the glass to the footman. It is not etiquette not to shave every day, to have an appetite, to ask a person of higher rank to "liquor," to be surprised because ladies leave the table with the dessert, to wear black in the morning or colours in the evening; *speaking to a lady without adding her Christian name*, addressing anybody without being introduced, under any pretext, rapping modestly at a door, having a spot of mud on your boots even in the worst weather, carrying halfpence in your pocket, wearing close-shaved hair, a white hat, a pocket-handkerchief for a neckcloth, a decoration or two, braces, a large beard or even a small one,—all this is not at all etiquette.

We sadly fear that M. Lecomte has been meandering through the flowery pages of *Ayoyos*, or some other of those teachers of gentility who published their lucubrations from a penny upwards. But, after all, it is of no great consequence; we only quote the passage to show how a really intelligent man can allow himself to be fooled by his prejudices. One thing, we allow, is correct: it is not usual in any society above costermongers to wear a *foulard* round the neck, nor is it advisable, on being introduced to a lord, to ask him what he will take to drink. Just imagine the intelligent foreigner asked to dinner, and addressing the younger members of the family as Mees Sally, Mees Polly! Now we begin to see why those titles are so fashionable in French novels, when describing the manners and customs of the English. But here is a passage containing much sound sense, which we quote as an apology for the last absurdity:

What, above all, outrages English etiquette is, not to be rich, or not to appear so, or not to act as if you were so. Ruin yourself, make debts or dupes, no one concerns himself about that! but, above all, spend money. A stranger arrives: if it is learned that he is lodging in that *Place de Leicester*, where speculation has founded a small colony of hotels for the behoof of saving people, he is lost for a certain world. Never will a carriage or even a lord's card lose its way there. Only occupy, if you please, a bedroom, where you are not at home to anybody, but it must imperiously be in one of the squares adjoining the parks. I believe that the difference of impressions carried away from this country by the opulent man and the man of moderate means results from this respect the Englishman pays to wealth. Aristocratic traditions on one hand, the lively instincts of commerce and trade on the other—traditions and instincts which divide the nation—must necessarily inspire this contempt for poverty, and arouse sympathy solely for people assumed to be respectable, less through their merits and virtues than their opulence, or rather prodigality. Respectability is simply the translation of *material advantages*, and not the index of *moral qualities*.

In proof of this, our author mentions that Lucien Bonaparte came to England to live economically, but was compelled to ruin himself lest he might injure the memory of the Emperor. The Czar Nicholas, again, vexed at seeing his subjects embarrass themselves by residing in England,

resolved to deal a hard blow at the prejudice which demands that a man must be extravagant would he be honoured. He visited the curiosities of London in a hired cab; the surprise was great, but the lesson was not understood. All that the emperor gained by it was to be somewhat cavalierly received at some of the places he visited.

Equally just are the animadversions M. Lecomte makes on the mania among our lower classes of aping their betters by wearing their second-hand clothing. Nothing strikes the Englishman with greater surprise in Paris than the sumptuary laws that appear to be tacitly maintained there. You never saw a servant, for instance, wearing a bonnet in France; and even among the middling classes of the bourgeoisie the practice is not common—while here?—oh, ye gods!—we might certainly borrow some useful hints from across the water in this respect.

Of course, as it is a Frenchman who is writing, our English ladies demand considerable attention, and he enters into certain learned discussions about Balzac's ideal, *la femme de trente ans*, on either side the Channel, naturally in favour of his countrywomen. But that is no reason why he should write so rudely as follows about our *jeunes filles*, although he concedes to them the palm of beauty:

A young English girl occupies the room of five men in black coats, owing to the circumference of her crinoline. But how pretty they often are, and always so happy! Fair and blonde, they seem to regard everything through a rosy medium. Shakspeare and Byron have admirably depicted them with their Creole nonchalance, their brilliant, enamelled smile, their voices more musical even than their organisation, and their snowy shoulders, where the eye fears to see wings developed to bear them to seraphic spheres; but, by Falstaff, Byron and Shakspeare never mentioned their appetites! One day, at the Exhibition, I formed one of a group beneath the green oak-trees in the transept. We had just come from Turkey and India, superb countries, in which irresistible marvels had dazzled our sight. Nothing, it appears, provokes the appetite like admiration. A young miss declared that she required something to support her. We were near one of those gigantic counters, the owners of which made a large fortune by "supporting" the blonde ladies. I offered to accompany the pining *insulaire*, for English liberty perfectly authorises such behaviour, prohibited by our manners with respect to persons still free, and which we only deem proper when a lady no longer belongs to herself. We reached the counter. "What on earth," I said to myself, "can this dainty bird find to nibble here?" as I noticed the massive cakes, the plum-puddings, and all the ingots of lead cut in slices and built up in pyramids, the very sight of which produced an incipient attack of indigestion. Well, the bird nibbled six shillings' worth! I am still asking myself where she put it all. By her advice, and not to humiliate her, I tried to bite into a block brick, bristling with currants, a whole wall of which had disappeared before her assaults. At the third mouthful, I felt so full, that I asked mercy of myself, and not knowing what to do with the block, I adroitly conjured it into my pocket. As for the young, fair, and rosy miss, I took her back to her parents thus supported, and in a condition, I assure you, to wait for dinner.

Still, England is not all bad, M. Lecomte graciously concedes; and he expresses his surprise at seeing pine-apples for sale in the street at a shilling apiece. But he only mentions this, apparently, as an excuse to lug in the old story about the pine-apple Rachel hired from Chevet for one of her dinners, and the awful alarm she was in lest it should be cut. By the way, that must have been a very large dinner party; we have found

the story with variations in at least fifty books, every author having been present at the time.

We may pass over the sneering chapter M. Lecomte devotes to M. Jullien and his success, for there is no doubt the monsieur did us a good deal of good in a musical point of view, and we do not think it becomes a compatriot to treat him so *de haut en bas*. At any rate, Jullien has shown his taste by being grateful for the patronage he received among us, and has not repaid us by insult, as so many of his countrymen have done. The mention of Jullien naturally leads our author to a consideration of our public amusements, and he very comically expresses his surprise that, though it is only one shilling to go to Cremorne Gardens, the "tottle" swells up wofully ere you have entirely "seen the elephant."

But the entrance ticket only affords you the restricted pleasure of walking about a space limited by boards, hedges, and beds of flowers. To see the balloon on the adjoining green, one shilling; to see the menagerie, shilling; to sit down in the kiosque, shilling; to hear the band, shilling; the circus, shilling; the wild woman, shilling; and so on. If you are thirsty, sundry shillings; if you are hungry, many shillings. So that, unless you are alone (and how could you go alone?), multiplying the persons by all these shillings, you soon realise the story of Hop-o'-my-Thumb with the pebbles.

The reference to food and drink calls up their antidote, medicine, which M. Lecomte declares is brandy among us. When in Italy, some native ladies he was in company with, on being offered a cup of tea, politely replied, "Thank you, we are not ill." But in England tea shares with beer equal rank as a beverage, as a digestive for the vast quantities of beef eaten. But brandy, as we said before, is the universal remedy. But, after all, M. Lecomte does not come up to a writer on England, whose work came across us the other day, and who gravely states that at lords' tables the water decanters are always filled with *gin*, to spare the blushes of the ladies, who would not like to be seen drinking ardent spirits.

Although M. Lecomte professes such an aversion to England, it is plain that he must have visited our country several times, for he was intimately *lié* with Count d'Orsay, whose character he very tenderly appreciates. Still, that does not prevent him telling a malicious anecdote about him, which is too amusing to be omitted:

D'Orsay owed some hundreds of pounds to a silversmith in the City. This debt annoyed him. A rich Indian arrived from Calcutta, who talked about buying a service of plate, and the count introduced him to his creditor. Our Indian orders nearly 10,000*l.* worth, and the order is executed in a few weeks. Well, one fine morning he disappears. Great alarm on the part of the silversmith, who falls back on the introducer of the decamped nabob. Hence, endless scenes, and lastly, disquieting menaces for the liberty of the count. At length, one morning—I witnessed the scene—the silversmith falls flat on his debtor and guarantee, with eyes starting from his head: he insists on being paid, or, unless he receives the bond of a lord he named that very day, M. le Comte would be condemned not to set foot outside Gore House except on Sunday. Now, it was in June, the fashionable season *par excellence*. D'Orsay reflected in his bath, while the silversmith, all scarlet, vociferated in the cabinet, and pointed out the seedy bailiffs, who were already blockading the house.

"So, I have said it, Sir Count," the man with the silver hot-dishes shouted, "this evening at five I must have Lord P.'s guarantee, or you will pass the

season invested in Gore House. My bloodhounds will not allow you even to breathe the fresh air in Kensington Gardens."

And the tone was most insolent.

The count was still reflecting, and said not a word. The silversmith was about to leave, and had already clapped on his hat.

Suddenly D'Orsay bounded from his bath.

"Stay!" he exclaimed; "it is useless to think about Lord P.'s guarantee. We have quarrelled. But I have something far better. You shall be satisfied."

The tradesman stops and takes off his hat. D'Orsay, dripping with water like a Triton, takes up a knife from a writing-table, and walks up to a glass case containing a general's uniform.

"You see that coat," he said, as he opened the door, "this embroidery, these decorations? In that coat my father died! It is sacred to me like the uniform in which Nelson was killed aboard the *Victory*, a relic shown at Greenwich Hospital."

The silversmith looked, without exactly knowing what would come of it, and already somewhat mastered by these great words and the count's commanding tone.

"Well?" he muttered.

"Well, I have decided to make a great sacrifice to satisfy you. Take this," he added, cutting the thread which fastened one of the buttons, and handing it majestically to his creditor, who was palsied with surprise. "That is one of the nine buttons which served to fasten this noble coat across my father's chest. I entrust to you the one nearest his cross of honour—a cross Lord Byron gave him, and which was found on the field of Waterloo. Come, that is worth more than the guarantee of all the lords in the three kingdoms. Before a month you shall be paid."

And, after saying this, the count goes back to his bath, turns quietly to me, and says:

"You were speaking, I believe, of the Lord Mayor's show?"

"But—but suppose you do not pay me in a month?" the creditor murmured, very timidly.

"Well, then—then you can keep the button of my father's uniform," D'Orsay said, pulling the bell, and indicating the tradesman to the valet, who lugged him away.

I could not but admire such a use of the gift of fascination. The count's grand air, his almost desperate act, his confiding and resolute tone, the great words and great names—uniform, general, father, cross, embroidery, Nelson evoked, and Byron and Waterloo mixed up in the affair—all this had fascinated, subjugated the City Jew; he went away, without venturing to say the security was not good, and he was in the right. A fortnight later the Indian, who had only made a sudden trip to Scotland, turned up again, paid everything, and D'Orsay wrote me that he had had the button sewn on again, near the cross of honour.

We have reached our limits, or we might cull many more amusing extracts. One must suffice to show that our author is perfectly satisfied with the impartiality he has displayed as regards England:

On arriving at the last page of these sketches, I ask myself if I have exaggerated in any degree, and I reply to myself, No! I have looked at London life, such as it appears to a continental, brought up to other manners and customs, fashioned in other tastes, animated by other instincts. I have certainly not dreamed of contesting the political grandeur, the industrial power, the financial force, and rare nationality of mind. But I proclaim England sterile in everything that forms the intellectual, elegant, artistic life of our Continent; and I declare it all iron and coal. Beyond that it is only a copyist without conviction; it has neither ears to hear, nor eyes to see. It pays musicians and painters

exorbitantly, but it only purchases them the vain pleasure of appearing to understand them. Besides, the country is a deplorable abode for any man who was not born in it. There, neither the body nor the mind is at ease. I only need one proof, more eloquent than anything I can say; and that proof is a fact. You never find a Frenchman, German, Russian, or Eastern, fixed in England *for his pleasure*. The Continent, on the other hand, pullulates with English, who, having made a fortune, hasten to fly their country, and enjoy among us the pleasures of existence. Let those who have found my remarks too caustic reply to that.

A word in parting, M. Lecomte. You and certain of your countrymen cannot help recognising the superiority of England, and you set to work with malice prepense to blacken us. You must look at us through darkened glasses, for our grandeur, like that of the sun, dazzles your weak vision. You are thousands of leagues behind us in the path of progress, and you cannot hide the fact from yourselves; while you know that the few miles of blue water dividing us from you are an impassable barrier for your vaunted cohorts. If you cannot conquer us fairly as man to man, you try to ridicule us; but it is only like the viper biting the file. You may say what you please of Englishmen; hold them up to ridicule, calumniate them, draw the most exaggerated caricatures of them and their habits, and they forgive it all. All the revenge we take, in the name of the nation, is to lay your statements before the readers of *Bentley*, and we have no doubt that they will be received with the hearty laugh they deserve.

LOVE ME LESS OR LOVE ME MORE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

WHY thus leave me madly doubting,
 Maiden, if thou hast a heart,
 Wherefore all this useless pouting?—
 Bid it play a worthier part.
 Fear not that thy frown will grieve me,
 Time can peace of mind restore,
 Smile upon me still, or leave me—
 Love me less or love me more.

Is thy heart with grief o'erladen?
 Tell thy grief and ease thy pain;
 Sighing will not soothe thee, maiden,
 If thy sighs are all in vain.
 Leave me if you've learnt to doubt me,
 Then be happy as before,
 I *have* lived, and can, without thee—
 Love me less or love me more.

NOTES ON THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

CORFU.

CORFU, that most beautiful of islands, the gem of the Ionian cluster, the island which the Venetians, who held possession of it for more than three centuries, called the "Fior di Gioventù," or "the blossom or the enjoyment of youth"—whose surface is either planted with numerous groves of olive-trees, or covered with continuous tracts of vineyards, and in whose most deserted parts the myrtle groves take the place which in other less favoured regions is abandoned to the bramble or the weeds of rank luxuriance—whose plains are rich with all the culture of the corn, flax, and vegetable productions or fruits which can thrive in a most prolific soil—is a place which, of all others, I call to mind as the most favoured by Providence of any, if we except the islands which are under the sway of Great Britain's queen. Of the extent to which the plantation of the olive is carried one may fancy the greatness when one considers that the Venetians, during the time of their sovereignty over it, gave a premium of one dollar—at that time a large sum—to every individual who planted an olive-tree. The ease with which the small plant was obtained, and the cupidity of the Greeks, was such, that it is constantly affirmed there that ten millions of olive-trees are now growing in the island of Corfu. Beneath their shade the roads, which during summer are so hot when unsheltered, make the most agreeable and delightful walks, and lead to many scenes which form most favourite resorts of the English inhabitants. Of these I recollect principally Paleo Castruzzi and Panta Leone.

The numerous bays which lie on the eastern side of the island are favourable for those who enjoy during summer the sailing in the yachts which are usually kept near the harbour, in a mooring called the *Mendrachio*. The names of the small harbours which are most frequented are Benizzia, Callichopoli, Govino, Fort Molyneux, and a large harbour which is above it, and Ipsò. There are some others between this last and the extreme point to the east of the island, which are also great resorts. The harbour of Cassope, which is the most eastern point, and but two or three miles from the coast of Albania, was fortified during the time of the Venetian sway by a large fortress, which has been allowed to go to decay. In all these small craft can lie commodiously, and it is the principal resource of the English military and residents to repair to one of them during the heat of the day in summer, and, taking their provisions with them, to pass the day under the shade of the olive-trees, and exchange the hot closeness of the town for the freshening breeze of the country. The beautiful scenery, the wild range of the Albanian hills, rude, rugged, and, even up to the month of June, having their tops covered with snow; the calm, beautiful, dark purple of the surrounding sea; the view of San Salvador, clothed to its summit with olive-trees, stretching nearly across the north part of the island; the island of Vido, lying in the centre of the bay, forming its grand fortification; the prospect varied by the island scenery, which comprises

so many groves of the olive, mingled with the cypress, the ilex, and wild myrtle; the varied outline of the views in the interior,—all these are seen from the different places of harbourage which I have cited. At the summit of each of the highest points of view in the landscape is to be seen a small chapel, or convent, always situated, in conformity to Greek custom, in the most secluded spot that can be found, but not on that account less visited or held sacred by the worshippers of the Patriarchal Church. Indeed, it may frequently be noticed by the traveller in Greece that a small open box is left by the door of one of these small places of worship, containing coins, which those who “pay the passing tribute” of respect to religion deposit voluntarily, without the fear of their being taken up by any one, such is the reverence paid to their religion by a people, in other respects, neither exemplary in moral feeling nor in honesty. The aqueduct, which conveys the water from a mountain stream in the country to the town of Corfu, is an admirable contrivance, for which the Corfiotes are indebted to Sir Frederick Adam.

Of the town of Corfu the principal part worthy of note is the esplanade, or green, which lies between the town and the citadel. The series of houses on the side nearest the town is ornamented by arcades, which afford a most grateful shade in the summer, and which are quite spacious enough for foot-passengers. They are supported by lofty pillars, and remind one of the arcades which surround the Piazza di San Marco in Venice. On the eastern side of the esplanade is the palace inhabited by the lord high commissioner, which is built of Maltese stone, and the interior of which is roomy, and the chambers laid out in magnificent style, but the exterior has no particular grace. The extended plain is used chiefly by the military for their practice in drill during the morning, and for the playing of their band in the afternoon. The walks which lie on the south are plentifully planted with beautiful geraniums, aloes, and exotic shrubs, and form a pleasant lounge for the inhabitants of the town. A walk, planted with high elm-trees, leads from the town to the citadel, and at the end of this is a fine statue of the famous Schullemburg, who made such an admirable defence of the town when it was besieged by the Turks in 1716, that the histories state twenty thousand Moslems fell victims, and the general of the Turkish forces had to withdraw finally from the harbour. There is also, at the western end, just before the road leading to Castrades, a statue of the Sir Thomas Maitland to whom we were first indebted for the organisation of the Ionian government, and a statue of whom is to be seen also at Zante and at Cephalonia.

It is very remarkable that at the outskirts of the town the only few gardens which are at all cultivated with vegetables or fruits for the table are in the hands of some industrious Maltese; and industry is one of the qualities which seems altogether wanting in the ingredients of the Corfiote character. Certainly nature does so much for the soil, that their love of indolence is fostered by seeing with how little exertion they can earn the means of subsistence; also the number of holidays and saints' days which occur during the year, and on which none of them will work, is opposed to the regular habits of industry habitual to the inhabitants of most other parts of the globe.

The town is well fortified, and what with the inland sides being pro-

tected by Fort Abraham and Fort Neuf, and the sea side by the island of Vido, which bristles with ordnance, and the citadel, which commands the entrance to the harbour, the English inhabitants have nothing to fear. Also a fine new line of fortification to the western face is now being thrown up. I need not here refer to the mention made in the *Odyssey* of the beautiful gardens of Alcinoüs or to the Phœacia, which doubtless was the name given by Homer to Corfu; but saving the mention of the place, which so frequently occurs in the early part of the Grecian history, and the remains of a Doric temple, said to be built to Neptune, there is not much to interest the antiquary.

The beautiful vineyards of which I spoke of do not yield a grape which is very remarkable for good wine, but the rich abundance of the fruits during the month of August and the beginning of September are a great boon to the inhabitants. The mode of making the wine I have frequently been a witness to, and it is extremely primitive. They collect in enormous quantities the grapes, take off the stocks, and then throw the grapes into a hogshead. Then a man, naked from the waist downward, goes into the hogshead, and stamps the grapes down with his feet similar to the mode spoken of in one of the odes of Anacreon.* The liquor flows through a bung-hole into a large tub beneath, and then is set to ferment in the usual way. So cheap is this fermented liquor, that for one coin, the value of half a farthing, the natives procure a quart of it. There are establishments for making the wine which are kept by some rich Greek merchants, but none of them have succeeded in making a good wine at Corfu, where it is certainly much inferior to that of Zante, Cephalonia, or Ithaca.

A mode nearly as primitive exists of expressing the oil from the olives, which the island produces in such quantities. They put them into a stone press, which is worked by means of horses turning it round; and this bruises the fruit to pieces. Then it is put into a screw press, which is worked by men's hands. I was told that it is only once in twelve years that there is a productive yield of olives, and the best oil in the islands is got from the smallest and most rocky of the group, called Paxo.

They make the vermicelli, or small maccaroni, in Corfu, also from a peculiar sort of corn which grows in the island. It is drawn through a press fitted with numbers of small holes for the dough or kneaded corn to pass through, and also worked by the hand.

There are some buildings held by the natives in the country where the silkworms are fed on mulberries, but the silk manufactured in Corfu is not prized. That of Zante is of a very fine fabric: there they form a silk of a brown colour, which is worn much in the islands, as also exported to other places.

The manners of the native Corfiotes, whether high or low, are particularly pleasing. The better sort invariably speak Italian. They have a great wish to oblige, and communicate information to any one who addresses them.

Notwithstanding the beauty of the country, there are few of the rich gentlemen possessing property on the soil that reside in the country, the greater number living in Corfu, as the other towns throughout the island

* *Μονοῦ ἀρσενεῖ πατοῦσι σταφυλίω λιανότες οἶνον.*—Ode lli.

are very small indeed. I have seen a Greek gentleman on horseback returning from Corfu with bread in his hand for the use of his household in the country-house where he took up his residence during the autumn, and on inquiry I found that this was by no means unusual, as the country folks invariably go into Corfu for provisions, fruit, vegetables, fish, and, in short, all that they require daily.

They dress differently from all the other inhabitants of Europe, wearing a tunic with loose sleeves, a kilt or loose clothes, instead of trousers, long hose, and a cap called a fez, with a large tassel. All the lower orders, who work in the fields, have the sheepskin capote, which they wear undressed, with the wool outside. This gives them a very wild appearance. The boatmen wear a much larger capote, which is made of several sheepskins joined together. Under this they sleep, and it is certainly an excellent protection from the weather. But to see the people on their holidays is the time when they show their costume to advantage. The women are then bedecked in large turbans, which are covered with chains and trinkets. They have necklaces, bracelets, and earrings; and even the poorest appear in these ornaments, which they keep in their families from one generation to another. Their long hair is twisted through the folds of the turban, or hangs behind; the jelick, or robe, continues from the neck down to the middle of the leg; a gaudy petticoat, or else very wide trousers inserted in the stockings, is under this; and then come the white stockings and shoes. The men have all their jackets and waistcoats embroidered with gold lace. Very few of them are unprovided with these gay clothes.

The preparations for the festa take place under a grove of olives in the vicinity of some town or village. Whole lambs are put upon wooden spits and roasted out in the open air by the charcoal fires. Near each wholesale provision are tables, where the wine of the country is placed in pitchers, and small tumblers are placed for the men's use. After the feast the men get up and dance the Phyrreica dance, which consists in six or seven of them moving round in a circle to the music of a guitar, fife, and tambourine. One merry-andrew in front capers and jumps with great violence and gesticulation. The dance of the females is called the Romaica, and is performed with much more slowness, and, in fact, is scarcely more than a walk. They move round in a circle similar to that which the men perform their dance in, and with similar music. Some groups of men are seated at the large tables singing their native songs in parts, and, although the wine be so plentiful and cheap, I never saw any man on these occasions at all intoxicated.

Other feasts and processions take place during the year. One, the most remarkable that I witnessed, was the solemnity which takes place on the occasion of the anniversary of St. Spiridio's birth. The embalmed body of the saint is taken in a coffin round the town of Corfu, through the neighbourhood, and then again deposited in the vault of the chapel from which it was first taken. The metropolitan archbishop, the different priests in their robes, follow, with numerous ecclesiastics, boys, &c.; some holding long wax-candles, some large silver crosses, some black flags, and altogether making a procession of an extent which stretches fully a quarter of a mile.

Other curious observances peculiar to the Greek Church in these

islands take place in Corfu periodically: the ascent of the pilgrims to San Salvador, when the devout actually go on their bare knees from the foot to the highest pinnacle of the mountain, where stands a large convent; the custom of presenting coloured eggs at Easter—a separate colour for each egg,—all the different colours being exposed for sale in the huxters' shops; the obliging the Jews, who form a very large community in the town, and who inhabit the western part of it, to stay in their houses on the Good Friday; the throwing delf vessels out of the windows in nearly every house, as also discharging fire-arms, which is practised some day after Easter, and meant to be commemorative of the throwing away the "thirty pieces of silver" in the temple by Judas Iscariot; the carnival, which continues for about three days previous to Lent. On that occasion every Greek or Italian in the town masks himself, or herself, and parties meet under this disguise, who, owing to the jealousy which guards the females from being spoken to by any one, have never any other opportunity of effecting an interview. The masks are some of them plain, and some of them most singular and grotesque. They walk about the streets, arcades, and esplanades, and exhibit the strangest series of groups: heads of dogs, monkeys, swine, together with frightful humanly-shaped ones, reminding one of the Circe groups described in the *Odyssey*, or of the fanciful victims to intoxication introduced in Milton's *Mask of Comus*. Their clothes being composed of flowing robes, it is difficult to make out the sex, were it not for the stature of the parties. Of the practices which obtain with regard to the birth, marriage, and funerals of the Greek population, sufficient information can be obtained in many books of reference. The shops are tolerably good, and the markets plentiful; the tradesmen, mostly Italians, Greeks, or English, who have become naturalised in the island; of hotels, the scarcity is much complained of. The variety of visitors who come in the winter to Corfu makes it considered to be a very gay sojourn during that season. An opera company also usually comes from Italy and performs in the grand theatre there, which is a fine building. They play every night in the week but one, and, shameful to say, Sunday is the one on which the greatest assemblage of Greeks repair there. Monday night they have for themselves. This opera only lasts during the winter months. Such amusements, as also the pic-nic parties, may be easily imagined by all who have ever been partakers of them in other parts of the world.

But the pleasure of the yacht voyage to one of the small harbours in the island, or to some bay in Albania, or, still further, to go on a cruise to some of the different islands, is one which all inhabitants of Corfu prize most especially, and which, during the great heat of the summer months, is by all sought as a grand resource from the oppressive air of the town. Then the pure, bright atmosphere which hangs over the Adriatic, the clear, beautiful, bold outline of the Albanian coast, the merry, light-hearted character of the different voyagers, the alertness and activity of the Greek sailors, the jocund and informal nature of the banquet which is provided and laid on the turf under the olive-trees, or in some secluded nook under a rock of the Albanian coast, all contribute to cheer and enliven the stranger who is resident in Corfu. Of the Albanian places the principal are the passage to Butrinto, which is approached by a river, and situated on a lake; Gomenazza, Murta, Le-

vatazza, Parga, and some others, where the small creeks afford a ready shelter to all yachts and a secure place of anchorage, but several, although well known to the Greek sailors, being unmarked by any places of habitation, have got no Italian name. To these, sportsmen, attended by a *guardiano*, are much in the habit of going for the purpose of woodcock-shooting, or, what they desire still more eagerly, the chance of having a shot at a wild boar. No country can exhibit wilder features than Albania; it is the Epirus of the ancient world, and its

Dark barriers of that rugged clime,
Even to the centre of Illyria's vales,

are totally destitute of the refined and cultivated appearance which in the clime situated five miles off delights the eye of the traveller. Mountains, gloomy, bleak, rugged, and devoid of all vegetation; thick covert, where the bramble and ilex give impervious shelter to the game; dusty, dry, barren plains where no husbandmen care to seek for tillage, and the face of nature totally unbroken by river or cataract. I recollect landing one morning at one of those small bays—and it was just after sunrise—and the women belonging to some adjacent hamlet were coming to a large grove, which lay by the side of the bay, to cut wood. They were all of them provided with a small axe, and a cord for tying up their wood. That the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water" are all of the gentle sex throughout Greece and Albania, I had often heard, but had not before had an opportunity of witnessing it. The noise of their shrill voices, their incessant screams, made us suppose, when we arrived in the boat, that some act of violence was going on on shore, but our Greek sailors assured us it was a daily morning occurrence for the women of the villages to come thus early and begin the hard work of the day. The evil effects of the government which the emissaries from Turkey, under the names of *pashas*, produce upon the state of society, morals, cultivation, and all that belongs to the regulation of a community, are clearly discernible to any even the most transient visitor of the countries under their rule, and this country of Albania at present languishes under it.

I visited Parga amongst other of these places, and went to see the *pasha* there, in company with some other travellers. The chief received us in his hall of audience, and gave us pipes and coffee. The latter beverage was brought to us in small stands of brass little longer than egg-cups, and these held the thick juice of the berry in small cups. We conversed in Italian, which is, throughout the Ionian Islands, the medium of communication between Englishmen and Greeks. The Turk was civil and dignified in his manner, but did not impart much to any of us in the way of information. After our visit we went to walk about the suburbs of the now deserted town, which has been dismantled this number of years. A short way from the *pasha's* house we saw a group of Albanians sitting under a tree, singing to some wild music which one of their party played to them with a large lute. The playing had a barbarous, uncouth sound, and the man struck the outer strings with quills, which he fastened to his third and fourth fingers. The lute had eight strings, and the middle strings he played as one plays a guitar. When they had sung for some time, some of them got up, and after

Yelling their uncouth dirge,
Long danced the kirtled clan.

Their gestures, their wild dress resembling a Highlander's, only that in place of plaids and tartans their clothes were of dirty white cloth, their long hair and wild-looking countenances, might serve well for a picture, but was what one soon got tired of in reality. We got into our boat again, and rowed to one of the caverns which lay near the shore. It was an immense fissure in the high land overlooking the sea. Two of the party were provided with fowling-pieces, so when we had got to the centre of the cave one of the party began shouting; and instantly some flights of pigeons started from their holes in the rock, and were speedily fired at. I think that the first volley from the two double-barrelled pieces brought down about ten of them. On another occasion I went with a party in a yacht to visit Gomenizza when the Turkish fleet was lying there. The most remarkable characteristic of the ships was their being painted and ornamented with such glaring figure-heads, and in such a gaudy manner, that they reminded me of the gilded barges which the governor-general, on state occasions in Calcutta, appears in to astonish and dazzle the senses of the timid Hindoos. There were in all about twenty of them. The sailors in their short jackets, wide clothes hanging 'round their legs, hose, and slippers, on their heads the fez or Greek cap, cut a very different appearance from what we have been accustomed to see with our jack-tars. The rigging and build of the ships was thought by one of our party, who was a naval man, to be very clumsy. In the afternoon of this day we sailed into an adjacent nook, or creek, where our small yacht could lie at anchor, and as it was a very hot summer's afternoon, we jumped overboard and had a swim. This last is really one of the greatest luxuries in a climate like this. The clearness of the bright blue water, and the refreshing nature of the exercise, makes it a delightful preparative before sitting down to dinner.

One of the precautions most necessary in going on shore in Albania, is not to come near any of the inhabitants, or to come in contact with any living object. An infringement of this sanitary restriction would ensure your being put in quarantine on your return to Corfu. Another necessary precaution is that you should on no account touch or strike one of the dogs which are the property of the Albanian villagers. They prize these animals very highly, and I was first made aware of the fact by a circumstance which occurred shortly after my arrival in Corfu.

Two of the officers of the garrison went over to shoot, accompanied by the native guardiano. After going about for several hours, and not meeting any sport, they passed near a village, and a large dog came out and began barking at them. One of them, who was very hot-tempered, fired at the dog and shot him. Instantly after this the villagers, in a large concourse, surrounded the two officers, vociferating in their own language, and threatening them. When the officers asked the guardiano what they were saying, he told them that they said they were determined to make prisoners of the officers unless one of them—the man who had fired and shot the dog—would give up his gun. The officers deliberated, but finding that it was to no purpose resisting, the offender gave up his gun, and returned to the boat with his companion. They sailed back to Corfu, and returned again to the village shortly afterwards, bringing with them 5*l*, which the villager who lost the dog accepted as a ransom, and gave back the gun. The authorities are very strict with reference to the breach of

quarantine laws. In order to guard against this, every traveller is obliged to take with him a *guardiano*, or police officer, in pay of the Corfu magistrate, whose care it is to see that the rules are observed, and to report accordingly on your return. The views, the scenery, the sights which you meet with, are very interesting on a first survey, but scarcely induce one, unless for purposes of sport, to repeat a visit to them. However, for the sake of air and recreation, very many times I have gone over to these places in Albania, and visited the pashas who reside either at Butrinto or Murta.

The ascent of San Salvador is another object which one is glad to avail oneself of of a fine day in Corfu. This is effected by taking the circuitous paths which surround the mountain, commencing from the base at the north side of the island, and winding through olive-groves up to the centre, where the face of the soil becomes barren and uncultured, and where the rocks are less frequently separated by patches of earth. Then the ascent becomes steep, and in the clefts of the rocks are seen planted, as it were naturally, violets, whose flowers spring in profusion—flowers of the deepest shade and the most delicious perfume. When you come to a part about one thousand feet from the summit, all traces of vegetation disappear; nothing but rough stones meet the eye. At the summit is a large convent, totally deserted—the cells for the monks to reside in, the refectory, the kitchen, the large bell in the belfry, and the whole establishment without a soul to take care of it. We commenced the ascent of the mountain at half-past six A.M., and did not reach this convent until half-past one P.M. The coming down was certainly much easier, and we took the side of the mountain which lay to the west of the island. We passed a village where we were able to get some bread and wine, those staple commodities in Ionian fare, and, after resting there about an hour and a half, we went downwards towards Ipsco, which village was opposite the harbour where our boat was moored. We did not reach it until six in the afternoon. Through the crags and causeways by the grassy valleys, and so down to the olive groves at the base, the descent seemed almost precipitous. My companions, who had kept ahead of me during the whole of the day, were so very much fatigued at its close that they were unable to take anything to eat. I certainly found my appetite very good. We embarked in our yacht at Ipsco, and reached Corfu the same night.

The drives to Paleo Castruzzi, a distance of eighteen miles from the citadel of Corfu, conduct one through the prettiest part of the island to the shore on the opposite side of it, through the Val di Rupa, a plain which lies in the centre of the island, and which, in the season, is famous for snipe; the ground swampy in the centre of it. After passing this the country becomes more hilly, and the hills, being covered with olive-trees, have a fresh and verdant appearance. Several pretty villages are passed, the houses of which are small, rural, and neat. In the wine-houses the Greeks are invariably congregated at *morra*, which they play with their fingers, throwing these out instantaneously upon a man's calling out a certain number, and the knack of which game seems to be the quickness with which you can throw out the number of fingers previous to the opponent's uttering the number. If he says the wrong number, he loses, and *vice versâ*. Simple as seems the game, they vociferate and gesticulate most violently in playing it, and bet large sums upon the event.

We passed one very picturesque village situated on a spur of land overlooking a wood, and turning to the left, we went by a winding road which ended in the gate leading to the convent and chapel of Paleo Castrizzi. Adjacent to the convent and chapel are some nice summer residences, where some of the resident families in Corfu, during the heat of the summer months, frequently come and live. On the opposite side of the convent from the one which one approaches from Corfu, is a very rocky shore, and the Adriatic extends further than the eye can reach from the western aspect of the chapel. The Greek chapel is ornamented with large paintings in a grotesque and barbarous style, and one of them near the ceiling, in fresco, is of the Last Judgment. No statue is ever seen in one of these Greek buildings, but paintings or frescoes abound; and I was myself a witness to the reverence which is held by the Greeks to a picture of the Virgin, as on one occasion, before a court of justice, a Greek was examined, and, on taking his oath, he kissed a picture of the Virgin Mary, which was fastened to the panel of the wall near the judge's seat. The priest who administered the oath made him hold the Bible in his hand while he repeated the words of it to him, and he then finished the form to be observed by kissing the picture instead of the book.

In visiting Panta Leone, I found that although the distance was fully eighteen miles from the citadel of Corfu, still, as the road lay through a line of country well shaded for the most part, the most agreeable way of proceeding was to walk thither with a companion who did not mind the fatigue. I mentioned it to one who loved these long rambles, and we agreed, therefore, to set off one day in July. Beneath the shade of the olive groves which lay on each side of the road we did not feel the intense heat of the sun, and we were very lightly dressed—a light calico-jacket, white trousers, and a broad hat to keep off the glare, were the equipments most suited for this pedestrian excursion. The olive, though most prolific of leaves and thick with its numerous branches, has a dead, dull colour of green, which is unvaried during the whole year. The small grasshoppers, in countless myriads,

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,

perpetually chirp and keep moving through its branches. After going for about three miles through the groves, we came to a line of country planted with grapes—vineyards of purple, yellow, grey, amber-coloured grapes—lying in thousands of clusters from the vine-stems, some of them rolling on the ground, some bowing down with their weight the elastic stems of the vine plant, some displaying in rich luxuriance, as it were to be painted, their glowing colours in the sun. One might have gathered hampers full of them, and they would never have been missed from the multitudinous profusion with which this natural grapery was stocked. Our time was too precious to allow us to linger long amongst the vineyards, but we proceeded onwards to a small hamlet which is famed as being the residence of the "Bella Villani," a rustic Greek beauty, whom we saw seated in the verandah of her house and exchanged some words with in Italian. She certainly was a beauty of that dazzling character which one sometimes sees here—her eyes dark as it is possible to conceive them—her features faultless, and particularly the nose and mouth—short upper lip. Her hair was braided thickly in

large plaits, which she circled round her head. She spoke in the Venetian dialect, a patois of the Italian which is universal throughout the Greek islands, and in which a great number of the plays of Goldoni are written. The frequency of the diphthongs which occur in it makes it sound softer, but greatly deteriorates the distinctness of the Italian words. We proceeded onwards to where the road was much elevated, and, after we had reached a distance of about ten miles from Corfu, we saw the low grounds of the extensive Val di Rupa, lying stretched out at our left like a large plain or map. We had this for about three miles, and then came to a vast amphitheatre formed by mountainous heights, through the centre of which we descended, and proceeded for about two miles, till we reached the place which is kept for the reception of parties visiting Panta Leone.

There were two or three small cottages in a valley, and near them a fountain, and before this fountain was a large flat rock, which had been shaped out like a round table. This was meant for parties to dine at. This, however, was only useful for those who brought their collations with them, but we, not being so provided, were obliged soon to leave the spot and trust to what we should procure at a small house of refreshment on our way back, which lay about half way between Panta Leone and Corfu; so, as the distance was long, we retraced our steps, and it was nearly six o'clock in the evening when we reached the small albergo. Here we met an Italian doctor who had resided for some time in the neighbourhood, and who talked in the most enthusiastic praise of his native country, and abused the French. He had that violent enthusiasm of manner which one frequently sees with foreigners. There are great numbers of doctors throughout the Ionian Islands, and they procure a diploma with so much ease, that I am told by medical people the probationary work which they have to go through, as compared with that which our students undergo, is quite a farce. After our dinner we had to speed our way back to Corfu. Much as has been written of old by Homer, and sung of late by Moore, relating to the evenings in Greece, I think there is no object in nature which can compare as to loveliness with a Greek sunset. We had the fullest perfection of one shedding its glorious tints over the summer landscape this evening.

Lo giorno se n' andava e l'aer bruno
Toglieva gli animai che sono 'n terra
Dalle fatiche loro.

The "rosy flood of twilight sky" beaming over the waving fields of gran turco—the balmy breath of the myrtle flowers in full bloom now, and at the hour of sunset exhaling their most delicious fragrance—the softness and serenity of the air—were all, I think, such as I never saw equalled in any climate that I have ever been in.

Certainly for beautiful and picturesque scenery Corfu is the most delightful of all the islands, but the remains of classical buildings you must look for elsewhere; and in none of the islands are more of them to be met than in Cephalonia. There are four ancient cities, called Samos, Kranii, Palé, and Proné. Of the two first, the large Cyclopean remains would make them well worthy of a visit to any antiquary who had time to leave England for that purpose. Samos lies immediately opposite the island of Ithaca. On the shore, in the low land, are some halls which

are floored with the tessellated marble so much in use in former times; on a mountain, which looks over this shore, is a stupendous wall, built of enormous stones of Cyclopean dimensions, and which I should think it would baffle the art of man to disjoin. Some of the largest stones were twelve feet by fourteen; other smaller relics lie at some distance from these, but this colossal wall stands out high in the objects seen from a distance, and must be of very great antiquity. The ruins of Kranii are at a distance of about two miles from Argostoli, opposite which place is a large bay, which is completely surrounded by the shore except at the north side. It is deep near the entrance, as also opposite the towns of Argostoli and Lixuri; but further on to the land side it diminishes into a shallow marsh, which is spanned by a broad wooden bridge leading across from the wharf at Argostoli to the mountain range, which lies at the opposite side of the bay. Now at the side which lies innermost, or where the marsh is lowest, are seen the few scattered ruins of the ancient city of Kranii. Here, however, from the size of the stones which formed the buildings, one can easily perceive how large the ancient city must have been—how strong the bitumen or cement which kept the stones together, and which have stood the test of so many earthquakes, and the wear and tear of so many centuries. The earthquakes are of such frequent occurrence, that during eight months that I resided in Cephalonia there had been six of them. The weeds, the long grass, the creepers, and shrubs of indigenous growth, had covered over or shot through the ruined walls and buildings. There is certainly no object more lonely and mournful than a deserted and ruined city. The present town of Lixuri is built near the site of the ancient Palé, and this, I suppose, may account for so few relics of the latter city being apparent; in fact, there is barely enough left to attest the locality being the same as that of the city mentioned in the history of Thucydides. From the depth of the water opposite, the situation must have been favourable for commerce. The fourth city, called Proné, is one of the capitals of the districts into which the island was divided, and which, being four in number, caused it to be called Tetropolis. This ancient city lay in the most remote and secluded part of the island, on the opposite side from Argostoli. The wild mountains, the valleys covered with shrubs, the tops of cliffs thickly planted with the vines, and the rugged aspect of nature in this part of the island, makes it replete with grand features of scenery; but such are of a gloomy character. The remains of the ancient city of Proné have nothing very remarkable in them.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FEMALE DRESS.

I HAVE been living abroad some years, chiefly in France, making, however, occasional visits to the land of my birth, which visits have been so strictly devoted to my family and friends that minor objects were unheeded. I had, nevertheless, a notion that a great and general improvement was going on in all things, especially in female attire. This opinion was unshaken by the curious specimens of British females seen in Paris; they came, I considered, from some of our remotest provinces, where fashion and taste were unknown, and they would, I deemed, have been as out of character in Hyde Park as in the gardens of the Tuileries. Thus have I accounted for their strange apparel to my Parisian friends; and knowing that all travellers like to go as far from home as possible, my opinion was not unreasonable.

On the occasion of my present visit, October, 1869, I see with dismay that the "caricatures," as the French called them, I had observed in Paris were not exceptional cases. In London and Brighton my eye rests with astonishment on the tasteless finery of my countrywomen. I see gaudy, tawdry bonnets, of no form at all, made up of tumbled gauze or lace, mixed up with, and kept together by, all sorts of trimming. The shape, where there is one, is that of a skull-cap, with a graceless projection behind, and indefinite additions in front. The rest of the dress is in keeping with the head; and *fitness* is so little studied, that I have seen cloth cloaks on a sultry day, and lace mantles when wind and rain kept ~~me~~ *me* in-doors.

This state of things is not the worst of the matter. I find a notion gaining ground that an English lady's dress is "perfect," "quiet," "neat," "distingué," while all that is flashy and showy is denounced as "French." Now the reverse of this is the fact. The false notions in England on this subject have arisen, I presume, thus: There is a class of women whose chief aim is to attract attention. These persons bring discredit on French fashions, but such fashions as theirs are not general in Paris; nor could I say with certainty where they have their origin, unless it be the Temple, from whence proceeds a large ascending scale of taste, ending in the Rue de la Paix. In these shops no Parisian of distinction condescends to cast a glance.

The style of dress of the French lady on foot is of the quietest and most unpretending order. If flowers are worn, they are few, and seldom outside the bonnet. That bonnet, simple as it is, was manufactured in a place unknown to the stranger, and unattainable to the female of limited means. In winter the gown is so universally black, that when I have caught sight of a colour I was almost sure I saw a foreigner, and was seldom mistaken.

A French woman's purpose is to dress according to her rank, means, circumstances, and *beauty*. I say the last advisedly, for no woman, perhaps, is without some personal charm, did she not disfigure herself by dress. As rich materials are not to be obtained by all women of birth, the Parisian, in this case, will adopt some simple, tasteful style, which

she never varies; and I have known elderly ladies wear a costume of their own invention, which had the effect of originality and distinction, not that of *making frights of themselves*—a thing a French woman never does.

The appearance of the middle class in France is, like that of all countries, more abounding in individual taste than that of the higher and lower orders. There is, however, a great and general regard to neatness, especially about the hands and feet. No shabby boots or dirty gloves offend the eye: in summer, mittens are worn by those who cannot afford good gloves.

The lower orders nearly all over France, especially in Paris, are well dressed—that is, becomingly, and with due regard to their station. Pretty clean caps are placed on the smoothest of heads, clean, fresh-looking gowns, shawls, or jackets, to distinguish this class in its holiday attire. Here the iron does duty in preparing these women to look their best.

I now turn from the pleasing picture of cleanliness and taste to the holiday group of a similar class in England. I have it before me. The mother has a faded silk or straw bonnet on her uncombed head, which nevertheless is *adorned* (?) with a profusion of trumpery artificial flowers, of any colour, or all colours; she has, besides, plenty more *about* her bonnet, on no part in particular. The shawl is a match, or no match, as you take it, to the bonnet; a profusion of ill-assorted colours will be there, and it is put on so as to render her figure as ungraceful as possible—that is, more so than nature. Then, her gown!—that cheap, showy, unbecoming stuff, is to be found nowhere, I believe, but in England; we all know the vast varieties that fill the shop-windows; not ugly as chair-covers or curtains, perhaps, but frightful as dresses.

As love of finery has always prevailed among uncultivated people, it might be passed over in that case in England; but women who are highly educated in other respects, are often sadly ignorant on the subject of dress, natural taste not being common in our country, and the defect not being supplied by education.

There is, indeed, a false notion that no allusion should be permitted to personal improvement; as “vanity might be encouraged,” &c. Now, as women are expected to add a charm to life, to conceal deformities, and render ordinary things attractive, how can they effect this if they have not the necessary knowledge? A well furnished room or a well dressed woman need not ruin a husband, and, if *not*, must please him; but at present a wife trusts to money chiefly, as she has no ideas of her own to work with.

I know a mother—an excellent one she was—who had especial tact in seeing and directing the character of her children. She was not a talented woman, but possessed strong good sense. One day a little girl, nine years of age, came down to breakfast with a handkerchief round her neck; she had a sore-throat. Her mother remarked that the handkerchief was too new, or too old, I forget which, for the purpose. “Yes, mamma, I know that,” replied the child, “but I had no other that *went well* with my frock.”

This mother did not reproach the fastidiousness of her child, but was

well pleased with the proof of good taste, which we found to be remarkable.

As I have already said, good taste is not natural to us. To confess it is the first step towards improvement; the second is not so easy.

I should advise, as a beginning towards dressing well, to do the contrary of all done now. A quiet self-colour may replace the too attractive gown; the flowers may be taken from the bonnets, the trimming from the mantles; these additions gave no grace: that of simplicity may be attained and absurdity avoided. No fashion should be universal, but ought to be modified by the individual age, complexion and circumstance being borne in mind. It is only by the strictest attention to these points, and excessive neatness, especially in minor articles, that an Englishwoman can give evidence of refinement of mind; dress being so cheap that mere rich materials may be worn by the vulgar. I have seen velvets, silks, &c., walk down many an area step, and *expected it*, as a cook *seen walking* never can be mistaken for her mistress; but the reverse may occur.

If elegance and fashion be studied, it can only be done by going to head-quarters. As general good taste may be learnt from a long residence in Paris, and seeing and knowing the best French society, so a particular fashion must be had from a first-rate *French* milliner.

To study fashion at an English milliner's is, at present, out of the question. If she have the taste to bow to the Parisian on this point, and go to Paris for models, she will tell you that it is difficult to dispose of the articles she brings without additional ornaments. They are *too plain* for the English. French modistes know this, which accounts for the showy articles so common in Paris, since railroads have borne so many of our fair countrywomen thither. Very lately an English lady visited the establishment of a modiste in the Rue St. Honoré. Nothing she saw suited her; accordingly, she ordered a bonnet, with certain alterations. This the Frenchwoman agreed to do, adding, "Mais dans ce cas, madame, je vous prie de ne pas dire que le chapeau sort de chez moi."

Whether this Englishwoman promised this I cannot tell, but I dare say many an article termed *French* has quite as questionable a claim to the title. I heard an English milliner in Bond-street running down French fashions mightily; and indeed, judging by the display of them in her rooms, I thought her right. The skull-caps invented here, of which she had a plentiful supply, were certainly preferable.

This is not the place for entering into the details that would prove the barbarous (excuse the word) taste of the English, but it would not be difficult to show the pains taken to exaggerate or alter fashions, so as to render them ridiculous. I will give only one instance. For the sake of variety the Parisian modiste, or belle, will introduce a fashion of doubtful taste, and it may be judged by its duration. Black beads on bonnets was one of them; it was considered *too clinquant*, and soon fell in favour. It is now more than two years since these ornaments were abandoned by our neighbours, yet, after wearing them of all colours, the English have not yet given them up.

I may have said too much on a subject seemingly of little importance.

Did I admire and love my countrywomen less, I should have said nothing, but, knowing them to be sensible and virtuous, I regret much that they should dress so as to appear neither the one nor the other. Frenchmen are continually making the most awkward blunders by judging an Englishwoman by her exterior. Surely it is not wise to appear worse than we are, even in small matters. I leave the few facts I have stated to the consideration of English ladies.

THE DAY-DREAM OF THE DOCTOR'S BOY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

O SUCH a cheek as my Barbara had!
 I, but a doctor's poor drudge of a lad,
 Drive at the pestle like one who is mad,
 Seeing her pass the door careless and glad.

Cheeks of soft crimson—the juice of a peach,
 Pearly and red, blushing softly through each;
 Eyes of the blue of this bottle. O fie!
 Tender and deep as a noon in July.

O such a lip! Not a cherry, bird-pecked,
 Shows such blood as flows there, all delicious, unchecked.
 Bosom—what snow!—Bah! magnesia is white,
 But there even lilies would look dull as night.

And then such a step, full of music and air,
 Would not shake down the thistle-head's hoary white hair;
 Tresses like spider-threads stretched in the sun——
 (*Voice.*) "JOHN, IS THAT LOTION NOT EVEN BEGUN?"

Who knows but some day I shall roll in my coach,
 And watch the folks bowing who see me approach,
 Then hear people say, as I'm taking the air,
 "That's the famous young doctor just come to the square?"

I shall sit for the county; on the hustings I stand,
 Flowery words in my mouth, and my hat in my hand.
 I am chaired in the town-hall; my Lord Willoughby
 Takes my arm, and his lady smiles blandly on me.

Now the race-ball. I bow to my Barbara, then
 Dance with her waltzes some dozen and ten;
 Whisper, "My sweet love, the years that I sighed——"
 GOOD HEAVENS! I'VE KICKED DOWN THE HYDRO-CHLORIDE.

~~Mingle-Mangle by Blonksbod.~~

. . . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what—
 BP. LATIMER'S *Sermons*.

OF OLD ACTORS.

BY WAY OF PLEA FOR THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

IN the advertising columns of the *Times* appeared, the other day, the several acknowledgments, worded with a touching emphasis (almost exuberance) of gratitude, of the three first elected denizens of the Dramatic College. Three aged women, the eldest nearing fourscore and ten years, the youngest upwards of threescore and ten, print in the newspapers their heartfelt recognition of the service rendered them, by ensuring for the brief residuum of their days that shelter, decent subsistence, and repose which should accompany old age, and deprived of which the sorrows and infirmities of old age become grievous indeed. If fervency of thankfulness from those who, long since beginning to decay and wax old, are now so ready to vanish away, and, like the plays, in which they once fretted their hour upon the stage, which then were seen no more, or, like Prospero's

—insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind—

if fervent accents of grateful acknowledgment are worth anything, then have the first year's subscribers to the Dramatic College already their money's worth.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. And surely that tangible test is palpably present in the utterance of these disabled, enfeebled, used-up, laid-by actresses, well stricken in years, and laden, no doubt (for each heart knows its own bitterness), with cares and sorrows the world wots nothing of. The reality of the thanks speaks home to us all—so unlike, it is, to the conventional courtesies of newspaper acknowledgments, of stereotyped coldness, civility, and matter-of-course correctness. And is *not* the whole world akin to these worn-out players? Has not the greatest of poets, himself a player, asserted the kindred, and something more? For, on Shakspeare's showing, we are, all of us, a little more than kin to the player, though we may choose to show ourselves a little less than kind. Identity is something beyond relationship, and Shakspeare virtually identifies the World and the Stage. For,

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages.

See we to it, then, that such of the professed or "professional" players as

have reached, or are on the verge of, the seventh age, or last tottering perchance in the very

Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history—

be not heartlessly ignored with "mere oblivion." *Sans* teeth, they may be, that is Nature's doing; but be it ours to see they are not *sans* fire-side, *sans* home comforts, *sans* the good cheer, and assured repose, and mindful charity, without which they, at their seventh stage, are sadly near the negative total of Shakspeare's *sans* everything.

There are melancholy associations connected necessarily with the person of any old actor, however prosperous he may have been, or still may be. The first of Fortune's favourites in this respect is not free from reminiscences keenly regretful. Those who have played a humbler part on the boards, are the sooner cast aside and forgotten. Out of sight, out of mind, is painfully true of the ordinary actor.

The world forgetting, by the world forgot,

is painfully true of him in the last clause only—painfully untrue in the first. *He* cannot so easily forget or forego that nightly excitement, that pleasant mockery of greatness, tinsel monarchy, impersonated heroism, a virtue assumed if he had it not, love in a cottage (at the wide scenes), rural felicity (five feet from the foot-lights), magnificent repasts and sumptuous banquetings (which the property-man took care should not exceed the Barmecide's feast)—and then the glitter and murmurous joyance of a full house, and all the concomitants of expectation's hush, orchestral prelude, call-boy's summons, and prompter's bell;—in short,

—the old accustom'd sight,
Pit, boxes, galleries, throng'd to see "the play,"

* * * * *
And music tuning as in tune's despite;
And childhood there, glad-faced, that squeezezeth tight
One's hand, while the rapt curtain soars away—
And beauty, and age, and all that piled array—
Thousands of souls drawn to one wise delight.*

Habituated for long years, night after night, to this aggregate of welcome sights, this concourse of sweet sounds, the actor that has to leave the boards finds himself dismissed to forgetfulness and gloom. *He* is like one shut out from a lighted mansion, into the chill air and darkness of a winter night in the streets. Go he early or go he late, nobody seems to much care, or testify lasting regret, or doubt the facility of replacing him. It is the common lot, that of the French actress, all-popular as once she was, Mademoiselle de Camargo—for the time was (witness the madrigals of Voltaire and others) when everybody talked of the Camargo, swore by the Camargo, and could dream of nothing but the Camargo—but of whom a modern critic, professedly conversant with both Philosophers and Actresses, tells us, that "*quand elle demanda sa retraite, quoiqu'elle n'eût pas quarante ans, nul ne songea à la retenir; à peine fut-elle regrettée. On ne se demanda même pas où elle était retirée, on ne parla plus d'elle que de loin en loin; et encore n'en parlait-on que comme d'un souvenir.*"† Even as a *souvenir*, what existence has the

* Leigh Hunt.

† *Artes Honores, La Com et le Théâtre.*

Camargo's name now? No more than such as is now and then revived, perhaps, by one's seeing, as Mr. Helps somewhere remarks,* in some obscure country inn, the pictures—such as are to be seen nowhere else—of actors and actresses whom we recollect our fathers raving about, but whose memory lives only at country inns now.

The reaction of stagnant repose after the prized excitement of the green curtain in front and the green-room behind, is misery to most who have lived on, and by, and for the stage. "Damien's bed of steel is a luxury to the bed of withered laurels," says Sir Bulwer Lytton†—who adds, that the unwilling rest to a long-continued excitement is a solitude from which the fiends might recoil. Sir Edward is not referring to the retired actor; and it may, indeed, appear something like bathos to refer to *him* this intensity of suffering; yet, reasonably construed, and rightly understood, there is, perhaps, more pathos than bathos in thus applying the description.

A passage in the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers assures us, that, after she had left the stage, Mrs. Siddons, from the want of excitement, was never happy. "When I was sitting with her of an afternoon, she would say, 'Oh, dear! this is the time I used to be thinking of going to the theatre: first came the pleasure of dressing for my part; and then the pleasure of acting it: but all that is over now.'"‡ To Mrs. Siddons, however, it was that Joanna Baillie addressed some lines which, if anything earthly could, might assuage the pangs of abdication:

But though time's lengthened shadows o'er thee glide,
And pomp of regal state is laid aside,
Think not the glory of thy course is spent:
There's moonlight radiance to thy evening lent,
That to the mental world can never fade,
Till all who have seen thee in the grave are laid.
Thy graceful form still moves in nightly dreams,
And what thou wert, to the lulled sleeper seems:
While feverish fancy oft doth fondly trace
Within her curtain'd couch thy wondrous face.
Yes; and to many a wight, bereft and lone,
In musing hours, though all to thee unknown,
Soothing his earthly course of good and ill,
With all thy potent charms, thou actest still.§

Of all the children of genius, once observed a reviewer of Tarleton's *Jests and News out of Purgatory*, there are none to whose futurity the *stat nominis umbra* applies so surely and emphatically as the actor—if he be an actor only. "To him are wanting all the material devices, by which the other poets of the world have contrived to give an abiding form to their thought,—to collect and preserve its subtle essences for posterity. Like a spiritual spendthrift, he is engaged in a continued, and often most prodigal outlay of fancy,—flinging about the gold of his rich imaginings to the casual audience of the day, as an autocrat scatters largesses to a crowd—but making no investment for immortality. His talent is like the purse of Fortunatus; there is a guinea in it whenever he chances to put his hand there,—sterling coin, of ready circulation,—but

* Friends in Council.

† The Student.

‡ Recollections of the Table-talk of the late Samuel Rogers.

§ Joanna Baillie's Fugitive Verses: To Mrs. Siddons.

the purse is exhausted and barren when the hand to which the privilege belonged is gone. The Daguerreotype is not invented, in which the light of his genius can write, for eternity, the crowding images of his gifted heart. His intellectual creations 'come,' indeed, 'like shadows—so depart.' His gracious presentments

Were all spirits,
And are melted into air—into thin air.

The painter's brush, the sculptor's chisel, and the poet's pen, are all spells by which the sons of genius rule the future—powerful as that by which the philosopher of Crotona was said, of old, to have the faculty of writing on the moon, what might be read in far places, and through all times—wands, at whose conjuration their several streams of thought are collected, as they run, and gathered into reservoirs, at which the coming generations of the world may drink. But the actor has no such spells to conjure with. The flowers of his rearing are for a night; the moons which are associated with his inspiration are paper-moons, seen only within the limits of the theatre, and cut up, it may be, to-morrow, to light the foot-lamps; his gushing fancies fertilise and beautify alone the narrow place of time on which he stands—sink into the ground where they arose—and are lost, for ever, with the breaking of the 'pitcher at the fountain.'**

In a like strain of thought Mr. W. B. Donne indited the conclusion of his obituary notice of Charles Kemble,† whose name, he affirmed, would endure as long as the records of the stage retain their interest, and wherever the genius of the actor is held in honour. But, he was constrained to add, it is the condition, twin-born with the nature of the actor's powers, and the demands of his art, that he who in his day reaps the first harvest of popularity, is, after that day has passed, the soonest forgotten in all but *name*. Not that he is without compensation for the ephemeral nature of his efforts and triumphs—if neither the pencil nor the chisel have power to perpetuate the effects which once electrified multitudes—if the flashes of his genius be

All perishable! like the electric fire,
They strike the frame, and as they strike expire:
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its perfume charms the sense, then blends in air.

In fact, there is no intellectual art, as Mr. Forster contends, so peculiarly circumstanced as that of the actor. "If in the hurried glare which surrounds him, each vanity and foible that he has, comes forth in strong relief, it is hard to grudge him the better incidents to that brilliant lot for which he pays so dearly. His triumphs had need be bright and dazzling, for their fires are spent as soon as kindled; his enjoyments intense, for of all mental influences they wither soonest. He may plant in infinite hearts the seeds of goodness, of ideal beauty, and of practical virtue; but with their fruits his name will not be remembered, or remembered only as a name. And surely, if he devotes a genius that might command success in any profession, to one whose rewards, if they come

* See a review of Mr. Halliwell's edition of *Tarleton's Jests, &c.* (Shakspeare Society), in the *Athenæum* for 1844.

† In *Fraser's Magazine* for December, 1854.

at all, must be immediate as the pleasure and instruction it diffuses, it is a short-sighted pleasure that would eclipse the pleasure and deny the rewards."*

Hazlitt declared it to be one of the most affecting things he knew, to see a favourite actor take leave of the stage. The very gaudy and popularity, he says, which surround the life of a leading actor, make the retiring from it a serious business. "It glances a mortifying reflection on the shortness of human life and the vanity of human pleasures."†

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.‡

The original application of these verses is not to the actual stage-player, but it is no misapplication we make of them, in referring them to him. This, his farewell night, is not the first night, perhaps by a thousand and one, that his mask has covered a face that's anything but gay. It is the first night, however, the public sees him with his mask off.

Possible, and quite easy indeed, it is, to exaggerate this view of the case. And one does sometimes hear rather mandrin maunderings on the subject. Mr. Thackeray (whose lines we have just quoted) has slight mercy for such perverted uses of what is, in itself, a pathetic truth. "I once," he tells us, "heard an actor, who could not write, speak, or even read English; who was not fit for any trade in the world, and had not the nous to keep an apple-stall, and scarcely even enough sense to make a member of parliament: I once, I say, heard an actor,—whose only qualifications were a large pair of legs, a large voice, and a very large neck,—curse his fate and his profession, by which, do what he would, he could only make eight guineas a week. 'No men,' said he, with a great deal of justice, 'were so ill paid as "dramatic artists;" they laboured for nothing all their youths, and had no provision for old age.' With this, he sighed, and called for (it was on a Saturday night) the forty-ninth glass of brandy-and-water which he had drunk in the course of the week."§—If this gentleman be still living, he must probably, by this time, at his rate of living and style of acting, be a candidate for a pensionership in the Dramatic College: though he is far from being the first who should command our vote and interest. But, improvidence and impudent pretensions and vulgar incompetence apart, it is true that the frail tenure of the actor's power, and the relative hollowness of his fame, may be, and often is, overdrawn, in a partial, one-sided manner. Brief his glory may be, but while it lasts it is of the most direct, forcible, and flattering kind. What it wants in permanent vitality, it seems almost to make up for in present exuberance. Hazlitt, who was certainly quite alive to the reverse side of the question, maintains that players, after all,

* Forster's Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith, book iii. ch. ii.

† The Round Table: "On Actors and Acting."

‡ Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Epilogue to "Doctor Dimsdale."

§ Thackeray's Miscellanies, vol. ii. "Character Sketches."

have little reason to complain of their hard-earned short-lived popularity. "One thunder of applause from pit, boxes, and gallery, is equal to a whole immortality of posthumous fame; and when we hear an actor, whose modesty is equal to his merit, declare that he would like to see his dog wag his tail in approbation, what must he feel when he sets the whole house in a roar!"* Besides which, the essayist would have us remember, that Fame, as if their reputation had been entrusted to her alone, has been particularly careful of the renown of her theatrical favourites; and that while she forgets, one by one, and year by year, those who have been great lawyers, great statesmen, and great warriors in their day, the name of Garrick still survives with the works of Reynolds and of Johnson. But this is poor consolation to the common-placemen who have not Garrick's name to leave, though they do get Garrick's parts to play, and, some of them, more than Garrick's weekly wages for their work.

One of Churchill's contemporaries—and, like him, a lover and a critic of the stage—bemoans in compassionating verse the transitory character of the actor's renown:

Yet, hapless artist! though thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of everlasting praise,
Though at thy beck Applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus-like, her hundred hands,
Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath;
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.†

Hartley Coleridge‡ takes exception to the complaint in these very lines, as "not absolutely just." He cites Betterton, Quin, Garrick, Kemble, Siddons, as great names still,—perhaps the greater because those who have never seen them suppose them to have been all that can be desired, and more than can be imagined, of histrionic art.

We may here, by the way, interpose a remark on the disappointment commonly felt by those of a younger generation who witness a great old actor in his days of decadence, or when, after withdrawal and retirement, he or she comes forth again,

Like a reappearing star,

to dazzle star-gazers, if possible, with the radiance of a Thousand-and-One Nights of yore. Horace Walpole was always prompt to notice the fact that even the taste in beauty and wit alters, and he surmises that a Helen, or a Lord Rochester, perhaps, would not be approved but in one specific half-century. He quotes Sir William Temple's testimony, that the Earl of Norwich—that George Goring who more than once sat to Vandyke—though he had been the wit of the Court of Charles the First, was laughed at in that of Charles the Second. "I myself remember," says Horace, in a letter to Mann (1782), "that Lord Leicester, who had rather a jargon than wit, having retired for a few years, and returning to town after a new generation had come about, recommenced his old routine, but was taken for a driveller by the new people in fashion, who neither understood his phrases nor allusions. At least, neither man nor

* Hazlitt's second Essay on "Actors and Acting."

† Lloyd, "The Actor."

‡ Essays and Marginalia.

woman that has been in vogue must hazard an interregnum, and hope to resume the sceptre." And this leads Walpole to the illustrative observation, that an actor or actress who is a favourite may continue on the stage a long time; their decays are not descried, at least not allowed by those who grow old along with them; and the young, who come into the world one by one, hearing such performers applauded, believe them perfect, instead of criticising; but if they quit the stage for a few years, and return to it, a large crop of new auditors has taken possession, and these are struck with the increased defects, and do not submit, when in a body, to be told by the aged that such a performer is charming, when they hear and see to the contrary.*

But to return to the pleading of Hartley Coleridge versus Lloyd. The great actors, he argues, have left great names. And what more than a name is Apelles, Zeuxis, Praxiteles? what more to the world in general Michael Angelo? What but a name is Alexander, Hannibal, Scipio, Marlborough? The heavier affliction is, that actors, like beauties, are liable to outlive the grounds of their reputation, and to survive—the walking contradiction to their sometime flatterers. But then posterity is sure to conceive of them by the praises bestowed on their palmy state, and set down all the reflections bestowed upon their decline to envy and malice. Thus beauties, once dead and forgotten, receive a new and everlasting lease of loveliness. Who does not imagine Mary on the scaffold as the same enchantress that maddened poor Chatellar, and made John Knox himself lament that so fair a work of God should be given over to Satan? Yet, by all accounts, she was a shrivelled, grey, and miserable old woman, bent and broken before her time by sorrow,—it is to be feared by remorse likewise.

"A far greater drawback on the actor's happiness than the brevity of his fame, is the unsatisfactory nature of that fame while it lasts. If applause be given, the pleasure is too violent and intoxicating to be wholesome; if withheld, the disappointed aspirant can derive little consolation from the consciousness of well-deserving,—and he lacks that appeal to futurity which has at least the advantage of never being rejected to the suitor's earthly knowledge. He is, moreover, in art what a demagogue is in politics. He must be popular or nothing. The approbation of the few will not even procure him admittance to the green-room."†

This is, perhaps, going too far. An actor of real intelligence and self-respect will not make popularity the be-all and end-all of his art. The most popular is not sure to be the best actor—*mille fois non*. Transpontine Hicks is numerically more popular, we suppose, than Mr. Alfred Wigan. The *nuances* of artistic excellence are lost on the multitude. The finishing touches of a masterpiece in histrionic art are caviare to the general. A tasteful performer, capable of self-restraint and jealous of his poet's meaning, and scrupulous to carry it out, and not overstep its legitimate scope, or mar it by his own private interpretation, will find more pleasure—though not more pecuniary profit (but he lets that pass)—in playing to the discriminative few, to that necessary minority which comprises the well-cultured and thoughtful section of his

* Walpole's Letters, vol. viii. No. 2183.

† Hartley Coleridge: On the Fame of Actors.

audience, and looking for their appreciation and approval, than in putting into commotion all the leathern lungs, horny palms, blucher boots, 'prentice Brayvos, sixpenny sticks, and old cotton umbrellas, throughout the house. To take a single example, of an actor of the old school, a veteran himself, who is usually cast for third and fourth-rate parts in the comedies of Shakspeare. Mr. Meadows can hardly be called a very popular actor. People don't begin to roar when his voice is first heard at the side scenes. They don't shout at his jokes. They are not convulsed by grimaces of his. Grimaces are out of his way. He would be a greater favourite with the majority—with those who make the noise and do the applause of a theatre—were he broader, coarser, less cautious of overstepping the modesty of nature. But the special excellence of Mr. Meadows consists in the chastened perfection with which he impersonates little parts. He throws himself heartily into them—zealously identifies himself with them—and tries to make all that can be made of them, but nothing beyond. He stops where he believes Shakspeare meant him to stop. Up to that point, he labours, with genial humour and a manifest sense of naïve enjoyment, to bring out every little trait, every bit of idiosyncrasy, every point that will consistently and characteristically *tell*. And all this does tell on the observant few. The less vigilant and discerning many ignore this actor's completeness of detail. His embodiment of *Verges*, for instance, is, in the main, lost upon them. He is acting the whole time he is upon the stage; all is of a piece; from entrance to exit, whether he is in the background and silent, or quavering forth his senile imbecilities, in

childish treble that pipes
And whistles to his sound,—

it is always Goodman Verges, that very ancient and most quiet watchman, whose "wits are not so blunt, as, God help," Dogberry his partner could desire; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows. And yet with all this sedulous completeness in detail—this painstaking miniature finish—there is not, perhaps, a comic actor on the stage so unobtrusive as Mr. Meadows; not one so careful not to step out of his place, or attract attention by prominence of gesture. He is acting the whole time, but it is always in the shade. He will repay your vigilant gaze, but he will not draw it upon himself by fussy means. Hence the comparative indifference of the many to his delineations; but in the consciousness of his adhesion to truth, and loyalty to his master,—in this, and in the assurance that his superiority to vulgar resource and his *curiosa felicitas* in minute by-play, are not lost upon *all*, he doubtless has his reward.

Recurring, however, to the question of the actor's recompense, when it is conveyed to him in a tempest of clamorous delight—when houses rise at him—and when from floor to ceiling one compact mass of human excitement is cheering him to the echo,—we may reinforce, or corroborate, the views already given of the positive present value of this form of popular recognition, by the voice of the Censor of Plays, who reiterates the often urged remark, that while painter, sculptor, and poet are generally compelled to expect from the future their full meed of honour, the recompense of the actor is awarded to himself; he enjoys the fulness of his fame, and is at once the inheritor and witness of his own triumphs.

"To no one but the actor is it given to speak at once to so many feelings, to move and permeate so vast a mass of human passions; to impart pleasure, enlightenment, and instruction to so many delighted auditors. He is the interpreter of the arts to the many: he holds the keys of sorrow and mirth."^{*} It is his voice, Mr. Donne goes on to show, or his gesture, or look, which has filled the eyes of crowded spectators with gentle tears; or has elicited from them bursts of genial laughter. But for him, poetry might have been dumb and painting meaningless to many minds. And therefore is he compared—some will say by a rather far-fetched comparison—to the merchant who brings the gold of Ophir and Eastern balsams within reach of those whose abode is far removed from the regions where Nature has exerted her most subtle and strange alchemy:

Mr. Charles Reade, again, who pronounces the printed words of a play to be about one-third of a play—the tones and varying melodies of beautiful and artful speech being another third—and what he calls the business, gesture, and that great visible story, the expression of the speaking, and the dumb play of the silent actors, another third,—asserts that, by that just arrangement which pervades the universe, "acting" is the most triumphant of all the arts, to compensate for its being the most evanescent: "Each of the great Arts," says he, in another place, "fails in some thing; is unapproachably great in others: The great Artists of the Scene are paid in cash; they cannot draw bills at fifty years' date. They are meteors that blaze in the world's eye—and vanish."[†]

The Drama's children strut and play,

says Combe—but, who is Combe? asks the reader: Well, Combe was the author of "The Diaboliad." But as you have, 100 to 1, reader, never dipped into that diabolical composition, this piece of information does not much advance your knowledge of Combe. Add, then, that he was the author of "Lord Lytton's Letters." Still you are in the dark. "And of an astonishing number of other works," says Mr. Dyce, "all published anonymously." This betters not your acquaintance with Combe. Lastly, therefore, we name a work of his which, if you have not read, unquestionably you have heard of, and probably have heard much of,— "Doctor Syntax's Three Tours,"—a performance which, once upon a time, what with its own merits, and what with the coarse vigour of Rowlandson's plates, was everywhere talked about, and ran through its proper plurality of editions. Before we get out of this parenthesis into the substance of what Combe did say of the Drama's children, let us mention that the Smith of the fourth and eighth lines next ensuing, was that very favourite actress and respected woman, the late Mrs. Bartley—who at one period threatened to eclipse Mrs. Siddons herself, as Miss Brunton (afterwards Lady Craven) had done before, and as Miss O'Neil did afterwards—the "threat," however, in neither instance being carried out):

The Drama's children strut and play
In borrowed parts, their lives away;—

^{*} Essays on the Drama, by W. B. Donne.

[†] Art: a Dramatic Tale.

And then they share the oblivious lot;
 Smith will, like Cibber, be forgot!
 Cibber with fascinating art
 Could wake the pulses of the heart;
 But hers is an expiring name,
 And darling Smith's will be the same.*

In attestation of which prediction, as a true prophecy, may be cited the mere fact of our having to parenthuse a preliminary explanation of who "darling Smith" actually was—as just before, however, with perhaps nearly equal reason, we had to give some clue to Combe himself. Cibber, of course, is the daughter-in-law of *the* Cibber, and wife of *The* Cibber—a distinction and elucidation needing, we trust, no further annotation—for everybody is acquainted more or less with Colley (of the *Dunciad*), and Theophilus, his graceless, swampish, impracticable son.

Combe's lines are in effect a "sober and" paraphrase for stage-uses, of Homer's simile of the leaves of forest trees, yearly displaced and renewed by fresh comers. Cibber had her day, and then came her night, while "darling Smith" revelled in the sunshine of glowing neotide. Night closed on Smith, and the day dawned for a Fanny Kemble or a Helen Faucit. And so the revolving nights and days of individual celebrity continue their course. One generation goeth away, and another cometh; but the earth abideth the same. But to sensitive natures, fond of excitement, habituated to applause, and taking flattery and fine compliments as a thing of course, there is a sting that rankles somewhat, and leaves a life-long scar, in this sense of being supplanted, superannuated, and laid on the shelf. All that has been said of the intensity of the actor's relish of plaudits that he hears with his own ears, and manifestations of admiring pleasure which he sees with his own eyes, directed straightway to himself,—the triumph simultaneous with the achievement it crowns,—all this refers to him only while his career of triumph lasts. But that too will have an end—and leave him darkling. And then in proportion to his delight in the trophies of a crowded spectacle, is his reaction of depression when the show is over, for him, for evermore. The curtain is dropped—and if he linger, wistfully, regretfully, it is only to meditate in the bitterness of personal experience that.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage..

It is what every stage veteran who lives to retire, or be dismissed, is one day destined to endure. Captain Hart is no longer Brutus, inspiring the play-goers of the Restoration age with awe for the noblest Roman of them all—but a private person, who has to listen to other private persons naving about Betterton. Major Mohun is no longer the Cassius of the Roman camp, or the ambitious Catiline of race Ben's tragedy, but, like Hart,

—his co-mate, and brother in exile,

reduced to inaction, and appealed to for sympathy with all this rapture about Betterton. Betterton is not exempt from the same law. Booth has at length to resign the glories of Cato, including the

—long wig, flowered gown, and laskered chair,

* Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque

and Wilks the vivacities of Sir Harry Wildair; and what Steele called his "nice and delicate abuse of understanding" in Sir Novelty. Cibber wears well, but even that all but perennial coxcomb is not always Sir Fopling Flutter. Mistress Anne Oldfield finds a term to her fee-simple right in Lady Betty Modish. (Yet she acts a part, and paints and dresses scenically, to the last,—in the coffin itself, if true it be that by Pope's Narcissa* is meant poor, kind-hearted Nance :

Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;)
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face :
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead;
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.)†

Her brilliant brunette rival, Mrs. Bracegirdle, has to renounce the splendours of Statira, and cease to charm as that "agreeable tyrant" Millamant. Peg Woffington is not an amaranthine beauty. Kitty Clive has to amuse her old age with Strawberry Hill associations. Mrs. Pritchard is free to be *un-genteel* again, and say *gownd* for *gown*, with no stage-manager to correct her. Macklin might live to be a hundred years old, and upwards, but for long years previously had he ceased to be

—the Jew

That Shakspeare drew.

Garrick might take the chair, but he had to quit it, and that before he placed an equal there. And so the law of decadence or decrease goes on—emptying the stage, or the world, or both at once, of those the public had delighted to honour, but in whose room and stead it soon enough accommodates itself to fresh faces. So literal, and withal so mortifying a truth it is, that

—in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,

even though for good and all,

Are idly bent on him that enters next.

A Munden and a Fawcett go out, and a Farren and a Wrench come in. *These* have their exits, and then others have their entrances. The audience keep their seats; for the same bell that tolls out the Macreadys and Vandenhoffs, rings in the Andersons, Dillons, and Brookes. The Kembles, where are they? and the Keans, will they live for ever? Add but a poor half-century to our cycle of time, and there will be inquisitors into old newspapers, and investigators of the annals of the English stage, through whose researches the public of *that* day, or such of them as take interest in such topics, will learn how smartly impudent, adventurous and agreeable rattles were acted, in Queen Victoria's good old

* Not, however, the lady of that name in the second of the Moral Essays :

"Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child"—

under which caustic couplet no one would detect a trace of the generous woman who allowed Savage a pension, and had ever a hand open as day to melting charity.

† Pope, Moral Essays, ep. i.

times, by one Charles Mathews, the sprightly son of a vivacious sire; and how consummate an artist in the border regions of tragedy and burlesque was a certain Robson, who made a noise in his day, as the best Representative Man it had of stuttering agitation and nervous irritability; and how unique in "round, fat, oily" plethora of unctuous fun, dashed with querulous pathos, not less ludicrous than genuine, was another diminutive, mealy-voiced gentleman, Keeley by name; and how felicitous a type of complacent stolidity, and bumpkin bashfulness, and ineffable cockneyism, was the ever popular Buckstone; and how successful in character-bits and individualised studies was Benjamin Webster; and how perseveringly Shakspeare was cultivated in the suburbs, and how cordially acted, by Samuel Phelps; and how perfectly Wigan did to the life broken-down old Frenchmen, and shrewd Lancashire lads, whose still waters run deep; and how thorough a proficient Compton was in Shakspearean clowns, with a quaint dry drollery all his own; and what a study Meadows made of every little part assigned him from the same treasury of mirth—acting out its potential meaning, while faithfully interpreting its actual significance, as one who loved the part, be it ever so slight, for its author's sake, and in its author's sense; and with what buoyancy of animal spirits Miss Woolgar passed from character to character, and *into* them all; and how charming a Viola was Mrs. Charles Kean—how queenly a Hermione—how meekly-firm and gently-resolute a Katherine; and, once more, what achievements her husband wrought in costly Shakspearean revivals—how exemplary his career as a manager and a man—not the least enduring of his claims to remembrance being the part he took in establishing, and the share of expense in building, the Dramatic College.

This item in Mr. Kean's catalogue of deserts, lands us again at the point we started from. The Dramatic College is to be a resting-place for those disabled members of the profession whom age overtakes and finds ill-equipped for its bleak visitations. Hard enough, as we have seen, is the prosperous actor's fate, when passing from universal notice into general neglect—hard, inasmuch as the very temperament which is a condition to his histrionic talent, implies and involves the importance, to him, of demonstrative interest and recognition. How much harder when constrained to withdraw, yet stinted of provision for a sombre future. The gloomy night is gathering fast—and he has no secured place of shelter. His staff of life is broken, just when his limbs are failing him, and his heart too.

Helping hands will not, surely, be wanting to rear, and support, and substantially endow an institution designed to receive

—that poor and broken bankrupt there.

His brethren on the boards have shown themselves not unmindful of him, now he is off them. He is not

Left and abandoned by his velvet friends,

or friends in cotton velvet and paste diamonds. They show themselves no "careless herd, full of the pasture," that "jump along by him, and never stay to greet him." On the contrary, with them the scheme for his "collegiate" course originates, and by their personal contributions mainly,

by their zealous exertions almost entirely, it is being carried out. But the college has its claims upon all who have ever enjoyed a play. And who has not, some time in his life? That time may be long ago, but it is fresh in his remembrance, and the claimants for his present aid are probably just those, or the contemporaries and fellow-players of those, who acted for him when he was young, and now need his succour when he, and they, are old. He can scarcely have outlived all sympathy with the delight which the gravest, and least worldly, and most seclusion-loving of our great moral poets was not ashamed to avow, in the "set events and measured passions of the stage."

Yet was the theatre my dear delight;
 The very gilding, lamps, and painted scrolls,
 And all the mean upholstery of the place,
 Wanted not animation, when the tide
 Of pleasure ebb'd but to return as fast
 With the ever shifting figures of the scene,
 Solemn or gay: whether some beauteous dame
 Advanced in radiance through a deep recess
 Of thick entangled forest, like the moon
 Opening the clouds; or sovereign king, announced
 With flourishing trumpet came in full-blown state
 Of the world's greatness, winding round with train
 Of courtiers, banners, and a length of guards;
 Or captive led in abject weeds, and jingling
 His slender manacles; or romping girl
 Bounced, leaped, and pawed the air; or mumbling sire,
 A scarecrow pattern of old age dressed up
 In all the tatters of infirmity
 All loosely put together, hobbled in,
 Stumping upon a cane with which he smites,
 From time to time, the solid boards, and makes them
 Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabouts
 Of one so overloaded with his years.
 But what of this! the laugh, the grin, grimace,
 The antics striving to outstrip each other,
 Were all received, the least of them not lost,
 With an unmeasured welcome.*

The beauteous dame, who advanced brightly through the forest aisles, is now a wrinkled form, in faded attire, and drooping mien, that needs a home for the scant remnant of her days. The spangled monarch is out of spangles, out of spirits, and will be out at the elbows soon: to him, also, college honours were now right welcome. The captive is now a bondsman indeed—to infirmities, and penury, and age. The romping girl is now a decrepid matron, rheumatic and heartsore. The mumbling sire, who, in reality (as his cane exercise proved), was then in the vigour and lustihood of life, is now in sad sooth a lean and slinked pantaloon, who has *not* well-saved his youthful hose for his shrunk shank, but *who*, with the ghost of his then "big manly voice," tells us how gladly he would turn collegian in his latter days.

* Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, b. vii.

A RETURN TICKET TO PARIS.

BY LASCELLES WRAXALL.

THE worthy Tristram Shandy tells us that he hates the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren. Although I have not been anything like that distance, and have nothing to describe save an every-day trip from London to Paris, I found it so far from barren that I venture to hope it may furnish some amusement to my numerous readers.

As is very well known to everybody, there are two principal routes connecting the two capitals—the one by Folkestone and Boulogne, the other by Newhaven and Dieppe; the former being nearly twice as expensive, but at the same time twice as rapid. It is atrocious that in these days of almost instantaneous locomotion twenty hours should be out to waste in reaching Paris at a reasonable rate, and the mismanagement is so glaring that I am surprised it is allowed to last. Dieppe is certainly a tidal harbour, but I see no reason why you should have on arrival to destroy six hours in that deplorably stupid town ere a train starts for Paris. And yet such was my fate: I reached Dieppe by twelve o'clock in a very fast and powerful steamer, whose only fault was that she was so fond of the water that she shipped a sea at every revolution of the paddles; but it was seven in the evening ere there was a through train to Paris. Nearly seven hours in Dieppe, and I am still alive!

There is another reason why Dieppe should be sedulously avoided by all travelling Englishmen: the white-haired and red-ribboned old gentleman who presides at the passport-office is decidedly smitten with Anglo-phobia. I dare say it is a very thankless office to sit in a pen and inspect all sorts of passports daily, but that is no excuse for brutality, and this worthy gentleman decidedly treated me so. Perhaps an old Austrian visa soured his blood, or he did not like to see I had served in the Crimea; short and good, I had the audacity to offer a very stupid but harmless jest when asked my age, and, presto! two gendarmes appeared at my side, and handed me into a small railed-off box, with tremendous clutching of sabre-hilts. Here I had to stand till every other passport had been visé, my rose-cheeked, smooth-shaven compatriots pulling their coat-tails round them in pious horror for fear of contamination as they passed me, and evidently assuming that some infernal machine had been discovered in the crown of my hat. This was decidedly not pleasant, but it was worse to have to make an apology to the old fellow ere he would restore my passport, and let me go. Henceforth I will never jest with a Frenchman.

Nor is it pleasant, after snatching the fearful joy of sleep in a railway carriage, to find yourself landed, at half an hour after midnight, in a strange capital and in a drizzling rain, with no possibility to *orienter* yourself, and while half bemused by your past spasms of slumber. If the Dieppe railway were properly managed, its directors would run a train in connexion with the boat, and get people to Paris in decent time; but I suspect one of the managers keeps an hotel at Dieppe. If so, I can quite understand

the delay, but, at the same time, the reason why the Folkestone line is so extensively patronised. Such competition in the present fast age will not induce the South-Eastern directors to lower their fares.

Having thus indulged in the Englishman's natural privilege of grumbling, let me turn to pleasanter matters; and, first of all, I can perfectly understand the reason why so many Englishmen have given their adhesion to Louis Napoleon: the sight of new Paris must convert his most stubborn opponents. Those who can remember Paris in Louis Philippe's era, and see it now for the first time, must rub their eyes in amazement, and fancy that Aladdin's lamp has been at work: it seems as if no human agency could have produced such marvels, and in so short a time converted a foul, ill-paved city into the finest capital in creation. You cannot say in Paris such a street is a great improvement, or, if that row of houses were pulled down, it would afford a fine view of such a church: no, wherever the eye turns, it sees one succession of palaces, and even as far as the *Barrière Montmartre*, the only one I visited, on either side was a vista of new streets, each more splendid than the other. And this first gave me the idea of the stability of the emperor's rule. Since 1854 he has fought two most expensive wars, and yet he has never once relaxed in his efforts to make Paris the architectural capital of the world. Surely state loans alone do not effect this; he must have taken deep root in the hearts of his people ere they would consent to an outlay which must have entailed considerable privations on them, and which has certainly raised the price of all provisions.

In other respects I found the social aspect of Paris greatly changed. In my bachelor days, when I lived in the *Quartier Latin*, and thought with *Béranger*,

Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans,

the pre-eminent quality of the French character was a dilèttante idleness which no convulsions disturbed. If the most important business awaited him, the true Parisian could not be induced to exceed his mile an hour, or to neglect his darling amusement of sowing gape-seed at all the shop windows. Now-a-days this is entirely changed: the Paris people move along as briskly as our citizens at three o'clock in Cheapside, and they all have a hungry look, as if they had a bill to take up that day, and had not yet raised the funds to meet it. I was positively elbowed once or twice, "tout comme chez nous," and the assailant never thought of turning round and taking off his hat with an infinity of bows as in the olden time. France is decidedly growing commercial, and less polite.

My first pilgrimage was naturally to the old home of my youth, to gaze on the dingy house where I had spent so many happy hours. Alas! it was all gone. Even that wondrous little *estaminet*, where we played the interminable *poule*, and the pride of our existence was an artistically coloured pipe, had died and left no sign. In the place of the smoky room, where the famous *bière d'Alsace* was drunk by countless *choppes*, now stood a flaunting *café*, where the only articles of consumption were raspberry vinegar and seltzer-water, or brandy strongly suggestive of the potato! I turned sadly from the spot with one illusion less.

Why should it be so? Why should I regret a frousy little *estaminet*, which I would not now have entered on any consideration, for fear of

injuring my coat, and which had caused me headaches innumerable? There must be a charm about old associations beyond mortal control, and many a pleasant thought came over me, dashed with a tinge of regret, as I stood in front of the Odéon. Where is Jules? Hard at work in Cayenne beneath a tropical sun. Where Edouard? He is a great painter, with any quantity of orders on his "brochette," and swearing by his deity, Louis Napoleon, who finds him in constant work. Where is Raoul? Ah! he, poor fellow, volunteered to Algeria, and "absinthe" soon finished him. Where are they all, the comrades of my youth, the men who vowed eternal friendship, and forgot each other six months after parting? Ah me! we must let the dead bury their dead; if we allowed thoughts of the past to invade us, we should soon be laggards in that great race which is called Life.

Can any more fairy-like scene be imagined than the Boulevard des Italiens half an hour after the lamps are lit up? It is a true type of the French character, all outward show and picture, and yet very agreeable to rub shoulders with. Why expose the nakedness of the land? A little paint and gilding may be had cheaply enough, and go an enormous way. The Parisians rightly estimate their merits, and every effort is made to divert attention from the intrinsic value of the article by the lavish nature of the surroundings. Let us take a familiar instance. My readers will agree with me that a pork butcher's shop is not an object to fascinate us at home, and yet, across the water, a charcuterie is one of the most agreeable sights in the world. Everything that could produce an unpleasant sensation is removed from the eyes: triumphal achievements are formed with strings of sausages and grinning boars' heads, the background being composed of Mayence hams, which set the mouth watering, or gigantic Lyons sausages, large enough to provision the *Great Eastern* for a voyage to America.

It seems to me, then, as if the mercantile population of Paris has striven to keep pace with the magnificence of the new buildings, but one disagreeable result has arisen from it. The comestible department of Paris is certainly in a state of decadence, and, instead of being the capital where one could dine *par excellence*, the restaurants, at present, leave much to be desired. Of course, you can still dine if you like to pay the price—you can do that anywhere—but the man who has to measure the length of his dinner by that of his purse, suffers. I tried various restaurants, known to me in former days as places where one could feed reputationally at moderate cost, but there was a sad falling off. The repasts had a great deal of the Dead Sea apple about them: there was the same abundance of vermeil, the same unlimited supply of bread, but the fish was doubtful, and I wish the meat had been only that. Even the oysters appeared to me to have degenerated. I remember those delicious little green Ostend molluscs, which gave you an appetite by the mere sight, but now the Parisians have a base imitation of the Milton, possessing no flavour save that of bran. Besides, they were mostly in that condition which would have gladdened the heart of George I., and which, though highly to be applauded in a woodcock, is not exactly desirable in an oyster.

The same law of deterioration holds good with the wine. I really believe it is impossible to procure a good glass without paying an exor-

bitant price for it. Now, this is hardly fair, and I see no reason why John Bull should have to pay his quota towards new buildings at the expense of his health. Better put a tax upon us as we pass the octroi, and let us have matters eatable as before. At present, the *non estis homines* is most strictly applicable to Paris, and I recommend those who wish to visit that Circean capital to put money in their purse, and plenty of it, unless they wish to choose between the alternatives of starvation and poisoning.

The printsellers' shops are, as usual, surrounded from morning till night by eager gazers, for they are still full of the episodes of the war. To judge by the enormous number of his portraits, the emperor is decidedly the most popular man in France. Every window contained at least a dozen engravings of him: here he was in uniform, there in mufti; here a full front, there a profile; whole lengths, half-lengths; in every position, in short, to which the human frame could be tortured. Next to the emperor's in popularity was the effigy of his imperial highness the prince, in his cradle, in a Zouave uniform, dressed as a drummer of the Guard, or in Highland garb. Probably, the most successful engraving of all was one representing the emperor seated in a chair and dandling the little prince on his knee. There was something theatrical, Winterhalterish in the grouping, and that was sufficient to fascinate the Parisians. The empress did not appear to be one quarter so popular, and as for Plon-plon, the providence of families, he was nowhere. After the imperial family, Marshal M'Mahon appears to have enlisted the popular suffrages; every battle piece has him for the central figure, and he seems to have usurped all the renown—after his master, of course. Here and there a dreadful insult on humanity might be seen, representing Garibaldi, whom the French mind evidently regards as own brother to Fra Diavolo, but I did not notice that he attracted any peculiar attention. Indeed, I was amazed to find how chary the Parisians were about uttering an opinion as to Italy. I tried to draw one or two friends on the subject, but they always contrived to evade it. At any rate, the war fever is going down, and I fancy the Parisians have had quite enough glory for the present.

The idle population of Paris, at this moment, is represented by soldiers. They lounge about the streets, not as single spies, but in battalions, and nobly take the wall of every *pékin*. They certainly are a great institution, but I cannot say I admire the Knickerbockers with which the emperor in his wisdom has thought proper to clothe them. Those articles of attire may, possibly, become Lord Elcho, or any other sturdy representative of British beef, but the dumpy little Frenchmen new look, for all the world, like razéed Dutchmen. The emperor takes care that the Parisians shall have specimens of all his regiments constantly before them, perhaps to show them how the money goes; and the consequence is that Paris resembles a huge stone Aldershott, where men in black coats are permitted to reside for the purpose of supplying the wants of the army. After so much has been written in abuse of our system of clothing the troops, I candidly confess that I saw nothing in Paris which could at all compare with our Grenadiers, both in solidity and attractiveness.

But in another respect I grant the French are our masters, and that is in their street advertising. It may be that the system of having shops

one above the other may have much to do in increasing the display; but go where you will through Paris, and you find the houses covered with really artistic designs. Some of them, I dare say, are highly ridiculous to an English eye, but they produce the desired effect—they attract attention. I am surprised that our tradespeople have followed the fashion in so clumsy a way. You may see here and there through London, on the sides of houses, various boards suggestive of wants, and the right places to satisfy them; but there is a decided paucity of invention. I am sure Mr. Sala might take an instructive walk through Paris, and throw out many useful hints. On the other hand, we are far superior to the French in newspaper advertising; nothing is so wretched as the last page of one of their journals, and the loss of space is deplorable. Nor have they yet attained the scheme of advertising in 'buses, which is pre-eminently a feature among us; but I suppose that will come with time. But there is one deficiency in Paris I am surprised at: the nation that came over to teach us how to work our 'bus communication, has not yet started a Parcels Delivery Company. Nothing more tedious than to send a packet across Paris; it would reach London in less time, and probably at a cheaper rate. Awful formalities have to be gone through, and by the time the parcel reaches its destination it is covered with little etiquettes, all tending, possibly, to its security, but frightfully absurd to the English practical mind.

The general aspect of the shops is otherwise unchanged; the silk mercers have broken out into ampler proportions, probably owing to the crinoline expansion, and there are many more shops for the sale of mock jewellery than of real. Of course there must be retrenchment somewhere, and if ladies' dresses demand so many more yards than heretofore, the wearers must put up with a depreciation in their jewel-case. France is, indeed, more than ever governed by crinoline, as we are—a wicked wit said t'other day—by Delaine; and, as for any reduction of the rotundity, I really believe the ladies, out of sheer spite, grow more balloon-like in proportion to the abuse showered on the jupons-ballons.

Of course, a visit to Paris would be imperfect without the expenditure of sundry francs at the theatres. My time was limited, but I managed to assist at three representations, all of them deserving a word of description. My first evening was devoted to the Vaudeville and Balzac's play of "La Marâtre," which, it is true, I had seen eleven years before, when it passed unheeded, but which has now become, like the author, the idol of the French. Any thing more repulsive than this play is hardly possible to conceive. Two ladies, a mother-in-law and step-daughter, are in love with the same young man, and there is a regular ladies' battle between them as to who shall win the day. The scene takes place in the vicinity of London, where a *M. de Grandchamp*, an old Bonapartist general, has established a large factory. His daughter *Pauline* is twenty-two; his wife, *Pauline's* ex-governess, a few years older. The golden apple for which they contend is a certain *M. Ferdinand*, a handsome man, engaged in the factory, who is under a cloud, for his father had surrendered the gates of France to the allies, and the ex-Bonapartist would infallibly murder him if he found him out. Hence the young man has thought it advisable to shave and change his name. *Ferdinand* has assured both ladies of his love for them, and, of course,

they discover they are rivals. *Ferdinand* nobly hands *Pauline* all her stepmother's love-letters to him in order to force that lady into a compromise, and *Gertrude* doctors her to get possession of them. *Pauline*, driven into a corner, hits on the ingenious idea of poisoning herself and throwing the blame on *Gertrude*. The latter is arrested, and in a very awkward predicament, when *Pauline* avows all, and then *Ferdinand* follows her example by killing himself. *Gertrude* is left to live a life of misery with her husband. Faugh! no wonder Jane Eyre said that reading Balzac left such a bad taste in the mouth.

Nor was my second experiment much more successful: for I went to the Théâtre Déjazet, better known as the Folies Nouvelles. That once great actress Déjazet was here *dans ses meubles*, and performed the hero in a very charming piece called "Les Premières Armes de Figaro." Eugh! it was terrible to see so old a lady performing a beardless boy of seventeen. She really ought to have known better. It was truly painful to see this decrepit lady tottering about the stage and attempting to assume the reckless airs of a Figaro. Her voice was so thin, her legs trembled so, her fingers were so long and skinny, that it was a cruel thing even to look upon her. My evening's entertainment was quite spoiled with her first appearance on the stage. It was the more atrocious, as we can all remember what the Déjazet was—why, then, force upon us the knowledge of what she is? I remember being disillusioned precisely in the same way in 1849. I was persuaded to go to the Odéon and see Mademoiselle George in "La Tour de Nesle;" and it was just such a painful exhibition as the present one—perhaps even more hideous, when we bear in mind the character of the play.

My third and last evening was, however, a compensation for the two former, for I spent it with M. Hamilton, successor to M. Robert-Houdin. He is certainly one of the neatest prestidigitators I ever saw, and one of his tricks I had not seen before. His little foot-page stood on a stool upon the stage, holding loosely in his hand two long green cords with brass handles at the end. With these M. Hamilton walked up the room and invited any one to lay hold of them. The effect was most ludicrous when a stout Englishman held them and tugged fiercely. All at once, though, he changed his key, and vociferated, "Oh, hang it, let go!" quite forgetting that he was the holder. The force of the galvanic current completely drew him off his chair before he dropped the handles. Others of M. Hamilton's tricks were also done with remarkable neatness, and, in short, the evening was a truly enjoyable one. I tried hard to induce M. Hamilton to come among us, but he is diffident, for, in spite of his name, he cannot speak a word of English. I think, though, he would be as much admired as was his predecessor, whose life and adventures I had recently the honour of making known to British readers.

No sooner was this performance over than I had to pack up my portmanteau to catch the train leaving at midnight. I had thus the satisfaction of travelling twice the same road without seeing an inch of the country between Dieppe and Paris. And even after that I had to cut four hours to waste in Dieppe ere the tide allowed the boat to start, and other three at Newhaven, a place composed apparently of a custom-house and an hotel. Surely the company might manage these matters better.

And now, in conclusion, what shall I say of the French at home? I found them on this occasion most cordial to Englishmen, and they treated me with great kindness, possibly mingled with condescension. As for the soldiers with whom I conversed, they really regretted the necessity which would force them to pay us a visit next April, but then, "ce Waterloo, mon cher!" In vain did I tell them that our rifle volunteers would be most ready to meet them; they only replied, "Ah bah!" with an inimitable click of the tongue that spoke volumes. I really do not believe that the French soldiers bear us any animosity, but they are convinced it is their destiny to efface Waterloo, and they have quite got over that feeling of irritation the Crimean campaign produced, though I know not what the Chinese allied expedition may bring forth. As for attempting to teach them that the emperor is too long-sighted to run his head against a stone wall, that is too good a joke. You might as well try to persuade them that the Austrians fought bravely in the late war. They consider themselves cocks of the dunghill at present, although the English may attempt a weak crow, which they can silence at any moment. I assure you there is no better amusement on the cards than conversing with a French soldier who was engaged in the Italian war. To hear him talk, you would fancy the whole army was recruited from Gascony.

As for the Parisians themselves, as far as I could gauge, they are very happy under the present government. The feeling of security is so intense—the impossibility of any revolution is so certain, while their gains are so large—that they have no wish for a change. Having no affection for republicans of any colour, I did not try to ask their opinion, but I suspect they are too wise to attempt any *émeute* so long as a *sergent de ville* leans against every post, who makes his beard precisely after the model of his imperial master. The improvements in Paris have been carried out so strategically that revolt is quite hopeless, and the bourgeois, knowing that he can retire to bed to dream of his gains without the prospect of being aroused by a salvo of musketry, has no great desire to see the press enfranchised, for he remembers that the turbulent writers always put themselves at the head of every popular movement, by which, whoever may be the gainer, he is quite sure to suffer.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

BY MARKHAM JOHN THORPE.

Among the chesnuts of the Tuileries
 The ringdoves murmur forth their sweetest cooing,
 Too soon the early autumn gilds the trees,
 Fond happy lovers in the groves are wooing,
 While all the world is gay and up and doing.
 Boom forth the cannon of the Invalides,
 The trumpet voice of Victory forth flying
 Speaks to the world of high heroic deed,
 Of fields where thousands, friends and foes, are lying,
 Of battles won, at which the heart should bleed;
 And the poor trees say sadly, softly sighing,
 "Alas! alas! so soon that we are dying!"

Glory, like summer-time, is rich in fruits,
 Blooming and beauteous to the longing eye,
 But all unripe and bitter at their roots,
 While yet the fountains of their sweets are dry.
 Wreaths may be woven for a few short hours,
 The fresh green leaves will yield them plenteously,
 But these will wither fast as rootless flowers;
 The wreath of glory needs a deeper dye,
 The smile of Heaven, to paint its blazonry;
 As summer waits for autumn and its showers
 To ripen all its fruits and deck its bowers;
 The red leaves then in fulness, winter flying,
 Sighing not, weeping not that they are dying.

Emperor and Conqueror!—for both thou art—
 Look to thyself, more truly know thy part;
 Take the sweet lesson of these falling leaves
 That round thy palace walls are newly lying;
 Think of their glory early gone, the wreaths
 Of thy new summer chaplet by thee lying;
 Think of its early beauty quickly flying,
 Think of the fancy every poet weaves,
 Ponder the thought each sacred lesson breathes,
 List to the words these leaves are sadly sighing,
 "Alas! alas! so soon that we are dying!"

To rule is not alone to trade in war;
 Empire is surer gained by heavenly peace;
 To conquer, more is needed than the jar
 Of arms; the mightiest of all said, "Cease,
 Be still!" and wilder elements than these
 Thou dost contend against were stilled by Him.
 Thy will is not as His, but thou may'st learn,
 As all, His meekness, His undying glory,
 His arms, His armour, and His diadem!
 His lessons thou may'st read aright, and earn,
 Conquering thyself, a name most great in story.
 List to the leaves around thy chamber sighing,
 Lisp not their words when on thy death-bed lying,
 "Alas! alas! so soon that we are dying!"

SLANDER AND SILLERY;

OR, HOW A PARIS *LIGN* WAS HUNTED.

BY OUIDA.

IV.

MÉROUZE.

“QUI cherchez-vous, petite?”

The speaker was la Mélusine, and the hearer was Nina, who considerably resented the half-patronising, half-mocking, yet intensely amiable manner the widow chose to assume towards her. Gordon was stricken with warm admiration of madame, and never inquired into *her* morality, only too pleased when she condescended to talk to or invite him. They had met at a soirée at some intimate friends of Vaughan's in the Champs Elysées. (Ernest was a favourite wherever he went, and the good-natured French people at once took up his relatives to please him.) He was not there himself, but the baronne's quick eyes soon caught and construed her restless glances through the crowded rooms.

“Je ne cherche personne, madame,” said Nina, haughtily. Dressed simply in white tulle, with the most exquisite flowers to be had out of the Palais Royal in the famous golden hair, which gleamed in the gaslight like sunshine, she aroused the serpent which lay hid in the roses of madame's smiles.

Pauline laughed softly, and flirted her fan. “Nay, nay, mignonne, those soft eyes are seeking some one. Who is it? Ah! it is that méchant Monsieur Vaughan n'est-ce pas? He is very, handsome, certainly, but

On dit au village
Qu'Argire est volage.”

“Madame's own thoughts possibly suggest the supposition of mine,” said Nina, coldly.

“Comme ces Anglaises sont impolies,” thought the baronne. “No, indeed,” she said, laughing carelessly, “I know Ernest too well to let my thoughts dwell on him. He is charming to talk to, to waltz with, to flirt with, but from anything further Dieu nous garde! Lauzun himself were not more dangerous or more unstable.”

“You speak as bitterly, madame, as if you had suffered from the fickleness,” said Nina, with a contemptuous curl of her soft lips. Sweet temper as she was, she could thrust a spear in her enemy's side when she liked.

Madame's eyes glittered like a rattlesnake's. Nina's chance ball shot home. But madame was a woman of the world, and could mask her batteries with a skill of which Nina, with her impetuous *abandon*, was incapable. She smiled very sweetly, as she answered, “No, petite, I have unhappily seen too much of the world not to know that we must never put our trust in those charming mauvais sujets. At your age, I dare say I should not have been proof against your countryman's fascina-

tions, but now, I know just how much his fondest vows are worth, and I have been deaf to them all, for I would not let my heart mislead me against my reason and my conscience. Ah, petite! you little guess what the traitor word 'love' means here, in Paris. We women grow accustomed to our fate, but the lesson is hard sometimes."

"You have been reading 'Mes Confidences,' lately?" asked Nina, with a sarcastic flash of her brilliant eyes.

"How cruel! Do you suppose I can have no *émotions* except I learn them second-hand through Lamartine or Delphine Gay? You are very satirical, Miss Gordon—How strange!" said the baronne, interrupting herself; "your bouquet is the fac-simile of mine! Look! De Kerroualle sent you that, I fancy? You know he raffoles of you. I was very silly to use mine, but Mr. Vaughan sent me such a pretty note with it, that I had not the resolution to disappoint him. Poor Ernest!" And Madame sighed softly, as if bewailing in her tender heart the woes her obduracy caused. The blood flamed up in Nina's cheeks, and her hand clenched hard on Ernest's flowers: they *were* the fac-similes of the widow's; delicate pink blossoms, mixed with white azalias. "Is he here to-night, do you know?" madame continued. "I dare say not: he is behind the coulisses, most likely. Céline, the new danseuse from the Fenice, makes her *début* to-night. Here comes poor Gaston to petition for a valise. Be kind to him, pray."

She herself went off to the ball-room, and the effect of her exordium was to make Nina very disagreeable to poor De Kerroualle, whom she really liked, and who was *entêté* about her. Not long afterwards, Nina saw in the distance Vaughan's haughty head and powerful brow, and her silly little heart beat as quick as a pigeon's just caught in the trap: he was talking to the widow.

"Look at your young English friend," Pauline was saying, "how she is flirting with Gaston, and De Lafitole, and De Concessault. Certainly, when your Englishwomen do coquet, they go further than any of us."

"Est-ce possible?" said Ernest, raising his eyebrows.

"Méchant!" cried madame, with a chastising blow of her fan. "But, do you know, I admire the petite very much. I believe all really beautiful women had that rare golden hair of hers—Lucrezia Borgia (I could never bear Grisi as *Lucrezia*, for that very reason), La Cenci, the Duchess of Portsmouth, *Ænone*—and Helen, I am sure, netted Paris with those gold threads. Don't you think it is very lovely?"

"I do, indeed," said Vaughan, with unconscious warmth.

Madame laughed gaily, but there was a disagreeable glitter in her eye. "What, fickle already? Ah, well, I give you full leave."

"And example, madame," said Ernest, as he bowed and left her side, glad to have struck the first blow of his freedom from this handsome tyrant, who was as capricious and exacting as she was clever and captivating. But fetters made of fairer roses were over Ernest now, and he never bethought himself of the probable vengeance of that bitterest foe, a woman who is piqued.

"Tout beau!" thought Pauline, as she saw him waltzing with Nina.

"Mais je vous donnerai encore l'échec et mat, mon brave joueur."

"Did you give Madame de Mélusine the bouquet she carries this evening?" asked Nina, as he whirled her round.

"No," said Ernest, astonished. "Why do you ask?"

"Because she said you did," answered Nina, never accustomed to conceal anything; "and, besides, it is exactly like mine."

"Infernal woman!" muttered Ernest. "How could you for a moment believe that I would have so insulted you?"

"I didn't believe it," said Nina, lifting her frank eyes to his. "But how very late you are; have you been at the ballet?"

His face grew stern. "Did she tell you that?"

"Yes. But why did you go there, instead of coming to dance with me? Do you like those danseuses better than you do me? What was Céline's, or anybody's *début*, to you?"

Ernest smiled at the naive indignation of the question. "Never think that I do not wish to be with you; but—I wanted oblivion, and one cannot shake off old habits. Did you miss me among all those other men that you have always round you?"

"How unkind that is!" whispered Nina, indignantly. "You know I always do."

He held her closer to him in the waltz, and she felt his heart beat quicker, but she got no other answer.

That night Nina stood before her toilette-table, putting her flowers in water, and some hot tears fell on the azalias.

"I will have faith in him," she cried, passionately; "though all the world be witness against him, I will believe in him. Whatever his life may have been, his heart is warm and true; they shall never make me doubt it."

Her last thoughts were of him, and when she slept his face was in her dreams, while Ernest, with some of the wildest men of his set, smoked hard and drank deep in his chambers to drive away, if he could, the fiends of Regret and Passion and the memory of a young, radiant, impassioned face, which lured him to an unattainable future.

"Nina dearest," said Selina Ruskinstone, affectionately, the morning after, "I hope you will not think me unkind—you know I have no wish but for your good—but *don't* you think it would be better to be a little more—more reserved, a little less free, with Mr. Vaughan?"

"Explain yourself more clearly," said Nina, tranquilly. "Do you wish me to send to Turkey for a veil and a guard of Bashi-Bazouks, or do you mean that Mr. Vaughan is so attractive that he is better avoided, like a man-trap or a Maelstrom?"

"Don't be ridiculous," retorted Augusta; "you know well enough what we mean, and certainly you do run after him a great deal too much."

"You are so *very* demonstrative," sighed Selina, "and it is so easily misconstrued. It is not feminine to court any man so unblushingly."

Nina's eyes flashed, and the blood coloured her brow. "I am not afraid of being misconstrued by Mr. Vaughan," she said, haughtily; "gentlemen are kinder and wiser judges in those things than our sex."

"I wouldn't advise you to trust to Ernest's tender mercies," sneered Augusta.

"My dear child, remember his principles," sighed Selina; "his life—his reputation——"

"Leave both him and me alone," retorted Nina, passionately. "I

will not stand calmly by to hear him slandered with your vague calumnies. You preach religion often enough; practise it now, and show more common kindness to your cousin: I do not say charity, for I am sick of the cant word, and he is above your pity. You think me utterly lost because I dance, and laugh, and enjoy my life, but, bad as *my* principles are, I should be shocked—yes, Selina, and I should think I merited little mercy myself, were I as harsh and bitter upon any one as you are upon him. How can *you* judge him?—how can you say what nobility, and truth, and affection—that will shame your own cold pharisaism—may be in his heart unrevealed?—how can you dare to censure *him*?”

In the door of the salon, listening to the lecture his young champion was giving these two blue, opinionated, and strongly pious ladies, stood Ernest, his face even paler than usual, and his eyes with a strange mixture of joy and pain in them. Nina coloured scarlet, but went forward to meet him with undisguised pleasure, utterly regardless of the sneering lips and averted eyes of the Miss Ruskinstones. He had come to go with them to St. Germain, and, with a dexterous manoeuvre, took the very seat in the carriage opposite Nina that Eusebius had planned for himself. But the Warden was no match for the *Lion* in such affairs, and, being exiled to the barouche with Gordon and Augusta, took from under the seat a folio of the “Stones of Venice,” and read sulkily all the way.

“My dear fellow,” said Vaughan, when they reached St. Germain, “don’t you think you would prefer to sit in the carriage, and finish that delightful work, to coming to see some simple woods and terraces? If you would, pray don’t hesitate to say so; I am sure Miss Gordon will excuse your absence.”

The solicitous courtesy of Ernest’s manner was boiling oil to the fire raging in the Warden’s gentle breast, and Eusebius, besides, was not quick at retorts. “I am not guilty of any such bad taste,” he said, stiffly, “though I do discover a charm in severe studies, which I believe you never did.”

“No, never,” said Ernest, laughing; “my genius does not lie that way; and I’ve no vacant bishopric in my mind’s eye to make such studies profitable. Even you, you know, light of the Church as you are, want recreation sometimes. Confess now, the chansons à boire last night sounded pleasant after long months of Faithandgrace services!”

Eusebius looked much as I have seen a sleek tom-cat, who bears a respectable character generally, surprised in surreptitiously licking out of the cream-jug. He had the night before (when he was popularly supposed to be sitting under Adolphe Monod) tasted rather too many petits verres up at the Pré Catalan, utterly unconscious of his cousin’s proximity. The pure-minded soul thus cruelly caught looked prayers of piteous entreaty to Vaughan not to damage his milk-white reputation by further revelation of this unlucky détour into the Broad Road; and Ernest, who, always kind-hearted, never hit a man when he was down, contented himself with saying:

“Ah! well, we are none of us pure alabaster, though some of the sepulchres *do* contrive to whiten themselves up astonishingly. My father, poor man, once wished to put me in the Church. Do you think I should have graced it, Selina?”

"I can't say I do," sneered Selina.

"You think I should disgrace it? Very probably. I am not good at 'canting.'" And giving Nina his arm, the Warden being much too confused to forestal him, he whispered: "When is that atrocious saint going to take himself over the water? Couldn't we bribe his diocesan to call him before the Arches Court? Surely those long coats, so like the little wooden men in Noah's Ark, and that straightened hair, so mathematically parted down the centre, look 'perverted' enough to warrant it."

Nina shook her head. "Unhappily, he is here for six months for ill health!—the sick-leave of clergymen who wish for a holiday, and are too holy to leave their flock without an excuse to society."

Vaughan laughed, then sighed. "Six months—and you have been here four already! Eusebius hates me cordially—all my English relatives do, I believe; we do not get on together. They are too cold and conventional for me. I have some of the warm Bohemian blood, though God knows I've seen enough to chill it to ice by this time; but it is *not* chilled—so much the worse for me," muttered Ernest. "Tell me," he said, abruptly—"tell me why you took the trouble to defend me so generously this morning?"

She looked up at him with her frank, beaming regard. "Because they dare to misjudge you, and they know nothing, and are not worthy to know anything of your real self."

He pressed his lips together as if in bodily pain. "And what do you know?"

"Have you not yourself said that you talk to me as you talk to no one else?" answered Nina, impetuously; "besides—I cannot tell why, but the first day I met you I seemed to find some friend that I had lost before. I was certain that you would never misconstrue anything I said, and I felt that I saw further into your heart and mind than any one else could do. Was it not very strange?" She stopped, and looked up at him. Ernest bent his eyes on the ground, and breathed fast.

"No, no," he said, at last; "yours is only an ideal of me. If you knew me as I really am, you would cease to feel the—the interest that you say——"

He stopped abruptly; facile as he was at pretty compliments, and versed in tender scenes as he had been from his school-days, the longing to make this girl love him, and his struggle not to breathe love to her, deprived him of his customary strength and nonchalance.

"I do not fear to know you as you are," said Nina, gently. "I do not think you yourself allow all the better things that there are in you. People have not judged you rightly, and you have been too proud to prove their error to them. You have found pleasure in running counter to the prudish and illiberal bigots who presumed to judge you; and to a world you have found heartless and false you have not cared to lift the domino and mask you wore."

Vaughan sighed from the bottom of his heart, and walked on in silence for a good five minutes. "Promise me, Nina," he said at length, with an effort, "that no matter what you hear against me, you will not condemn me unheard."

"I promise," she answered, raising her eyes to his, brighter still for the colour in her cheeks. It was the first time he had called her Nina.

"Miss Gordon," said Eusebius, hurriedly overtaking them, "pray

come with me a moment; there is the most exquisite specimen of the Flamboyant style in an archway——”

“Thank you for your good intention,” said Nina, pettishly, “but really, as you might know by this time, I never can see any attractions in your most prosaic and matter-of-fact study.”

“It might be more profitable than——”

“Than thinking of La Vallière and poor Bragelonne, and all the gay glories of the exiled Bourbons?” laughed Nina. “Very likely; but romance is more to my taste than granite. You would never have killed yourself, like Bragelonne, for the beaux yeux of Louise de la Beaume-sur-Blanc, would you?”

“I trust,” said Eusebius, stiffly, “that I should have had a deeper sense of the important responsibilities of the gift of life to throw it away because a silly girl preferred another.”

“You are very impolitic,” said Ernest, with a satirical smile. “No lady could feel remorse at forsaking you, if you could get over it so easily.”

“He *would* get over it easily,” laughed Nina. “You would call her Delilah, and all the Scripture bad names, order Mr. Ruskin’s new work, turn your desires to a deanship, marry some bishop’s daughter with high ecclesiastical interest, and console yourself in the bosom of your Mother Church—eh, Mr. Ruskinstone?”

“You are cruelly unjust,” sighed Eusebius. “You little know——”

“The charms of architecture? No; and I never shall,” answered his tormentor, humming the “Queen of the Roses,” and waltzing down the forest glade, where they were walking. “How severe you look!” she said, as she waltzed back. “Is *that* wrong, too? Miriam danced before the ark and Jephtha’s daughter!”

The Warden appeared not to hear. Certainly his mode of courtship was singular.

“Ernest,” he said, turning to his cousin as the rest of the party came up, “I had no idea your sister was in Paris. I have not seen her since she was fourteen. I should not have known her in the least.”

“Margaret is in India with her husband,” answered Vaughan. “What are you dreaming of? Where have you seen her?”

“I saw her in your chambers,” answered the Warden, slowly. “I passed three times yesterday, and she was sitting in the centre window each time.”

“Pshaw! You dreamt it in your sleep last night. Margaret’s in Vellore, I assure you.”

“I saw her,” said the Warden, softly; “or, at least, I saw some lady, whom I naturally presumed to be your sister.”

Ernest, who had not coloured for fifteen years, and would have defied man or woman to confuse him, flushed to his very temples.

“You are mistaken,” he said, decidedly. “There is no woman in my rooms.”

Eusebius raised his eyebrows, bent his head, smiled and sighed. More polite disbelief was never expressed. The Miss Ruskinstones would have blushed if they could; as they could not, they drew themselves bolt upright, and put their parasols between them and the reprobate. Nina, whose hand was still in Vaughan’s arm, turned white, and flashed a quick,

upward, look at him; then, with a glance at Bombin, as fiery as the eternal wrath that that dear divine was accustomed to deal out so largely to other people, she led Ernest up to her father, who, being providentially somewhat deaf, had not heard this by-play, and said, to her cousin's horror, "Papa, dear, Mr. Vaughan wants you to dine with him at Tortoni's to-night, to meet M. de Vendanges. You will be very happy, won't you?"

Ernest pressed her little hand against his side, and thanked her with his eyes.

Gordon was propitiated for that day; he was not likely to quarrel with a man who could introduce him to "Son Altesse Monseigneur le Duc de Vendanges."

V.

MORE MISCHIEF—AND AN END.

In a little cabinet de peinture, in a house in the Place Vendôme, apart from all the other people, who having come to a déjeuner, were now dispersed in the music-rooms, boudoirs, and conservatories, sat Madame de Mélusine, talking to Gordon, flatteringly, beguilingly, bewitchingly, as that accomplished widow could. The banker found her charming, and really, under her blandishments, began to believe, poor old fellow, that she was in love with him!

"Ah! by-the-by, cher monsieur," began madame, when she had soft-scoped him into a proper frame of mind, "I want to speak to you about that mignonne Nina. You cannot tell, you cannot imagine, what interest I take in her."

"You do her much honour, madame," replied her bourgeois gentleman, always stiff, however enraptured he might feel internally.

"The honour is mine," smiled Pauline. "Yes, I do feel much interest in her; there is a sympathy in our natures, I am certain, and—and, Monsieur Gordon, I cannot see that darling girl on the brink of a precipice without stretching out a hand to snatch her from the abyss."

"Precipice—abyss—Nina! Good Heavens! my dear madame, what do you mean?" cried Gordon—a fire, an elopement, and the small-pox, all presenting themselves to his mind.

"No, no," repeated madame, with increasing vehemence, "I will not permit any private feelings, I will not allow my own weakness to prevent me from saving her. It would be a crime, a cruelty, to let your innocent child be deceived, and rendered miserable for all time, because I lack the moral courage to preserve her. Monsieur, I speak to you, as I am sure I may, as one friend to another, and I am perfectly certain that you will not misjudge me. Answer me one thing; no impertinent curiosity dictates the question. Do you wish your daughter married to Mr. Vaughan?"

"Married to Vaughan!" exclaimed the startled banker; "I'd sooner see her married to a crossing-sweeper. She never thought of such a thing. Impossible! absurd! she'll marry my friend Ruskinstone as soon as she comes of age. Marry Vaughan! a fellow without a penny——"

Pauline laid her soft, jewelled hand on his arm:

"My dear friend, *he* thinks of it if you do not, and I am much mistaken if dear Nina is not already dazzled by his brilliant qualities. Your

countryman is a charming companion, no one can gainsay that; but, alas! he is a roué, a gambler, an adventurer, who, while winning her young girl's affections, has only in view the wealth which he hopes he will gain with her. It is painful to me to say this" (and tears stood in madame's long velvet eyes). "We were good friends before he wanted more than friendship, while poor De Mélusine was still living, and his true character was revealed to me. It would be false delicacy to allow your darling Nina to become his victim for want of a few words from me, though I know, if he was aware of my interference, the inference he would basely insinuate from it. But you," whispered madame, brushing the tears from her eyes, and giving him an angelic smile, "I need not fear that you would ever misjudge me?"

"Never, I swear, most generous of women!" said the banker, kissing the snow-white hand, very clumsily, too. "I'll tell the fellow my mind directly—an unprincipled, gambling——"

"Non, non, je vous en prie, monsieur!" cried the widow, really frightened, for this would not have suited her plans at all. "You would put me in the power of that unscrupulous man. He would destroy my reputation at once in his revenge."

"But what am I to do?" said the poor gulled banker. "Nina's a will of her own, and if she take a fancy to this confounded——"

"Leave that to me," said la baronne, softly. "I have proofs which will stagger her most obstinate faith in her lover. Meanwhile, give him no suspicion, go to his supper on Tuesday, and—you are asked to Vauvenay, accept the invitation—and conclude the fiançailles with Monsieur le Ministre as soon as you can."

"But—but, madame," stammered this new Jourdain to his enchanting Dorimène, "Vauvenay is an exile. I shall not see you there?"

"Ah, silly man," laughed the widow, "I shall be only two miles off. I am going to stay with the Salvador; they leave Paris in three weeks. Listen—your daughter is singing 'The Swallows.' Her voice is quite as good as Ristori's."

Three hours after, madame held another tête-à-tête in that boudoir. This time the favoured mortal was Vaughan. They had had a pathetic interview, of which the pathos hardly moved Ernest as much as the widow desired.

"You love me no longer, Ernest," she murmured, the tears falling down her cheeks—her rouge was the product of high art, and never washed off—"I see it, I feel it; your heart is given to that English girl. I have tried to jest about it; I have tried to affect indifference, but I cannot. The love you once won will be yours to this grave."

Ernest listened, a satirical smile on his lips.

"I should feel more grateful," he said, calmly, "if the gift had not been given to so many; it will be a great deal of trouble to you to love us all to our graves. And your new friend Gordon, do you intend cherishing his grey hairs, too, till the gout puts them under the sod?"

She fell back sobbing with exquisite *abandon*. No deserted Calypso's pose was ever more effective.

"Ernest, Ernest! that I should live to be so insulted, and by you!"

"Nay, madame, end this vaudeville," said he, bitterly. "I know well enough that you hate me, or why have troubled yourself to coin the untruths about me that you whispered to Miss Gordon?"

"Ah! have you no pity for the first mad vengeance dictated by jealousy and despair?" murmured Pauline. "Once there was attraction in this face for you, Ernest; have some compassion, some sympathy——"

Well as he knew the worth of madame's tears, Ernest, chivalric and generous at heart, was touched.

"Forgive me," he said, gently, "and let us part. You know now, Pauline, that she has my deepest, my latest love. It were disloyalty to both did we meet again save in society."

"Farewell, then," murmured Pauline. "Think gently of me, Ernest, for I *have* loved you more than you will ever know now."

She rose, and, as he bent towards her, kissed his forehead. Then, floating from the room, passed the Reverend Eusebius, standing in the doorway, looking in on this parting scene. The widow looked at herself in her mirror that night with a smile of satisfaction.

"C'est bien en train," she said, half aloud. "Le fou! de penser qu'il puisse me braver. Je ne l'aime plus, c'est vrai, mais je ne veux pas qu'elle réussisse."

Nina went to bed very happy. Ernest had sat next her at the déjeuner; and afterwards at a ball had waltzed often with her and with nobody else; and his eyes had talked love in the waltzes though his tongue never had.

Ernest went to his chambers, smoked hard, half mad with the battle within him, and took three grains of opium, which gave him forgetfulness and sleep. He woke, tired and depressed, to hear the gay hum of life in the street below, and to remember he had promised Nina to meet them at Versailles.

It was Sunday morning. In England, of course, Gordon would have gone up to the sanctuary, listened to Mr. Bellew, frowned severely on the cheap trains, and, after his claret, read edifying sermons to his household; but in Paris there would be nobody to admire the piety, and the "grandes eaux" only play once a week, you know—on Sundays. So his Sabbath severity was relaxed, and down to Versailles he journeyed. There must be something peculiar in continental air, for it certainly stretches our countrymen's morality and religion uncommonly: it is only up at Jerusalem that our pharisees worship. Eusebius dare not go—he'd be sure to meet a brother-clerical, who might have reported the dereliction at home—so that Vaughan, despite Gordon's cold looks, kept by Nina's side, though he wasn't alone with her, and when they came back in the *wagon* the banker slept and the duenna dozed, and he talked softly and low to her—not quite love, but something very like it—and as they neared Paris he took the little hand with its delicate Jouvins glove in his, and whispered,

"Remember your promise: I can brave, and have braved most things, but I could not bear your scorn. *That* would make me a worse man than I have been, if, as some folks would tell you, such a thing be possible."

It was dark, but I dare say the moonbeams shining on the chevelure dorée showed him a pair of truthful, trusting eyes that promised never to desert him.

The day after he had, by dint of tact and strategy, planned to spend entirely with Nina. He was going with them to the races at Chantilly,

then to the Gaité to see the first representation of a vaudeville of a friend of his, and afterwards he had persuaded Gordon to enter the Lion's den, and let Nina grace a petit souper at No. 10, Rue des Mauvais Sujets, Chaussée d'Antin.

The weather was delicious, the race-ground full, if not quite so crowded as the Downs on Derby Day. Ernest cast away his depression, he gave himself up to the joy of being loved, his wit had never rung finer nor his laugh clearer than as he drove back to Paris opposite Nina. He had never felt in higher spirits than, after having given carte blanche to a cordon bleu for the entertainment, he looked round his salons, luxurious as Eugène Sue's, and perfumed with exotics from the Palais Royal, and thought of one rather different in style to the women that had been wont to drink his Sillery and grace his symposia.

He knew well enough she loved him, and his heart beat high as he put a bouquet of white flowers into a gold bouquetière to take to her.

On his lover-like thoughts the voice of one of his parrots—Ernest had almost as many pets as there are in the Jardin des Plantes—broke in, screaming, "Bluette! Bluette! Sacre bleu, elle est jolie! Bluette! Bluette!"

The recollection was unwelcome. Vaughan swore a "sacre bleu!" too. "Diable! she mustn't hear that. François, put that bird out of the way. He makes such a confounded row."

The parrot, fond of him, as all things were that knew him, sidled up, arching its neck, and repeating what De Concessault had taught it: "Fi donc, Ernest! Tu es volage! Tu ne m'aimes plus! Tu aimes Pauline!"

"Devil take the bird!" thought its master; "even he'll be witness against me." And as he went down stairs to his cab, a chorus of birds shouting "Tu aimes Pauline!" followed him, and while he laughed, he sighed to think that even these unconscious things could tell her how little his love was worth. He forgot all but his love, however, when he leaned over her chair in the Gaité, and saw that, strenuously as De Concessault and De Kerroualle sought to distract her attention, and many as were the lorgnons levelled at the chevelure dorée, all her thoughts and smiles were given to him.

Ernest had never, even in his careless boyhood, felt so happy as he did that night as he handed her into Gordon's carriage, and drove to the Chaussée d'Antin; and though Gordon sat there heavy and solemn, looming like an iceberg on Ernest's golden future, Vaughan forgot him utterly, and only looked at the sunshine beaming on him from radiant eyes that, sceptic in her sex as he was from experience, he felt would always be true to him. The carriage stopped at No. 10, Rue des Mauvais Sujets. He had given her one or two dinners with the Sennecterre, the De Salvador, and other fine ladies—grand affairs at the Frères Provençaux that would have satisfied Brillat-Savarin—but she had never been to his rooms before, and she smiled joyously in his face as he lifted her out—the smile that had first charmed him at the Français. He gave her his arm, and led her across the salle, bending his head down to whisper a welcome. Gordon and Selina and several men followed. Selina felt that it was perdition to enter the *Lion's* den, but a fat old vicomte, on whom she'd fixed her eye, was going, and the "femmes de trente ans" that Balzac champions risk their souls rather than risk their chances when the day is far spent, and good offers grow rare.

Ernest's Abyssinian, a mute, subordinate to that grand gentleman M. François, ushered them up the stairs, making furtive signs to his master, which Vaughan was much too absorbed to notice. François, in all his glory, flung open the door of the salon. In the salon a sight met Ernest's eyes which froze his blood more than if all the dead had arisen out of their graves on the slopes of Père la Chaise.

The myriad of wax-lights shone on the rooms, fragrant with the perfume of the exotics, gleamed on the supper-table, gorgeous with its gold plate and its flowers, lighted up the aviary with its brilliant hues of plumage, and showed to full perfection the snowy shoulders, raven hair, and rose-hued dress of a woman lying back in a fauteuil, laughing, as De Cheffontaine, a man but slightly known to Ernest, leaned over her, fanning her. On a sofa in an alcove reclined another girl, young, fair, and pretty, the amber mouthpiece of a hookah between her lips, and a couple of young fellows at her feet.

The brunette was Bluette, who played the soubrette rôles at the Odéon; the blonde was Céline Gamelle, the new première danseuse. Bluette rose from the depths of her amber satin fauteuil, with her little *pétillant* eyes laughing, and her small, plump hands stretched out in gesticulation. "Méchant! Comme tu es tard, Ernest. Nous avons été ici si longtemps—dix minutes au moins! And dis is you leetler new Ingleesh friend. How you do, my dear?"

Nina, white as death, shrank from her, clinging with both hands to Ernest's arms. As pale as she, Vaughan stood staring at the actress, his lips pressed convulsively together, the veins standing out on his broad, high forehead. The bold *Lion* hunted into his lair, for once lost all power, all strength.

Gordon looked over Nina's shoulder into the room. He recognised the women at a glance, and, with his heavy brow dark as night, he glared on Ernest in a silence more ominous than words or oaths, and snatching Nina's arm from his, he drew her hand within his own, and dragged her from the room.

Ernest sprang after him. "Good God! you do not suppose me capable of this. Stay one instant. Hear me——"

"Let us pass, sir," thundered Gordon, "or by Heaven this insult shall not go unavenged."

"Nina, Nina!" cried Ernest, passionately, "do you at least listen!—you at least will not condemn——"

Nina wrenched her hands from her father, and turned to him, a passion of tears falling down her face. "No, no! have I not promised you?"

With a violent oath Gordon carried her to her carriage. It drove away, and Ernest, his lips set, his face white, and a fierce glare in his dark eyes that made Bluette and Céline tremble, entered his salons a second time, so bitter an anguish, so deadly a wrath marked in his expressive countenance, that even the Frenchmen hushed their jests, and the women shrank away, awed at a depth of feeling they could not fathom or brave.

The fierce anathemas of Gordon, the "Christian" lamentations of Eusebius, the sneers of Selina, the triumphs of Augusta, all these vials of wrath were poured forth on Ernest, in poor little Nina's ears, the whole of the next day. She had but one voice among many to raise in his defence, and she had no armour but her faith in him. Gordon vowed

with the same breath that she should never see Vaughan again, and that she should engage herself to Ruskinstone forthwith. Eusebius poured in at one ear his mild milk-and-water attachment, and, in the other, details of Ernest's scene in the boudoir with Madame de Mélusine, or, at least, what he had seen of it, *i. e.* her parting caress. Selina rang the changes on her immodesty in loving a man who had never proposed to her; and Augusta drew lively pictures of the eternal fires which were already being kept up below, ready for the *Lion's* reception. Against all these furious batteries Nina stood firm. All their sneers and arguments could not shake her belief, all her father's commands—and, when he was roused, the old banker was very fierce—could not move her to promise not to see Ernest again, or alter her firm repudiation of the warden's proposals. The thunder rolled, the lightning flamed, the winds screamed, all to no purpose, the little reed that one might have fancied would break, stood steady.

The day passed, and the next passed, and there were no tidings of Ernest. Nina's little loyal heart, despite its unhesitating faith, began to tremble lest it should have wrecked itself: but then, she thought of his eyes, and she felt that all the world would never make her mistrust him.

On the *surlendemain* the De Mélusine called. Gordon and Eusebius were out, and Nina wished her to be shown up. Ill as the girl felt, she rose haughtily and self-possessed to greet madame, as, announced by her tall chasseur, with his green plume, the widow glided into the room.

Pauline kissed her lightly (there are no end of Judases among the dear sex), and, though something in Nina's eyes startled her, sat down beside her, and began to talk most kindly, most sympathisingly. She was *chagrinée, désolée*, that her *chère* Nina should have been so insulted; every one knew M. Vaughan was quite *entêté* with that little, horrid, coarse thing, Blulette; but it was certainly very shocking; men were such *démons*. The affair was already *répandue* in Paris; everybody was talking of it. Ernest was unfortunately so well known; he could not be in his senses; she almost wished he *was* mad, it would be the only excuse for him; wild as he was, she should scarcely have thought, &c. &c. &c. "Ah! *chère enfant*," madame went on at the finish, "you do not know these men—I do. I fear you have been dazzled by this naughty fellow; he is very attractive, certainly: if so, though it will be a sharp pang, it will be better to know his real character at once. *Voyez* done! he has been persuading you that you were all the world to him, while, at the same time, he has been trying to make me believe the same. See, only two days ago he sent me this."

She held out a miniature. Nina, who hitherto had listened in haughty silence, gave a sharp cry of pain, as she saw Vaughan's graceful figure, stately head, and statue-like features. But, before the widow could pursue her advantage, Nina rallied, threw back her head, and said, her soft lips set sternly:

"If you repulsed his love, why was he obliged to repulse yours? Why did you tell him on Saturday night that 'you had loved him more than he would ever know now?'"

The shot Eusebius had unconsciously provided, struck home. Madame was baffled. Her eyes sank under Nina's, and she coloured through her rouge.

"You have played two rôles, madame," said Nina, rising, "and not played them with your usual skill. Excuse my English ill-breeding, if I ask you to do me the favour of ending this comedy."

"Certainly, mademoiselle, if it is your wish," answered the widow, now smiling blandly. "If it please you to be blind, I have no desire to remove the bandage from your eyes. Seulement, je vous prie de me pardonner mon indiscretion, et j'ai l'honneur, mademoiselle, de vous dire adieu!"

With the lowest of *révérences* madame glided from the room, and, as the door closed, Nina bowed her head on the miniature left behind in the *déroute*, and burst into tears.

Scarcely had la Mélusine's barouche rolled away, when another visitor was shown in, and Nina, brushing the tears from her cheeks, looked up hurriedly, and saw a small woman, finely dressed, with a Shetland veil on, through which her small black eyes roved listlessly.

"Mademoiselle," she said, in very quick but very bad English, "I is come to warn you against dat ver wrong man, Mr. Vaughan. I have like him, hélas! I have like him too vel, but I do not wish you to suffer too."

Nina knew the voice in a moment, and rose like a little empress, though she was flushed and trembling. "I wish to hear nothing of Mr. Vaughan. If this is the sole purport of your visit, I shall be obliged by your leaving me."

"But, mademoiselle——"

"I have told you I wish to hear nothing," interposed Nina, quietly.

"Ver vell, ma'amselle; den read dat. It is a copy, and I got de original."

She laid a letter on the sofa beside Nina. Two minutes after, Bluette joined her friend Céline Gamelle in a fiacre, and laughed heartily, clapping her little plump hands. "Ah, mon Dieu! Céline, comme elle est fière, la petite! Je ne lui ai pas dit un seul mot—elle m'a arrêtée si vite, si vite! Mais la lettre fera notre affaire n'est-ce pas? Oui, oui!"

The letter unfolded in Nina's hand. It was a promise of marriage from Ernest Vaughan to Bluette Lemaire. Voiceless and tearless, Nina sat gazing on the paper: first she rose, gasping for breath; then she threw herself down, sobbing convulsively, till she heard a step, caught up the miniature and letter, dreading to see her father, and, instead, saw Ernest, pale, worn, deep lines round his mouth and eyes, standing in the doorway. Involuntarily she sprang towards him. Ernest pressed her to his heart, and his hot tears fell on the chevelure dorée, as he bent over her, murmuring, "You have not deserted me. God bless you for your noble faith." At last he put her gently from him, and, leaning against the mantelpiece, said, with an effort, between his teeth, "Nina, I came to bid you farewell, and to ask your forgiveness for the wrong I have done you."

Nina caught hold of him, much as Malibran seized hold of *Elvino*: "Leave me! leave me! No, no; you cannot mean it!"

"I have no strength for it now I see you," said Ernest, looking down into her eyes; and the bold, reckless *Lion* shivered under the clinging clasp of her little hands. "I need not say I was not the cause of the insult you received the other night. Pauline de Mélusine was the agent, women willing to injure me the actors in it. But there is still much for you to forgive. Tell me, at once, what have you heard of me?"

She silently put the miniature and letter in his hand. The blood rushed to his very temples, and, sinking his head on his arms, his chest rose and fell with uncontrollable sobs. All the pent-up feelings of his vehement and affectionate nature poured out at last.

"And you have not condemned me even on these?" he said at length, in a hoarse whisper.

"Did I not promise?" she murmured.

"But if I told you they were true?"

She looked at him through her tears, and put her hand in his. "Tell me nothing of your past; it can make no difference to my love. Let the world judge you as it may, it cannot alter me."

Ernest strained her to him, kissing her wildly. "God bless you for your trust! would to God I were more worthy of it! I have nothing to give you but a love such as I have never before known; but most would tell you all *my* love is worthless, and my life has been one of reckless dissipation and of darker errors still, until you awoke me to a deeper love—to thoughts and aspirations that I thought had died out for ever. Painful as it is to confess——"

"Hush!" interrupted Nina, gently. "Confess nothing; with your past life I can have nothing to do, and I wish never to hear anything that it gives you pain to tell. You say that you love me now, and will never love another—that is enough for me!"

Ernest kissed the flushed cheeks and eloquent lips, and thanked her with all the fiery passion that was in him; and his heart throbbed fiercely as he put her promise to the test.

"No, my darling! Priceless as your love is to me, I will not buy it by concealment. I will not sully your ears with the details of my life. God forbid I should! but it is only due to you to know that I did give both these women the love-tokens they brought you. Love! It is desecration of the name, but I knew none better then! Three years ago, Blurette Lemaire first appeared at the Odéon. She is illiterate, coarse, heartless, but she was handsome, and she drew me to the coulisses. I was infatuated with her, though her ignorance and vulgarity constantly grated against all my tastes. One night at her petit souper I drank more Sillery than was wise. I have a stronger head than most men: perhaps there was some other stimulant in it; at any rate, she who was then poor, and is always avaricious, got from me a promise to marry her, or to pay twenty thousand francs. Three months after I gave it I cared no more for her than for my old glove. France is too wise to have Breach of Promise cases, and give money to coarse and vengeful women for their pretended broken hearts; but I had no incentive to create a scene by breaking with her, and so she kept the promise in her hands. What Pauline de Mélusine is, you can judge. Twelve months ago I met her at Vichy; the love she gave me, and the love I vowed her, were of equal value—the love of Paris boudoirs. That I sent her that picture only two days ago, is, of course, false. On my word, as a man of honour, since the moment I felt your influence upon me I have shunned her. Now, my own love, you know the truth. Will you send me from you, or will you still love and still forgive?"

In an agony of suspense he bent his head to listen for her answer. Tears rained down her cheeks as she put her arms round his neck, and whispered:

"Why ask? Are you not all the world to me? I should love you little if I condemned you for any errors of your past. I know your warm and noble heart, and I trust to it without a fear. There is no doubt between us now!"

Oh, my prudent and conventional young ladies, standing ready to accuse my poor little Nina, are you any wiser in your generation? You who have had all nature taken out of you by "finishing," whose heads are crammed with "society's" laws, and whose affections are measured out by rule, who would have been cold, and dignified, and read Ernest a severe lesson, and sent him back hopeless and hardened to go ten times worse than he had gone before—believe me, that impulse points truer than "the world," and that the dictates of the heart are better than the regulations of society. Take my word for it, that love will do more for a man than lectures; and faith in him be more likely to keep him straight than all your moralising; and before you judge him severely for having drunk a little too deep of the Sillery of life, remember that his temptations are not your temptations, nor his ways your ways, and be gentle to dangers which society and custom keep out of your own path. The stern thorn crowns you offer to us when we are inclined to ask your absolution, are not the right means to win us from the rose wreaths of our bacchanalia.

Nina, as you see, loved her *Lion* too well to remember dignity, or take her stand on principle; and gallantly did the young lady stand the bombardment from all sides that sought to break her resolutions and crush her "misplaced affections." Gordon chanced to come in that day and light upon Ernest, and the fury into which he worked himself ill beseemed so respectable a pharisee. Vaughan kept tranquilly haughty, and told the banker, calmly, that he "thanked God he had his daughter's love, and his money he would never have stooped to accept." Gordon forbade him the house, and carried Nina back to England; but before she went they had a parting interview, in which Ernest offered to leave her free. But such freedom would have been worse than death to Nina, and, before they separated, she told him that in three months more she should be of age, and then, come what might, she would be his if he would take her without wealth. Take her he would have done from the arms of Satanus himself, but to disentangle himself from all his difficulties was a task that beat the Augean stables hollow. The three months of his probation he worked hard; he sold off all his pictures, his stud, and his *meubles*; he sold, what cost him a more bitter pang, his encumbered estates in Surrey; he paid off all his debts, Blurette's twenty thousand francs included; and shaking himself free of the accumulated embarrassments of fifteen years, he crossed the water to claim his last love. No poor little Huguenot was ever persecuted for her faith more than poor little Nina for her engagement. Every relative she had thought it his duty to write admonitory letters, plentifully interspersed with texts. Eusebius and his 4000*l.* a year, and his perspective bishopric, were held up before her from morning to night; the banker, whose deception in the *Mélusine* had turned him into sharper vinegar than before, told her with chill stoicism that she must of course choose her own path in life, but that if that path led her into the *Chaussée d'Antin*, she need never expect a sou from him, for all his property would be divided be-

tween her two brothers. But Nina was neither to be frightened nor bribed. She kept true to her lover, and disinherited herself.

They were married a week or two after Nina's majority; and Gordon knew it, though he could not prevent it. They did not miss the absence of bridesmaids, bishop, déjeuner, and the usual fashionable crowd. It was a marriage of the heart, you see, and did not want the trappings with which they gild that bitter pill so often swallowed now-a-days—a "marriage de convenance." Nina, as she saw further still into the wealth of deep feeling and strong affection which, at her touch, she had awoke in his heart, felt that money, and friends, and the world's smile were well lost since she had won him. And Ernest—Ernest's sacrifice was greater; for it is not a little thing, young ladies, for a man to give up his accustomed freedom, and luxuries, and careless *vie de garçon*, and to have to think and work for another, even though dearer than himself. But he had long since seen so much of life, had exhausted all its pleasures so rapidly, that they had palled upon him, and for some time he had vaguely wanted something of deeper interest, of warmer sympathy. Unknown to himself, he had felt the "*besoin d'être aimé*"—a want the trash offered him by the women of his acquaintance could never satisfy—and his warm, passionate nature found rest in a love which, though the strongest of his life, was still returned to him fourfold.

After some months of delicious *far niente* in the south of France, they came back to Paris. Though anything but rich, he was not absolutely poor, after he had paid his debts, and the necessity to exertion rousing his dormant talents, the *Lion* turned *littérateur*. He was too popular with men to be dropped because he had sold his stud or given up his *petits soupers*. The romance of their story charmed the Parisiens, and, though (behind his back) they sometimes jested about the "*Lion amoureux*," there were not a few who envied him his young love, and the sunshine that shone round them in his inexpensive *appartement garni*.

Ernest was singularly happy—and suddenly he became the star of the literary, as he had been of the fashionable, world. His mots were repeated, his vaudevilles applauded, his *feuilletons* adored. The world smiled on Nina and her *Lion*; it made little difference to them—they had been as contented when it frowned.

But it made a good deal of difference across the Channel. Gordon began to repent. Ernest's family was high, his Austrian connexions very aristocratic; there would be something after all in belonging to a man so well known. (Be successful, *ami lecteur*, and all your relatives will love you.) Besides, he had found out that it is no use to put your faith in princes, or clergymen. Eusebius had treated him very badly when he found he could not get Nina and her money, and spoke against the poor banker everywhere, calling him, with tender pastoral regret, a "worldly Egyptian," a "Dives," a "whitened sepulchre," and all the rest of it.

Probably, too, stoic though he was, he missed the *chevelure dorée*; at any rate, he wrote to her stiffly, but kindly, and settled two thousand a year upon her. Vaughan was very willing she should be friends with her father, but nothing would make him draw a sou of the money. So Nina—the only sly thing she ever did in her life—after a while contrived to buy back the Surrey estate, and gave it to him, with no end of prayers and caresses, on the *Jour de l'An*.

"And you do not regret, my darling," smiled Ernest, after wishing her the new year's wishes, "having forgiven me for once drinking too much Sillery, and all the other naughty things of my *vie de garçon*?"

"Regret!" interrupted Nina, vehemently—"regret that I have won your love, live your life, share your cares and joys—regret that my existence is one long day of sunshine? Oh, why ask! you know I can never repay you for the happiness of my life."

"Rather can I never repay you," said Vaughan, looking down into her eyes, "for the faith that made you brave calumny and opposition, and cling to my side despite all. I was heart-sick of the world, and you called me back to life. I was weary of the fools who misjudged me, and I let them think me what they might. You loved me—you believed in me—you aroused me to warmer existence, for I tried to emulate the ideal you had formed of me—the ideal which I felt was what my better nature might still become. It is the love that *trusts* a man, Nina, that does him good; the love that does not shrink from him because it discovers him to be but a mortal still, with passions and errors like the rest."

"Ah, how happy you make me!" cried Nina. "I should have been little worthy of your love if I had suffered slander to warp me against you, or if any revelations you cared enough for me, to make of your past life, had parted us:

Love is not love
That alters where it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

There, *monsieur*!" she said, throwing her arms round him with a laugh, while happy tears stood in her eyes—"there is a grand quotation for you. Mind and take care, Ernest, that you never realise the Ruskinstone predictions, and make me repent having caught and caged such a terrible thing as a hunted PARIS LION!"

FROM EVOLENA TO ZERMATT: PASSAGE OF THE COL D'ERIN.

BY CAPTAIN J. W. CLAYTON.

AFTER a seven hours' walk from Sion to Evolena, we retired to seek our rest at the good little *châlet* inn of La Dent Blanche (so named from the neighbouring snowy mountain peak, which overhangs the valley). We sought our beds at 7.30 p.m., having to be called at midnight to commence the following day's journey.

To have slept at all would have been miraculous, as our rooms enjoyed a central situation in the establishment; and it so happened that underneath us was the *salle-à-manger*, transformed on that particular evening, as it would seem, into a temple dedicated to the rites of Comus and Bacchus, and these joint observances fully verified an American gentleman's remark upon that occasion, "that they considerably chawed up our own particular friend Morpheus." Our chance of repose, during the

few hours allowed us, was rendered more uncertain by a system of perpetual moanings and groanings, quite clock-like in their regularity, indicative of depth of slumber and weight of supper, issuing from the chamber on our right; whilst, as a crowning summit to our discontent, a meditative and ambulatory gentleman, duly equipped in thick mountain boots, seemed to be employing his evening hours most conveniently to himself, in rehearsing the walking part of the ghost in "Don Giovanni" in the apartment immediately over our heads. However, at 11.30 that night we were up and ready, enjoying quite a new and refreshing phase of existence in "breakfasting at midnight." The three guides then assembled, the bill was paid, and the landlady (an elongated rotundity of good, firm, wholesome, rosy flesh) kissed all round—a curious tradition of the wilder Alpine districts—we took up our Alpenstocks and so started, midst the prayers of the peasants for our safety from the avalanche and the dangers of the glacier.

The road from Evolena, for the first two hours after leaving the floor of the valley, skirted the sides of a wild, deep, and rocky gorge, whose dark and gloomy grandeur looming awful and shadowy 'neath the fitful gleams of moonlight, breaking through the sweeping clouds, whilst from out the black recesses of the wide Alpine forests, with their mournful heads nodding like funereal plumes in the night breeze, burst a hundred bright and silver torrents, bounding madly from crag to crag, till they rushed into the roaring stream below. The path, as we advanced, became narrower, broken, stony, and in parts almost obliterated, and slowly we wended our way, approaching nearer and nearer the tremendous glacier, which poured down its frozen waves into the end of the valley; higher and higher we ascended, till we at length looked down from a lofty precipice, the rolling moon and the quiet stars above, and the cold dead mass of the glacier, sleeping in its spectral light far, far below, whilst all around, soaring high into the skies, a hundred gigantic peaks and lessening mountain chains tossed about as with a giant hand, and, broken into awful and chaotic confusion, rose jagged and sharp against the mournful light of the night heavens, grandly shrouded in the snows that have never melted since the morning of creation.

After four hours' walking from Evolena, we reached the few rude piles of stones called the Châlets of Abricolla, perched on the extreme verge of a precipice rearing abruptly over the rising mists and icy mass beneath. When one of the guides had shouted, a creature, intended to be human, covered with rags and filth, crawled head-foremost out of his den, and we were then soon sitting collected around a heap of burning sticks in the interior of his cabin and devouring some black bread and unknown flesh which had been brought up for our support. The rough figures, in mountaineers' costume, grouped carelessly around the blaze, the wild, dilapidated hut lighted up by the fitful glare or darkened into deep shadows, rendered the scene highly picturesque. We had remained thus more than half an hour, and the night was on the wane; therefore, upon our emerging from the châlet, the scene was of unexampled splendour. One far stupendous circle of towering peaks and dark gigantic rocks, masses of pale ice and dreary fields of eternal snow, surrounded us on all sides, walling up the heavens; their rough heads and long gigantic outlines wildly hurled into the free, cold air, and standing sharply and

boldly out amidst that flood of quiet and tender light which was then bathing the eastern horizon—that softly breathing light, the contest between the first glimmering of the dawn and the slowly retiring shades of the trailing night as it dies on the morning's breast. In a few more minutes the rose tints streamed up trembling from the huge horizon, and then a flood of blazing glory burst from all the skies.

Again onwards. And now the path gradually ascended along the mountain-side, and in an hour we reached the glacier, which was then a dazzling sheet of snow, hard frozen, and sufficiently inclined at an angle to necessitate great care and attention in traversing it. On we floundered, sprawling, skating, laughing, tumbling, now springing over a yawning abyss in the ice, then, as hand-in-hand sometimes with a guide, the four legs suddenly disappearing up to the knees in a crevasse covered over with a treacherous coating of snow, too hard frozen at the moment to admit the bodies further into its depths; whilst the individuals themselves simultaneously and sharply assumed a sitting posture, at once magical to the lookers-on and startling to the sitters.

Higher and higher! plains upon plains of boundless snows broke upon our wearied glance as we still toiled on, the then hot blazing sun rendering the white shining glare for miles around us almost intolerable, not a footstep, as the snow melted, certain, and the torment of extreme thirst attacking us. With the excitement of that scene of utter desolation and dumbest silence—the summit of the Col at last rising into view far in our front and gladdening us—we still toiled on, with the jest and thirst on our tongues, the sun's hottest battery on our heads, and one vast tumultuous wilderness of bare ice, snow, and sky around us.

Three hours' more climbing brought us to the Col itself, and, thrusting snow into our mouths to allay their parching, the guides advised us to climb and sit down upon a spire of rock rising high out of the snow, in order to recruit our strength for coming difficulties. The view from thence was that which Professor Forbes has estimated above any that mortal eye has witnessed among the High Alps; beyond even that of the Col du Géant over Chamounix. We found ourselves perched on the topmost pinnacle of that sharp perpendicular rock, with a wide world of snows, ice, and scudding cloud around us, and centrally placed between the Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche, and the Dent d'Erin, rising up as gigantic barriers to the rugged and frozen sea,* which poured down its hard and stilly waves between them; whilst far away in advance, clothed in its snows and rolling mists, rose the whole gigantic chain of Monte Rosa, with all its peaks and glaciers in full view, shining in the sun. To these are to be added the Straalhorn and the pass of the Weissenthor. The mind seemed at first awed with so sudden a burst of nature's wildest and sublimest horrors—the soaring heights, the huge masses and boulders of impending rock, seeming as if a breath would hurl them to the void beneath, the “glaciers' cold and restless mass”—the long jagged mountain chains scaling the heavens and melting into the furthest distance, and all above and below buried in snow-clouds, confusion, and eternal winter—the almost terrific silence broken alone by the beating of the heart and the roar of the avalanche—the lonely

* Glacier of Zmutt.

sterility—absence of all animal and vegetable life—reduction of created things to ice and cloud,—suspension—death of nature—all seemed cold, chaotic, strange, stony, and ghastly, like the bleak skeleton of some dead and forgotten world.

“Allons donc! en route, messieurs!” shouted our head guide, when he had considered that we were sufficiently impressed, or rather oppressed, with the scene before us; so “up we rose and shook our clothes,” and then commenced a rather perilous descent on the face of a cliff of solid ice, a precipice of sixty feet in depth, we at the time being uncomfortably aware of an enormous crevasse immediately at its base, into whose horrid depths a single false step of our guides, or even of ourselves, would hurry us all one over another into eternity, and far down into the darkness beneath the cold breast of the glacier.

Our manner of proceeding was on this wise. One of the guides had been quietly slipped down the almost perpendicular decline with a rope fastened under his arms around his body, the other end of the cord being held by another guide, who had posted himself as tightly on the ice as the loose snow would allow of his doing. Slowly and cautiously he paid out the rope as his comrade at the end of it descended, whilst we above anxiously awaited the result of the investigation below as to the danger and state of the crevasse, and as to the possibility of our crossing it. A voice from the lower end of the rope soon ascended, however, intimating that with caution it might be done. The guide below, after having dug out with a hatchet holes in the snow and ice to fix his feet as firmly as possible, supporting himself with his staff, unslipped the rope from his body, which was immediately pulled up and fastened round the waist of one of my companions, Captain Hichens, who was then gently let down over the wall of ice, helpless in his turn, entirely at the mercy of the guide, who, holding the rope, was letting it out behind him, and with the yawning gulf immediately below. He then, with the assistance of the guide below, by whose side he now was, fixed himself also into the aforesaid position by hacking out receptacles for his feet. The rope was again drawn up and slung under my own arms in my turn. The like process was repeated in the same manner to my remaining friend Mr. Andrew Hichens, all of us having trusted to the strong arms and very uncertain foothold of the guide who had let us down, as children swing balls with a string for a cat to play with. The most dangerous part of the whole performance then commenced.

The guide above, who had lowered us all down, being now left alone, began his descent unaided, immediately above our heads. Slowly and cautiously he jagged out holes with the spike of his staff, and into each he successively, as he dug, placed his feet. The precipice presented, I remember, at the time, one abrupt, almost perpendicular wall of glaring ice and fast-melting snow, shining in the uninterrupted rays of a vertical sun. Never shall I forget those few slowly dragging minutes as we were all three with the guide, who had at first descended, trying to keep as firm a footing upon the snow as we could, with the conviction dawning upon us that, as it was fast melting and becoming less and less each moment bound to the body of the ice, the whole mass which supported our united weight might at any moment give way; and as we turned our eyes into the blackness of the yawning gulf beneath us, and hung with

eagerness indescribable upon every footstep of the descending guide over our heads, who, should he have made a single false step, or the snow have given way to his tread, would have bounded down upon us all like a ball from a gun, and with the force of his fall swept us away in an instant into oblivion. The excitement, the uncertainty of our position, added to the intense glare and parching thirst (which snow-water cannot satisfy), all formed a striking whole, which now, as one looks back, may certainly be regarded as one of the most momentous periods and a landmark of our existence. Nearer and nearer approached the descending guide, and we below then prepared to leap on to a narrow and seemingly most dubious-looking bridge of snow which spanned the crevasse before us; and at the very moment that the last of us had cleared the chasm with a bound off the snow-ridge on to the flat ice-plain on the opposite side, the snow on the precipice, which had so well supported us all, having been dislodged by our previous footsteps, gave way *en masse* to the heat of the sun; down dashed the guide over the now bare and shining surface of the ice-cliff at a fearful pace, yet, by preserving his presence of mind, and keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the cavern before him, he, with a sharp and dexterous spring and twist of his body as he came upon its verge, gave himself just sufficient impetus to shoot right across its jaws, and to land him safely on his back amongst us.

With a sigh of relief we then all passed rapidly over a flat to a rocky promontory, jutting out over the great glacier of Zmutt, where, after having swallowed a few more mouthfuls of the black bread and unknown flesh, and after eight hours' climbing, we stretched ourselves along the sharp and hard rock amidst the vast shadows of the towering Matterhorn, and the wildest deserts of the cold and silent Alps, and slept for one hour profoundly, as if the rock had been our bed in England, and dreamt as happily. The hour flew by, we were off again and refreshed.

At the base of the rock a narrow ledge of pure uncovered ice, somewhat like a gigantic razor's edge, with deep-winding crevases on either side, had to be crossed with great caution. This led us on to a smooth inclined plain, off which also the snow had all disappeared, rendering it slippery and fearful. Slowly and carefully was each foot tried and placed before advancing, the wide rents and dark chasms opening horribly all around, excepting at the narrow neck of ice, across which we passed—goodness knows how!—on to the main body of the glacier.

It is generally—we were afterwards told—customary for most mountaineers and all travellers to be attached to each other by a rope from waist to waist, at the place aforementioned, for, should one fall off his balance, he is caught by the rope, and prevented from being dashed into the clefts of the ice and the torrents which roll below them, as, when alone and singly, as was our case, the slightest wavering of balance, or giddiness of head, or uncertain footfall, would, in all probability, be death. All danger was now, comparatively speaking, over, and our only labour, as we crossed the chilly fields of ice, was leaping at every few steps, and at length quite carelessly, across caverns, whose depth could not be guessed, while far below us, under the glacier, we heard the rushing cataracts.

The crossing of these rents and fissures is, of course, ever dangerous to those traversing the glacier, sometimes from their numbers, monotonous

sameness of appearance, and perplexing confusion, by which the traveller, if he lags behind, is nearly bewildered; and even the most experienced guides are frequently at fault, and lose their way, till night and the mists surprise them. Too frequently, also, these crevases (as in the beginning of this journey) are slightly covered over with a treacherous coating of snow, and many a bold chamois-hunter has found a frozen grave in their recesses.

As an instance of what has been said, on our arrival that evening at Zermatt, the body of a young and athletic Russian gentleman, in the noon and pride of life, was laid out for recognition. He had unwisely, either in carelessness or over-confidence in himself, refused the hand of his guide, and in leaping alone across an enormous aperture in the glacier had missed his footing, and was precipitated far down between the icy walls. Ropes were lowered to him, and as in his agony he stretched forth his hands to grasp the anticipated relief, the rope was found to be seven feet too short. The guides were then obliged to leave him alone with his horror, and his warm blood stagnating each moment, to seek longer cords at some distant châteaux, the nearest place of refuge, and on their return the waters had closed around his once warm and vigorous body, and hugged him in their hard and frozen arms. The tardiness, the weariness, the awful moments of dreadful thought, and contemplating the nearing end, the agony of anticipation, hope, fear, and at last of utter despair, and then the bright and dauntless eye closing gradually into the dull mists of *such a death*, are all too horrible to dwell upon. The unfortunate man's mangled body was recovered after having remained twelve hours in the jaws of the ice, during six of which he had been alive.

A few more hours brought us altogether clear of the ice, and rich green woods, fresh hills, fertile valleys, bowery slopes, silver running rivulets, the warm air and dark-blue sky mingling with a thousand bright and laughing scenes of light, life, happiness, and hope, burst once again grateful upon the tired eye; and after seventeen hours of incessant labour, climbing, intolerable glare, and remorseless thirst, our wanderings amongst the wild, silent deserts of the High Alps were brought safely and thankfully to a close at the simple, homely little hostel that rests in the quiet and lovely vale of Zermatt. The air was soft and hushed, broken only by the sighing of the summer breeze, the murmur of the bee, or the distant bell of some hill-side convent calling the peasant to his evening prayer. All seemed breathing of peace and contentment—all seemed so calm and tranquil basking in the evening's beauty, and the blossoms and flowers of the valley, fresh and moist with the tears of a passing shower that had wept itself away, smiled in all the gladness and poetry of nature, sending up as if in gratitude their offerings of sweetest odours to the bright heavens which had given them life. So in that holy summer hour a happy world seemed to smile a welcome upon us from the dull, harsh regions of eternal winter.

OVINGDEAN GRANGE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.*

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Part the Second.

INCREASE MICKLEGIFT.

I.

SHOWING THAT A CHIMNEY MAY SERVE FOR OTHER PURPOSES THAN AS A PASSAGE FOR SMOKE.

DOMICILIARY visits to the residences of country gentlemen noted for their fidelity to the Crown were so frequent at the period, that almost every house belonging to an adherent to the royal cause was provided with a hiding-place, wherein a kinsman, whose proceedings had jeopardised his safety, or a fugitive Cavalier, seeking shelter from the foe, might be secreted until the danger should have passed by.

Ovingdean Grange possessed a retreat of this kind, very skilfully fabricated amidst the brickwork of a large external chimney at the north-east angle of the mansion. No indication of the hiding-place was perceptible from without, even on careful examination. The chimney had nothing unusual in its shape, though of great size; large chimneys being common enough in old Sussex houses, as may be observed in many still in existence. The lurking-place, as may be supposed, was extremely contracted in its dimensions, and would just hold two persons. Built in juxtaposition with the chimney funnel, it sprang to a height sufficient to enable its occupants to stand upright within it. Light and air were admitted by a narrow loophole, screened from observation by a grotesque stone gargoyle projecting from the roof of the building. Access to the spot was of course obtained from within. In a spacious bed-chamber at the rear of the house, used by Colonel Maunsel himself, there was a large oak chimney-piece, the left jamb of which, carved as a pilaster, turned upon a pivot, and could be instantly set in motion by a spring concealed amidst the foliage of the capital. On opening this secret door an aperture was disclosed large enough to admit a man, and communicating with a narrow passage constructed within the thickness of the walls. A second obstacle, how-

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ever, was set in the way of the searchers, should they have succeeded in penetrating thus far. Within a couple of yards of the fireplace, the passage was blocked up by what seemed solid masonry; but the impediment, though apparently insurmountable, could easily be removed by touching a second spring. Beyond this, the passage was free, and soon terminated in the small chamber already described.

This hiding-place naturally occurred to Colonel Maunsel, as he lay awake, and painfully ruminating, on the night of his son's return to the Grange. But though the asylum might be a secure one, in case Clavering should be denounced by Increase Mickle-gift (for the colonel could not wholly shake off the apprehension of this possibility), yet recourse must not be had to it, except at the last extremity, since the occupation for any length of time of such a narrow cell by the young man, in his present wounded and enfeebled state, might be productive of most disastrous consequences. The best thing to be done, it seemed to the colonel, was to bring Clavering to his own room, so that the young man might take instant refuge within the hidden chamber, in case the house should be menaced with a perquisition. Fortunately, none of the household, except trusty John Habergeon, were acquainted with the hiding-place, so that no threats or maltreatment on the part of the searchers could extort from them a revelation of the secret.

All continued tranquil, however, during the night. Worn out with the extraordinary fatigue and privations he had undergone, Clavering slept so soundly, that if the malevolent Independent minister, accompanied by a dozen Roundhead musketeers, had knocked at his door, he would scarce have been aroused. John Habergeon, who occupied a trundle-bed in his young master's room, slept soundly too, but the old trooper had the vigilance of a watch-dog, and would have been up, and on the alert, on the slightest disturbance. A pair of pistols lay within his reach, in case of a surprise.

Long before daybreak, Colonel Maunsel, who had slept but little, as we have stated, arose, and wrapping himself in a dressing-gown, took a taper, which burnt within his chamber, and proceeded to inspect the hiding-place. Both the secret springs acted perfectly, and the cell seemed as dry and comfortable as such a place could well be; indeed, its contiguity to the chimney funnel kept it warm. Still it must be fitted up yet more conveniently for Clavering's reception. Fraught with this resolve, and in order that no time might be lost, the colonel repaired at once to his son's room, marvelling within himself, as he went, that he was able to move about in this way without assistance. But strength seemed to have been given him for the perilous conjuncture. John Habergeon started up as he entered the room, and the first impulse of the

old trooper was to seize the pistols lying beside him, but he instantly laid down the weapons on recognising the intruder. Colonel Maunsel desired him, in a low tone, to come with him, and John having huddled on his garments as expeditiously as he could, they quitted the room together, without disturbing the wounded sleeper. Acting under the colonel's directions, John placed a variety of articles within the cell, likely to be required by Clavering, if he should be forced to occupy it; and these arrangements being satisfactorily made, and the secret door restored to its customary position, the old trooper looked at his master, as if awaiting further orders, and receiving none, he observed:

"A plan has just occurred to me for deceiving the enemy, which, with your honour's permission, I would fain put into execution without delay. For my own part, I believe it was a false alarm that we got last night; but I may be wrong, and any way we ought to be cautious where Captain Clavering's liberty and life are concerned. My notion is to make pretence of quitting the house before daybreak, so that if Increase Micklegift, or any other scoundrelly spy like him, should be lurking about the premises—as may be the case, for aught we can tell—he may fancy the captain has taken flight in reality. If your honour thinks well of the scheme, I'll hie to the stables at once, and saddle a couple of horses——"

"Thy stratagem is good," the colonel interrupted; "but I dare not adopt it. My son is too weak to ride forth at this hour."

"I don't intend he should, your honour," John Habergeon rejoined. "I should be loth to disturb the captain from such a slumber as he hath not enjoyed since he quitted Worcester; but there is no occasion for that. Martin Geere shall be the young gentleman's representative, and with one of your honour's cloaks wrapped round him, and one of your honour's hats upon his head, Martin will play the part indifferent well, especially as there won't be light enough to observe him very narrowly. My object is not merely to delude the enemy, but to persuade the household that Captain Clavering is gone. It is safest to keep those talkative women-folk in the dark. I can rely upon old Martin's silence and discretion."

"Ay, I doubt not Martin may be depended upon," the colonel remarked. "But whither will you go? What will you do with the horses?"

"We shan't ride far, your honour," John replied. "I will make clatter enough before the rectory for Increase Micklegift to hear us, and a word or two roared out as we pass will satisfy the rascally preacher it is no other than Captain Clavering whom I have with me. This done, we will gallop off in the direction of Brightelmstone, and when fairly out of hearing we will manage to steal back, unobserved, over the downs."

"A rare plan, i' faith!" Colonel Maunsel exclaimed. "Thou hast a ready wit, John. About it at once, and success attend thee!"

John then departed on his errand, and Colonel Maunsel once more betook himself to his son's chamber.

Clavering was still buried in profound sleep, and while gazing on the young man's pale and toil-worn features, and thinking how necessary rest was to him, the colonel had scarcely the heart to deprive him of it. So he sat down by the couch.

How many anxious thoughts passed through the fond father's breast as he gazed upon his sleeping boy. Clavering was the only being upon whom his affections were centred. To lose him again as soon as found would be fearful indeed. So terrified was the kind-hearted gentleman by the thought of such a disaster, that he knelt down and prayed Heaven to avert it.

Much comforted, he arose and resumed his seat by the bedside. Presently the sleeper's lips moved, as if he were essaying to speak, and his sire, bending towards him, heard him distinctly pronounce the name of Dulcia. Slight as was the circumstance, it confirmed a suspicion which the old Cavalier had begun of late to entertain, that a mutual attachment subsisted between the young folk; and the certitude of the fact was by no means agreeable to him. Extremely partial to Dulcia, entertaining, moreover, a sincere respect and esteem for her worthy father, Colonel Maunsel was yet a very proud man, and never contemplating such a union for his son as might here take place, would infallibly have refused to sanction it.

However, this was not a moment wherein to trouble himself with so light a matter—light, at all events, he deemed it in comparison with the serious considerations before him—so he dismissed the subject from his mind. Indeed, he had little time for reflection. The hour had advanced. Ere long the household would be astir, and it was needful to awaken Clavering, in pursuance of his plan.

The heavy chains of slumber in which the young man was bound did not yield to the colonel's first attempt to break them; neither, on opening his eyes, did Clavering appear to be conscious where he was, nor who was near him. Calling out fiercely that he would never yield with life to a rascally Roundhead, he commanded his father to take his hands from off him; but immediately perceiving his error, he became silent, while the colonel in a few words explained his intentions.

On this Clavering arose, and, attiring himself with his sire's aid, accompanied the latter to his chamber.

II.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE INDEPENDENT MINISTER AND DULCIA IN THE CHURCHYARD.

It was now peep of day. The summit of the eastern downs glistened in the early sunbeams, though the nearer slopes still remained grey and sombre. Thinking that the fresh morning air would revive him, Colonel Maunsel drew aside the window curtains, and throwing open the casement, looked forth upon the garden. Animate nature was just beginning to feel the quickening influence of the God of Day. The garrulous occupants of the higher trees made the welkin ring with their cawing as they flew past in quest of their morning meal; lesser birds twittered amongst the boughs; the mavis burst from the holm-tree to dispute the first worm upon the grass-plot with the intrusive starling; pigeons were circling around the house, or alighting on the roof; lowings of oxen and other noises resounded from the farm-yard; and the tinkling of the sheep-bell was heard on the adjacent down, where might be seen the fleecy company, just released from the fold, in charge of the shepherd, and looking as grey as the turf on which they browsed.

At such an hour, and on a spot which ought to have been sacred from intrusion, the presence of an enemy was as unexpected as unwelcome. Yet as the colonel's eye wandered over the garden, now resting upon one object, now on another, he fancied he saw a dark figure pass quickly by an arched opening in an avenue of clipped yew-trees. The noise of stealthy footsteps at the same moment reached his ear, convincing him that he was not deceived. Hastily withdrawing from the window, he took up a position enabling him to command this portion of the garden, while it did not expose him to observation. As he thus watched, a head was protruded from the end of the alley nearest the house, but it was so suddenly withdrawn that he could not tell to whom it belonged.

After waiting for several minutes without perceiving anything further of the owner of the head, the colonel turned to mention the circumstance to his son, and then found that Clavering, overcome by weariness, had thrown himself, dressed as he was, upon the bed, and was once more wrapped in slumber. Not caring to wake him, the brave old gentleman took up his sword and was on the point of descending to the garden, when a tap was heard at the door, and John Habergeon entered the room.

On learning what had occurred, John tarried not a second, but, flying down stairs, made the best of his way to the yew-tree avenue: the colonel looking on all the while from the window. John, however, started no spy from the covert, and only disturbed a pair of blackbirds in his search. Nevertheless, he extended his

investigations, as far as he judged prudent, in the direction of the parsonage house, but with an equally fruitless result, and he was obliged to return to his master without any intelligence respecting the intruder. The old Cavalier was much troubled. That some one had been lurking within the garden he felt sure, for he could not doubt the evidence of his senses; and that this person came with no friendly intent was equally manifest. Danger, therefore, was to be apprehended, and must be the more carefully guarded against, inasmuch as its designs were secret.

John then related what he had done. According to his own belief, his stratagem had been perfectly successful. Old Martin Greere having been disguised in the manner arranged, the pair rode slowly up the hill-side by the rectory, and when close to the house, John halted for a moment to vociferate an adieu to the Independent minister, and was well pleased to hear a window suddenly opened, and to perceive the reverend gentleman with a nightcap on his head, look out at them. Rating them for a couple of drunken malignants, and declaring that Satan was at their heels, and would assuredly trip them up ere they had proceeded far on their journey, Increase might have favoured them with a still longer harangue, but that John interrupted him with a roar of derisive laughter, and pushed on after his companion. John and old Martin then crossed the hill, and, shaping their course in a northerly direction up the valley as if bound for Falmer, got round to the Rottingdean road, and so over the down to the little thicket at the back of the Grange, where Martin dismounted, and John, taking both horses to the stables, called up the groom and his helpmate, leading them to suppose that their young master was gone. Not having encountered any one during the ride, John had persuaded himself that his return to the stables was unnoticed, until the incident in the garden made him fear that his supposition might not be altogether correct. He now naturally enough concluded, that Increase Micklegift, suspecting an attempt to dupe him, had stolen down to the Grange to satisfy himself of the truth. If so, he could have learnt little. The wary measures taken were sufficient to mislead him. Such was the conclusion arrived at both by the colonel and John. But they agreed, that the utmost caution must be observed while they were watched by an enemy so wily as the preacher.

"It vexes me much to think that I cannot send for a surgeon to attend upon my son," the colonel said. "There is Master Ingram of Lewes, a man well skilled in his profession, or Ralph Hoathleigh of Brightelmstone, or even old Isaac Woodruff of Rottingdean—any one of them would do; but I dare not trust them. Besides, it would excite suspicion if a surgeon were sent for."

"No need to send for one, your honour," the old trooper replied.

"The captain's wounds are in a fair way of healing, and his broken bones have already begun to knit together. He only wants rest and good nursing to set him up again, and he is sure of the latter, with me and gentle Mistress Dulcia to attend upon him."

"Dulcia!" the colonel exclaimed, looking at him fixedly. "Why should she come nigh him? Saidst thou not, erewhile, that it would be safest not to let the women-folk into the secret, lest they should blab?"

"Ay, marry did I," John rejoined; "but I did not include Mistress Dulcia amongst the tattlers. Heaven forbid! She is discretion itself, and would never breathe a word to jeopardise the captain."

"Humph!" the colonel ejaculated. "At all events, she shall not nurse my son."

"Then I won't answer for his cure," John answered, gruffly.

"Not so loud, I prithee, John. Thou wilt awake him. By Heaven, he opens his eyes!"

"Then acquaint him with your resolve."

"What is't, my father?" Clavering cried, from the couch.

"His honour the colonel deems it expedient that during your confinement to this chamber, you should be solely under my care, captain; as if you had not had enough of an old trooper's rough nursing, and stood not in need of gentler care."

"If I am to be deprived of Dulcia's society, I will not remain here," Clavering exclaimed, springing from the couch.

"I told your honour how it would be," John cried, chuckling.

"Thou art in league against me, rascal," the colonel ejaculated, shaking his hand at him. "And as to thee, Clavering, thou art a wilful and undutiful boy. A soldier should have a soldier's attendance merely. But since thou art so weak and womanish that none save Dulcia will serve thy turn to watch over thee and tend thee, even be it as thou wilt."

"My father!—"

"Get well as quickly as thou canst, that is all I ask."

"Your honour hath ta'en the best way to ensure that object," John observed.

"Hold thy peace!" the colonel cried. "Within yon closet thou wilt find all thou needest to perfect his cure: unguents of great virtue, sovran balsams, cordials, and an elixir prepared for me by my worthy friend Sir Kenelm Digby, which ought to call back the vital spark if it were on the eve of departure. Use what thou wilt; but mark me! if thy patient gets not well speedily, I'll send for Master Ingram."

"Nay, I shall be myself again in less than a week," Clavering cried. "I am stronger already, and with the prospect of such attendance——"

"Peace, I say!" his father cried. "I have heard reasons

enow, and have yielded against my better judgment. Aid me to attire myself," he added to John, "and then I will leave my son master of the room. Thou wilt have to be groom of the chamber, as well as head-nurse, John, for none of the household will come nigh ye, except old Martin Geere. And now, give me my hose and doublet."

At a somewhat later hour in the morning, though still comparatively early, Colonel Maunsel was joined in the library, whither he had repaired on going down stairs, by Mr. Beard and Dulcia, both of whom were under the impression that Clavering was gone; and one of them, at least, was much relieved by finding that such was not the case.

A bell having been rung for prayers, the greater part of the household assembled at the summons, and the clergyman read a portion of the Holy Scriptures to them; after which he knelt down, and the rest following his example, he offered up an extempore prayer for the preservation from all danger of the lord of the mansion and his son. All joined fervently in this supplication, but none more so than Dulcia.

Their devotions ended, the old Cavalier and his guests proceeded to the hall and partook of breakfast. Martin Geere was in attendance at the meal, which was of a substantial character, according to the habits of the period, and the colonel, when he could do so without observation, privily despatched him up-stairs with a supply of eatables for his son. No mystery was made about John Habergeon, since his return was known to the household, and the old trooper could take care of himself in the buttery.

Breakfast over, Dulcia and her father rose to depart, when the colonel, calling the latter to him, said, in a low tone, "Go up-stairs, child, to Clavering. Your society will cheer him, and help to while away the tedious hours of his captivity. You will find him in my chamber with John Habergeon. Be cautious, and, above all, arouse not Patty Whinchat's suspicions."

Dulcia blushingly withdrew, and Colonel Maunsel soon afterwards got up and repaired to the library.

Meanwhile, Dulcia having retired to her own room, was awaiting a favourable opportunity to visit the captive, when she was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Patty.

"Oh! I've seen him—I've seen him!" gasped the handmaiden, who looked pale and terrified.

"Seen whom?" Dulcia exclaimed, thinking naturally of Clavering.

"Why, Increase Micklegift, to be sure, madam. Who else could frighten me so much? I happened to be in the corridor just now, when he came up to me—how he got there I can't tell!—and seizing me rudely by the arm, uttered these words in my ear: 'Bid thy young mistress come to me without delay. I would speak to her

on a matter which concerns her nearly. I will tarry for her during the space of one hour, within the churchyard. If she comes not within that time, she will ever hereafter rue her negligence. Convey my message to her at once.' And with this he disappeared. I am sure, from his looks, he has some evil design. You won't go, of course, madam?"

"Yes, I will, Patty," Dulcia replied, after a moment's reflection. "I have no fear of him. I will go at once, and you shall attend me. It may be important to others to ascertain his purpose. Give me my hood, child."

Approving of her young mistress's spirit, Patty made no further remonstrance, and Dulcia having quickly attired herself for the walk, the two young women left the room, crossed the entrance-hall without stoppage, passed out at the front porch, and proceeded towards the church.

As they advanced, they saw the dark figure of the Independent divine within the churchyard. Increase Micklegift had an austere and somewhat ill-favoured countenance, but his features, though large and harsh, were by no means devoid of intelligence. His eyes were dark and restless, and his singularly pale complexion contrasted forcibly with his coal-black hair, which was cropped close as the skin of a mole. He was attired in the garb of a Puritan preacher, and wore the tall sugar-loaf hat which Patty had remarked at the window on the previous night. In age Micklegift might be about thirty, and his person was tall and thin, but extremely muscular. On seeing the two damsels approach, he advanced slowly to meet them, and making a grave salutation to Dulcia, said to Patty, "Tarry by the gate, maiden, until thy mistress shall return to thee."

He then signed to Dulcia to follow him, and walked on in silence until they turned the angle of the church, and drew near the entrance-porch, when he stood still. Patty's inquisitive disposition might have led her to creep stealthily after them, if she had not observed a man suddenly spring over the wall on the north of the churchyard, and make his way cautiously round the tower of the sacred edifice. Patty suppressed the scream that rose to her lips on discovering that this individual was John Habergeon.

Having come to a halt, as related, Micklegift said, in a supplicatory tone, while a flush overspread his pale features, "Hearken unto me, maiden. Ever since I set eyes upon thee, my heart hath yearned towards thee. Thy charms have been a snare unto me, in which I have fallen. Yet though I have burnt with love for thee, I have not ventured to declare my passion, for I have perceived that I am an object of aversion in thy sight."

"Forbear this discourse, sir," Dulcia cried, "or you will drive me away from you instantly."

"Despise me not, but pity me, maiden," implored the preacher.

"My love for thee is as a tormenting fire which consumes my very vitals. It disorders my brain, and drives me to the verge of madness. Have compassion upon me! I will be thy slave—anything thou wilt have me be—if thou wilt but love me."

"I will hear no more," Dulcia said, turning to depart.

"You shall hear me out," Micklegift cried, changing his tone to one of menace, and seizing her arm. "Love, like mine, unrequited, makes a man desperate. Another has possession of your heart; but he shall not be an obstacle in my path. The malignant Clavering Maunsel is concealed in his father's house. I know it. It is vain to attempt denial with me. The life of this traitor to the Commonwealth is in my power. I can denounce him at any moment, and I *will* denounce him, if you continue inflexible." After a moment's pause, during which he watched the impression he had made upon her, he went on: "Not only is Clavering Maunsel's life in my power, but a word from me will consign your father to a prison, where he may rot unheeded!"

"And have you the heart to set thus against those who have never offended you, inhuman man? Have some pity for them."

"You have no pity for me, damsel. You care not how much I suffer. Now hear my fixed determination. Either consent to become my wife, or I will use the means of vengeance placed in my hands."

"Give me till to-morrow for consideration," Dulcia replied.

"I will grant the time you require, on your solemn promise that you will neither give warning to Clavering, nor mention aught that has passed between us to your father, or to any other person."

"I give the promise you exact," she rejoined.

"Enough. To-morrow I shall expect your answer—here, at the same hour. Till then, farewell!"

Released from his gripe, the terrified damsel instantly made her escape.

"I am bound by no promise, villain," muttered John Habergeon, who was ensconced behind the angle of the church tower, and had heard all that had passed, "and I will take means to defeat thy black design."

III.

SOME OF THE VIKARINGS REFERENCED BY A ROYALIST GENTLEMAN AT THE TIME OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

A TROUBLESOME day was in store for Colonel Maunsel. He was in the library, seated in an easy-chair, meditating upon the "Eikon Basilike," when Martin Geere entered, and, with a perturbed countenance, informed him that a state-messenger was without, and desired instant speech with him. The visit boded the colonel no good, but he ordered the man to be admitted. The messenger, however, did not wait for permission to present him-

self, but followed close upon Martin. He was a tall, stern-looking man, having the appearance of a soldier, and carried a long sword by his side and a pair of large pistols in his belt. He made no salutation to the colonel, neither did he attempt to remove his broad-leaved hat from off his close-cropped head.

"What wouldst thou with me, thou unmannerly fellow?" the old Cavalier demanded, eyeing him with great displeasure.

"Thou hadst best show some respect to my order, though thou showest none to me," the man coldly rejoined, taking a parchment from his girdle. "Be it known to thee, Wolston Maunsel, sometime colonel in the service of the man Charles Stuart, that by virtue of this order from the Council of State, thou art confined and restricted, on pain of imprisonment, within a limit of five miles of thine own dwelling."

"How?" the colonel exclaimed. "Confined within a range of five miles!"

"The limit is large enough for a dangerous and plotting malignant like thee," the messenger rejoined. "See thou exceed it not. But I have yet more to declare unto thee. Forasmuch as thy son, Clavering Maunsel——"

"Ha! what of him?" the colonel cried, unable to conceal his agitation.

"— being charged with high treason against the Commonwealth, and a warrant having been issued for his apprehension, in order that he may be brought before a court-martial, in virtue of a commission from his Excellency General Cromwell, this is to give thee notice, that if thou shalt harbour thy said son Clavering, or lead him aid so that he escape, and the ends of justice be thereby defeated, thou thyself, and any of thy house who may act under thee, will incur the penalties of high treason. Thou art warned, and a like warning will be delivered to thy whole house."

So saying, the man strode towards the colonel, laid down the parchment on the table before him, and, turning on his heel, departed.

Colonel Maunsel remained for some time, half stupified, with his gaze fixed upon the warrant. At length he took it up, and after glancing at it, dashed it down with a burst of passion. His wrath, however, gave way to feelings of alarm, when he learnt from old Martin Geere that, prior to his departure, the state-messenger had collected the household together, and informed them that if they aided in concealing their young master, now or hereafter, they would be severely punished.

"But your honour need have no fear," the faithful old fellow said. "They all believe the captain is gone; but if they knew he was hidden in the house, they would endure torture rather than betray him."

At this juncture Mr. Beard entered the library, and learning what had occurred, besought his patron not to be cast down, but

to place his reliance upon that Power which had delivered him from so many difficulties and dangers.

"It is my son's safety that concerns me most," the old Cavalier groaned. "So he escape, I care not what becomes of me. But, 'sdeath!" he cried, breaking out into fresh fury, "I should never have desired to quit my own domain, if the tyrannous Council had not made me a prisoner."

He then paced to and fro within the room for some minutes, exclaiming, with much bitterness, "By Heaven! it is intolerable to be insulted thus in one's own house. O what a land we live in! Everything seems at sixes and sevens. All honourable usages are at an end. Respect for age and station is gone. Fanaticism and hypocrisy usurp the place of religion and virtue, and he is esteemed the godliest man who can dissemble most, and best put on a sanctimonious visage and demeanour. Out on the pestilent knaves who have thus abolished all that was good in the country, and set up all that is bad—a low-born crew who would grind down all to their own base level!"

"Yet there are some good men among them, honoured sir," Mr. Beard observed, "who have been influenced by worthy motives, and by love of their country, in what they have done."

"I marvel to hear you say so, sir," the old Cavalier rejoined. "Were the motives worthy of those bloody butchers who slaughtered their virtuous king? Are their motives worthy who have overthrown our Established Church, and set up the National Covenant in its stead? Are their motives worthy who persecute and despoil, outrage and insult in every way all those who have shown loyalty and devotion to their king, and zeal for the country's welfare? Out upon them, I say!"

"I can make every allowance for your warmth, honoured sir, for you have much to move you to indignation," the good clergyman said; "but I would not have you blind to the truth. Faults there have been in high places beyond doubt—grievous faults—else had not those who filled them been cast down. Deeply must the princes and mighty ones of the land have sinned, or the Lord would not have visited them so severely with His displeasure."

"You seem to have caught the general infection, sir," the old Cavalier observed, sarcastically, "and speak as by the mouth of Increase Micklegift."

"I speak according to my conviction, my honoured patron, and I speak the more boldly, because I am well assured that it is only by acknowledgment of our errors, and resolution of amendment for the future, that we can turn aside Heaven's wrath from against us. Such men as Cromwell are instruments of divine displeasure."

"Name him not," cried the colonel, vehemently; "or name him as the arch-hypocrite, the regicide and parricide that he is. But you are right. We must have deeply sinned, or we could not have

been yielded to the dominion of such as Cromwell. O England! when will thy days of gloom be over?"

"When her offences are expiated," the clergyman rejoined.

"Merry England men were wont to style thee when I was young," the colonel said, in a mournful tone; "but merry thou art no longer. Melancholy England were nearer the mark; sour England; distracted England; the England of Noll Cromwell and the saints. Heaven defend me from such a ruler, and such saints! Hearty, joyous, laughter-loving England thou art not. Men smile no longer within thy cities. Gaiety is punished as a crime, and places of pleasant resort are forbidden to thy youth. Upon thy broad breast sits the night-hag Puritanism, scaring away thy dreams of happiness, and filling thee with terrors. It is ill with thee, England. Wrong hath become right within thee—loyalty, treason—religion, an offence. Heaven grant thee a speedy deliverance from the wretched thralldom in which thou art placed!"

"I do not despair of England, sir," Mr. Beard remarked.

"Neither do I," the old Cavalier rejoined—"when Noll Cromwell shall be overthrown, and the monarchy restored. But, till that consummation arrives, I am much tempted to exile myself from her shores."

Here Martin Geere presented himself again, and with new terror imprinted upon his countenance.

"What's the matter now?" the colonel exclaimed. "I guess from thy looks that thou bring'st fresh tidings of ill."

"I bring no good news, in sooth," Martin replied. "There are two men without who crave admittance to your honour—crave, did I say?—nay, they insolently demand it. One of them is Thomas Sunne, the Brightelmstone deputy of the Committee for the Sequestration of Livings. His reverence knows him——"

"Too well," Mr. Beard observed.

"The other I take to be a messenger, for he hath a warrant, and beareth a truncheon of office."

"Ay, and he will use it on thy shoulders, sirrah, if he be kept longer here," exclaimed a peremptory voice without.

And the next moment two personages stepped into the room. The foremost of them, who was he that had spoken, was of middle age, short and stout, and was somewhat showily attired in a blue doublet and scarlet cloak; the latter garment, however, was weather-stained, and had lost much of its original brilliancy. His doublet was embroidered with the badge of the Goldsmiths' Company—a leopard's head and a covered cup. His companion was an elderly man, with a sour, puritanical countenance, clad in sad-coloured raiments, and wearing a steeple-crowned hat. Neither of them uncovered their heads on entering the room.

"Ahem!" cried the foremost of the two, clearing his throat to enable him to speak more emphatically. "It is Wolston Maunsel, I surmise, before whom I stand?"

"Thou art in the presence of Colonel Maunsel, thou saucy knave," the old Cavalier haughtily rejoined. "Who, and what art thou?"

"I am not bound to answer the interrogations of a known malignant like thee. Nevertheless, I will tell thee that my heathenish name was Lawrence Creek, but since I have put off the old man, I am known as Better Late than Never, a saintly designation, and one becoming an elder, like myself. I am an emissary unto thee, O Wolston Maunsel, from the Commissioners of Goldsmiths' Hall, in Foster-lane, London, to whom, as thou knowest, thy forfeiture to the State hath been assigned, to summon thee to appear before the said commissioners within ten days to pay two hundred pounds for thy five-and-twentieth part of the fine which hath been set upon thee."

"My fine hath been fully discharged," the colonel said. "I have already paid the commissioners five thousand pounds."

"That is no concern of mine," the other rejoined. "Thou must appear before them to explain matters."

"A pest upon thee!" the old Cavalier angrily ejaculated. "Thou art enough to drive a man distraught. I cannot stir hence. I have just received an order from the Council prohibiting me, on pain of imprisonment, from going more than five miles from home. Here is the warrant. Read it, and satisfy thyself."

"It is no concern of mine," the emissary replied, declining to look at the warrant. "I shall leave the order with thee. Neglect to obey it at thy peril."

And, as he spoke, he placed a scroll on the table, and drew back a few paces, while the second individual stepped forward.

"My business is with thee, Ardingly Beard," this personage said. "Thou knowest that I have been appointed, together with my colleague, Thomas Geere of Ovingdean, brother to Martin Geere, who still continues in the service of the dangerous malignant, Wolston Maunsel——"

"I am glad my brother Tom hath had the grace not to present himself before his honour," Martin remarked.

"Thomas Geere was once one of my flock," Mr. Beard observed, sadly.

"He hath seen the error of his ways," Sunne rejoined. "But, as I was about to say, thou knowest that he and I have been appointed by the Committee for the Sequestration of Livings to collect, gather, and receive the tithes, rents, and profits of the benefice of the church of Ovingdean, now under sequestration, and to provide for its care. Thou knowest also how we have applied those profits."

"I have some guess," the clergyman observed. "Partly to your own use, partly in payment of Increase Micklegift."

"Wholly in payment of that godly divine," Thomas Sunne rejoined. "Now give heed to what I say unto thee, Ardingly

Beard. It is suspected that thou continuest secretly to perform the rites and services of thy suppressed church. Take heed, therefore. If the offence be proved against thee, thou shalt pay with thy body for thy contumacy. A year's imprisonment in Lewes Castle will teach thee submission."

"Heaven grant thee a more Christian spirit, friend," the clergyman meekly rejoined.

"Friend, quotha! I am no friend of prelatists and covenant-breakers," the other rejoined. "Wilt thou take the National Covenant?"

"Assuredly not," Mr. Beard replied, firmly.

"Begone both of ye!" Colonel Maunsel cried, losing all patience, "and rid my house of your hateful presence."

"You had best lay hands upon us, Wolston Maunsel," the emissary from Goldsmiths' Hall cried, in a taunting and insolent tone. "I should like nothing better."

"Nor I," Thomas Sunne added.

"Be patient, I implore of you, honoured sir," the clergyman cried, "and let them go."

"Show them forth, Martin, or I shall do them a mischief," the colonel cried. Whereupon the two men withdrew, muttering threats, however, as they departed.

As soon as he and Mr. Beard were left alone, Colonel Maunsel gave vent to a fresh explosion of rage.

"Perdition seize these Roundhead miscreants!" he exclaimed. "They have set me upon the horns of a dilemma. How am I to fulfil such contradictory orders? Here is one that tells me I must not stir from home: another, commanding me to come to London. If I obey one, I must perforce neglect the other; and, for my own part, I am well disposed to pay respect to neither."

"I scarce know how to counsel you, honoured sir," the clergyman rejoined. "Truly, it is a most embarrassing position in which you are placed."

"It is more embarrassing than you deem, reverend sir," the colonel returned. "I have not wherewithal to pay the fine imposed upon me, and must borrow the two hundred pounds, at heavy usance, from old Zachary Trangmar, the money-lender of Lewes."

"I am grieved to hear it, sir," Mr. Beard observed.

"These bloodsuckers will never let me rest till they have utterly ruined me," pursued the colonel; "and such, I doubt not, is their intent. Their aim is to cripple all true men. Heaven confound their devices!"

"Amen!" the clergyman ejaculated.

"Well! well! the difficulty must be met, and bravely too," the old Cavalier cried—"no tame yielding, or crying for quarter on the part of Wolston Maunsel. I will fight the good fight, so long as there is breath in my body. I must go forthwith to Lewes—it

is almost within my prescribed limits—and see Zachary Trangmar. I shall have to give the extortionate old rascal my bond, for he will not trust to the word of a gentleman.”

“I cannot become surety for you, honoured sir,” the clergyman observed; “or I would willingly be so.”

“No, no,” Colonel Maunsel exclaimed, hastily. “The old usurer will be content with my own security. Unluckily, it is not the first transaction I have had with him. If the knaves go on plundering me in this manner, I shall have little, beyond my good name, to leave my son.”

“And that will be his fairest inheritance, sir,” Mr. Beard observed.

“It is not likely to content him, though,” the colonel rejoined, with a half laugh. “However, we must hope for better days, though neither you nor I may live to see them, reverend sir. Meanwhile, we must provide for the present. I will ride to Lewes this morning, and Dulcia shall accompany me. John Habergeon will watch over Clavering, and will know how to act, in case of difficulty. To your charge, good sir, I confide the rest of the house during my brief absence.”

Mr. Beard bowed, and the colonel arose, observing, that when he last got on horseback, his rheumatism was so bad, that he thought he should never more be able to mount steed; but he felt quite equal to the effort now. Summoning Martin Geere, he bade him cause a couple of horses to be saddled—one of them for Mistress Dulcia. And seeing the old serving-man stare at the unexpected order, he added, “The day is fine, and tempts me to take an hour’s exercise on the downs.”

“But your honour hath not ridden for more than two months,” old Martin stoutly objected.

“No matter, I mean to ride to-day. See that the horses are got ready forthwith.”

“I should not have supposed that your honour would like to leave the house just now,” Martin persisted. “How says your reverence? When robbers are abroad, it were well, methinks, that the master stayed at home to guard his treasure.”

“My honoured friend has good reason for what he doth,” the clergyman replied; “and I trust we shall be able to protect the house and all within it, during his absence.”

“Nay, then I have nothing more to urge,” the old serving-man rejoined.

“Hark ye, Martin,” the colonel cried, arresting him; “bid Eustace Saxby, the falconer, hold himself in readiness to go with us; and tell him to bring with him the young Barbary falcon and the merlin that he hath lately manned and lured, and I will try their flight at a partridge. Use despatch, for I shall set forth presently.”

GERMAN ALMANACKS FOR 1860.

OUR last month's impression contained an article on the French Almanacks for the coming year, and most of our readers will have noticed how much those once so amusing volumes have fallen off in mere amusement. It was a difficult task to cull sufficient matter from them to eke out an article which should prove palatable to the English reader. If the Frenchman is once deprived of the power of making his joke on all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, he is the dullest animal in creation. Now, when the French press has received the *mot d'ordre* to be dully decorous, the almanacks, formerly welcomed with delight by everybody, have suffered a most unwelcome change. The *esprit* has been fettered, and the weight of the chains has put a sudden end to its beck, and nods, and wreathed smiles.

This is not the case with the German Almanacks, for they always pursue the even tenor of their way, and never rise beyond the safe region of mediocrity. Of course, they contain no sparkling writing; the jests are the mildest possible, as we shall have occasion to show presently, and the principal object is to convey instruction in the form most suited to the rustic capabilities. It must be borne in mind, that the almanacks in Germany circulate almost exclusively in remote districts; they form the sole reading of the peasant, and necessarily a large portion of the contents is devoted to information requisite for him. The almanack is always accompanied by extracts from the Hundred Years' Calendar, and in most cases, by the peasants' rules for the weather, which convey information in the quaintest rhymes, easy of recollection. Here is a specimen or two: "Dog-days bright and clear, prophesy a good year." "In January little water, much wine; much water, little wine." "At the beginning or the end, March is sure its pest to send." "A cool May brings good wine and hay." "Before St. John's, all pray for rain; after St. John's, it causes pain."

Of the numerous almanacks lying on our table, Auerbach's is certainly the most perfect, for it never departs from the object designed—namely, to impart to the peasants political and social information in the guise of a story. This year the old professor effects his purpose by a tale called "The Prize Ploughman," admirably adapted to the meanest capacity, and yet conveying an excellent moral. We trace in it the honest lad who gains a silver watch for ploughing the straightest furrow, and from that moment he knows no peace. His fellow-servants are jealous of him, he fancies himself not sufficiently esteemed by his master, and throws up his situation. But, when out of work, he finds that the flattering offers made him by the gentlemen present at the prize ploughing were so much empty wind, and after many simple yet painful adventures, he is glad to return to his old master. At the close of the story, we find him enlisting as a volunteer for the war against France in August last. Indeed, it is very curious to notice through all these almanacks that the word patriotism, in the German sense, means detestation of the Frenchman. We will make one extract from this almanack, in the shape of a paper by

Karl Andréé, on Lagerbier in America, because it possesses a general interest.

The German Lagerbier has long since made a voyage round the world. Bock, from Bavaria and the Erzgebirge breweries, is sent to Batavia, in Java, and Canton, where it is found on the table side by side with the Californian Lagerbier. When the late war stopped the Lloyd's steamers running between Trieste and Egypt, many complaints were heard both in Cairo and Alexandria, among Europeans as well as Levantines, for the casks of Viennese Lagerbier no longer arrived. The quantity German brewers can produce in Egypt, during the summer months, even with the splendid Nilotic barley, is scanty enough, and bears no comparison with the beer direct from Germany. But the Lagerbier has met with an equally warm reception in cold countries; it suits the palate of Muscovite and Scandinavian, and even many Englishmen prefer it to the heavy ale and porter. In Flanders and Brabant it stands on a level with the renowned Ghent and Brussels Faro. It is brewed by Germans in Constantinople and Madrid; even Sydney and Valdivia have their German breweries. Otto Esche, the first German merchant who plied the first German vessel from San Francisco across the Pacific to the mouth of the Amur, reports that Mandjurs and Chinese, Uralian Cossacks and Mongolians, delight in drinking German beer, which is splendidly brewed in California. Kamemahema IV., King of the Sandwich Islands, has always evinced a decided partiality for it. But it is in America that Lagerbier has gained the greatest extension, and with such beneficial results that we cannot refrain from quoting a passage in proof:

The Americans gradually learned from us to drink Lagerbier. The German beverage forced its way by slow degrees, and has become a social power as opposed to King Alcohol; and it evicts spirits far more effectually than any Maine Liquor law can do. Many of the higher Yankees now join the musical societies and gymnastic unions. Among the Germans they find a better tone prevalent than among their own countrymen. German song has even subdued the rowdies. Some months ago, on the occasion of several song-societies making an excursion, they offered themselves as a guard of honour, and, characteristically enough, "to knock down anybody who disturbed the festivities." They kept their word; were rewarded with Lagerbier, as they had promised not to drink any spirits on that day, and remained sober. Gardens devoted to beer and music are beginning to grow quite fashionable among the Yankees. I will not assert that there are none of our countrymen who do not drink a drop too much. One of them, when called before the committee to prove that Lagerbier could not fall beneath the provisions of the Maine Liquor law, as not being an intoxicating drink, brought witnesses to prove that he had drunk more than eighty glasses in one day, yet remained in possession of his senses. That was a settler.

To show the enormous quantities of Lagerbier brewed in America, we may mention that St. Louis—a town containing sixty thousand Germans, and eighty thousand non-Germans—counts no less than thirty-five breweries, which last winter produced one hundred and fifteen thousand barrels of Lager, and seventy-four thousand of light beer, valued at 1,336,000 dollars. In addition to this quantity, fifty thousand more barrels were brought to St. Louis from Milwaukie, Belleville, Pittsburg, and other towns. Before quitting this subject, we will quote a right

merry jest a German told a Yankee who desired to know the origin of Lagerbier :

In a little village near Bamberg-on-the-Maine there lived a cobbler, and he felt thirsty, so he said to his apprentice, "Thou, go and fetch me a bottle of Bamberg beer." It was to be had at the village hostelry, but the lad, who did not know this, as he had only just been apprenticed, went to Bamberg, and was away, of course, a considerable time. While returning home a boy met him, and told him his master was so angry, that he might look out for a thrashing. What did the fellow? He did not go to the cobbler, but among the soldiers, but beforehand buried the bottle at the foot of a tree. By his bravery he was soon promoted to be an officer, and, as such, came to Bamberg. "Thou shouldst pay thy old master a visit," he thought, "and prove to him what has come of thee." So he mounted his horse, and on the way stopped at the tree where he had buried the beer. When he reached the village, he said, "Here, master, I bring you the bottle of beer which I went to fetch for you." The cobbler did not understand the meaning of this, till the officer opened his eyes. Both drank the beer, which had lain so many years under the tree, and found it famous. The story became known, the brewers began from that time to make cellars in the rock in which the beer was to lie, and this was the origin of the noble, much-praised Lagerbier.

But the stories we like most in the German Almanacks are those relating to historical events, and generally turning on the history of Frederick William I. of Prussia, who is the favourite of the nation. There was something thoroughly German even about his stick, and the remembrance that he raised the Prussian people to such an elevation by his energy renders the people to his virtues very kind, to his failings rather blind. Every year one or the other of the almanacks contains a story, having him for the hero; this year Trenwendt is the fortunate man, and the story called "Good Morning, Master Gatekeeper," is so characteristic, that we will make an analysis of it.

Master Gregory, who was porter of the town gate at Potsdam in the reign of that severe monarch to whom we have alluded, was the most unfavourable specimen of his class to be found throughout Germany, and that was saying a good deal. He had a habit of keeping the market people waiting outside for hours, and the worse the weather was, the more the old sinner enjoyed it. While the icy snow was cutting their faces, and they stood shivering with cold, he would wrap himself up more closely in his blankets, and turn a deaf ear to their complaints and execrations. In those days a gatekeeper was an important personage; he had not only to open and close the gate, but also the control of the octroi duties, so that he could do pretty well as he pleased. Hence, the poor peasants did not dare say a word, and even accepted a dose of stick with passive resignation. If they wished to live in peace, they found it best to pay a separate tax, which went into Master Gregory's pocket. Many a lump of butter, and many a young fowl, found their way into his larder, so that no wonder the gatekeeper considered himself the greatest personage in Prussia. His daughter Marie, a charming young girl, would often take compassion on the poor people, and offer to let them in; but her father never consented, and such a proposition was usually greeted by a shower of oaths from the old bear.

Marie had her reasons for keeping in with her father, for she was in love with a soldier in the Guards, one Wilhelm Dorn, the handsomest

young fellow in garrison. But she had never breathed a word of this to the old man, for he would have been horrified at the thought of his daughter marrying a private. The mere idea would have given him a stroke of apoplexy. At that time there was a universal prejudice against the troops, perhaps not unjustly, for they were recruited from the vagabonds of all countries. Such a set could only be kept in order by the severest discipline and iron severity. Order could only be maintained by the most frightful punishments, and it is almost impossible to form a notion of the barbarity of the articles of war in those days. Running the gauntlet ten times was the lightest punishment, and any one who dared to complain was flogged to death's door. A deserter had his nose and ears cut off, or else he was hanged; the same fate befel every one who helped a deserter to fly: he was strung up without mercy. Hence, the Prussian army contained very few volunteers, and Wilhelm Dorn was not one of them—he was a clergyman's son, carried off by the royal crimps in consequence of his height, and yielding to the inevitable, he had done his duty properly, and was in daily expectation of his promotion. Under these circumstances he decided on waiting upon old Gregory, and asking his daughter's hand. The gatekeeper was furious at the insult, and repulsed him most harshly. The poor fellow went off in a very desponding mood, which was heightened by a letter he received from Marie, in which she told him that her father meant to marry her next day to their neighbour, the fat baker. This was too much for Wilhelm, and he determined on committing suicide. For this purpose he loaded his trusty firelock and walked down to the banks of the Havel, after leaving a farewell note for Marie. Suddenly he heard voices in his vicinity, which he fancied he recognised, and, on drawing nearer, he saw several men belonging to the Guards, whom he overheard plotting the king's death. It was agreed that the monarch should be shot the next morning at parade with a silver bullet, after which the town would be fired and plundered. The conspirators then separated, leaving Wilhelm to hurry at full speed to the barracks and denounce the plot. But, to his horror, no sooner had he arrived than he was arrested on a charge of attempted desertion by suicide; his letter to Marie had been opened on his being found to be absent without leave. In vain did he ask to be allowed an interview with the officer of the guard: he was thrust into the dungeon, and left to brood over the punishment that awaited him next day.

When the gaoler visited Wilhelm, the latter prayed so earnestly to see an officer, that the man fancied he must have gone out of his senses, and fortunately sent for the surgeon, to whom Wilhelm imparted the secret. The surgeon hurried to the palace, and begged to speak with the king, who was in a terrible state of alarm at the message, for he thought that Fugleman Jonas, the tallest man in the regiment, must have been taken dangerously ill. When he found himself mistaken, he raised his stick to thrash the surgeon, after his pleasant manner, but the latter managed to get out of arm's length in time, stating that he had come about non-commissioned officer Dorn. "A good soldier too," the king remarked, parenthetically, "and nearly six feet high;" for he knew every man in the regiment. On hearing that he had meditated suicide, the king broke out in a furious passion, and ordered him five hundred lashes on the spot. But when the

surgeon told the king of the conspiracy he had detected, the old gentleman grew serious, and went straight to the prison to cross-examine Wilhelm in person. The king had only recently been deceived by the notorious Baron Clement, but had taken his revenge by having the baron's flesh tweaked with red-hot pincers, and his hand cut off. But Wilhelm was steadfast, and the king proceeded to make inquiries into the truth of his story. The conspirators were convicted, and the grateful monarch asked the non-commissioned officer what reward he expected. All he wished was for his majesty to speak to gatekeeper Gregory about Marie on his behalf, and to this the king consented, if she were only tall enough. He could not spoil his breed of soldiers from any nonsensical love considerations. Having received a satisfactory reply on this point, the king promised to see what could be done, and left Wilhelm in high spirits.

The next morning, while the gatekeeper was still snuggling in his bed, according to his custom, the king made his appearance at the gate, with his heaviest walking-stick in his hand, for he thought some gentle argument of that sort might be required. He found there a crowd waiting to enter the town, and inquired the reason. On hearing it, the king made such a hammering at the gate that it would have wakened the dead. But it was of no avail with old Gregory: so Frederick William had to lift up his leonine voice, which made his whole court and family tremble. Still Gregory, happily unconscious of his visitor, bided his time, thinking what a thrashing he would give the peasants when he let them in for making such a row. At length he threw back the gates. "Good morning, master gatekeeper!" the king said, as he walked in, and gave him a tremendous thrashing, while the delighted peasants ironically repeated the greeting. In vain did Gregory roar for mercy: the king did not leave off till he was tired. After a rest, during which he read the gatekeeper a moral lesson on the impropriety of keeping the peasants shivering in the cold, he began again, and went on till Marie fell on her knees and implored for mercy. At length the king said he would pardon him if he would give his daughter to sub-officer Dorn. Gregory offered some objections, but the sight of the uplifted stick removed them, and the king himself joined the hands of the young couple. Then he offered to make Wilhelm quartermaster, and give him a house, on condition that he delivered a young recruit in every year, and promised, when he wished to die, only to do so for his king and fatherland. On these considerations his majesty was graciously pleased to pardon Master Gregory, and from that time forth he was a model porter. Even if he felt inclined for another snooze, it only required the cry of "Good morning, master gatekeeper!" to make him spring up at once.

In Nieritz's Almanack we find no speciality deserving notice: the stories are good, and well adapted for the readers, but are too lengthy for extract. We can only find space for an excerpt from the "Historical Curiosities," which certainly deserve to be treasured up, as throwing a light on the manners and customs of the middle ages:

Among the Hanse towns, Bergen, albeit the youngest settlement, occupied the highest place, and any one who wished to be a real merchant must have passed his apprenticeship at Bergen. The rush there was so great that the Bergener had to invent measures to stop it, and none could have been more effectual than the novitiate they introduced, and which lasted for eight years. The first trial

was the "water-sport." The naked novice had a rope fastened round his waist, was then thrown into the sea from the stern of a vessel, and dragged all along the keel under water. This ceremony was repeated thrice. Naturally, the apprentice was half dead; but this did not prevent his being laid at once on a bench and thrashed into life by four powerful fellows, till the blood poured from him, and a merciful fainting fit saved him. If the novice still adhered to his determination of becoming a merchant of Bergen, he had next to endure the "smoke sport." A rope was again fastened round his waist, and he was suspended up a chimney. A slow fire, fed with all sorts of pestiferous materials, threatened him with death by suffocation, but he was not let loose till the fire had burned down: then came another thrashing, in no way inferior to the first in severity. If the novice had escaped this trial with his life, the "rod sport" followed. The enduring apprentice was stripped of all his clothing in a hall, where women were usually among the audience. Four disguised ordered him to dance to noisy music. Suddenly four others made their appearance with rods, and began to belabour the dancer to the tune of the music, which grew quicker. The blows fell thick as hail, and only left off either when the recipient fell unconscious to the ground, or when the arms of his torturers were exhausted.

Somewhat amusing, too, in the same almanack, are the extracts from albums kept in places of public resort. Thus, at Schiller's birth-house in Warbach: G. W., from the United States, Ohio, North America, 1843.—Good poet. F. C., from Cologne, remembers the celebrated poet Friedrich von Schiller. H. H., of Bavaria, soap-boiler's apprentice, finds himself "felt" at being in the great poet's birth-house. Peace be to his ashes! Here, again, from the Brocken. N.B. This is what S. H. Bauer, of Vienna, has honestly to claim from Master Brocken: 1. The loss of twice four-and-twenty hours; 2. Of many thousand drops of perspiration; 3. The exhaustion of all healthy limbs; 4. The loss of taste through a bad dinner; 5. Of scent by a fearful stench of brandy and tobacco; 6. Of sleep for a whole night; 7. A cloak, a pair of trousers, stockings, and shoes, and a round hat totally spoiled. Credit: a sunset and a sunrise, but I must place to the debit side a misty evening, and a rainy and snowy morning.

From the same almanack, too, we may take some specimens of the "pictorial jests," as examples of German humour, although they naturally lose by the absence of the drawings. In one we find two very drunken gentlemen conversing. Says A. to B.: "I seriously recommend you not to drink so much beer o' nights, it makes a fellow quite stupid; I know that by my own experience." Here, again, is a father giving his little daughter good moral advice: "My child, you must never forget that only those ought to eat who also work." To which innocently replies the child: "But, father, you eat!" Another characteristic sketch: a boy says to his father, a very intoxicated-looking cobbler, "Why, father, do you wash your toes with schnapps?" "You stupid dog, because they are frostbitten." "Then your stomach is frostbitten too?" Here, too, is a very neat one: An old gentleman, in dressing-gown and Turkish cap, holding his finger cleverly to his nose, is conversing with his wife, who remarks: "My dear husband, how is Julius to receive the parcel when you do not know his address?" "What a stupid fellow I am," the sage replies; "of course, we must send him the letter first." Here is another: a stern official is cross-examining a delinquent: "So you were present at the row in the Coliseum last night?" "Of course I was; but I tell you at once, Sir Actuary, that I intend to reserve my

alibi." And so they go on, all running, after the Irish fashion, on bulls. For instance, is not this truly Paddyesque? "Lina, have you been to see whether the barometer has fallen?" a lady equipped for a drive asks her servant. "Lord bless you, no, marm, it is still hanging on the wall!" Here is another story, old enough, but redeemed by a capital drawing. Imagine a town councillor returned from a meeting, where his motion has been refuted. Says he to his wife: "The rogues! the scoundrels! but I told them, though, something which will make them remember me for life." "But, good gracious, husband, in your passion you will have salted our soup nicely." "What! oh, don't be frightened about that, not a soul heard me." The last of the series is, perhaps, the best. A very stout, well-to-do gentleman is sitting at a magnificent dinner, and reading the paper between the courses. "Ah!" he says, with a heartfelt sigh, "in Schwarzenberg the people only consume sixteen pounds of meat per head during the year. Why, that is really dreadful. Poor folk! I wonder if I could help them were I to go there?"

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

A FEW months ago it was our painful duty to make some rather sharp remarks in this magazine with reference to Madame George Sand's novel, "Elle et Lui," because we thought that she had stepped beyond the courtesy which authors should show to each other. Nor were we singular in our animadversions; the French press generally reprobated the growing evil of converting private grievances into printer's "copy," and we are glad to find that Madame Sand has accepted the warning in a proper spirit. Her latest novel, "L'Homme de Neige," is an attempt to imitate the thrilling romances of Mrs. Ratcliffe and her school; and, better still, the morality has been preserved. There is not a situation in these two volumes which might not be read by everybody, and they therefore offer an opportunity, rarely found, for studying the peculiar graces of Madame Sand's style.

The scene is laid in Sweden in the middle of the last century, and we are introduced to an old castle, which bears the reputation of being haunted, but in which a certain Christian Waldo and his servant, performers of marionettes, had been obliged to take shelter. They had been summoned to perform at the new castle belonging to Baron Olaf von Waldemora, but owing to the château being crowded with guests, they were compelled to pass the night in the haunted castle. On arriving there, however, they knocked in vain for the bailiff to open to them; he was very deaf, and nothing would have induced his son Ulph to go out in the dark, for fear of meeting ghosts. Hence the two strangers climbed the outer wall and entered the grand hall, where they found a fire already laid, but nothing to eat. Under these circumstances, Christian ordered his servant to go back to the other castle to obtain provisions, while he remained alone. While walking about the hall he noticed a door opening

into a narrow passage, and, in a spirit of adventure, proceeded on a tour of discovery.

While thus engaged, another visitor made his appearance at the castle, in the shape of Herr Gööfle, an eminent solicitor, who had been summoned by the baron on urgent private affairs, and, not caring for festivities, had decided on passing the night at the old château, which he had often visited before. He, too, entered the hall with his servant, a little foot-page of ten, where he awaited the arrival of supper, while unpacking his clothes for the purpose of proceeding to the château, and paying his respects to the baron. The boy, though, was worn out with fatigue, and the good old gentleman conveyed him to the bedroom, where he put him to rest. But the boy could not bear to be left alone—he had heard so much of the ghosts—and so the lawyer kindly sat down by the fireside, waiting for him to sleep. In the mean while he drew some law papers from his pocket, and was soon so engaged with them that he forgot all else.

During this time Christian had returned to the hall, and was not sorry to find the lawyer's fur cloak and cap lying on a chair, for the fire had burned low. He had found on his tour the way to the pantry, and was just going to fall-to on the smoked salmon and reindeer tongue, when the sound of a sledge driving into the court-yard disturbed him. Before long a lovely young girl entered the hall, and addressed him as Herr Gööfle. He was too fond of an adventure to undeceive her, and, therefore, listened patiently to her story. Her aunt insisted on marrying her to the Baron Oläus, and she had a repulsion from a man who, justly or unjustly, was regarded as the assassin of his brother and his family, who had all died suddenly and mysteriously. Christian promised faithfully to do all in his power to dissuade the baron, and the young lady returned to the hall somewhat comforted. With Christian, however, it was a decided case of love at first sight: he longed to join the fair creature, but how could he, a travelling mountebank, dare to venture among the haughty company, for whose amusement he had been summoned? While revolving these things, his eye fell on the lawyer's dress suit, hung across the back of a chair, and his resolve was promptly formed. He dressed himself rapidly, went to the stable, put-to the lawyer's horse, and hastened to the new château on the wings of love. But, here, a new difficulty beset him; he had no card of invitation, and without that he could not enter. Mechanically thrusting his hand in his pocket, he found the card belonging to the lawyer, which he handed to the major-domo with consummate impudence, announcing himself as the nephew of Herr Gööfle, educated in foreign parts, and only just returned to Sweden.

The handsome young stranger excited quite a sensation among the primitive nobility, and he very skilfully worked himself into the good graces of the party, not excepting Marguerite's aunt, the Countess Elfrida. In fact, he soon so won on that lady that she made him the confidante of her schemes, and urged him to induce her niece to accept the brilliant offers made to her by the baron. We need not say how gladly he accepted the part offered him, and before long Marguerite and himself were on the most friendly terms. The young lady had alleged the excuse of a sprained ankle, to escape dancing with the baron; but she regretted it too late, when she noticed the charming cavalier who

now offered her his arm. At length, the temptation was too great: a party of young people stepped away to a gallery whence the music could be distinctly heard, and were in the full swing of enjoyment, when they were caught in the act by the baron and the aunt. The baron again invited her to dance with him, and she could only stammer that she was already engaged. The baron looked black, and pressed to know who had thwarted him, when Christian sprang forward and confronted him. The baron gazed on him, uttered hoarsely, "It is he!" and fell back in a fit.

The confusion was great; Christian's new friends told him that he would have a merciless enemy in the baron, and urged him to fly at once. At first the young man derided all such hints, but, on being told of the unlimited powers Swedish seigneurs exercised in those days, and of the dungeons the castle contained, he thought it advisable to return to the old castle without beat of drum. He trusted to his incognito to preserve his secret, and besides, in performing, he always wore a mask. Worn out by excitement and fatigue, he dropped asleep very quietly in the great hall, where he was found the next morning by the worthy lawyer, who was much surprised at this unexpected company. But his surprise yielded to his annoyance when he noticed how coolly the stranger had appropriated his own dress suit, and he woke him up very unceremoniously. The worthy lawyer's wrath was, however, soon disarmed by the handsome apologies Christian offered him, and they became such excellent friends, that the young man proceeded to tell him his life-history, as is usually the case in novels.

His earliest reminiscences were connected with Italy, where he was known by the name of Christiano del Lago. Some person, whether of high or low birth unknown, found it necessary to get rid of her child, legitimate or not, and for that purpose had let it down by means of a basket and rope into a boat. Thence, the infant was transferred to another country, equally unknown, and afterwards to Italy, where Christian's narrative assumed a tangible form. A mysterious stranger, poorly attired, brought the lad to the house of a Professor Goffredi, at Perugia, who adopted him as his own child. The only thing apparently attaching him to the outer world was a visit annually received by the family from a Jew in the town, who interested himself in the boy's welfare. When the professor died, Christian was turned out loose on the world, and proceeded to Naples, where he obtained an appointment as tutor to the nephew of a cardinal. Having had the misfortune, however, to kill a young nobleman, Christian was compelled to fly the country, and evaded the researches of the police by joining a performer with the marionettes. But his mission was botany and geology, and thus, after arriving safely in Paris, he formed the acquaintance of all the eminent savans, and, under their auspices, proceeded on a walking tour through Europe, to collect specimens. While in Bohemia he was attacked by a band of brigands, headed by his ex-companion and showman, Guido Massarelli, and left for dead. On his recovery, he was only too glad to find his puppet-show once more under the charge of a certain Puffo, and with him he continued his botanical journey, giving performances to cover his expenses. In this way he at length reached Sweden, and the success he attained at Stockholm induced the Baron Olaus to summon him to his castle. This recital was hardly ended, ere the lawyer received a call to the chateau, where the

baron was expecting him, and there he made confusion worse confounded by denying that he had any nephew.

In the mean while, Christian was preparing his puppets for the evening's entertainments, but was interrupted by the entrance of the deaf old bailiff Stenson, who was much surprised at finding that the castle had been invaded by strangers without his cognisance. But his surprise yielded to a feeling of horror when Christian suddenly stood before him, and he fled, uttering cries of mad alarm. The young man was much amazed that his appearance had twice produced such a sensation, but soon forgot it in his preparations. But he was in a very disagreeable dilemma: his servant Puffo had drunk so deeply with Ulph during the day, that he was quite incapable, and Christian must have an accomplice. Under these circumstances, he induced Herr Göffe to offer his valuable assistance, and they extemporised *à loisir* a new piece, depicting Christian's early life, and aided the effect by a drawing of the Castle of Stolborg, where they were then staying. While thus engaged, the lawyer found time to tell his new friend the suspicions attaching to the character of the nobleman before whom he was about to perform.

The Baron Magnus von Waldemora, better known as the Great Jarl, had two sons, the elder, Adelstan, quick, impetuous, and ardent; the younger, Olaüs, at this time known as the "Man of Snow," gentle, caressing, and studious. Adelstan had travelled through Europe, and brought home with him as wife Hilda von Blixen, of a poor but noble Danish family. At first, his father was angry at the match, but at length grew reconciled, though it was whispered that Olaüs had tried to fan the flame of dissension. The old man, however, died soon after, and Adelstan inherited his magnificent estates. The other brother proceeded to Stockholm, and Adelstan then fetched his wife, with her son, then a few months old, to the castle of Waldemora. Here they lived very happily for three years, until the baron was forced by business to visit the capital. On his return home he was assassinated in the forests of Dalecarlia, and it was alleged that some poachers, whom he had treated severely, thus revenged themselves. Olaüs immediately came to console his sister-in-law, but on the night after his departure the young baron was seized with convulsions, and died. The baroness, maddened by her double loss, accused the Baron Olaüs of being the cause of them, and this accusation seemed so far-fetched, that she was pronounced to be mad from grief. However, she took a desperate step, summoned all the officials of the canton, and declared herself *enceinte*. Olaüs, thus deprived of his inheritance, did not utter a word of reproach; on the contrary, he proceeded to Stockholm, where he intended to await the auspicious event. Before long, however, he went to the court of Catherine II., and thus obtained the name of the "Man of Snow," because he had then iced his heart against all generous impulses. At this time, however, a report was spread of his death, as it was assumed, to tranquillise the Baroness Hilda, and prevent her proceeding to Stockholm *pour faire ses couches*. She fell into the snare, and just at the period of her supposed confinement, Olaüs made his appearance again in the neighbourhood. In her terror, the baroness retired to the old castle. From this point the story was never thoroughly cleared up: one thing, however, appeared certain, that the baroness had feigned her *grossesse*, for on her death-bed, three months later, she signed a confession that, in her hatred for her brother-in-law,

she had intended to foist a supposititious child upon him. This confession was publicly made known, and the Baron Olaf succeeded to the estates without a suspicion being breathed against him.

The conversation which ensued between the two, and the remembrance of an apparition the lawyer fancied he had seen the night before, bearing a striking resemblance to the Baroness Hilda, suggested to him that he should cross-examine the old bailiff Stenson on certain points of the story, explanation of which only he could give. For this purpose he proceeded to the other side of the castle, and was much surprised to hear a stranger shouting menaces to Stenson that he would reveal a secret unless he came to terms with him. Stranger still, the conversation was carried on in Italian, which Stenson spoke slowly, but sufficiently well to be understood. As the visitor, however, could make no impression on the bailiff, he left him with a scowl, and the lawyer entered to try his fortune. But his efforts to pierce the mystery, were there one, failed. All the old man could do was to hand him a sealed box, which he made him swear not to open before his death.

On returning to Christian, the two friends put on their masks and went off to the new château, where the performance was to take place. While awaiting the moment for commencing, Christian fell back in a chair and slumbered. Suddenly he felt the string of his mask cut: he jumped up, and saw before him his old friend and would-be assassin, Guido Massarelli. A violent scene took place between them, in which Guido in vain tried to persuade Christian to accept his good services, for he could aid him. But the young man repulsed him with scorn, and he left the room, vowing revenge. Shortly after, the play commenced, which was to try the conscience of the baron. Luckily or unluckily, the lawyer was so full of the thoughts the day's conversation had aroused, that, instead of calling the wicked uncle Don Sanchez, as had been agreed on, he said twice or thrice *Monsieur le Baron*. When the culminating point came, and the child was let down from a window in the castle of Stolborg (as presented on the stage), there was a disturbance in the hall: the "Man of Snow" was attacked by another fit, and had to be removed. We fancy we remember something like this in "Hamlet;" but never mind.

After the performance was over, Johann, the baron's major-domo, who had received his orders, and strongly suspected that the mysterious guest at the last night's ball was no other than the fantoccini man, made several efforts to see his face, and Christian consented at last. In the obscurity he lifted his mask, and Johann saw a masterpiece of ugliness—a very libel on the human face divine. The major-domo's suspicions were partly removed, and he began cross-examining Christian about the lawyer's pretended nephew, but, of course, got nothing out of him. Johann then proceeded to report to the baron, who had been cross-examining Guido in his turn, to draw from him the secret he offered for sale. After a long conversation, Guido was seized unexpectedly and cast into a dungeon, and having thus secured one of his enemies, the baron and his accomplice proceeded to plot how they should entrap the others. These were the mountebank, the lawyer, who was evidently playing false, and Stenson, the bailiff, who knew too much.

The remainder of the evening was to be devoted to a masquerade and sledge expedition on the ice, and Christian and Goëffe determined to join it in disguise. The lawyer stated that there were plenty of dresses still

preserved at the old castle, and they had only to pick and choose. Among others they found a grey silk dress, and in the pocket was a note, which the lawyer proceeded to read, in spite of Christian's remonstrances, who thought it a sacrilege. It certainly afforded grounds for thought: it had been written by the Baron Adelstan to his wife a few days prior to his assassination, and contained a distinct allusion to her approaching confinement. The lawyer carefully deposited the note among his other papers, and they then proceeded to the sledge procession.

The scene was magnificent: the snow-clad mountains were lighted up by huge fires, while the flashing of the countless torches on the gay dresses produced a dazzling effect. The lawyer entered for the sledge-race, while Christian remained behind seeking for his beloved Marguerite. He soon found her, and boldly avowed his real condition during the course of conversation, and caused her deep pain, for her young dream of love was rudely dissipated by the confession. A marriage with a nephew of an eminent lawyer was not quite impossible, but with a mountebank never. Christian, consequently, gained very little by his interview, and proceeded to join Herr Göffe, who, in his turn, had been mistaken for him. After a ludicrous scene, they joined several officers, who had formed Christian's acquaintance at the ball, and to them he also confided his secret. They admired him for his boldness, and while warning him to be on his guard against the baron, promised to help him by all the means in their power. In the mean while, he was invited to join a boar-hunt in the Dalecarlian forests the next morning.

As was agreed on, the shooting party proceeded the next day into the forests, and to the house of a peasant on the Norwegian frontier, who had tracked a bear to its lair. Twenty miles were covered in a short time by the major's rapid ponies, and they pulled up at the door of the cabin, where breakfast had been prepared for them by the hospitable peasant. Here, to his surprise, Christian found that he comprehended several words of the Dalecarlian language, though he had never heard them before.* But his attention was soon attracted by a peculiar form of incantation held over him by the peasant's sister, who was generally regarded as a witch, in order to preserve him from the claws of the bear. Then he was equipped in the proper sporting garb, and they set out for the valley where the bear was enjoying its winter sleep. Did not our limits warn us, we should have pleasure in quoting the vigorous description our author gives of the hunting scene, and how Christian saves the peasant's life by killing two bears; but we must hasten to the catastrophe.

Johann, while the baron was out hunting, had applied a gentle pressure to Guido, and soon drew from him his secret. He gave up a packet of letters, written by Stenson to the Jew Manassé, about the child that had been entrusted to the Perugian professor, and which he had obtained by murdering the Jew. He also affirmed that he recognised the mountebank as the young man he had known in Italy. Armed with these proofs, the major-domo sent off to the baron, and arranged measures by which to entrap the rightful heir. But, as the baron hastened back, his sledge came into collision with that driven by Christian, and was upset. The first thing the baron gazed upon was the face that had so terrified him on the previous evening; he suffered a relapse, and was borne to the

* This scene bears a suspicious resemblance to a similar one in "Guy Ransing."

castle in a dying state, while Christian proceeded to join his friend, the lawyer. While they were consulting together, they were surprised by a visit from Marguerite and a young officer, who had overheard Johann arranging a plot with Puffo, by which a gold drinking-cup should be concealed in Christian's luggage, and afford excuse for his arrest. At the same time a band of ruffians was hurried off to arrest Stenson, and lay wait for the young man.

We need not describe all the ensuing scenes, or how virtue is at length triumphant. The peasant's sister, who had been waiting-woman to the baroness, revealed the scheme by which the child's life had been saved, and Stenson's papers supplied the gap. There was no moral doubt that Christian was heir to the barony, but his new-found relations were loth to give up the prize; and in those days the Swedish aristocracy were omnipotent. The king decided against Christian, and the young man, declining to accept Goëlle's offer to make him his heir, joined the old Dalecarlian peasant, and hunted with him up to the confines of the Arctic Ocean. Growing weary of this, however, he decided on turning miner, and performed prodigies of virtue among his turbulent comrades. Here he was accidentally discovered by Marguerite and a party of friends, who were paying a visit to the mines, and learned from them that the lawyer was awaiting him at Waldemora. But even then he had a narrow escape; Johann had been suborned to kill him, and tried to hurl him out of the bucket. He was unsuccessful, and the miners soon took Jedburgh law on the assassin, by hurling him down the shaft. Of course, in the end, Christian's claim was recognised, and he married Marguerite. Wishing them all felicity, we will leave them here.

We have, of course, been able to give only the skeleton of this interesting story, but we hope we have proved that it deserves perusal. In the present practical age it is a very difficult task to write a romance of the good old school which will not fatigue the patience of the reader, but this is really a story not a page of which can be skipped. The interest is so capitally involved, and the sympathy with the hero is so artistically aroused, that, though the practised novel reader can easily foresee the catastrophe, this does not disgust him; on the contrary, he feels curious for the surprises which he is conscious are in store for him. But, even if the readers of "L'Homme de Neige" do not go so far as ourselves in admiring the constructive ability of the writer, they must agree with us in awarding her high praise for her descriptive powers. The scenes in Italy are written with all her old sleight of hand, and she has attacked the icy North with such vigour that you feel a strange desire personally to visit a country over which the consummate artist throws such a poetical and yet natural charm. We had marked several illustrative passages for extract, but the necessity we felt of keeping up a continuous narrative rendered us unable to introduce them. Altogether, the story of "L'Homme de Neige" has a pleasant smack of the best parts of "Consuelo," without any of that dubious morality which disfigured what was in other respects a masterpiece. That Madame George Sand may continue on her new path, and give up that wearisome heart-dissection, which has ended by estranging her most ardent admirers, is our most fervent aspiration. At any rate, so successful a commencement promises even better things for the future.

GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CHANGE.

THE departure of Monsieur de Gournay for England seemed to inaugurate a new life at the Hôtel de Saverne, though, perhaps, it was only the revival of an old one.

While Monsieur de Gournay remained, nothing could be more simple and domestic than every one's occupation: the Marquis generally passed the day in his study, and the evening *en petit comité* with his guests; the Italian garden was, next to Bianca, the chief care of Madame de Marolles; and Bianca herself was left unreservedly to her own pursuits, the quiet presence of Madame de Marolles not interfering.

But when Monsieur de Gournay was gone, the aspect of everything altered.

As if by miracle, Monsieur de Saverne's gout yielded to some new medical treatment and left him—as suddenly as it came. He no longer sat in his easy-chair basking in the sun, no longer hobbled with difficulty out of the room when necessity compelled him to rise; but, discarding crutch and gouty shoe, moved about as briskly as if he had never felt a twinge. His spirits, as a matter of course, rose in proportion, and his conversation assumed a different tone: it savoured less of the study than of the world—and the world of which it treated was not a model one. Yet Madame de Marolles listened as complacently when he spoke, and smiled as sweetly, as when his talk had been of books, and flowers, and pictures, and other congenial feminine topics.

Such, however, was not the case with Bianca. The sense of uneasiness originally felt when she first entered the Hôtel de Saverne, but which had gradually subsided, returned. That the Marquis should give the preference to wealth over birth, though an anomaly in a man of old family and high rank, might be comprehended when it was remembered that he had all his life been striving to obtain the reputation of being the richest man in France—a fact which Madame de Marolles, in her soft way, was constantly repeating; but when his admiring theme was rich people with tainted character, whom he appeared to like better for the taint, Bianca's deep sense of propriety was rudely shocked. In the presence of the Marquis she could only show her dislike to what she heard by great coldness of manner; but when alone with Madame de Marolles she spoke warmly on the subject. In vain: that kind-hearted creature had always an apologetic answer. Her uncle was so liberal-minded—society often censured too harshly—perhaps these people were not much worse, if worse at all, than those who condemned them;—besides, it was our duty to be charitable!

Charitable indeed! For it was not long before the toleration of Madame de Marolles expanded.

The Marquis, weary of seclusion, resolved to "receive" again, and the *salons* of the Hôtel de Saverne were regularly filled. Thither flocked celebrities of all kinds: men to whom nothing in the shape of pleasure was indifferent,—women who for pleasure had sacrificed all; and Madame de Marolles was there to do the honours.

Who they were that constituted this crowd Bianca could not know, her experience of Paris life being so recent; but something told her that the crowd thus constituted was not the society which her father would have selected for her, and she shrank from it instinctively. Yet she could not refuse to appear in it, the Marquis and Madame de Marolles being both so urgent. She had been confided to their mutual care—indeed, the Marquis called himself her guardian—and in the absence of her father, there was no alternative for Bianca but deference to their authority.

The guardianship of Monsieur de Saverne was not, however, in other respects, severe. If he exacted from Bianca a constant attendance at his *soirées*, he tried hard to make her think he was ministering only to her legitimate amusement. Young, highly-born, and beautiful—he laid great stress on the last-named qualification—her proper place, he said, was in society, of which she was the natural ornament; and to reconcile her to compliance he strove to impress her by his generosity. Not a day went by without his sending her some costly present, which it pained Bianca to accept, nor would she have accepted if the persuasive representations of Madame de Marolles had not been added:—the Marquis, she felt sure, considered Bianca quite in the light of a daughter, his friendship for her father was so great, it was so easy a way to oblige one who really never felt happy but when he was contributing to the happiness of others; besides, he would feel so deeply hurt by her refusal, and at his age, with his uncertain health, Madame de Marolles should not wonder if contradiction in a matter on which he had set his heart—the desire to please Bianca—might not bring on a relapse, the gout might fly to his stomach and kill him! And Madame de Marolles shed tears as she pictured this awful possibility.

Had Monsieur de Saverne trusted solely to the advocacy of his ally, some change in Bianca's feelings towards him might eventually have taken place; but he had all his life been accustomed to success, and he was too impatient to succeed now, to pause in what he thought the high road to conquest. His had always been the coarse expedient of making self-interest the talisman by which he gained his object: with men it had never failed; with women so rarely as to be a thing forgotten, and he relied upon it now.

It is time to ask his purpose.

Was the love of January for May so absorbing as to effect a total change in his nature—had it reclaimed him from his long career of vicious indulgence—barely concealed during the lifetime of Madame de Saverne, and cynically displayed since her death? In a word, did he mean to marry Bianca?

The most disproportionate alliances are of every-day occurrence, and there is no saying into what straits an amorous old man may be driven; but marrying formed no part of the project of Monsieur de Saverne. Bold enough the supposition that youth, beauty, and talent, with the possession

of equal birth, would listen to a proposal of marriage from age with no redeeming charm, no recommendation save riches! What name, then, can be given to the idea that dishonourable terms could meet with acceptance? In any other man it would have been the height of infatuation; in the Marquis de Saverne it was simply the full development of his estimate of female virtue. He believed in his heart that no such thing existed; it had never yet been a barrier to his wishes; or, if opposed, had always shown its unreality by yielding—when gold enough was offered. If such had been his experience, on whose account should he alter his opinion? On that of Bianca? Why, she was poor as poverty could make her! Poorer than those of low estate, for she had been brought up in affluence, and had wants of which they knew nothing. For the means of gratifying them she must of necessity pine, and when the means were placed within her reach, would she reject them? But her father! The Marquis knew enough of him to be aware that the course he proposed was dangerous. But fathers had been reconciled before now to conditions no less equivocal. If Bianca were wise, what was to prevent her from leading the same kind of life as Madame de Marolles? There would be no rivalry, he had sufficient assurance of that already, and the relationship existing between Bianca and himself would account for any outward show of intimacy. The rest was their own affair. There was still another card in his hand if, after all, things did not go smoothly with Monsieur de Gournay. He was in England, and could be kept there—if need were—for ever!

CHAPTER XX.

GUARDIANSHIP.

WHAT progress had, in the mean time, been made by Monsieur de Gournay, in regulating affairs with Mr. Louvel, may best be described in a letter to the Marquis de Saverne, which the latter received one morning while occupied in making his toilette.

“I begin to think, my dear cousin,” wrote Monsieur de Gournay, “that I am already a better man of business than yourself; for although I am still a long way from the end of my labours, I can see very clearly that a great necessity existed why some one should have been deputed to inquire into your agent’s proceedings. I am far from wishing to accuse him of dishonesty, but more confused accounts than those which he has rendered, I cannot well imagine. The application of several large sums, which ought to have been placed to your credit, but which appear on the opposite side, is wholly unexplained; and what makes the matter worse is the extreme reluctance of Mr. Louvel to enter into details. This unwillingness on his part may have its origin in the jealousy a man not unnaturally feels at the sudden interference of another, although that interference be authorised; but, at the same time, it strikes me that the proper course, under the circumstances, for a person of honour to take, is to cast aside all reserve and meet the difficulties of his own creation by a frank and free avowal of their existence, and a declaration of his readiness to do all in his power to remove them. Instead of this, Mr. Louvel—as it seems to me—throws nothing but obstacles in my way, is alternately angry and sullen, and envelops in mystery what ought to be plain and straightforward; so that I fear a great deal of time will be consumed be-

fore I arrive at a satisfactory understanding with him. Nevertheless, I am determined to proceed as I have begun, nor will I relax a single endeavour until I have made that simple which at present, I confess, is extremely complicated. In one sense I am not sorry to find that my task is not the easy one I at first supposed it; your liberality would otherwise have too greatly exceeded the value of such services as I am capable of rendering. I do not mean to say that you will receive an absolute equivalent for what you have done, but at least I shall, by the zeal of my efforts, and, I trust, by their success, more nearly approach the equality which ought to subsist between those who employ and those who are employed. Forgive me, my cousin, if there is a little pride in this feeling: I do not think that, in the end, you will find it disadvantageous to either of us.—Receive, &c.,

“DE GOURNAY.”

“Louvel,” said the Marquis to himself, as he read this letter, “is, as I always thought, an exceedingly clever fellow. He has completely succeeded in throwing dust in the eyes of my good cousin. But what I most like in him is the perfect indifference with which he exposes himself to suspicion at my desire. To be sure, the cunning rascal knows very well that he will find his account in doing all I wish. Still it is a great thing to have such a person at one’s command. Anybody will work for money, but it is the way in which a thing is done that makes it cheap or dear. My cousin has his notions too. Terribly rigid ones! What a finance minister he would make! Quite a Phoenix just now, when honesty in high places—I say nothing of ability—is rather at a discount. It makes me laugh to see him take so much pains. And all for what? Ah, if he knew that! Well, it is fortunate for me that he is so honest. May the consciousness of it be his reward! He believes it will be some time before he arrives at the conclusion of this business! So do I! No reason that, however, why I should not make the most of the present opportunity. As the old poet says: ‘Faut prendre le temps comme il vient;’ not merely submitting to the inevitable, but wisely profiting by occasion. Yes—that is his meaning: ‘Faut prendre le temps comme il vient, car—inconstante est la Fortune!’ Not that I have any reason to complain of the inconstancy of Fortune. She has served me a long while, and will serve me still, and so, ‘Vogue la galère!’”

Exulting in the prospect before him, Monsieur de Saverne went on with his toilette, and when he had achieved it to his satisfaction, he desired his valet to intimate to Madame de Marolles and Mademoiselle de Gournay that, with their permission, he would have the honour of paying them a morning visit.

He found them both in the room which Bianca devoted to her art—for of that she had never lost sight, though since her visit to the Hôtel de Saverne there had been many interruptions to its pursuit. Some facilities also for its continuance when she really had leisure; for the Marquis had many good pictures, and one of them Bianca was engaged in copying—Madame de Marolles looking on admiringly—when he entered.

Monsieur de Saverne was in his gayest mood.

When the first salutations were over, he said:

“I have come, Mademoiselle de Gournay, to bring you good news of your father. I have just received from him the most charming letter—

charming to me, that is; for, as you know, I am an avaricious old man, and think nothing so delightful as to hear of the prosperity of my affairs."

"How can you give yourself such a character?" gently interposed Madame de Marolles. "You who are the least selfish, the most generous person that ever breathed!"

"For all that," returned the Marquis, smiling, "I am exactly what I call myself. I repeat it—an avaricious old man."

"But you said, sir," observed Bianca, "that you had received good news of my father."

"Precisely. He has already begun to put my English estates in order. He writes to say he is much interested in the business, and meets with no difficulties."

"I am glad to hear that, sir; my father, then, will soon return!"

"Um—um! Perhaps, yes; perhaps, no! We shall see! At all events, he is not disagreeably occupied. Nor you, mademoiselle, as it appears. What! you are copying my famous Vandyke! Ah, that will be a serious work! I gave forty thousand francs for that Vandyke. There is a *replica* in England of the picture—mine is the original. Where I admire an object, a work of art, whatever, in short, is worthy of being admired, I care nothing about the cost. Fortunately I am rich enough to indulge my inclinations, nor is there anything to prevent me from saying, 'Take this!' to whoever I please. Apropos of portraits, you have never seen my wonderful Petitot. The Vandyke put me in mind of him, for you know, of course, that Petitot copied many of that great master's portraits. This is a miniature of Louis the Fourteenth, when in the flower of his age—after Mignard; the king sat to him for the complexion, which is as brilliant"—he fixed his eyes steadfastly on Bianca, whose colour mounted as she met his glance—"as brilliant"—he changed his intention—"as that of Madame de Marolles—and I am sure I can pay it no higher compliment."

Madame de Marolles seemed as grateful for this tribute to the liquid bloom which came from her perfumer, as if it had been really done to nature. Hers was a serenity which nothing could disturb. She knew that the Marquis knew her damask cheek was a sham, but her smile was as sweet as ever.

He continued:

"Mademoiselle de Gournay would like to see the miniature. Will you be so kind, Hortense, as to fetch it for me. I have a slight pain in this treacherous foot. I must not take too many liberties with it. Ah, you do not mind going, then! You will find the picture in a drawer by itself on the right-hand side of the cabinet between the windows of my study. The drawer, I mean, on the lowest shelf. But you cannot make a mistake. It is easily found."

The Marquis accompanied these words by a look which Madame de Marolles perfectly understood.

"Oh yes—she perfectly remembered the place; she would bring it directly; she should not be absent a moment."

As she spoke she glided from the room, and the Marquis drew nearer to Bianca.

"You regret your father's absence?" he said.

"We have never before been separated," replied Bianca, with a sigh.

"But a father's constant presence," he went on, "is not, I suppose, the one thing essential to a daughter's happiness. These separations are a law of existence; old ties, moreover, may be replaced by new ones."

"True," said Bianca, slightly embarrassed by this remark, "but there is no question of that in the present instance. My father, as I said before, will soon return—will he not?"

"That must depend on circumstances. The affair he has undertaken may occupy him longer than we imagine. But if this were so, it need cause you no uneasiness. Are you not surrounded by those who love you?"

"I am grateful for all the kindness I experience—most grateful. Nevertheless——"

"You wish Monsieur de Gournay back again. That is natural; but—as I said before—there are others—there is one other assuredly—who desires to supply his place."

Saying this the Marquis cast on Bianca a glance which was anything but paternal. Not content, however, with leaving his looks for interpretation, he added :

"You cannot doubt, Bianca"—it was the first time he had ever addressed her by her Christian name, and she started at hearing him use it—"you cannot doubt my affection for you."

"Certainly not, sir," returned Bianca, more embarrassed than before—not so much by what he said as by the manner in which he said it; "you have been kind enough to give me many proofs of your regard. I should be very ungrateful not to acknowledge them."

"Grateful! ungrateful! Why do you ring the changes upon those words? They sound very coldly in my ears."

"They are the only words I know, sir, in which to express my sentiments."

The Marquis moved still closer to Bianca.

"Bah!" he said. "Gratitude is all very well in its proper place; but it is not the return which a beautiful woman makes to the tribute paid to her charms."

Bianca shrank back from his extended hand, which rested on the table beside her, and answered haughtily :

"I do not comprehend you, Monsieur le Marquis!"

"And yet I endeavour to make myself intelligible. I praise your beauty. It is impossible to see you and not do so."

"Let us change the subject, sir. This is not the language I have been accustomed to hear."

"Precisely. You have been a recluse too long. When one becomes a woman and enters into the world, it is time to leave one's girlish notions behind. You must not be offended because I speak the truth: you will hear it from thousands beside myself; but from none who speak with more sincerity, with greater devotion."

Once more he advanced his hand with the intention of taking hers, and further yet Bianca receded from his touch.

"I must beg of you, Monsieur le Marquis," she said, "to discontinue this theme. It would be offensive in any one so to speak to me; in you——" She paused; there was a stronger word on her lips than she felt willing to utter.

On this occasion the Marquis did not supply the unfinished sentence; he only tried to change its meaning.

"You are angry, *ma belle*, without cause. In me the privilege of relationship——"

"No relationship, however near," interrupted Bianca, with glowing cheeks, "authorises expressions of the kind which you have permitted yourself to employ."

"What harm was there in them, child? Surely you are not vexed at being thought pretty, nor should you betray resentment when I tell you that such is the case!"

"If your visit, Monsieur le Marquis," said Bianca, rising, and speaking with suppressed emotion, "had no other purpose than this, it is time it should end."

She remained standing for a few moments, but seeing that Monsieur de Saverne did not stir, she turned and left the apartment by a door which led to her own private room.

"Bianca! Bianca!" he called; but in vain.

"Fool!" muttered the Marquis, consoling himself from a splendid *tabatière*, not of the purest design, "to be scared by so little! She is a prude indeed! More so than Hortense had prepared me for. Ah," he continued, gazing on the painted ornament which he held in his hand, "*she* never gave me the slightest trouble, and she was quite as handsome! As handsome, yes, but there is something more than beauty in Bianca. Whatever that something, it must be mine."

While he sat musing, a cough outside intimated the approach of Madame de Marolles: a draught of air in the passage had probably made the cough troublesome, for she did not immediately appear. At last she came in.

"I was foolish enough," she said, "to forget which side of the cabinet I was to look in——How is this, Astolphe? Alone!"

"As you see," replied the Marquis, moodily.

"When did she leave you?"

"But a moment ago."

"I did not return, then, too soon!"

The Marquis made no answer to this remark.

"What happened?" asked his ally.

"Nothing to speak of. I said something she pretended she did not like to hear. A compliment, no more, and she immediately took fright."

"Ah, the bird is a little wild at present; but do not be discouraged, *mon ami*; she will become tame. Leave it to me!"

"You are a real comforter, Hortense. You think——"

"Think, Astolphe! I am sure. Is it my first prediction?"

"No, no! You are right. Give me the miniature. The pretext is useless now. In exchange, take this,—get it set after your own fancy."

He gave her as he spoke a superb diamond from his finger. It did not glitter more brightly than the eyes of Madame de Marolles when she received it.

"Ah, you are too generous, Astolphe."

She bent over him and whispered something in his ear.

Whatever she said it cleared his brow. He smiled, and rose, pressed Madame de Marolles's hand, and then, pointing to the door through which Bianca had disappeared, took his departure,—a more hopeful but not a better man.

CHAPTER XXI.

RESOLUTIONS.

ALONE, in her own chamber, Bianca no longer restrained the passion that swelled her bosom. She threw herself on her knees by her bedside, and burying her face in her hands, sobbed as if her heart was breaking.

They were not the first tears she had shed since the Hôtel de Saverne had been her home, but they were the most bitter—for the vagueness of her first fear had now assumed a more definite shape.

The overt act by which she was thus excited was not in itself much, and had Monsieur de Saverne's words been playfully spoken, they might have been treated as mere *badinage*, and so forgotten; but there was no mistaking the tone of his voice, the expression of his countenance, nor the eagerness of his gestures.

In these Bianca read a meaning, which, innocent as she was, filled her with the deepest alarm. His present manner offered so striking a contrast to his former reserve! Though familiar with others to a degree which she had often painfully witnessed, the Marquis had hitherto behaved to herself with perfect respect; but now that respect appeared to be entirely cast aside.

Where was she to turn, to whom appeal for protection, if her surmises proved true—if she were again subjected to what she instinctively repelled as insult?

Her thoughts naturally turned to Madame de Marolles, but she found no comfort in that direction. Madame de Marolles was the constant apologist of the Marquis. And she durst not tell her what she really dreaded.

Oh, if her father had but been there, that she might have said to him, "Let us leave this place of luxury and splendour—let us allow no one but ourselves to shape out our existence—suffer me to work for us both, no matter how hard—let us be content with the little we may win from the world, but be that little the fruits of our own unassisted endeavours!"

But her father was far away; and how employed? zealously and honourably labouring in the cause of the very person on whom her apprehensions turned. A few hours, she knew, would bring him to her side, if a word of complaint or doubt were uttered; but had she the right to compromise his hopes, neutralise his exertions, by appealing to him on any but the surest grounds?

Her suspicions, strengthened by all she saw of the people by whom Monsieur de Saverne was surrounded, were very strong, though as yet they were only suspicions. A quarrel between the Marquis and Monsieur de Gournay, arising out of her representations—such representations, too, as they must of necessity be—might have a fatal, must have an unhappy issue. And if, after all, her fears had exaggerated the facts! Could she ever forgive herself for having put enmity between her father and his nearest of kin? It was better to tell Monsieur de Gournay nothing—to forbear and wait. Her own conduct was always in her own keeping. Already the Marquis had seen that she was able to speak in her own defence; if need were, he must learn that she could act as well as speak.

Thus reflecting, Bianca became calm, and prepared to meet the future

with more composure. For one thing she prayed, and prayed earnestly—that, without any act of hers to cause his return, her father might speedily be restored to her. Then nothing, she trusted, would prevent her from realising her long-cherished resolve. Monsieur de Gournay would yield to her entreaties, and a life of independence be theirs. Fortified by this hope she rose from her knees and dried her tears, in time to reply to Madame de Marolles, who, tapping gently at the door, asked if she might enter, and, when admitted, told, in the softest accents that were ever heard, a series of—let us call them improvised romances, avoiding a less flattering term.

She began by telling how she could not find the miniature, how after looking in every place but the right she resolved to come back and ask for fresh instructions, how she met Monsieur de Saverne on his way to assist her search, how she left him in his study, how, to her surprise, she found that Bianca was not in her painting-room, and how—fearing that her darling might be unwell—she had hastened to satisfy her anxiety; not a word, however, about the fact of her having listened at the door till she heard Bianca cease from sobbing, and saw her—through the key-hole—remove the traces of tears from her face.

While with gentle volubility she related her artless adventures, Bianca had full time to regain her self-possession. She quietly relieved her friend's distress by ascribing her absence to some trivial cause, but did not fail to observe that the countenance of Hortense brightened considerably when she finished without mentioning the name of the Marquis. Neither did Hortense speak of him—a thing so contrary to her wont, that it confirmed a latent doubt in Bianca's mind that her friend was not to be trusted.

“I will be more than ever on my guard,” she said to herself, when she was again alone.

“It was a false alarm,” said Hortense to Monsieur de Saverne, when next she saw him; “only a proud girl's hasty feeling. To gain your point with her you must forget how you have gained it with others. Let me make your character, and do you sustain it. If you proceed too quickly you will fail.”

Though much against his inclination, the Marquis promised compliance with his niece's request, and, instead of openly obtruding his admiration, left matters for a time to take their own course—the system being continued of attempting to loosen Bianca's principles by familiarising her with the habits of a society which found a refuge and a welcome at the Hôtel de Saverne when it was excluded in other places.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE OPERA-BOX.

TIME went by, and, notwithstanding the zeal of Monsieur de Gournay, very little, if any, progress was made by him in coming to a definite arrangement with Mr. Louvel. He found him, on the contrary, more impracticable than ever: objections were raised on every point, promised explanations were delayed, and manifestations of ill-will declared themselves on the slightest occasion. It was vexatious for Monsieur de Gournay to have to repeat in every letter he wrote the story of his diffi-

culties; but it would have been astonishing if those difficulties had not existed, seeing that the Marquis continued to instruct Louvel to act in opposition to his cousin, basing his instructions upon the information which the latter gave him.

The time which thus went by did not, in other respects, greatly advance the projects of Monsieur de Saverne, for Bianca kept herself as much aloof as it was possible from the gaieties of his house, and studied her Art untiringly. Madame de Marolles laboured hard to detach her from every serious pursuit, but Bianca's firmness was proof against all her suggestions. This resistance could, however, only apply to the choice of her occupations in the daytime. When evening came, Bianca, no longer her own mistress, was obliged to do as others did, and mingle with the world.

It was not every night the Marquis was "at home" in the Rue d'Anjou—but that circumstance made little difference, as he possessed the means of forming his circle elsewhere. Amongst his ostentatious expenses was the large sum he paid for his accommodation at the Opera, where he occupied two large boxes, with a saloon attached. The simple rent of these boxes was five-and-twenty thousand francs a year, but that amount represented only half the cost, the rest being accounted for in the Aubusson carpets, the tapestried *portières*, the silken curtains, the velvet chairs, the gilded *guéridons*, the large looking-glasses, the costly *pendules*, the rare china, and the numberless other objects with which they were decorated.

Here, twice, or sometimes thrice a week the Marquis held his court, disposing of a certain number of guests in one box, while he occupied the other, *en roi*, with some very much favoured lady of his acquaintance for his sole companion. That honour was jealously contested by a great number, even of unsuspected fame, the *éclat* of being publicly distinguished by the richest man in France outweighing other considerations. But it was no easy thing to obtain admittance to this preserve except as a casual visitor, the caprice of Monsieur de Saverne being only equalled by his arrogant will. Madame de Marolles had enjoyed her day, but was content now to preside apart, and the vacant place was filled—far oftener than was agreeable to her—by Bianca. Whenever she could invent an excuse for not going, she did so—but this could not always be the case—and the ordeal, when undergone, severely tested her forbearance, for gradually the Marquis made advances which only too clearly revealed to her the danger of her position, making her long with still deeper yearning for the hour when her father should come and set her free.

The important public events with which the last month of the winter terminated, seemed at one moment likely to lead to the accomplishment of her hopes, but the expectation was disappointed.

At the first outbreak of the revolution of 1848, when, as if by a *coup de baguette*, the monarchical form of government in France was suddenly transformed into a wild and chimerical democracy, all was confusion and alarm in Paris. Even Monsieur de Saverne, who had long foreseen the impending change, and had more strings to his bow than most people, felt uncertain what might be the issue. He had seen and heard enough of former revolutions to know that to fly panic-stricken from Paris was the very worst course he could follow, though he was quite ready to take his departure if the pressure became too great. So he waited and

watched, and soon saw that, however violent the passions that were unloosed, they had only a political tendency, and that life and property were not endangered. He made haste to communicate this fact to Monsieur de Gournay, having previously urged him not to abandon his post, in case it should have proved necessary, in the first instance, to join him in England.

Monsieur de Gournay's natural impulse, on the news reaching him of the events of February, was immediately to leave London for Paris, but when he reflected that he had left Bianca, as he thought, in the safest hands, and that he was bound in honour to complete what he had begun, he decided on remaining where he was. He felt glad afterwards that he had done so, when he heard from his daughter that she had no fear—she would not vex him with her own cares at such a time—and from the Marquis that he was anxious he should stay. It was an unfortunate decision, but Monsieur de Gournay's sense of duty was so strong, that only the most dire necessity could have made him postpone it for anything else.

Although not active in political life—his wealth rendering him indifferent to the emoluments of office, the trammels of which would, moreover, have interfered with his special pleasures—the Marquis de Saverne held a position that kept him before the world; and, while he always lent a moderate support to the government for the time being, he did not refrain from courting popularity. No one put down such sums as he to public subscriptions, no one contributed with greater munificence to general or local charities; he even endowed and gave his name to an hospital in a department where he had large estates, and thus his money brought him reputation with the people. He was keen enough to perceive that, though the Provisional Government might not endure, it was good policy to throw no discredit on its acts, and that by marking his confidence in it he at least secured friends for the time being—an epicurean consideration which had great weight with him.

He was, therefore, amongst the first to appear in the streets when the republican victory was fairly won, and equally forward to associate himself with the festivities of the hour; and it was looked upon by the Parisians quite as a favourable omen when the Marquis de Saverne resumed his state receptions at the Opera.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MONSIEUR SIMONET'S GATEWAY.

THE active part which Hubert Gurney had taken in assisting the evasion of one of the members of the late reigning family, and the uncertainty he felt as to the actual state of affairs in the capital, were motives with him for not making himself too conspicuous immediately on his return to Paris.

He therefore chose a very quiet hotel in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, and as it had often befallen him in France to be called by his christian instead of his surname, he dropped the latter, and styled himself plain Hubert.

His first thought was to find out Monsieur Simonet, the present proprietor of the Château de Gournay, whose address was in the Rue Louis le Grand; and thither Hubert proceeded on the morning after his arrival.

The house, which formed an angle with an intersecting street, was large, but not so lofty as those of later date, being of the time of the Grand

Monarque, from whom it received its name. An upholsterer's shop, of several rooms, filled with faded furniture which also seemed to belong to the same period, occupied the ground-floor on one side; on the other was a wide *porte cochère*, opening into a vast court-yard with ranges of buildings, of various heights, all round, dilapidation being their chief characteristic. It looked like a house that had been picked up a bargain, and this most likely was the fact; but, however cheaply acquired, its capabilities had not been turned to great account; there it stood, dingy and decayed, waiting for some new owner with courage enough to lay out money on its renovation.

From a very small lodge on the left hand there issued, when Hubert pulled the *cordon*, a very small *concierge*, his size being an indication, not of juvenility, but of arrested growth. He seemed quite of a piece with the establishment of which he was the guardian, even to his dress, which was neither new nor fashionable, a little cap made of coarse carpet, slippers of the same material, and a green baize apron that enveloped more than half his figure, constituting nearly the whole of his costume; for his coat, perhaps from motives of economy, as being too good to wear while at work, hung behind the door of his lodge. That he was at work, or about to begin, might fairly be presumed from the long broom and the *frotteur's* brushes with which he was armed. Besides being extremely short, this model *concierge* was excessively meagre, and suggested the idea—if to mention it be not injurious—that his commons corresponded with his stature; but though Nature and Man had been equally unkind to him, their niggardness failed to affect his spirits, which shone out bravely in the merry twinkle of his eye, the alacrity of his movements, and the cheerful voice with which he desired to learn what was Hubert's pleasure.

To know if Monsieur Simonet lived there?

Certainly. Lived there? That he had,—this thirty years. Ever since he bought the hotel. The speaker could vouch for it in his own person, having been on the premises at the time, employed by the former proprietor. When Monsieur Simonet took possession, he removed him—the speaker—from the workshop in the court-yard to the lodge he now occupied; there he—the speaker, who had then the honour of addressing Monsieur—had installed his wife—Madame Mignerot, she was up-stairs at this moment—there he had seen his family grow up around him, and there he hoped to remain—himself, Madame Mignerot, and their little dog Azor, all the family he had now—till it pleased the *bon Dieu* to call them away. Yes, there had been a good many changes in the world during the last thirty years—particularly in Paris—but Monsieur Simonet was still the proprietor, and he—Jacques Mignerot—the *concierge*,—at Monsieur's service.

To this elaborate answer to a very simple question, Hubert replied by asking if Monsieur Simonet was at home?

"To be sure," returned Jacques. "At home, and at breakfast. No! I am in error—he has already breakfasted—for if Monsieur will be good enough to turn his eyes in that direction"—the little *concierge* pointed to an enormously wide staircase which yawned opposite his lodge—"he will see Madame Mignerot descending at this very moment with the service—a fine woman, as Monsieur no doubt perceives—accompanied by Azor, the most capable dog in Paris. Hola, Madame Mignerot! Here is a gentleman who inquires for Monsieur Simonet!"

The lady in question merited the appellation bestowed upon her by her husband, if not by splendour of attire or feminine charm of manner, by that property with which little men invariably endow the sex when they triple their own size: she would have made three or even six of Jacques Mignerot, had she been fairly parcelled out, but having done that, what in her person might be termed fine, came to an end. The red handkerchief which was knotted round her head imparted no grace to features of the same ruby hue; neither did her ample robe of coffee-coloured bombazine add to the symmetry of a form which weighed a hundred *kilos*.

"It is utterly impossible," said Hubert to himself, while he threw a glance towards the porter's lodge—"it is utterly impossible for that woman to live there. In the first place, the doorway is not wide enough to admit her."

Ocular deceptions, however, are of every day's experience. Madame Mignerot not only got into the lodge, breakfast service and all, but when there, after having deposited her burden, was able to turn round—as one has seen the hippopotamus perform that feat—and return beneath the *porte cochère*, with her hands thrust into the pockets of her apron, to ask what she already knew.

Why she should take so much extra trouble might arise either from the fact that she held the information given her by her husband of no account, or from the tendency of her sex to ask questions.

"What does Monsieur desire?" she demanded.

"I have already told your husband, my good woman," said Hubert, "that I wish to see Monsieur Simonet."

"My husband!" returned Madame Mignerot, with a shrug of the shoulders by no means complimentary to the person mentioned. "What signifies my husband?"

"But he is the *concierge* of this hôtel—is he not?" asked Hubert, smiling.

"In my absence—yes!" was the reply.

"And, therefore, Célestine," mildly interposed the submissive husband, "I permitted myself——"

"Silence, Jacques! You were not spoken to. What! you permitted yourself to answer questions when you saw me approaching! This is unheard of!"

"I am sure," said Hubert, willing to mollify the giantess, "your husband could not have known you were so near. What could he do but give me the information I sought?"

"What could he do, Monsieur? He might have done this. He might have said—'Wait a few moments, Monsieur, till Madame Mignerot descends, and you will learn all you wish to know.' To speak in that manner was strictly his duty."

"Well, it comes to the same thing," said Hubert, "for I do not yet know if Monsieur Simonet is visible. You see your husband's indiscretion has not been great."

"In that case," said Madame Mignerot, with dignity, "I pardon him. Put down your slippers and broom"—this was addressed to the little *concierge*, who tried hard to look penitent, "and go into the lodge and clean up the breakfast-things; after that you will comb Azor, and then you may go to your work on the staircase. Ah, there is the postman with the journal!"

"I told you, Monsieur," said Jacques, forgetting his recent scolding, and looking as merry as when Hubert first accosted him—"I told you that Azor was the most capable dog in Paris. Do me the honour to observe him! Azor, the postman!"

The dog, waiting, with his eyes turning alternately from Madame Mignerot to her husband, no sooner heard the word of command than he darted to the street-door, received the newspaper in his mouth, and set off up-stairs as fast as his legs could carry him.

Jacques was in ecstasies, and even Madame Mignerot's severity unbent, though Azor exhibited this prodigious display of genius every morning of his life, except on certain *fêtes* when the paper was not published—for it was not yet the second Empire, and the journals were not often seized.

"He will carry that paper," said Jacques, "to the door of Monsieur Simonet's apartment, and wait till his master hears him and takes it in. It was Madame Mignerot's idea that he should learn that clever trick."

"I could wish," said Hubert, "if it suits Madame Mignerot's convenience, that I might have the benefit of similar tuition."

A *bon mot*, or a turn of words bearing even a faint resemblance to one, will gain your cause more effectually in France than the most elaborate pleading. Hubert's appeal was aided also by Madame Mignerot's returning good-humour: the dog's performance, and the last remark of her husband, had propitiated her.

"Come hither, Jacques," she cried, "and embrace me!"

"My Célestine!" exclaimed the little man, rushing into her outspread arms.

We throw a veil over these conjugal endearments.

"Now, Monsieur," said Madame Mignerot, when she had wiped her husband's eyes with a corner of her apron—emotion or a sense of suffocation having raised the waters there—"I am entirely at your orders. You wish to see Monsieur Simonet?"

"That is the request," replied Hubert, "which I venture to prefer."

"On some business, I presume?"

"Yes, on business."

"In that case, Monsieur, you will find no difficulty in obtaining admittance. Your name?"

"My name is Hubert. I come from Normandy, where Monsieur Simonet has, I understand, a *château* to let or dispose of."

"Pardon me, Monsieur, if my idle husband had only told me it was an affair of that nature! But he leaves me to discover everything by the force of my own ingenuity! If Monsieur will follow me he shall be conducted straight to Monsieur Simonet. Look to the door, Jacques; and remember! no more foolish gossiping, or you may not escape so easily."

The ponderous lady led the way, and Hubert slowly followed: slowly, because the hundred *kilos* of his guide exacted from her a leisurely pace. It was not on the first floor, neither was it on the second, that Monsieur Simonet held out, though the master of the whole establishment: a narrow flight of stairs, at the top of the broader one, terminated in a narrow passage paved with red tiles, and in front of a door at the further extremity the incomparable Azor was planted, a sufficient indication to Hubert that there was Monsieur Simonet's own apartment.

Miscellanies by *Blonks*hood.

ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS:

XV.—REV. JOHN EAGLES.

ONE could wish to have had from *Blackwood*, say a quarter of a century ago, what *Fraser* gave us about that date,—a clever artist's sketch of its representative men, harmoniously collected together, in easy, characteristic, postprandial attitudes, at one round table, of evidently strong centripetal force. Several of *Maga's* contributors figure, it is true, in *Regina's* symposiac sketch, but it is simply as being on the staff of the (self-styled) queen of monthlies: what we desiderate is a pictorial conspectus of *Ebony's* merry men all, in the same completeness, and taken off with the same spirit, as give value to the *Croquis* pencillings done for *Oliver Yorke*.

In the latter—we refer to the double-page engraving, entitled “The *Fraserians*”—a group of fine intellectual heads and faces, as well as common-place-looking, whimsical, and crotchety ones, is portrayed, almost to the life. *Doctor Maginn* is on his legs, making, or just about to make, a speech. *Barry Cornwall* sits on one side of him, with aspect serious and only not stern; and on the other side, *Edward Irving*,—for even he was once (literally once) a *Fraserian*. *Theodore Hook* is there, with a jovial, fun-loving, hoax-liking visage; and *Lockhart*, with a cold, handsome sneer curling his thin lips. Beside the venerable form, with locks in silvery slips, and “drooping gait and altered size,” of the author of “*Aids to Reflection*,” sits a vigorous contrast in the person of the author of “*Rookwood*.” *Father Prout* is seated beside *Mr. Gleig*, of *Chelsea Hospital* and *Army Chaplain* renown. *Crofton Croker*, with eager cordial air, is hobnobbing with *Mr. Jerdan*, then (as for long years before and after) of the *Literary Gazette*. *Dunlop*, the historian of fiction, is there, in robust reality; *Delta Moir* (not many knew him by his baptismal names of *David Macbeth*) looks all benignity and placid interest, nor do the looks belie the gracious-natured man; *Sir David Brewster* shows the mild philosopher; and *Sir Egerton Brydges*, in days that marvelled at the enormity, wears a beard. *Mr. Carlyle*, too, is there—though his soul is like a star, and dwells apart; *Galt* sips his glass with a mien of complacent good-fellowship; and of other *Scotchmen* present, we see the *Modern Pythagorean*, as *Dr. Macnish* of *Glasgow* was “periodically” called, and the *Ettrick Shepherd*, whom all the world and his wife knew to be plain *James Hogg*.

Nearly, if not quite, all the *North-country* men here named, would have had their place in a correspondent sketch for *Blackwood*, had such a sketch of that magazine's contributory, all and sundry, been then provided for its subscribers. The *Shepherd* would have been there, more than as large as life—for never in any writings of his own is *James Hogg* so fancifully eloquent and broadly humorous as *Wilson* made him, when shepherding him for the *Noctes*. *John Galt* would be there, on the strength of many a “pawky” fiction of *West-country* men and manners

—hard, realistic, shrewd, and sly. The Modern Pythagorean would be there, with his grotesque fragments of whimsical narrative. Delta would be there, not only with his profusion of tender lyrics, but with a tale rich in genuine humour, naïve *bonhomie*, and quiet pathos, "Mansie Wauch." Thomas de Quincey would be there, with his pallid, wistful, yearning face, and eyes fixed, as it were, with sad inquiring gaze, on some shadowy dream-land that is very far off. Richard Gillies would be there, too open of hand and free of heart, all zeal and industry in working out Gerinau mines of dramatic literature, and unwitting of a dark and dreary future on foreign shores. Dr. Croly would be there, urbane and social, with his Salathiel pomp of diction, and his Modern Orlando flow of soul. Hartley Coleridge would be there—eccentric and endearing—critical but congenial,

In wit a man; simplicity, a child,—

his father's son in more than one gracious gift, and more than one inveterate foible. Magiun would be there, reckless and rollicking, startling from its propriety the land o' cakes, with gleams from the emerald isle, neat as imported. Lockhart would be there, trenchant in looks and speech, chilling to the many, and understood by only a few. Wilson would be there, leonine and large-hearted, the king of good fellows, the robustious, radiant man, massive in his manhood, exuberant in his glee, effervescent with animal spirits and mountain dew. Michael Scott, too, would be there,—redolent of sea-air and breezy travel-talk. There, too, would be Captain Hamilton, studious of manners and men, and graphic in portraying what he had curiously observed. And Thomas Aird, serious in heart and in demeanour,—meditating some new flight of the fallen Son of the Morning, to be narrated in strong, sonorous verse, or some prose-tale of melodramatic marvel, that would work up well for next month's magazine, though far from this province lay the writer's forte. And there, too, not indeed in a foremost place, yet by no means in the "lowest room" (τὸν ἑσχατὸν ῥόμον), would be seen the author of Letters to Eusebius—learned, quietly laughter-loving, brimful of anecdote and old-world gossip, a reverend gentleman of the old régime, not without a dash of pedantry in his quaint humour—shrewd, sapid, satirical—as pronounced a clerical jester as Sydney Smith himself, though in quite another manner, and of quite another school.

A collection of this writer's miscellanies, all contributed to *Ebony*, has been given to the world, under the plain, unadorned title of "Essays, by the Rev. John Eagles." Neither in substance nor in style have they the merit that distinguishes our first-class Essayists; but they better deserved the reprinting, and will better repay a perusal, than many a current volume of republished fragments.

The Essay, we were told, some fifteen years since, by a North British luminary, who had it on the best authority, a "sagacious" bookseller's, "The Essay is a species of composition for which there is now little demand." This averment led the critic into a series of meditative queries. Why, he asked (being Scotch) at himself, and at his readers, why was it that this once most popular and delightful kind of literature, with all its slipshod ease and fireside graces, had died with Elia, or, if alive, preserved only a precarious and rickety existence? Why, while

treatise, poem, tragedy, speech, sermon,—in short, every other kind of literary composition, preserved its pristine and palmy honours, had essays and epics gone together to the sepulchre? Why, while the classics in this department retained their proper niche in the library, and were read with eagerness, was no one ambitious of adding to their number; of treading that quiet path which Addison, and Steele, and Franklin, and Hunt, and Lamb had trod before; of recasting their limited but magic circle; swaying their tiny, but potent rod; emulating their nameless, but numberless graces, their good nature, their elegant raillery, their conversational ease, their fine shiftings to and fro, from tender sportiveness to sportive pathos, or their varied and idiomatic style? Nay, who, though ambitious of this, could find a fit audience, if he found an audience at all?

“Is it”—to pursue the inquiry, in the inquisitor’s own words—“is it that the cast of mind, of which the essay was the delicate offshoot, has disappeared from among men? Or is it that the essay is a kind of vegetable mule, like that from the *Dianthus Superbus*, which can be propagated to a limited extent, but which, in the long run, dies away from lack of masculine vigour and real root in the literary herbarium? Or is it that the public has, from mere wantonness and caprice, ‘made a point,’ as poor Goldsmith has it, to read essays no more, however excellent in themselves?”

Our facile and fertile questioner thinks the cause lies somewhat deeper; though, after all, it is not very far from the surface. The essay, he says, was always a sort of literary light-horsemanship: it neither tested the highest powers of mind, nor did it propose to itself the noblest and profoundest purposes: cast in a medium between the formality of a treatise, and the carelessness of a letter, it wanted the satisfactory completeness of the one, and the confidential charm of the other.

Hence, the essay was “suited eminently to an indolent and easy-minded age, like that on whose breakfast-tables shone *The Tatlers*, *The Spectators*, and *The Guardians*. For the amusement of the big-wigged and luxurious generation of Queen Anne, the essay was as admirably adapted as the sofa, that paradise of the parlour. In the days of the *Miltons*, the *Vanes*, and the *Seldens*, it would have attracted no more notice than the flutter of an ephemeron’s wings.” Accordingly the idea is called ludicrous of Cromwell lounging over a number of *The Adventurer*, or of Milton’s daughter reading to him an account of the Club of little men. “That age of high intellects, of strong and stormy passions, of deep religious purpose, was an age for *Areopagitics*, not essays. Their light and elegant structure was better fitted for an age of French dress, small intrigue, modish manners, quiet, not keen, literary tastes, perfect politeness, and profound internal peace;—when, for Cromwells, we had *Bolingbrokes*; for *Miltons*, *Popes*; for *Seldens*, *Steeles*.” Subsequently, the French Revolution, we are told, threw down the old landmarks of literature; and “the age of essays, as of chivalry, is obviously gone.” Indeed, our age—the same authority assures it—is not sufficiently at its ease to relish the essay.

Whence, then, the redundant supply, sometimes in reiterated editions, of self-styled *Essays*, so prominent and recurrent on every publisher’s list? Next to novels and romances, what department of *belles lettres*

has a larger following than that of *Essays*, when the essayist is Lord Macaulay or Sir James Stephen, Sydney Smith or Wilson Croker, Charles Kingsley or Arthur Helps? Or, assuming the authorship unknown, yet, on the merits of the article itself, what modern composition is more "run upon" than a crack article in the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh*, in the *Westminster* or the *North British*, in *Bentley's Quarterly* or the *National Review*?

The answer will be, that these are *not* *Essays*, in the old established sense. The *Essay*, such as Addison wrote, or those who imitate and dilute him (thin-bodied as he often is), is certainly not much in request, in the Victorian era. *Essays* of another kind, and of quite diverse kinds, —for the title is become conveniently (or rather, perhaps, inconveniently) comprehensive,—as certainly *are*.

The *Essay* became an institution both in France and in England, within the same quarter of the century—the last quarter, namely, of the sixteenth century. In 1597 Bacon published his *Essays*. Seventeen years previously, Montaigne had, in M. de Rémusat's phrase, "mis en grand honneur . . . ce titre d'*Essais*." "*Les Essais* de Bacon," observes the same writer—who is distinguished among Bacon's critical biographers—"sont un livre classique qui a donné naissance à tout un genre littéraire. *Les Essayistes* forment une famille d'auteurs fort goûtée de nos voisins, et dont la succession a, de Bacon à Macaulay, laissé dans leur histoire intellectuelle une trace brillante."* But except in the title of *Essays*, and their *brillante* style, what is there in common between the first and last names in this literary succession? As little as, on another account, there is between the *Essays* of Macaulay and those of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease.

In that rather advanced number of the *Spectator* which has "Lucidus ordo" for its epigraph and text, Mr. Addison instructs his readers that among the daily papers he (with assistance) bestows on the public, some are written with regularity and method, while others run out into the "wildness of those compositions which go by the name of *Essays*." As for the first, he tells us that he has the whole scheme of the discourse in his mind before he sets pen to paper. But in "the other kind of writing," it is sufficient that he has several thoughts on a subject, without troubling himself to range them in such order that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper heads. He nominates Seneca and Montaigne as patterns for writing in this last kind, and Tully and Aristotle in the other.† In an earlier number he says that an essay writer must "practise in the chemical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops." It is often expected, he says, that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk; that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements that are indulged to longer labours.‡ On this occasion, by the way, he had another significant and appropriate motto,—to wit, *Μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν*. Mr. *Spectator* was the man of men to enforce the Greek proverb, that a great book is a great evil.

One of his ablest successors, a man of weightier metal, and a deal

* Bacon: sa Vie, son Temps, sa Philosophie, &c., par Charles de Rémusat, ch. ii.

† *Spectator*, No. 476.

‡ *Ibid.* No. 124.

heavier in his style, opens a breakfast-table essay with the sonorous reflection, that, as every scheme of life, so every form of writing, has its advantages and inconveniences, though not mingled in the same proportions. "The writer of essays escapes many embarrassments to which a large work would have exposed him; he seldom harasses his reason with long trains of consequences, dims his eyes with the perusal of antiquated volumes, or burdens his memory with great accumulations of preparatory knowledge. A careless glance upon a favourite author or transient survey of the varieties of life, is sufficient to supply the first hint or seminal idea, which, enlarged by the gradual accretion of matter stored in the mind, is by the warmth of fancy easily expanded into flowers, and sometimes ripened into fruit."^{*}

The lower orders of Essays such as Dr. Johnson here describes, are chargeable with bringing about a chief part of the odium attached to the general class. They are identified in matter and manner with an upper schoolboy's Themes. A book of printed Essays on Prudence, Duty, Memento Mori, *Track creators*, Patriotism, and Propriety, has no more chance of getting a reader than a packet of school Themes, in round-hand MS., on the same subjects. Not so much: for in the schoolboy's case, one reader at least is ensured, *ex officio*, in the person of the unhappy schoolmaster—who must, at any rate, dip into the execrated scrawl, to know whether he is to write a *bonè* or a *malè*, possibly even an *optimè*, or, if he is out of sorts this morning, a *pessimè*, on the forefront of the foolscap. One reader, one purchaser, of the printed volume, on its own merits, and for the sake of its contents, is a case of *quod est absurdum*, pure and simple. The mention of a modern collection of Essays is suggestive of something quite different—vague and plastic as the title is, and assumed by all kinds of writers, on all kinds of subjects. But the title does not repel, now-a-days, as it used to do when it meant Themes by an adult who ought to have known better. When we hear now of a new volume of Essays, we take for granted that it is a reprint of articles in some journal or Review, in which, at the time, they seemed to stand so well, that the Essayist must needs try how they will stand alone. They are sure not to be dissertations on some abstract quality. There is no danger of their discussing the nature of Fortitude, or making an exhaustive analysis of Resignation, or elaborating a definition of Faith, Hope, or Charity. They eschew Felicity; they avoid Regularity; they give Fidelity the go-by, and Temperance the cut direct. Weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies will have none of these things; and it is in and by weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, that the current Essay, fitly or loosely so called, lives and moves and has its being.

The miscellanies from Mr. Eagles's practised pen, in virtue of which he expressly claims, and we readily accord him, a place among the Essayists of the day, are free enough from sameness in subject-matter, whatever family likeness may characterise them all, in respect of treatment and style. Church Music is one topic, and is made the occasion of not a little dry drollery and ludicrous illustration. Medical Attendance in a country parish is conceived in a similar spirit, and enlivened with corresponding humour. A Few Hours at Hampton Court bring us acquainted with the artistic views and tastes of the author—who wrote "The Sketcher," by-the-by, and was himself a refined and cultivated

^{*} *Rambler*, No. 184.

artist. A paper on Grandfathers and Grandchildren is whimsical, sportive, speculative, scholarly. Sitting for a Portrait is an amusing medley of shrewd sense, discursive criticism, and facetious anecdotes. The inquiry: Are there not Great Boasters among us? involves some thirty pages of strictures on Humbug and its devotees. Temperance and Teetotal Societies are the subject of a caustic exposition—which, as coming from a clergyman, would determine any teetotal reader on referring Mr. Eagles to the third of the three categories into which, by a discerning prelate, the English priesthood has been divided—viz. the self-denying clergy, the evangelical clergy, and the port-wine clergy. Then again there is a sharp review of Mr. Thackeray's Lectures, which undertakes the defence of Swift from "unmerited obloquy." The Crystal Palace supplies room and verge enough, and to spare, for an onslaught on Mr. Owen Jones and his doctrine of colours. The Census affords scope for a century and a half of pages that teem with scornful sarcasms upon Modern Progress, Civilisation, the March of Intellect, and Statistics. And finally, in *The Beggar's Legacy* we have a characteristic compound of digressive gossip, glancing from Guzman de Alfarache to Doctor Watts, from Dante to Tom Coryat, from Odysseus, that weather-wisest of old travellers, to travelling-bachelor Mr. Kay, from Robin Hood to Benjamin West, and from James V. of Scotland to the Blind Beggar of Bethnal-green.

The motley style, this Essayist somewhere remarks, neither all too serious nor too gay, does its work. The clown and the judge are characters in the same play, and needful to the plot—often the first the most amusing. A light manner may hold severe matter. "It is a world of light readers," he reminds Eusebius; "you are one, and will not object to this letter on that account." And then he cites the experience of the "famous Dr. Prideaux," who, when he took a copy of his "Connexion of the Old and New Testament" to the publisher, had it returned to him with the remark, that it was a dry subject, and he (the publisher) dare not venture on it unless it could be enlivened with a little humour. "Let this be an excuse for mine, and no damage will be done to the sobriety of the sense that is under it."*

Accordingly Mr. Eagles is not more fertile in classical allusions than in funny stories and duly italicised puns. To exemplify his punster performances (the italics we retain of course). In his racy description of village church-music, which deserves (but cannot have) insertion entire, we read: "Then when they [the rustic choristers] are unanimous, their unanimity is wonderful, as all may know who remember in full choir, clarionet, bass, and bassoon assisting, 'Some put their trust in Charrots and some in Orses, but we will remember,' &c. In our gallery there was a tenor voice that was particularly disagreeable; it had a perpetual yap yap in it, a hooch as if it went round a corner; he had a very odd way, of which certainly he did not 'keep the *noiseless tenor*.'"† In his speculations on a grandchild's history, supposing her to have been born some generations previously, before "finishing schools" were set up—the Essayist has this, among other whimsical inferences, that she would then have "never properly learnt to step in and out of a carriage, before carriages were known, or even pattens invented, and then would never have read Gay's *Trivia*, and perhaps never will as it is, for in these scientific

* Civilisation: The Census.

† Church Music, and other Parochials.

days it might be called *trivial* reading—excuse the pun—it is a little relief in a subject melancholy enough.* Again, in answer to Eusebius's asking his company to the portrait-painter's—"Are you afraid? that you want me to keep you in countenance, where I shall be sure to put you out. You ask too petitioningly; as if you suspected I should refuse to attend your *execution*; for you are going to be *beheaded*, and soon will it be circulated through your village, that you have had your *head taken off*."† Again, of a certain Chinese work of art: "Here they have pictured a school, and the pedagogue is flogging a boy, and he has a very legitimate rod. If this is not a *mark of civilisation*—for it certainly leaves one, giving, as it were, a bottomry bond of future wisdom—I should like to know what is."‡ Of the Census compiler it is said: "Doubtless, he must have been weary, counting up these five hundred mostly barren islands, and, coming in the list to '*Rum*,' it must have made for him a comfortable suggestion; and in consequence, a pretty stiff tumbler set all his ideas at once afloat, and poetically 'half seas over' among the islands, steering, however, steadily, as he was bound towards Mull Port, and the more pleasant hospitality of its 7485 inhabitants."§ Our next specimen is akin to the penultimate one: "It would be idle to send a tailor's boy to Woolwich to learn gunnery, who is destined 'more to be honoured in the *breech*' than in making of breaches."|| Once more, in an enumeration (Lamb-like) of the Beggar's privileges: "He troubles not himself to inquire the price of stocks—the only *stocks* that could mar his fortune have fallen never to rise again."¶ Puns of this character are surely mild enough not to disagree with the weakest stomach—unless indeed its digestion is too depraved to bear puns at all.

The Essayist's attack on Teetotal Societies, is characteristic of his impatience of pretentious innovation and of whatever looks like exaggerated sentiment. He reviews their journals and their oratory—their doings *per press and platform*—and everywhere he finds an offensive exaggeration of self-praise and self-confidence, in their vituperation and condemnation of all who dare oppose them; nay, such exaggeration of truth, that it becomes a puffed-up falsehood. He tells how he happened once to look in at a temperance meeting, while an orator was swinging about his arms and vociferating with wondrous vehemence: the atmosphere was anything but pleasant, but the "very vulgar man had evidently a hold upon his audience, and that passed for irresistible argument which was mere intoxicating folly undiluted. 'I offered it' [spirits], said he, 'to a dog, he turned tail upon it—to a donkey, he curled up his lips and brayed at it—to a sow, and she grunted at it—and to a horse, and he snorted at it—to a cow, and she showed her horns at it—and (with a thump and extreme vehemence) shall that be good for man which beasts won't touch, which a cow horns at, a horse snorts at, a sow grunts at, a donkey brays at, and a dog turns tail at?—Oh, no!' (with extraordinary pathos)." These meetings, adds our critic, who speaks with benefit of clergy, are commonly attended by travelling cart-loads of reclaimed drunkards, who delight to expose their former selves, and glory in a beastly confession. "Such I was," one of them bears record, "wallowing in drunkenness—and now see what I am; I have got into the good ship Temperance, and there I

* Grandfathers and Grandchildren.

† Civilisation: The Census, part i.

|| Ibid. part ii.

‡ Sitting for a Portrait.

§ Ibid.

¶ The Beggar's Legacy.

have set sail to the heavenly breeze, and am sailing securely to the shore of a blessed eternity." These cart-loads of choice spirits, without drink, far from being humbled by a confession of their old iniquities, are lifted up beyond measure, and look with contempt, as upon their inferiors, on those who never were drunk in their lives. "They have, in fact, only exchanged one intoxication for another. The man for platform admiration is not the man who has lived soberly, but he who never went to bed sober in his life. The most acceptable virtue is that which jumps with ostentation out of the worst vice. When pride touches a cup of cold water with its lips, it receives an inebriating quality more potent than ever came from the drunkard's cask, and infinitely more poisonous. It becomes worse than Circe's cup, for it makes such brutes as we fear can never be charmed into humanities again."*

Justly and wisely our Essayist remonstrates with the Teetotallers on their impolicy in venting such wide vituperation, thereby alienating the great bulk of society. He declares the want of truth, the manifest injustice in these attacks, to be doing the good cause great mischief. He objects to their wanting to make B, who never was a drunkard, do penance for A, who is. Why hold up B as a rascal, he wants to know, because the said B takes a glass of wine or beer with his dinner? Because, they would assert, he stops the conversion of A. That is to say, the teetotaller, if he cannot reach the drunkard directly, issues a prohibition to his sober neighbour; nay, puts the whole neighbourhood under a ban, for the sake of the doubtful conversion of the sot. Common sense tells Mr. Eagles—and every one else, he is sure, who is not a fanatic—that there must be occasions when wine should be medicinally given. In thousands of cases it must be administered. What is the practice of our hospitals? he asks. Have they neither wine nor spirits? The Faculty, he is clear, would laugh at the prohibition, but would be sadly grieved if they thought the general prohibition successful.

But, besides health, he is for boldly advocating enjoyment—rational enjoyment. Society, he argues, meet for what they are made to receive and impart—pleasure by social intercourse: gentle exhilaration (this is his plea) promotes good-will, stirs the kindly feelings, animates the sluggish or wearied brain; imagination, wit, and judgment are active; the whole rational man is recruited, and the better feelings arise, and the sordid sink. The social man, he maintains, is morally better, and the world is better for this geniality. Nor would he deny the poor man his similar enjoyment, but wishes heartily that every poor man had his "half-pint or pint of home-brewed." Moderation is the rule of all happiness, he contends, not a lonely abstinence. "Use, and not abuse, should be the law to every rational being, and to every thankful being. It is good to be thankful, and, in order to be so, it is well to have a few things for which the poorest may be especially thankful. Grace before meat, and even after wholesome drink, is no evil custom. The pleasure for which we may be thankful is not of the nature of a sin. Whatever sweetens life improves the man; whatever sours it, degrades him. It tends to make him unthankful. . . . We were not intended to sit down at a perpetual Barmecide feast. There is more sense, more truth, in the admirable bit of satire of Cervantes than catches every mind. Sancho Panza was blessed with a good appetite; but the 'pledge' of his greatness put a

* Temperance and Teetotal Societies.

physician behind his chair to touch the dishes for removal as fast as they appeared. Nature rebelled against the absurdity, his greatness was nothing to him if it did not fill his stomach. And, without doubt, the satirist meant to ridicule the theories of over-abstemiousness, and the notions of unwholesomeness of various meats and potations. Moderation is the measure both of life and of its pleasures." At the same time Mr. Eagles confesses this "serious reasoning" of his to be unnecessary; common sense wants it not, and fanaticism has but a deaf ear.

In another essay a similar onslaught is made on rose-water philanthropy. Our clerical censor has nothing of the Chaplain's softness for ticket-of-leave men—softness whether of heart, or head, or both. He has no patience with the good people who think to cure vigorous adult vice by lecture, admonition, and books, and sciences; and who, when they "have made the wicked still more wicked by every temptation to become hypocrites, present them, in the maudlin-pathetic vein, with a ticket of leave, absolution from punishment, to trace out and practise against the injured innocent portion of society the schemes they have had both time and inclination to devise during their temporary seclusion." Of the utterly brutalised, ferocious ruffians, in whose hardened hearts every spark of living humanity would seem to have been long since quenched, he says, that one of them, let loose upon the world, after conviction, is sure to make many as bad as himself;—and cites the almost boasting confession, made by one of this class, some years ago, that, within a short period of escape from a former conviction, he had been principal or accessory in thirteen murders. "I verily believe that if the history of ruffianism were paged, this would be found to be no extraordinary case." He would have ruffians of this description treated as the incurable insane, with the difference only of guilt and punishment, which should be such as would afford a warning, by the mystery of their being shut out from the very cognisance of a world in which they could only act the part of brutes.

Ragged schools Mr. Eagles allows to be a charity which, by their industrial provisions, may do much with juvenile offenders. But what man of fair understanding and common experience, he demands, can entertain a hope, by any kind of adult schooling, to convert into good and safe citizens the elder street-Thugs, ferocious beaters of women, and wife-murderers? "They have rushed headlong out of reach of the mercy of all humane jurisdiction, and must be left by man to the judgment of a higher tribunal. There is a silly notion of philanthropy, neither justified by policy nor religion, yet widely disseminated, and hurtful to social health, and even safety. It is asserted by teachers of this school, that offenders deserve, and should receive, only pity; that punishment is of the nature of crime. Every man's instinct proclaims it to be false. Patria, one's country, implies a Pater—paternity in king or governor—a watchful eye over all 'the children' of the State, to punish the evil, as to protect and encourage the good—otherwise vice and virtue are but idle words, and distinguish nothing." That government, Mr. Eagles contends, which is all lenient, knows but half its duty: misplaced indulgence either in a family or a kingdom, is a weakness: it obtains no respect, and never wins the quiet it aims at. Accordingly it was not without reason, he mythologically suggests, that Chiron, the Centaur, the half man and half beast, was made the tutor of Achilles, to show that a prince should

be taught to rule the reasonable by gentleness and law, and the unreasonable and refractory by coercion and punishment. In short, our clerical essayist approximates considerably more to Mr. Carlyle in the prison discipline question, than to Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill. He is no ticket of leave man himself, and distrusts every man who is.

We have alluded to his unfailing fund of anecdote. Story after story, good, bad, or indifferent, comes pouring out. The story-teller is never at a loss—except it be, when and where to stop. Story gets interlocked with story, till we are almost at a dead lock. To illustrate this habit—be it his *forte*, or the reverse—would be difficult within the space at our disposal, and yet some notice of so characteristic a point is not to be omitted. Perhaps as convenient and concise an example as any we could produce, may be found midway in his records of parochial experience—apropos of asses (four-footed) and (biped) rogues. “One side of our churchyard is bounded by an orchard, into which it so happened a poor ass had strayed, and either not liking his quarters, or being weatherwise, or from some cause or other, at the very moment, mind you, that I was in the pulpit, and had just uttered the words, ‘Let us pray,’ set up such a hideous and continued braying, that half the congregation were on the laugh or in the titters. It would almost seem as if the animal had mistaken the doubtful letters, or, I should say, letters of affinity [p and b], and had followed an injunction, that, in the eyes of the congregation, put us on an affinity. . . . I will tell you of a beggar that came to my door, and his presumption in begging—but I will contrast him with another character—every parish has its ‘ne'er-do-weels.’ There is a great difference, however, in rogues. There is your honest rogue, who will do you a good turn, and always remember a kindness; there is the dishonest rogue—he is a hypocrite. One of the former kind was working for a friend of mine, who told me the dialogue that passed between them. ‘How comes it, John, that you’re no better off—you’re a handy fellow enough, but it seems you’re one of the poorest, and never did yourself much good?’—‘Why, I’ll tell you what it is, sir. I was as honest a veller as any in the parish, but I don’t know how ’twere, but I were always poor; and so says I to myself, John, this won’t do, thee must make a change; and so, sir, I took to stealing a bit—warn’t particular, a duck or a goose, or some such matter—and then I fell into poaching, and then I got into gaol, and somehow or other I got out o’t; and then said I to myself, John, this won’t do neither—thee must change again.’—‘Well, John, and what then?’—‘Why, sir, now I do mix it.’ This now was an honest rogue, or ‘indifferent honest.’ But take the other rogue; he, too, affected his honesty, and yet was a hypocrite. A man called at my door one Sunday evening, mark you the day, and sent me in a written paper, containing the confession of his sins; that he had committed many more than were down in that paper, that were too bad to mention, that he had been drummed out of one or two regiments, and had been a most incorrigible scoundrel; now note the rest, up to last Thursday, that then, happening to go into the — meeting-house at —, he heard a discourse from the Rev. Mr. D., the minister, and came out a ‘converted man.’ This was literally as I tell it to you. I let him know, that considering he had committed so many crimes, and had been drummed out of regiments, I would take care that he should be whipt out of the parish if found in it a quarter of an hour after my notice. . . . When I first

came into the parish, a mumping old woman came up to me to try what she could get from me. She hoped I was 'one of the heaven-sent ministers.' May I be forgiven! I said I was sent by the Rector. Finding that would not do, she boldly begged, and boasted how much she had received from my predecessor. 'Pray,' said I, 'tell me what will satisfy you?' and I put on such an air of benevolent simplicity, that for once my own hypocrisy served me instead of argument, and I took her in. She thought I was in a most giving mood. 'Tell me,' said I, 'what will satisfy you?'—'Why, your honour, the rames of a duck or a fowl two or three times a week, and a shilling now and then;' and I counted up the number of poor equal claimants, and number of ducks and fowls required per week.* Anon comes another story, of the parson's being led, rather malapropos, from the sorrowful aspect of a parishioner, into a mistake. Returning to his parish, after a temporary absence, he found the blacksmith had buried his wife. The widower was leaning against his door, looking very dejected, when our pastor addressed him, and told him he was sorry for his loss. "'Tis a great loss," said the blacksmith, "surely." His minister reminded him that it was inevitable that we should lose those dear to us, or they us; and that the condition—But blacky did not let his reverence finish his sentence, breaking forth, at this point, with professional energy, "Oh, dang it, 't'aint she! I don't care for she; but they've took away all her things." It seems her relations had come to the funeral, and having possession of the room, had rifled the boxes.—So much by way of a taste of Mr. Eagles's "private still" of parochial gossip. He was a very fountain of anecdote and trivial fond records—a fountain, like Wordsworth's,

Whose only business was to flow,

and of which we may add, in respect of its never-failing and sometimes gratuitous and *superfluous* supply,

And flow it did, not taking heed
Of its own bounty or our need.

Mr. Eagles wrote largely on the Fine Arts, as a critic of the old-fashioned school, to which he as loyally adhered in matters of painting and sculpture as he did in matters social, political, ethical, and ecclesiastical. His defence of Swift against Thackeray is rather well meant than very well done. It takes up the cudgels with a will, and wields them with a grace, but inflicts no very crushing chastisement on the *corpus delicti*. The Essayist expresses his hope, however, and implies his conviction, that he has "succeeded in rescuing one of nature's great men from unmerited obloquy." The rescue is dashingly and generously essayed, but can hardly be called a *fait accompli*.

The paper entitled "The Beggar's Legacy" was, we believe, the Essayist's latest essay, and written quite *paulo præ mortem*. It opens in a tone that necessarily puts one in mind of Elia's Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis, with which, however, it is not to be compared, nor will be, unless by the invidious or the undiscerning. Not only does our country parson adopt something of Elia's apologetic tone, on behalf of Beggars in the abstract, but his very style, and the form and pressure of his sentences, appear to be, for once, unconsciously moulded after Charles Lamb. His manner of enunciating and elucidating

* Church Music, and other Parochials.

the proposition, that "a beggar is an awful personage," affords noteworthy proof of this. For example: "In spite of his [the beggar's] position, in the world and out of it, he is more than an arbiter, if he deals out his benedictions and maledictions as he will, and they are regarded or feared. There is a superstition in his favour, and he knows it. The unbelieving authorities have tried to put him down, but they cannot; he is more potent than the Pope, for he maintains his title, and his ground—and none laugh at his anathema. Is not a beggar awful? Is there not a mystery in him, that he should be above the world, or below it; and above it by being below it? He is on firm ground who can fall no lower; the low becomes his height—he takes it as his own, his choice, more fixed than a king's throne. He is neither the Stoic nor the Cynic, a little more of the Epicurean; but he is an epitome, a personification of every philosophy. He, and he alone, can perfectly endure, despise, and enjoy. . . . He is ever cap in hand, with a sublime humility and independence, not like the courtier, who, bare-headed, makes a leg for favours in expectation, and is bound to present slavery. . . . Remembering that it is more blessed to give than to receive, he yields with a submission that ennobles him. . . . His revenues come to him without trouble; all the world are his tenants, as it were, and make no deductions for repairs. He never hears complaints of failing crops, and a murrain among the cattle. Every man is his contributor; thus is he the universal creditor, and no man's debtor. He is not obliged to keep books. He disdains the intricacies of arithmetic; delivers in no accounts in a bankruptcy court. . . . His merchandise is all profit, and no loss. Thieves affect him not; he may sing as he like in robbers' presence—

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone Viator.

He is a philanthropist from experience, for he sees the best part of society—those who give. His mind and temper are kept sweet, feeding on charitable and kind looks. He is not disgusted with hope deferred—the law's delays. He is out of the reach of dishonesty, subject to no petty frauds. Innumerable are his privileges; he may be at a feast, a merry-making, a wedding—and is not obliged to put on black at a funeral. Where is most joy, there is his rent-day. . . . He leads a merry life among his chosen friends, and does not always wear his professional gravity. He disappears, nobody knows how or where, with the mystery of *Œdipus*. No undertaker ever looks him in the face, as calculating his exit and custom. He is above the vanity of tombstone, and carved angels' heads. His memory will never be disgraced by mutilated monuments. . . . No disparaging biographies will be written of him. Doctors' Commons have no eye upon him for probate to his will. He is in the 'Long Annuities,' for his annuities are as long as he lives—with this difference, that they dwindle not, but rise in value, as he wanes. He makes food, and healthy subsistence, out of complaints and infirmities; and yet need not of necessity have them. He may put them on and off, when he pleases: thus he lives merrily upon sorrows which he does not feel." And so the sententious description runs on, for pages together, with all the tidal flow, and much of the quaint conceit, and sportive speculation, and whimsical idealism, not only of Charles Lamb, but of Sir Thomas Overbury, or Bishop Hall, or any other approved *master of sentences*, schoolmen of the old Essay school.

MABEL AND THE QUEEN.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Time—The Reign of Elizabeth. Hampton Court Gardens.

SCENE I.—A JUNE MORNING, 15—.

A ROYAL sunlight filled the air,
 The kingly sapphire's deepest blue
 Ruled all the sky; the white clouds flew
 Before the south wind, blowing fair.
 The fickle sun went in and out,
 Tracking the shadows all about.

The fountain leaped in sunshine up;
 A creature merry at the heart,
 It rose, a water-lily tall;
 It sprang forth like a silver dart.
 The deer were "belling" in the brake,
 Bird music made the copses shake.

Blue slate roofs shone with filmy gold,
 Red sunny brick was glowing white;
 Armed statues on the terrace walk
 Defied the blaze of fiery light.
 In caves of shadow lay the trees,
 Unshaken by a single breeze.

Upon the lawn, in sunshine soaked,
 The peacock paced about,
 As proud as steward when he struts
 Leading a masking rout.
 In whirls of white the dovescots threw
 Their squadrons to the snowy blue.

O! maypole high, with garlands red
 The crimson roses climbed,
 Below the clock-tower, where the bell
 For dying moments chimed:
 In June, the rose month—month so dear,
 The sweetest month of the whole year.

SCENE II.—THE STATUE ON THE TERRACE.

Between the beds of matted flowers
 I met my Mabel, eyes cast down,
 So all amorn, alone, and sad,
 Smitten by sneer and cruel frown:
 The Queen had turned away her face—
 Withdrawn the sunshine of her grace.

We sat down by the marble god
 That, twined with ivy, tiptoe stands;
 His wings a-flutter with delight,
 His snake rod trembling in his hands.
 I kissed and soothed her till she told
 Her story—sweetest—heart of gold!

The rose flame mounted to her cheek,
 Her cheek a lily in the sun ;
 I loved her, of all maids most meek,
 Of all the dames, the only one
 Who never spoke a scornful word,
 Or stabbed with tongue—the woman's sword.

I knew our Queen—the painted hag,
 Her wrinkles choked with red and white,
 Heaped up with diamonds, till she shone
 A tinsel goddess zoned with light ;
 Her ruff a wheel of stiffened starch,
 Her painted eyebrows on the arch.

With prickly smile and ogling eye,
 She trips among her waiting lords.
 Their satin cloaks are sewn with pearl,
 Rich jewels sparkle on their swords ;
 Soft scents of perfume round them rise :
 Such balsam from the flower-wind flies.

There's Leicester, cheek all swarthy red,
 Fierce Essex, with rebellious eyes ;
 There's Raleigh, sullen, sour of face,
 And Harrington, with smart replies :
 They bow, and cringe, and shrug ; but love
 They know not. Do they, Mabel-dove ?

Whene'er she looks upon her train,
 The foremost of them veils his eye,
 As if sun-blinded : sad to be
 So vermin low, and yet so high !
 Then one upon his tablets writes,
 His cheek flour-blached with sleepless nights.

This crone, our Queen, drinks to the dregs
 The poison cup of Flattery ;
 And yet her smiles and witch's tears
 Are loathsome, horrible to me.
 Lo ! hard and withered cold, she stalks—
 No goddess prouder—yon she walks !

Hard and imperious, envy's sneer
 On her prim mouth and miser lips ;
 If she but frowns, on every face
 The sunshine turns to cold eclipse.
 Ah, see ! her glance at Mabel's face,
 Bewitching in its modest grace.

SCENE III.—THE TAPESTRY ROOM.

But to my story. Yesternight
 The maidens sat at tapestry—
 Queen *Syba* meeting *Solsmon*—
 Dear Mabel there was full of glee,
 Patient and still, and bending down,
 Intent on brodering a crown.

The Queen sat in the window-sill ;
 With bent, inquiring brow,
 She said : “ My ladies fine and fair,
 I have a question now :
 Should Juno or should Dian reign ? ”
 “ DIAN,” replied the fawning train.

MABEL AND THE QUEEN.

My Mabel spoke not, but looked down,
 A hot light on her cheek.
 The Queen observed her causeless blush,
 And bade the silent speak.
 With spitting wrath the vixen turned,
 The rouge upon her temples burned.

"Have you, mistress, thought of marriage?"

"Yes," said Mabel, dearest dove!

"Much of marriage—so a father
 Would consent to bless my love."

"You seem so honest, bold, and true,
 I for that blessing mean to sue."

Mabel looked thankful; dearest girl,
 I could have kissed her then and there!
 Such loving hope rose in her eyes,
 She looked, if possible, more fair.
 "I shall be happy, please your grace,"
 She only said, with blushing face.

Her father came—her eager suit
 The Queen obtained, as queens will do;
 He knew not that his Mabel loved,
 Or that the youths had dared to sue.
 "My free consent I give," he said,
 And bent his grave and snowy head.

"*Be mine the rest,*" the Queen replied,
 And calling Mabel quiet apart
 With cheering smile, as one who draws
 A sick child to one's heart of heart.
 The cat-like Queen! Who, all the while,
 Had thought our mistress would beguile?

But when the two were well alone
 The Queen burst out. Semiramis
 Was never fiercer. "Out," cried she,
 "On such a wanton wench as this!
 Thy father yields to me his power:
 Slow comes for thee the bridal hour.

"Thou'lt be as happy as thy Queen,
 As maids and virgins ever are;
 No fools should ever dare to wed
 Till they are wise as they are fair.
 Go to thy business, bold one, go,
 And learn true happiness to know!"

* * * * *

To-night, dear Mabel, then we fly
 To France, and wait this beldam's doom,
 Till she who hates true love to see
 Shall follow Death to some great tomb.
 To-night, dear Mabel, horses wait;
Be careful!—at the postern-gate.

SCIENCE AND ROYALTY UNDER HIGHLAND SKIES.

THE British Association, which keeps the light of science burning like the Persian fire upon the hill-tops, has this year carried it towards the Highlands of Scotland, and in the prosperous seaport of Aberdeen it has lately sat enthroned, receiving the homage of a royal devotee and attracting votaries from afar.

Founded twenty-nine years ago for the purpose of giving a stronger impulse and more systematic direction to scientific inquiry, promoting the intercourse of its cultivators, obtaining a more general attention to its objects, and facilitating its progress, the British Association encourages an army of philosophers to go forth into the great realm of knowledge, following the various inductive sciences in their divergent roads, each division taking its own special science, but all working for the common object of discovering the laws of Nature, and as pilgrims to the Holy Land of Truth.

In this age the philosopher is no longer a member of some exclusive fraternity jealously guarding the mysteries of science, but the cultivator of his special branch of inductive philosophy for the general use of man, labouring in a spirit of profound humility, and knowing that though he should devote a life to his pursuit he must still be a learner. For, as the Prince Consort, in his appropriate and modest address at the Aberdeen meeting remarked, the boundlessness of the universe, whose confines appear ever to retreat and enlarge as we advance, strikes our finite mind with awe, no less when new worlds are revealed to us in the starry crowd of heaven by every improvement in the telescope, than when in the drop of water or particle of rock the microscope discloses new worlds of life, or the remains of such as have passed away. By the intercourse of the cultivators, the comparison, discussion, and publication of their labours, the knowledge acquired by the philosopher in his seclusion, and by the traveller in his journey, is made available for future students and for the advancement of knowledge. The geologist is aided by the chemist, the geographer by the naturalist, the astronomer by the student of physical laws and applied mathematics; and instead of one mind being occupied with the thoughtful acquisitions of the past, as in the science of our youth, new thought is produced by the contact of many minds, and new relations are established between the various departments of philosophy. In one department for example, that of "Zoology and Botany," a satisfactory proof was mentioned at the Aberdeen meeting of the more extended attention which has been given to the laws and phenomena of natural organisation since the first meeting of the association twenty-nine years ago: zoology and botany were then represented by only five members and one paper, whereas no fewer than seven hundred and nineteen papers and reports in this department alone were read down to the close of the Leeds meeting last year. It is satisfactory to see this increasing recognition of the importance of animal and vegetable products to the use of man; such investigations, moreover, are full of interest and information, and continually illustrative of the power and beneficent design of the Creator. This is especially the age in which discoveries in applied science, or, in other

words, the practical results of knowledge accumulated by scientific investigations, have been made of surpassing interest to mankind; but (as Lord Rosse remarked in his presidential address to the Section of Mathematical and Physical Science) the gradual development of scientific discoveries, the steady flow of knowledge into the world, increasing like a stream as it proceeds in depth and breadth, serves more noble purposes than merely ministering to the physical wants of man, and their increase with the progress of civilisation. Even in the mechanical sciences, where principles are applied to practice, the results have often become stepping-stones for further progress. Again, in electricity, "every new fact opens a new field of research; and the power which we apply to our lightning-conductors, our telegraphs, and our lighthouses, promises to elucidate molecular attraction. This continual springing up of new discoveries in endless procession brings the rewards of industry to the encouragement of scientific labour, quickens the faculties of man, and inspires him with hope, teaches him to look both to the future and the past, and exercises on his thoughts the discipline of a moral training."

In Aberdeenshire the philosophers met nature in her wild and primitive form. They stood face to face with the stern, bare hills of crystalline rock, the crag and foaming fall, the wild forests in which the red deer roam, the wastes where only moor-fowl dwells amongst the heather, the dark mountain and the silent tarn, the wave-worn sea-coast and the sounding surge. They saw descendants of Celtic, Gothic, and Scandinavian races, of the ancient inhabitants of Caledonia—the people and the scenes that have ever formed a theme for poetry; and might put in contrast with the days when fleets of Vikings destroyed the infant civilisation of Aparion, and left memory of their ravages in *sagas* of the hardy Norsemen, the now populous and flourishing condition of the granite city at the mouth of the Dee. *Old Aberdeen*, once the city of scholars and salmon, if now deserted by the latter, and become a kind of old world suburb to its modern rival, can still boast its university, whose characteristic coronal spire and mitred insignia fitly mark its ancient pride in the royalty and episcopacy of Scotland, and some remains of its still older cathedral. But the old town is quite eclipsed by the fine streets and the public and collegiate buildings of Aberdeen, which have been raised for the most part since the granite trade to London was begun by the brothers Adam in 1764, and since the development of the manufactories in which science unknown to the founders of the old university is applied to the use of man. The town is finely situated, and its buildings display the taste and public spirit, as well as the prosperity, of the inhabitants, and mark their pride in their fair and flourishing metropolis. Manufactories of linen, cotton, paper, quills, and combs, besides ship-building, and works for polishing the many tinted granites of the district, were seen by the learned visitors; and Mr. Bothwell, in a paper "On the Manufactures and Trade of Aberdeen," gave some striking illustrations of the rapid development of its manufacturing industry, and mentioned some "things not generally known." It was at the linen factory, established in the latter half of the last century at Grandholm on the Don, that chlorine was first employed in Great Britain as a bleaching agent; and its introduction, according to Mr. Bothwell, was due to Professor Copland, of Marischal College, who,

when travelling in France with Alexander, Duke of Gordon, learned, on visiting the laboratory of Berthollet, the French chemist, the effect of chlorine on vegetable colours. At Mr. Stewart's great comb manufactory (established in 1830), steam power was first employed at Aberdeen. From two thousand five hundred to three thousand different kinds and sizes of combs are made, and such is the effect of the application of machinery, that one thousand two hundred gross are produced weekly, and the combs which, thirty years ago, were sold for three shillings and sixpence a dozen, now bring only half a crown a gross! Then there are the paper works of Pirie and Sons, where the manufacture of envelopes was first introduced in the north of Scotland, and where the machinery can now produce three millions a week: and, appropriately enough, a quill manufactory besides; but since the days of the penny postage—so many more people write—it is computed that all the geese in the world could not supply the unfeathered bipeds; and but for the introduction of metallic pens, multitudes of people would have no pens to write with.

But the philosophers did not go to Aberdeen to buy combs or only study the industry of the inhabitants: the physical peculiarities of the region were more interesting to *savans* the proper object of whose study is nature; and, accordingly, there was abundance of information as to its mountains, sea-coasts and rivers, its flora and fauna, soil and climate, meteorological phenomena and mineral productions. This, the first meeting of the British Association held north of the Grampians, had, moreover, the distinguishing feature that, while the philosophers came to meet nature, royalty came to meet them. Probably all our readers have already perused the becoming and graceful address which the Prince Consort read to the general meeting on the evening of the 16th September, which inaugurated the business of the week—an assembly that, even to the prince's eye, must have appeared brilliant and imposing. The presidency of his royal highness was a recognition of the high place which science occupies; an expression on behalf of all the British public of its interest in the labours of scientific men, and a sort of royal proclamation in favour of the British Association; and nothing could be better than that emphatic conclusion of the address, in which, after declaring that philosophers are no vain theorists, selfish pedants, or presumptuous unbelievers, the prince admonished them to humility amid all their achievements, by contrasting the humble limits of human discovery with the infinitude of Omnipotence. On the following day, when the royal president visited the different sections, it seemed as if the General Recreation Society had been at work and the whole population were making holiday: The sunshine was brilliant, and the people crowded the streets to view the strangers of the day. Within Marischal College, where the sectional meetings were held, the scene was curious; the prince's presence in any room gave a sudden attraction to the paper that was being read there, and even the ladies—the diligent votaries of geology and geography throughout the meeting—deserted those attractive departments for the time.

The sections, as a northern contemporary remarks, are, in their external presentment, a curious study, nearly all having their several peculiarities. The section of "Mathematical and Physical Sciences" and that of

"Mechanical Science" are mostly composed of middle-aged and elderly men, calm, hard-headed, practical, and seldom have a lady to decorate their sittings. In the "Statistical" section you see a number of plain, slow men—sometimes a Quaker or two amongst them—men of self-denying tastes, gravely interested in prisons and reformatories, relishing arithmetical matters for their own sake, yet sometimes falling out much more amongst themselves than one would expect numerical matters to give occasion for. The "Geography and Ethnology" section generally has a large miscellaneous attendance, including a profusion of ladies, though seldom in these respects equalling "Geology," which is obviously the favourite of all the sciences for the present. The geological section (adds our contemporary) "being surest of a large audience, had the hall of the college assigned to it—a fine room hung with the portraits of old professors, ancient patrons, and eminent *alumni*, and now and for once a perfect flower-bed of beauty and fashion."

But to come to the business of the meeting. Not, however, that it is designed to make this article any report of the scientific business of the week, or even a *résumé* of the most noticeable of its features as regards scientific results; it is intended only to give an outline of the matters most likely to interest the general reader.

As to the Aberdeenshire of pre-historic times, some interesting particulars were stated by Professor Nicol. The formations of Scotland range under three geological divisions:—1st, the southern district, forming the old Border-land, a region of mountain and dale, composed chiefly of the Cambrian and Lower Silurian formations, identified by *Trilobites* and fossils of the Llandeilo series; 2nd, the central region, composed of old red sandstone, igneous rocks and carboniferous formations, and constituting a sixth of the whole area of Scotland, but supporting fully two-thirds of its population, and comprising the principal seats of its mineral wealth and manufactures; and 3rd, the northern region, composed of old crystalline rock, traversed by granite, and surrounded by a framework of later deposits, a region constituting two-thirds of the area of Scotland, but supporting only a quarter of the population of that kingdom. The granite forms not only some of the highest mountains of Aberdeenshire, but also the wild plains of Buchan. The mountains are, for the most part, massive and dome-shaped, are often bounded by lofty precipices, and enclose deep, black mountain-tarns; and cairns of cyclopean masonry are found piled on their sterile slopes, now the sheltering places of the red-deer and the ptarmigan. The pass on Mount Keen (about thirty-eight miles from Aberdeen) is two thousand four hundred feet above the sea, and in a section of ten miles from east to west there is a steady increase in the height of the mountains until a zone is reached in which few eminences are lower than from two to three thousand feet, while some exceed four thousand feet, the culminating point being Ben Muich Dhui, which attains four thousand three hundred and twenty feet, and is second in Britain to Ben Nevis only. It is characteristic of this region of mountainous heights, that the river Muich, in a course of ten miles from the lake of that name, in which it has its source, to its confluence with the Dee at Ballater, descends gradually five hundred feet. The dislocations produced in Aberdeenshire by the upheaval of these mountainous masses of granite, and the intru-

sion of other igneous rocks amongst the sedimentary strata, render it impossible at present to define the order and superposition of its formations. Professor Nicol maintains that the granite, though the nucleus of all this region, is not the oldest of its rocks, it having here, as in many parts of the Grampians, clearly intruded on the old sedimentary formations. A fine coast-section of the granite is seen in the cliffs south of Peterhead, which are fissured by long narrow gullies and deep recesses, ever resounding to the restless waves. The whole coast-line of eighteen miles, from Aberdeen to Dunnottar Castle (near Stonehaven), is also most interesting to the geologist: there may be seen cliffs of porphyries, and strangely contorted gneiss, and stratified rock tilted up by intruded wedges of granite; and Carron Point (where magnetic iron ore resembling that of Sweden is worked) is a study in itself. To the lover of the picturesque, few objects are more attractive than Dunnottar Castle, that rude and ruined fortress on the great sea's edge, its rocky precipices still crowned by the old battlemented towers of the grim Earls-marshal of Scotland, their deserted chambers open to the sea-birds and the ocean spray, their vacant windows looking out upon the wide sweep of headlands where the surges "leap and fall." The diversity in the mineral character of the granite rocks, and the fact that they are sometimes traversed by veins of a different granite (as may be seen in the Rubislaw quarries near Aberdeen), show that granite is not all of one period or contemporaneous formation. The coarse-grained rock is regarded as having been formed at less pressure than the fine-grained granite, the pressure on which is estimated (by Mr. Sorby) as equivalent to seventy-eight thousand feet of depth. The gneiss rock has a wide extension in Aberdeenshire; it is generally found surrounding the granite, and sometimes forming the hills, while the valleys are of granite. In the hills north of Ballater it is seen side by side with the granite. The quartz rocks are found chiefly in parallel masses, and for the most part in the north of the county. The green sand formation and the chalk flints, which are scattered over the rising country from Peterhead to Cruden, seem to have been once *in situ*, perhaps when all but the eminences of Aberdeenshire was below the sea. The beds of the Lower Boulder clay constitute another remarkable formation of this district: they were evidently deposited in an Arctic sea, round the shores of an ice-clad sinking land, when glaciers descended from the mountains and icebergs floated in the sea. In the peat bogs also found in this region, we have the remains of a more recent yet still pre-historic period, and in these formations have been found skulls with gigantic horns—the remains of the great fossil ox, which inhabited the forests of Caledonia, the *Bos primigenius*, which was probably seen living in the wild forests of Britain by Julius Cæsar, and in those of Germany when they were penetrated by the Roman legions—days when, according to Professor Owen, we may have had our own British lion!

Professor Nicol's subject forms only part of the larger province on which Sir Roderick Murchison—the veteran campaigner in the fields of Scottish geology—entered when he introduced to the listening senate of philosophers and fair ladies who crowded the large Music Hall of Aberdeen, his Reform Bill for the re-classification of Highland rocks. Thirty-two years have elapsed since this eminent man, who had some

time before quitted the army, entered on the examination of the rocks of his native Highlands, in conjunction with Professor Sedgwick; and very interesting it was to see at the Aberdeen meeting those eminent geologists as ardent as they ever were in their former fields, and to hear the Cambridge professor describe with all his wonted animation those stupendous dislocations amongst the rocks of Cumberland and Westmoreland, which indicate such a wondrous intensity of action. So, too, in Scotland, by an intruded band of igneous rock, the ancient conglomerates and sandstones forming the base of the old red sandstone group, have been thrown into vertical and mural forms on a great line of fracture across the country, in the direction south-south-west to north-north-east, marked by the great depressions filled by lochs which the Caledonian Canal has united. Without attempting to give any résumé of Sir Roderick Murchison's discourse, which occupied a whole evening, and was elucidated by diagrams, we may mention a few points of general interest. The foundation-stone of Scottish geology, according to Sir Roderick, is gneiss, contorted, crystalline, and massive; and the Scottish lion must have been flattered by hearing that there is no rock in all this hemisphere so ancient as the gneiss of old Scotland; it beats the Cambrian hollow! The Cambrian formations, the oldest known rocks south of Scotland, are second in order of antiquity in the north-western Highlands. The pyramidal masses of dark red rocks which rise so picturesquely on the north-west Sutherlandshire coast (one of these weird hills towers two thousand five hundred feet above the silent loch), are rocks on which the Silurian formations rest—those old Silurian beds of crystalline limestone and stratified rock which contain *Cephalopoda* and other organic forms, the remains of marine creatures in whose days not a vertebral animal had been created. We understand Sir Roderick to be of opinion that these fossiliferous limestones of the west of Sutherland, though containing lower Silurian forms of life, may belong to the carboniferous epoch. Above them come the mica schists of the Sutherland moors, and these are overlaid in geological succession by the flagstone conglomerates, which in Caithness are so bituminous from the remains of fishes that petroleum might be derived from them. In the Elgin district a mass of white and yellow sandstones of marine origin are found, which have lately excited much attention from containing not only fishes but reptilian remains. The first reptilian fossil discovered in these rocks was the air-breathing lizard, named *Telerpeton Elginense*, and more recently, in the white Elgin sandstone several reptilian forms of high organisation have been found, and amongst them a reptile of crocodilian affinities, which formed during the Aberdeen meeting the subject of a very interesting discourse by Professor Huxley, who, after reconstructing a portrait of this formidable creature, introduced it by the descriptive name of *Hyperodapedon Gordoni*. If these reptilian beds are nevertheless still to be classed with the old red sandstone formations, the age of reptile life upon the globe must be carried back to a much more remote era than has been hitherto assigned to it. Land plants of great size, of which, until the recent discovery of a *Lepidodendron*, no traces had been recognised in Silurian rocks, begin to appear in the old red or Devonian epoch, and amidst these plants reptilian amphibia lived. After that epoch, the Grampians and adjacent mountains probably formed an

island, and on its southern shores grew the tropical flora out of which the coal-fields of Glasgow and Fife have been elaborated.

From a valuable paper read by Professor Owen, "On the Orders of Fossil and Recent Reptilia, and their Distribution in Time," it appears that late researches into the forms that have become extinct, have shown how artificial is the boundary between the class Fishes and the class Reptilia of modern zoological systems, and that there are characters which indicate one natural group blending fishes and reptiles. The *Archegosaurus*, or primeval lizard (discovered, we believe, some years ago in the Bavarian coal-fields), had aquatic habits; and the characters of this representative of the oldest known order of reptiles assign it a low position in the class, and an affinity to the ganoid fishes of the Devonian series. The *Plesiosaurus*—an old acquaintance, a reptile with Lacertian affinities not in the head only—was better organised for occasional progression on the land, notwithstanding its turtle-like paddles. It is curious to see how in the *Pterodactyle*, or flying lizard of the Lias formations, the whole osseous system became modified to the possession of wings expanding twenty feet; but this strange creature must have moved upon the ground like a bat. The most gigantic of Crocodilians was the *Cetiosaurus longus*, caudal vertebræ of which have been found in the Portland-stone formations at Garsington, measuring seven inches in length. Crocodilians with "cup-and-ball" vertebræ, like those of living species, are first found in Europe in the Tertiary strata: these lived in rivers flowing over what now forms the south coast of England. An enormous species of turtle, the skull of which is a foot in breadth, lived at that period at Sheppey, where its remains are found in the Eocene clay. There should have been also aldermanic giants on the earth in those days—veritable prototypes of Gog and Magog!

But more interesting than these curious traces of extinct amphibia, was the statement of Sir Charles Lyell, in his address as President of the Geological Section, touching some recent discoveries in France, which affect the question whether man really was contemporary with the great tropical carnivora now extinct in Europe. The occurrence of weapons of human workmanship in association with remains of those extinct animals, in cave *breccia* in certain localities in England, seemed to indicate that the era of man must be carried back much beyond the date hitherto assigned to the human period. A new piece of evidence, supposed to have the same tendency, was discovered in 1844, in a volcanic *breccia* in Auvergne: it was, the occurrence of parts of two human skeletons, embedded in the *breccia* in the environs of Le Puy en Velay. Sir Charles Lyell only last summer examined the human fossils and their alleged site, and came to the conclusion that they afford no proof of man having witnessed the last volcanic eruptions of Central France; had he done so, the human race would be older than the Siberian mammoth. Another piece of evidence has been more recently adduced from the north of France, viz. the discovery of flint implements associated in undisturbed gravel with the bones of elephants, at Abbeville and Amiens, as to which remains a clear statement was laid before the Royal Society by Mr. Prestwich, in the present year. Two of the worked flints were discovered—the one at the depth of ten, and the other of seventeen feet below the surface—at the time of Sir Charles Lyell's visit, but not in his own pre-

sence. M. Pouchet, of Rouen, author of a work on the "Races of Man," has, however, since extracted one of these implements with his own hands, as Mr. Prestwich had done before him. The stratified gravel in which they were found is a fluvatile and post-glacial formation, and the area over which similar hatchets, spear-heads, and wedges have been found, exceeds fifteen miles in length. Sir Charles believes the antiquity of these flint instruments to be great indeed, if compared to the times of history or tradition; and the disappearance of the elephant and rhinoceros (some bones of rhinoceros were found over the bed containing the flints) implies, in his opinion, a vast lapse of ages separating the era in which these implements were framed, and the Roman invasion of Gaul.

In the discussion which followed, Professor Phillips disclaimed on the part of geologists any attempt to fix the duration of that interval, and pointed out that the contemporaneousness of the human remains with certain animals now extinct in the locality was all that these discoveries established.

So much for the department of geology. A paper contributed by Mr. John Stuart, of Edinburgh, secretary of the Scottish Antiquarian Society and of the Spalding Club (which Aberdeen had the honour of instituting), "On the Sculptured Stones of Scotland," called attention to a class of antiquities which have lately excited much curiosity—viz. the rude pillars covered with symbols found in the district between the Dee and the Spey, and the sculptured crosses found from the Forth to Caithness, and especially in Forfarshire; and the former of which class of monuments, although not dating from pre-historic times, are, perhaps, the earliest existing works of art of the former inhabitants of Caledonia. The sculptured stones of Scotland form two classes; the one bearing symbols of a rude and simple character, such as the double disk, the crescent, &c., some of which are common to the Celtic races of the South of Europe and to the Caledonians, and others of which are found among sculptures in the cave temples of India; the other class belonging to Christian times and resembling crosses, many of which are adorned with interlaced work, and some of which bear the ruder symbols found on the earlier sculptured stones. It is remarkable that the subjects sculptured on these upright stones in Scotland are secular, whereas the crosses of Wales and Ireland represent scriptural subjects. On those remaining in Scotland we have horsemen in armour, processions, a hunt in which an antlered animal is represented, and a centaur bearing a bough, which is a figure delineated on tombs in Etruria, and on some Etruscan vases. Fish also, and the serpent, are represented. Many of the symbols sculptured on these early stones occur in illuminations of the celebrated Book of the Gospels, which was written and illuminated for St. Cuthbert, probably by Scottish monks, in the monastery of Lindisfarne. Mr. Stuart denies that the unsculptured standing stones of Scotland are Druidical, and attributes them to the ancient Caledonians, who were overcome by the Scoti from Hibernia. The paper was appropriately followed by Colonel Forbes's Discourse on the Ethnology and Hieroglyphics of the Caledonians, whom he regards as an Indo-Highland people allied to the Celtic races whose monuments are found from the shores of India to those of Brittany, of many of which monuments he exhibited his beautiful drawings.

A most remarkable collection of objects of antiquity, illustrative as

well of the Pictish, or stone period, as of later Scottish history, were brought together during the meeting at Aberdeen. The relics exhibited ranged from the stone weapons of the aboriginal inhabitants, through the weapons and objects of decorative art belonging to the middle ages, down to the arms borne by the followers of "the Pretender." The collection of celts, hatchets, arrow and spear heads, hammers, and flint implements, seemed to bring the spectator in contact with the ancient inhabitants of Scotland, with the chieftain of pre-historic days clad in his skins or ox-hide, armed with his flint-barbed arrows, his stone axe, or his flint-headed spear, who felled trees and chased the deer in forests that have sunk into mosses or been cleared for the towns and trodden streets of men. Urns, exhibiting various degrees of progress in the art of pottery, were also exhibited; and, coming to the bronze period, which in Scotland, as in Scandinavia, is supposed to have extended over six centuries, a large collection of works of Promethean art was shown, including swords, spears and battle-axes, gold armlets, and other personal ornaments. An early excellence has been claimed for Scottish art in the fabrication of metals. The weapons exhibited a remarkable uniformity of type; so, too, through the bronze armlets there runs a noticeable similarity of design—for example, that peculiar snake form which has been regarded as especially belonging to the races of Northern Europe. There was a complete and interesting collection of brooches; some were Scandinavian, of elegant form, which were found in Caithness and Sutherland; and there were Highland brooches of every age and form, but marked by that uniformity of style which characterises Celtic art. There was also a fine collection of old silver armlets; conspicuous amongst those of mediæval date was the jewelled silver armlet of the Campbells of Glenlyon, a work of rude yet sumptuous art, bearing the names of the three kings enshrined at Cologne; and there was the lord of Glenlyon's walking-stick mounted with a beautiful relic of Roman art—a pair of eagle's wings. Of mediæval weapons there were arms of every period, ranging from the old double-handed sword that might have been wielded against the Norsemen, through Lochaber axes, dirks and daggers, rude cross-bows, and the later transitional forms of arquebuss, matchlock, and musket. One could not look upon these relics without recalling the state of Scotland early in the sixteenth century, when the usages of polished life had but recently penetrated into the Scottish highlands, and the population still retained the unlettered simplicity and the rude manners of mediæval days; when commercial towns were of no importance, the people generally vassals of feudal lords, and often at war amongst themselves; when sanguinary feud and Border warfare disturbed the land, and the Reformation mingled the elements of religious discord with civil turbulence. To the archaeological curiosities of the collection were added a most interesting and unexampled series of Jacobite relics, miniatures, seals, rings, lockets, and other memorials of the royal house of Stuart, from Darnley's seal and Queen Mary's watch to relics of the last princes of that ill-fated line. Then, the wonderful collection of portraits which adorned the walls of the temporary museum during the meeting, brought before us most of the leading actors in events memorable in Scottish history: there were maids of honour to the Scottish queen, and historical beauties with the light of old romance about them; military leaders in troubled periods of the

national annals; bishops and statesmen; the sourest of Covenanters and the most chivalrous of Royalists. To this collection of portraits were added some interesting autographs collected with a view to illustrate the civil and literary history of the country by the handwriting of men celebrated in her annals. It contained a complete series of the signatures and letters of sovereigns of Scotland from James IV. to Queen Anne; several letters of princes and princesses of the House of Stuart, and autographs of most of the statesmen and divines distinguished in the great rebellion.

And while the archæological museum thus contained the relics of extinct dynasties, the visitor might examine in the fine geological museum, opened in Marischal College, the relics of extinct creations and pre-Adamite conditions of the globe.

But we must pass from these memorials of other days to some matters relating to our own, which were discussed in the sections. None of the subjects brought before the Geography section (in which Admiral Sir J. C. Ross presided) were more attractive than those which directed attention to the East: A very animated and agreeable description of Arab character and customs was given by M. Ameuney, a native of Mount Lebanon (who speaks English fluently, and pleased his hearers by mentioning that he had learned it in order to read the poetry of Sir Walter Scott), and who has come to Europe for the purpose of arousing sympathy and obtaining aid towards the social regeneration of the native Christians of his race. He maintains that Arabic was the original of Hebrew—at all events, that the children of Israel spoke Arabic when they went into Egypt, lost its purity during their sojourn, adopted many Egyptian words, and, after their return to Judæa, wrote their language in the form known to us as Hebrew. After adverting to our obligations to the Arab race for much of the learning preserved in the middle ages, and for the introduction of paper into Europe, he gave many traits of Arab life and character, representing them as a spiritual-minded people; he described their hospitality, honour and brotherhood, and their love of poetry; he gave examples of its amplitude in the language of the lover, and stated that the production of sixty verses is deemed sufficient for the lifetime of a great poet.

A paper on the Russian trade in Central Asia led to some interesting statements. Russia, which had formerly a monopoly of the inland trade with China, has lately made treaties with that empire, and acquired vast territory in Chinese Tartary. Their trade is a system of barter, and to keep up the high price for Muscovite woollen manufactures, they put enormously high prices on Chinese productions, and pay three times the price for tea that we do. Russia has found an outlet for her fleet into the Great Southern Ocean by passing down the Amoor. Cities are being established and commerce fostered, and colonies of settlers are drawn from inhospitable Siberia to the Land of the Rising Sun. Sir John Bowring, who was present on the reading of the paper, expressed his opinion that Russia cannot compete with England in the Chinese markets; and, as regards tea, gave some idea of its enormous production in the Chinese empire by stating that a hundred and twenty millions of pounds are exported annually, notwithstanding that in every Chinese household tea is drunk five times a day, and the population has reached four hundred and twelve millions.

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, in his "Notes on Japan," awarded to the Japanese people a high place among the nations of the East for civilisation and good government; he described them as sufficiently enlightened to appreciate a policy founded on higher considerations than commercial gain, and admonished the British people that, having now opened to the world this prosperous and happy community, they deserve our care to win their confidence and respect. He gave a pleasing picture of the great natural beauty of the amphitheatre in which lies the port of Nagasaki—a name now for the first time made so familiar to English readers; the swelling hills around, terraced with rice-fields, the valleys clothed with wood and watered by gushing mountain streams, the projecting points crowned by temples amid sacred groves approached by rock-cut steps, cottages deep in foliage, and tasteful gardens bright with flowers. He estimates the population of Nagasaki at fifty thousand, and that of Yedo, the capital city of the empire, at two millions. The citadel or residence of the temporal emperor is more than five miles in circumference: elsewhere in Japan, the spiritual emperor passes a sub-celestial existence, reminded of his humanity only by his twelve wives, who are not spiritual. Some of the streets are lined with peach and plum-trees; and there is a bridge of enormous length, which is the Hyde Park-corner of Japan, distances through the empire being measured from it. By the treaty concluded at Nagasaki by Lord Elgin, British subjects are to be allowed to reside in that city from the beginning of 1862.

In a discussion on changes of deviation of the compass on board iron ships, Professor W. Thomson urged the necessity for constant determinations of the error of the compass, and, as the only way of using the compass safely on board iron ships, recommended masters never to trust to it alone. Referring to the wreck of the *Tayleur* (a new iron ship), which disaster the late Dr. Scoresby attributed to a change in the magnetism of the ship, produced in consequence of the vessel being tossed about in a gale soon after leaving Liverpool, the professor remarked that this case appeared to corroborate the opinion now expressed by the Astronomer Royal, that new iron ships are liable to sudden and great changes of magnetism on being knocked about by rough weather at sea.

At the second of the two evening meetings of the association, a crowded audience assembled to hear the reverend and eloquent Dr. Robinson, of the Armagh Observatory, lecture "On electrical discharges in rarefied media." How strikingly does our present knowledge of electricity, and its various ministrations to the use of man, contrast with the little that was known when the Greek mind was given to some electrical phenomena two thousand years ago! Even since Volta's invention, sixty years ago, of the potent instrument that bears his name, how wonderful has been our advancement! The brilliant experiments by which the discourse was illustrated were made by means of the induction coil machine, in which, as the reader probably knows, a length equal to six miles of wire are coiled in helix form round a bar of magnetic iron. The stream thus produced would probably pass through eighty yards of rarefied media as well as it did through the exhausted seven feet glass tube, in which the lecturer showed a brilliant auroral discharge of rose-coloured light *in vacuo*, which became surrounded, after a few moments, by a blue light of amethyst tint. The electrical current appears to differ remarkably from the solar ray in

not having chemical power; but letters on a sheet of paper, the forms of which had been traced by a chemical solution, and which were invisible by the light of the room, started into brilliance in the electric light. In some beautiful experiments made with M. Becquerel's vacuum-tubes, from which hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and atmospheric air, respectively, had been exhausted, different tints were produced and a fine wavy stratification was shown. In another tube, a current rotatory *in vacuo* round a magnetic bar was shown, and the stratified light was deflected by the magnet.

At the evening assemblies, addressed by Dr. Robinson and Sir Roderick Murchison, and more particularly on the evening when the Prince Consort inaugurated this meeting, there was a brilliant and intellectual-looking assemblage, but the animated picture seen on these occasions, and on the two *conversazioni* of the association, wanted the splendid framework of the Victoria Hall, at Leeds (where, it will be remembered, the association met in 1858), the spacious new Music Hall of Aberdeen being almost destitute of ornament and colour, though a building well adapted to its purpose and a great credit to the town.

The scientific labours of this pregnant week having been brought to a happy close, and her Majesty having graciously invited that distinguished but somewhat numerous body, the general committee of the association, to a luncheon at Balmoral, it was pleasant to see that they could shut up their books like any schoolboy, forget their learned convocations, and eagerly set forth with the sunrise on a bright September morning, to be the guests of their sovereign in her Highland home, and the spectators of Highland sports in the shadow of the mountains. Perplexed by "the hypothesis of Berkeley," wearied by "Chinese genealogical tables," escaped from a debate on "Indian finance," or some other Slough of Despond and Dulness; bored by "the classification of the salmonidæ," or by a Scotch missionary's history of some hill tribe in India, or sickened by "the composition of Thames water," they doubtless thought "a system of moving bodies" was best studied in the progress of two hundred philosophers to a royal luncheon; that "the organs of the senses and the mental perceptive faculties" would be better understood amidst mountain scenery than in a crowded lecture-room; and that the distribution of *savans* over the slopes of Balmoral would be a refreshing contrast to studying "the distribution of heat over the surface of the sun," or "the connexion between the solar spots and magnetic disturbances."

By Heaven! it was a glorious sight,
When the sun started from the sea,
And in the vivid morning light
The long blue waves were rolling free.

But we have no room to expatiate on the picturesque beauty or historic interest of the country traversed between Aberdeen and Balmoral, and must be content to say that Nature presented a very beautiful aspect to her votaries that day. The foliage had begun to be touched with the gorgeous hues of autumn; red and pale yellow charmingly contrasted with the sombre, enduring foliage of the forest evergreens and of the pine and larch woods. The steep, bare sides of mighty hills, grey with the stony débris of ages, were purpled by the heath-flower; and the shadows that chased one another over their expanse continually presented

some new charm of light and shade, while in the blue distance the giant mountains reared their dark grey forms. Such a cavalcade of philosophers had never before been seen in these mountain solitudes; and great was the sensation when they alighted amongst the wondering inhabitants on changing horses at Ballater and Aboyne, and when, from the omnibuses of Arkite dimensions, strange figures descended, some wearing hooded cloaks that seemed fit to cover some philosophic mystery, and all attired in anything but courtly costume. There were Oxford professors and Indian officers, grave divines and German savans, Scotch mathematicians and lively Irishmen; there were men who had grown grey in patient investigation of nature—inheritors of elder wisdom—scientific leaders who had won European fame; and they were going amidst the rude, unlettered mountaineers, and amidst the representatives of a patriarchal and unlearned state of society. Chiefs in science were to meet clans marching under Highland chieftains; victors in intellectual conflict were to see men competing for the prizes of strength and agility in the games and wild costume and to the primitive music of the ancient inhabitants of Caledonia. Yet many a master in science, gifted with the power to view unrolled the stores hidden from grosser eyes, and learned in the laws that hold the planets in their courses, may that day have envied those rude clansmen their health, and their freedom from smoke and crowds and cities, from ambition and from wearing toil; and when they thought of the labours of the week in studying mathematical formulæ and applied mechanics—papers “On the Application of Quaternions to the Geometry of Fresnel’s Wave-surface,” on “The Theory of Numbers,” on the “Theory of Light,” on “The Dynamical Theory of Gases,” or “The Mechanical Theory of Electricity,” on “The Genetic Cycle in Organic Nature,” or the “Statistics of Vaccination,” may have been ready to exclaim,

O! that I were a mountaineer,
 To dwell among the Highland hills!
 To tread the heath, to watch the deer,
 Beside the fountains of the rills—
 To wander by the lonely lake
 All silent in the evening’s glow,
 When, like a phantom, from the brake
 Comes gliding past the stealthy roe.

At times the cavalcade was seen winding round the base of massive rock-strewn hills, now crossing a wide heathery moor, then mounting a height above the “rushing Dee,” or skirting vast hill-side plantations of dark evergreen, and passing under avenues of the graceful weeping birch.

The Queen’s mountain château, as the reader probably knows, is a building of varied outline in Scotch baronial style, built of a beautiful greyish white granite, dressed in ashlar work, with chaste and effective ornament, and presenting some bold features of an ancient stronghold in a tower eighty feet high, which gives dignity of outline to the structure, and from which the royal standard of England was floating to the breeze. It was a pretty sight to see this picturesque edifice glistening in the sunshine like a castle of romance; and, surrounded as it is by giant hills and far from any towns, it struck the eye with all the unexpected charm of palatial elegance in the midst of mountain solitude. Few

readers need be told that it stands on a peninsula near the Dee, which here flows under the mountain range of Craig-an-Gowan. The terrace and slopes on the west of the castle command a green plateau, on which the games and dances of the day came off; and, beyond a beautiful mountain pass

The steep, frowning glories of dark Loch-na-gar,

close in the scene. On the southern side rises a vast hill clothed with wood, already tinted with gorgeous hues. On the north-west, a blue mountain range soars beyond the wooded hills that form the middle distance; and the valley between them was often filled during the day by driving mists, which the sun turned to golden haze as it declined. On the level greensward to the west, the clans were gathered under their respective banners in every variety of picturesque grouping: there were the Duffs (who carried warlike-looking spears), the Farquharsons, and the Forbes's men; various tents surrounded the square, and beyond stood the peasantry of the country round. The scene reminded one of the poet's description of the games provided by Menelaüs for his honoured guest, which, changed as follows, might be made applicable to Bal-moral:

Meanwhile, 'neath Loch-na-gar the Highland powers
In active games divide the jovial hours;
On verdant meadows with athletic art
Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin dart;
Aside, sequestered from the vast resort,
VICTORIA sat, spectator of the sport.

Many Highland costumes and military uniforms were mingled in the picturesque group of courtiers and visitors which surrounded her Majesty and the royal family on the grassy slopes of the castle terrace, to view the foot-races, games, and dances; and these characteristic features of Highland life, the old-world character of the games themselves, and the presence of the peaceful and learned Englishmen amid such sights, all placed the present time in striking contrast with the bygone days, "when English lords and Scottish chiefs were foes." Nothing could be more picturesque and suggestive than the whole scene.

The philosophers, no doubt, acknowledged all its poetical interest, but also showed great capacity to enjoy the good things to which they were made welcome; and, instead of being cheered as they might have been at a recent entertainment amid the Welsh mountains, by the strains of Gruffydd the harper, and sparkling draughts from the Nine Wells of St. Govan, they were enlivened by a band of music in the banquet-room, and flowing champagne.

To drive homeward amidst the mountains, and lighted by the silent stars, was to be again in the presence of Nature in one of her most impressive aspects; nightfall hid the sterility of the mountain-sides, and only the grand soaring forms of the everlasting hills and the dark woods were seen, with here and there a light twinkling from some hill-side shealing. And so returned the guests to Aberdeen, and so ended the most successful meeting the British Association has known.

W. S. G.

HOLLY WREATHS AND ROSE CHAINS;
OR, HOW WE SPENT CHRISTMAS AT DEERHURST.

BY OUIDA.

I.

THE COLONEL OF THE "WHITE FAVOURS" AND CECIL ST. AUBYN.

"WHAT are you going to do with yourself this Christmas, old fellow?" said Vivian, of the 60th Hussars: the White Favours we call them, because, after Edgehill, Henrietta Maria gave their Colonel a white rosette off her own dress to hang to his sword-knot, and all the 60th have like ribbons to this day. "If you've nothing better to do," continued their present Lieutenant-Colonel, "come down with me to Deerhurst. The governor 'll be charmed to see you; my mother has always some nice-looking girls there; and, as we keep the hounds, I can promise you some good hunting with the Harkaway."

"I shall be delighted," said I, who, being in the — Lancers, had been chained by the leg at Kensington the whole year, and, of all woes the most pitiable, had not been able to get leave for either the 12th or the 1st; but while my chums were shooting among the turnips, or stalking royals in Blackmount Forest, I had been tied to town, a solitary unit in Pall-Mall, standing on the forsaken steps of the U. S., or pacing my hack through the dreary desert of Hyde Park—like Macaulay's New Zealander gazing on the ruins of London Bridge.

"Very well," continued Vivian, "come down with me next week, and you can send your horses with Steevens and my stud. The governor could mount you well enough, but I never hunt with so much pleasure as when I'm on Qui Vive; so I dare say you, like me, prefer your own horses. I only hope we shan't have a confounded 'black frost;' but we must take our chance of the weather. I think you'll like my sisters; they're just about half my age. Lots of children came in between, but were providentially nipped in the bud."

"Are they pretty?"

"Can't say, really; I'm too used to them to judge. I can't make love to them, so I never took the trouble to criticise them; but we've always been a good-looking race, I believe. I tell you who's staying there—that girl we met in Toronto. Do you remember her—Cecil St. Aubyn?"

"I should say I did. How did she get here?"

"She's come to live with her aunt, Mrs. Coverdale. You know that over-dressed widow who lives in Hyde Park-gardens, and, when she can't afford Brighton, shuts the front shutters, lives in the back drawing-room, and says, 'Not at home to callers?' St. Aubyn is as poor as a rat, so I suppose he was glad to send Cecil here; and the Coverdale likes to have somebody who'll draw men to her parties, which I'm sure her champagne will never do. It's the most unblushing gooseberry ever ticketed 'Veuve Clicquot.'"

"'Pon my life, I'm delighted to hear it," said I. "The St. Aubyn's superb eyes will make the gooseberry go down. Men in Canada would

have swallowed cask-washings to get a single waltz with her. All Toronto went mad on that score. You admired her, too, old fellow, only you weren't with her long enough for such a stoic as you are to boil up into anything warmer."

"Oh yes, I thought her extremely pretty, but I thought her a little flirt, nevertheless."

"Stuff! An attractive girl can't make herself ugly or disagreeable, or erect a brick wall round herself, with iron spikes on the top, for fear, through looking at her, any fellow might come to grief. The men followed her, and she couldn't help that."

"And she encouraged them, and she *could* help that. However, I don't wish to speak against her; it's nothing to me how she kills and slays, provided I'm not among the bag. Take care you don't get shot yourself, Ned."

"Keep your counsel for your own use, Syd. You put me in mind of the philanthropist, who ran to warn his neighbour of the dangers of soot while his own chimney was on fire."

"As how? I don't quite see the point of your parable," said Vivian, with an expression of such innocent impassiveness that one would have thought he had never seen her fair face out of her furs in her sledge, or admired her small ankles when she was skating on the Ontario.

The winter before, a brother of mine, who was out there in the Rifles, wrote and asked me to go and have some buffalo-hunting, and Vivian went out with me for a couple of months. We had some very good sport in the western woods and plains, and his elk and bison horns are still stuck up in Vivian's rooms at Uxbridge, with many another trophy of both hemispheres. We had sport of another kind, too, to the merry music of the silvery sledge-bells, over the crisp snow and the gleaming ice, while bright eyes shone on us under delicate lace veils, and little feet peeped from under heaps of sable and bearskin, and gay voices rang out in would-be fear when the horses shied at the shadow of themselves, or at the moon shining on the ice. Who thinks of Canada without in fancy hearing the ringing chimes of the gay sledge bells swinging joyous measure into the clear sunshine or the white moonlight, in tune with light laughter, and soft whispers, and careless hearts?

There we saw Cecil St. Aubyn, one of the prettiest girls in Toronto, then about nineteen. My brother Harry was mad about her, so were almost all the men in the Canada Rifles, and Engineers, and, 61st that were quartered there; and Vivian admired her too, though in a calmer sort of way. Perhaps if he had been with her more than a fortnight he might have gone on further. As it was, he left Toronto liking her long Canadian eyes no more than was pleasant. It was as well so, perhaps, for it would not have been a good match for him, St. Aubyn being a broken-down gambler, who, having lost a princely fortune at Crocky's and the Bads, married at fifty a widow with a little money, and migrated to Toronto, where he was a torment to himself and to everybody else. Vivian, meanwhile, was a great matrimonial *coup*. Coming of a high county family, and being the only son, of course there was priceless value set on his life, which, equally of course, he imperilled, after the manner of us all, in every way he could—in charges and skirmishes, yachting, hunting, and steeple-chasing—ever since some two-and-twenty years ago

he joined as a cornet of fifteen—a man already in muscle and ideas, pleasures and pursuits.

At the present time he had been tranquilly engaged in the House, as he represented the borough of Cacklebury. He spoke seldom, but always well, and was thought a very promising member, his speeches being in Bernal Osborne's style; but he himself cared little about his senatorial laurels, and was fervently hoping that there would be a row with Russia, and that we should be allowed to go and stick Croats and make love to Bayadères, to freshen us up and make us boys again.

Next week, the first in December, he and I drove to Paddington, put ourselves in the express, and whisked through the snow-covered embankments, whitened fields, and holly hedges on the line down to Deerhurst. If the frost broke up we should have magnificent runs, and we looked at the country with a longing eye. Ever since he was six years old, he told me, he had gone out with the Harkaway Pack on Christmas-eve. When the drag met us, with the four bays steaming in the night air, and the groom warming into a smile at sight of the Colonel, the sleet was coming down heavily, and the wind blew as keen as a sabre's edge. The bays dashed along at a furious gallop under Vivian's hand, the frosty road cracked under the wheel, the leaders' breath was white in the misty night; we soon flew through the park gate—though he didn't forget to throw down a sovereign on the snow for the old portress—and up the leafless avenue, and bright and cheery the old manor-house, with its scores of windows, like so many bright eyes, looked out upon the winter's night.

"By George! we did that four miles quick enough," said Vivian, jumping down, and shaking the snow off his hair and moustaches. "The old place looks cheery, doesn't it? Ah! there are the girls; they're sure to pounce on me."

The two girls in question having warm hearts, not spoilt by the fashionable world they live in, darted across the hall, and, regardless of the snow, welcomed him ardently. They were proud of him, for he is a handsome dog, with haughty, aristocratic features, and a grand air as stately as a noble about Versailles in the polished "âge doré."

He shook himself free, and went forward to meet his mother, whom he is very fond of; while the governor, a fine-looking, genial old fellow, bade me welcome to Deerhurst. In the library door I caught sight of a figure in white that I recognised as our belle of the sledge drives; she was looking at Vivian as he bent down to his mother. As soon as she saw me though, she disappeared, and he and I went up to our rooms to thaw, and dress for dinner.

By the fire, talking to Blanche Vivian, stood Cecil, when we went down to the drawing-room. She always makes me think of a Sèvres or Dresden figure, her colouring is so delicate, and yet brilliant; and if you were to see her Canadian eyes, her waving chesnut hair, and her instantaneous, radiant, coquettish smiles, you would not wonder at the Toronto men losing their heads about her.

"Why, Cecil, you never told me you knew Sydney!" cried Blanche, as Vivian shook hands with The St. Aubyn. "Where did you meet him? how long have you been acquainted? why did you never tell me?"

"How could I tell Colonel Vivian was your brother?" said Cecil,

playing with a little silver Cupid driving a barrowful of matches on the mantelpiece till she tumbled all his matches into the fender.

"You might have asked. Never mind the wax-lights," said Blanche, who, not having been long out, had a habit of saying anything that came into her head. "When did you see him? Tell me, Sydney, if she won't."

"Oh, in Canada, dear!" interrupted Cecil, quickly. "But it was for so short a time I should have thought Colonel Vivian would have forgotten my face, and name, and existence."

"Nay, Miss St. Aubyn," said Vivian, smiling. "Pardon me, but I think you must know your own power too well to think that any man who has seen you once could hope for his own peace to forget you."

The words of course were flattering, but his quizzical smile made them doubtful. Cecil evidently took them as satire. "At least, you've forgotten anything we talked about at Toronto," she said, rather impatiently, "for I remember telling you I detested compliments."

"I shouldn't have guessed it," murmured Vivian, stroking his moustaches.

"And you," Cecil went on, regardless of the interruption, "told me you never complimented any woman you respected; so that speech just now doesn't say much for your opinion of me."

"How dare I begin to like you?" laughed Vivian. "Don't you know Levinge and Castlereagh were great friends of mine? Poor fellows! the sole object of their desires now is six feet of Crimean sod, if we're lucky enough to get out there." Cecil coloured. Levinge's and Castlereagh's hard drinking and gloomy aspect at mess were popularly attributed to the witchery of The St. Aubyn. Canada, while she was in it, was as fatal to the Service as the Cape or the cholera.

"If I talked so romantically, Colonel Vivian, with what superb mockery you would curl your moustaches. Surely the Iron Hand (wasn't that your sobriquet in Caffreland?) does not believe in broken hearts?"

"Perhaps not; but I *do* believe in some people's liking to try and break them."

"So do I. It is a favourite pastime with your sex," said Cecil, beating the hearth-rug impatiently with her little satin shoe.

"I don't think we often attack," laughed Vivian. "We sometimes yield out of amiability, and we sometimes take out the foils in self-defence, though we are no match for those delicate hands that use their Damascus blades so skilfully. We soon learn to cry quarter!"

"To a dozen different conquerors in as many months, then!" cried Cecil, with a defiant toss of her head.

Vivian looked down on her as a Newfoundland might look down on a small and impetuous-minded King Charles, who is hoping to irritate him. Just then three other people staying there came in. A fat old dowager and a thin daughter, who had turquoise eyes, and from whom, being a great pianist, we all fled in mortal terror of a hailstorm of Thalberg and Hertz, and a cousin of Syd's, Cossetting, a young chap, a blondin, with fair curls parted down the centre, whose brains were small, hands like a girl's, and thoughts centred on new *bouquets* and his own beauty, but who, having a baronetcy, with much tin, was strongly set

upon by the turquoise eyes, but appeared himself to lean more towards the Canadian, as a greater contrast to himself, I suppose.

"How do you do, Cos?" said Vivian, carelessly. The Iron Hand very naturally scorned this effeminate *patte de velours*.

"You here!" lisped the baronet. "Delighted to see you! thought you'd killed yourself over a fence, or something, before this——"

"Why, Horace," burst in energetic little Blanche, "I have told you for the last month that he was coming down for Christmas."

"Did you, my dear child?" said Cos. "'Pon my life, I forgot it. Miss St. Aubyn, my man Cléante (he's the handiest dog—he once belonged to the Duc d'Aumale) has just discovered something quite new—there's no perfume like it; he calls it 'Fleurs des Tilleuls,' and the best of it is, nobody can have it. If you'll allow me——"

"Everybody seems to make it their duty to forget Sydney," muttered Blanche, as the baronet murmured the rest of his speech inaudibly.

"Never mind, petite; I can bear it," laughed Vivian, leaning against the mantelpiece with that look of quiet strength characteristic of both his mind and body.

Cecil overheard the whisper, and flushed a quick look at him; then, turning to Cossetting, talked over the "Fleurs des Tilleuls" as if her whole mind was absorbed in *bouquet*.

When dinner was announced, Vivian troubled himself, however, to give his arm to Cecil, and, tossing his head back in the direction of the turquoise eyes, said to the discomfited Horace, "You sing, don't you, Cosset? Miss Screechington will bore you less than she would me."

"Is it, then, because I 'bore you less' that you do me the honour?" asked Cecil, quickly.

"Yes," said Syd, calmly; "or, rather, to put it more courteously, you amuse me more."

"Monseigneur! je vous remercie," said Cecil, her long almond eyes sparkling dangerously. "You promote me to the same rank with an opera, a hookah, a rat-hunt, and a French novel?"

"And," Vivian went on, tranquilly, "I dare say I shall amuse *you* better than that poor little fool with his lisp and his talk of the toilet, and his hands that never pulled in a thorough-bred or aided a rowing match."

"Oh, we're not in the Iliad and Odyssey days to deify physical strength," said Cecil, who secretly adored it, as all women do; "nor yet among the Pawnees to reverence a man according to his scalps. Though Sir Horace may not have followed your example and jeopardised his life on every possible occasion, he is very handsome, and can be very agreeable."

"Is it possible you can endure that fop?" said Vivian, quickly.

"Certainly. Why not?"

The Colonel stroked his moustache contemptuously. "I should have fancied you more difficle, that is all; but Cos is, as you say, good looking, and very well off. I wish——"

"What? That you were 'less bored?'"

"That I always wish; but I was thinking of Cos there—milk-posset, as little Eardley in my troop says they called him at Eton—I was wishing he could see Levinge and Castlereagh, just as *épouvantails*, to make

him turn and flee as the French noblesse did when they saw their cousins and brothers strung up à la lanterne."

"Wasn't it very strange," Blanche was saying to me at the same time, "that Cecil never mentioned Sydney? I've so often spoken of him, told her his troop, and all about him. (He has always been so kind to me, though he is eighteen years older—just twice my age.) Besides, I found her one day looking at his picture in the gallery, so she must have known it was the same Colonel Vivian, mustn't she, Captain Thoroton?"

"I should say so. Have you known her long?"

"No. We met her at Brighton this August with that silly woman, Mrs. Coverdale. All her artifices and falsehoods annoy Cecil so; Cecil doesn't mind saying she's not rich, she knows it's no crime."

"C'est pire qu'un crime, c'est une faute," said I.

"Don't talk in that way," laughed Blanche. "That's bitter and sarcastic, like Sydney in his grand moods, when I'm half afraid of him. I am sure Cecil couldn't be nicer, if she were ever such an heiress. Mamma asked her for Christmas because she once knew Mr. St. Aubyn well, and Cecil is not happy with Mrs. Coverdale. False and true don't suit each other. I hope Sydney will like her—do you think he does?"

That was a question I could not answer. He admired her, of course, because he could not well have helped it, and had done so in Canada; and he was talking to her now, I dare say, to force her to acknowledge that he *was* more amusing than Horace Cos. But he seemed to me to weigh her in a criticising balance, as if he expected to find her wanting—as if it pleased him to provoke and correct her, as one pricks and curbs a beautiful two-year old, just to see its graceful impatience at the check and the glance of its wild eye.

II.

THE CANADIAN'S COLD BATH WARMS UP THE COLONEL.

DEERHURST was a capital house to spend a Christmas in. It was the house of an English gentleman, with even the dens called bachelors' rooms comfortable and luxurious to the last extent: a first-rate stud, a capital billiard-table, a good sporting country, pretty girls to amuse one with when tired of the pink, the best Chablis and Château Margaux to be had anywhere, and a host who would have liked a hundred people at his dinner-table the whole year round. The snow, confound it! prevented our taking the hounds out for the first few days; but we were not bored as one might have expected, and our misery was the girls' delight, who were fervently hoping that the ice might come thick enough for them to skate. Cecil was invaluable in a country-house; her resources were as unlimited as Houdin's inexhaustible bottle. She played in French vaudevilles and Sheridan Knowles's comedies, acted charades, planned tableaux vivants, sang gay wild chansons peculiar to herself, that made the Screechington bravuras and themes more insupportable than ever; and, what was more, managed to infuse into everybody else some of her own energy and spirit. She made every one do as she liked; but she tyrannised over us so charmingly that we never chafed at the bit; and to the other girls she was so good-natured in giving them the rôles they liked, in praising, and in aiding them, that it was difficult for

feminine malice, though its limits *are* boundless, to find fault with her. Vivian, though he did not relax his criticism of her, was agreeable to her, as he had been in Canada, and as he is always to women when he is not too lazy. He consented to stand for Rienzi in a tableau, though he hates doing all those things, and played in the Proverbs with such a flashing fire of wit in answer to Cecil that we told him he beat Mathews.

"I'm inspired," he said, with a laughing bend of his head to Cecil, when somebody complimented him.

She gave an impatient movement—she was accustomed to have such things whispered in earnest, not in jest. She laughed, however. "Are you inspired, then, to take *Huon's* part? All the characters are cast but that."

"I'm afraid I can't play well enough."

"Nonsense. You cannot think that. Say you would rather not at once."

Vivian stroked his moustaches thoughtfully. "Well, you see, it bores me rather; and I'm not Christian enough to suffer ennui cheerfully to please other people."

"Very well, then, I will give the part to Sir Horace," said Cecil, looking through the window at the church spire, covered with the confounded snow.

Vivian stroked away at his moustaches rather fiercely this time. "Cos! he'll ruin the play. Dress him up as a lord in waiting, he'll be a dainty lay figure, but for anything more he's not so fit as this setter! Fancy that essenced, fair-haired young idiot taking *Huon*—his lisp would be so effective!"

She looked up in his face with one of her mischievous, dangerous smiles, and put up her hands in an attitude of petition. "He must have the part if you won't. Be good, and don't spoil the play. I have set my mind on its being perfect, and—I will have *such* a dress as the *Countess* if you will only do as I tell you."

Cecil, in her soft, childlike moods, could finish any man. Of course Vivian rehearsed "Love" with her that afternoon, a play that was to come off on the 23rd. Cos sulked slightly at being commanded by her to dress himself beautifully and play the *Prince of Milan*.

"To be refused by you," lisped Horace, "Oh, I dare say! No! 'pon my life——"

"My dear Cos, you'll have plenty of fellow-sufferers," whispered Syd, mischievously.

"Do you dare to disobey me, Sir Horace?" cried Cecil. "For shame! I should have thought you more of a *preux chevalier*. If you don't order over from Boxwood that suit of Milan armour you say one of your ancestors wore at Flodden, and wear it on Tuesday, you shall never waltz with me again. Now what do you say?"

"Nobody can rethit you," murmured Cos. "You do anything with a fellow that you chooth."

Vivian glanced down at him with superb scorn, and turned to me. "What a confounded frost this is. The weathercock sticks at the north, and old Ben says there's not a chance of a change till the new moon. *Qui Vive* might as well have kept at Hounslow. To waste all the season like this would make a parson swear! If I'd foreseen it I would have gone to Paris with Lovell, as he wanted me to do."

I suppose the Colonel was piqued to find he was not the only one persuaded into his rôle. He bent over Laura Caldecott's chair, a pretty girl, but with nothing to say for herself, admired her embroidery, and talked with great emprossement about it, till Laura, much flattered at such unusual attention, after lisping a good deal of nonsense, finally promised to embroider a note-case for him, "if you'll be good and use it, and not throw it away, as you naughty men always do the pretty things we give you," simpered Miss Laura.

"Hearts included," said Syd, smiling. "I assure you, if you give me yours, I will prize it with Turkish jealousy."

The fair brodeuse gave a silly laugh; and Vivian, whose especial detestation is this sort of love-making nonsense, went on flirting with her, talking the persiflage that one whispers leaning over the back of a phaeton after a dinner at the Castle or a day at Ascot, but never expects to be called to remember the next morning, when one bows to the object thereof in the Ring, and the flavour of the claret-cup and the scent of the cigar are both fled with the moonbeams and forgotten.

Cecil gave the Colonel and his flirtation a glance, and let Cossetting lean over the back of her chair and deliver himself of some lackadaisical sentiment (taken second-hand out of "Isidora" or the "Amant de la Lune," and diluted to be suitable for presentation to her), looking up at him with her large velvet eyes, or flashing on him her radiant smile, till Horace pulled up his little stiff collar, coaxed his flaxen whiakers, looked at her with his half-closed light eyes—and thought himself irresistible—and Miss Screechington broke the string of the purse she was making, and scattered all the steel beads about the floor in the futile hope of gaining his attention. Blanche went down on her knees and spent twenty minutes hunting them all up; but as I helped her I saw the turquoise eyes looked anything but grateful for our efforts, though if Blanche had done anything for me with that ready kindness and those soft little white hands, I should have repaid her very warmly. But oh, these women! these women! Do they ever love one another in their hearts? Does not Chloris always swear that Lelia's gazelle eyes have a squint in them, and Delia hint that Daphne, who is innocent as a dove, is bad style, and horridly bold?

At last Cecil got tired of Cos's drawing platitudes, and walked up to one of the windows. "How is the ice, will anybody tell me? I am wild to try it, ain't you, Blanche? If we are kept waiting much longer, we will have the carpets up and skate on the oak floors."

I told her I thought they might try it safely. "Then let us go after luncheon, shall we?" said Cecil. "It is quite sunny now. You skate, of course, Sir Horace?"

"Oh! to be sure—certainly," murmured Cos. "We'd a quadrille on the Serpentine last February, Talbot, and I, and some other men—lots of people said they never saw it better done. But tit's rather cold—don't you think so?"

"Do you expect to find ice in warm weather?" said Vivian, curtly, from the fire, where he was standing watching the commencement of the note-case.

"No. But I hate cold," said Horace, looking at his snowy fingers. "One looks such a figure—blue, and wet, and shivering; the house is much the best place in a frost."

"Poor fellow!" said Vivian, with a contemptuous twist of his moustaches. "I fear, however fêté you may be in every other quarter, the seasons won't change to accommodate you."

"Oh! you are a dreadful man," drawled Cos. "You don't a bit mind tanning yourself, nor getting drenched through, nor soiling your hands——"

"Thank Heaven, no!" responded Syd. "I'm neither a schoolgirl, nor—a fop."

"Would you believe it, Miss St. Aubyn?" said the baronet, appealingly. "That man'll get up before daylight and let himself be drenched to the skin for the chance of playing a pike; and will turn out of a comfortable arm-chair on a winter's night just to go after poachers and knock a couple of men over, and think it the primest fun in life. I don't understand it myself, do you?"

"Yes," said Cecil, fervently. "I delight in a man's love for sport, for I idolise horses, and there is nothing that can beat a canter on a fine fresh morning over a grass country; and I believe that a man who has the strength, and nerve, and energy to go thoroughly into fishing, or shooting, or whatever it be, will carry the same will and warmth into the rest of his life; and the hand that is strong in the field and firm in righteous wrath, will be the truer in friendship and the gentler in pity!"

Cecil spoke with energetic enthusiasm. Horace stared, the Screechington sneered, Laura gave an affected little laugh. The Colonel swung round from his study of the fire, his face lighting up. I've seen Syd on occasion look as soft as a woman. However, he said nothing; he only took her in to luncheon, and was exceedingly kind to her and oblivious of Laura Caldecott's existence throughout that meal, which, at Deerhurst, was of unusual splendour and duration. And afterwards, when she had arrayed herself in a hat with soft curling feathers, and looped up her dress in some inexplicable manner that showed her dainty high heels artistically, he took her little skates in his hand and walked down by her side to the pond. It was some way to the pond—a good-sized piece of water, that snobs would have called the Lake, by way of dignifying their possession, with willows on its banks (where, in summer, the sentimental Screechington would have reclined, Tennyson *à la main*), and boats and punts beside it, among which was a tub, in which Blanche confessed to me she had paddled herself across to the saturation of a darling blue muslin, and the agonised feelings of her governess, only twelve months before.

"A dreadful stiff old thing that governess was," said Blanche, looking affectionately at the tub. "Do you know, Captain Thoroton, when she went away, and I saw her boxes actually on the carriage-top, I waltzed round the schoolroom seven times, and burnt 'Noel et Chapsal' in the fire—I did, indeed!"

The way, as I say, was long to the pond; and as Cecil's dainty high heels and Syd's swinging cavalry strides kept pace over the snow together, they had plenty of time for conversation.

"Miss Caldecott is looking for you," said Cecil, with a contemptuous glance at the fair Laura, who, between two young dandies, was picking her route over the snow, holding her things very high indeed, and casting back-looks at the Colonel.

"Is she? It is very kind of her."

"If you feel the kindness so deeply, you had better repay it by joining her."

Vivian laughed. "Not just now, thank you. We are close to the kennels—hark at their bay! Would you like to come and see them? By-the-by, how is your wolf-dog—Leatherstockings, didn't you call him?"

"Do you remember him?" said Cecil, her eyes beaming and her lips quivering. "Dear old dog, I loved him so much, and he loved me. He was bitten by an asp just before I left, and papa would have him shot. Good gracious! what is the matter?—she is actually frightened at that setter!"

The "she" of whom Cecil so disdainfully spoke was Miss Caldecott, who, on seeing a large setter leap upon her with muddy pads and much sudden affection, began to scream, and rushed to Vivian with a beseeching cry of "Save me, save me!" Cecil stood and laughed, and called the setter to her.

"Here, Don—Dash—what is your name? Come here, good dog. That poor young lady has nerves, and you must not try them, or you will cause her endless expenses in sal volatile and ether; but I have no such interesting weaknesses, and you may lavish any demonstrations you please on me!"

We all laughed as she thus talked confidentially to the setter, holding his feathered paws against her waist; while Vivian stood by her with admiration in his glance. Poor Laura looked foolish, and began to caress a great bull-dog, who snapped at her. She hadn't Cecil's ways either with dogs or men.

"What a delightful scene," whispered Cecil to the Colonel, as we left the kennels. "You were not half so touched by it as you were expected to be!"

Vivian laughed. "Didn't you effectually destroy all romantic effect? You can be very mischievous to your enemies."

Cecil coloured. "She is no enemy of mine; I know nothing of her, but I do detest that mock sentimentality, that would-be fine ladyism that thinks it looks interesting when it pleads guilty to sal volatile, and screams at an honest dog's bark. Did you see how shocked she and Miss Screechington looked because I let the hounds leap about me?"

"Of course; but though you have not lived very long, you must have learned that you are too dangerous to the peace of our sex to expect much mercy from your own."

A flush came into Cecil's cheeks *not* brought by the wind. Her feathers gave a little dance as she shook her head with her customary action of annoyance.

"Ah, never compliment me, I am so tired of it."

"I wish I could believe that," said Syd, in a low tone. "Your feelings are warm, your impulses frank and true; it were a pity to mar them by an undue love for the flattering voices of empty-headed fools."

Tears of pleasure started into her eyes, but she would not let him see it. She had not forgotten the Caldecott flirtation of the morning enough to resist revenging it. She looked up with a merry laugh.

"Je m'amuse—voilà tout. There is no great harm in it."

A shadow of disappointment passed over Syd's haughty face.

"No, if you do not do it once too often. I *have* known men—and women too—who all their lives through have been haunted by the memory of a slight word, a careless look, with which, unwittingly or in obstinacy, they shut the door on their own happiness. Have you ever heard of the Deerhurst ghost?"

"No," said Cecil, softly. "Tell it me."

"It is a short story. Do you know that picture of Muriel Vivian, the girl with a hawk on her wrist and long hair of your colour? She lived in Charles's time, and was a great beauty at the court. There were many who would have lived and died for her, but the one who loved her best was her cousin Guy. The story says that she had plighted herself to him in these very woods; at any rate, he followed her when she went to join the court, and she kept him on, luring him with vague promises, and flirting with Goring, and Francis Egerton, and all the other gay gentlemen. One night his endurance broke down: he asked her whether or no she cared for him? He begged, as a sign, for the rosebud she had in her dress. She laughed at him, and—gave the flower to Harry Carrew, a young fellow in Lunsford's 'Babe-eaters.' Guy said no more, and left her. Before dawn he shot Carrew through the heart, took the rosebud from the boy's doublet, put it in his own breast, and fell upon his sword. They say Muriel lost her senses. I don't believe it: no coquette ever had so much feeling; but if you ask the old servants they will tell you, and firmly credit the story too, that hers and Guy Vivian's ghosts still are to be seen every midnight at Christmas-eve, the day that he fought and killed little Harry Carrew."

He laughed, but Cecil shuddered.

"What a horrible story! But do you believe that any woman ever possessed such power over a man?"

"I believe it since I have seen it. One of my best friends is now hopelessly insane because a woman as worthless as this dead branch forsook him. Poor fellow! they set it down to a coup de soleil, but it was the falsehood of Emily Rushbrooke that did it. But, for myself, I never should lose my head for any woman. I did once when I was a boy, but I know better now."

A wild, desperate idea came into Cecil's mind. She contrasted the passionless calm of his face with the tender gentleness of his tone a few moments ago, and she would have given her life to see him "lose his head for her" as he had done for that other. How she hated her, whoever she had been! Cecil had seen too many men not to know that Syd's cool exterior covered a stormy heart, and in the longing to rouse up the storm at her incantation she resolved to play a dangerous game. The ghost story did not warn her. As Mephistopheles to Faust, came Horace Cos to aid the impulse, and Cecil turned to him with one of her radiant smiles. She never looked prettier than in her black hat; the wind had only blown a bright flush into her cheeks—though it had turned Laura blue and the Screechington red—and the Colonel looked up at her as he put her skates on with something of the look Guy might have given Muriel Vivian flirting gaily with the roistering cavaliers.

"Now, Sir Horace, show us some of those wonderful Serpentine figures," cried Cecil, balancing herself with the grace of a curlew, and whirling

here, there, and everywhere at her will as easily as if she were on a chalked ball-room floor. She hadn't skated and sledged on the Ontario for nothing. More than one man lost his own balance looking after her. Cos wasn't started yet: one pair of skates were too large, another pair too small; if he'd thought of it he'd have had his own sent over. He stood on the brink much as Winkle, of Pickwickian memory, trembled in Weller's grasp. Cecil looked at him with laughing eyes, a shrewd suspicion that she had planted her adorer, and that the quadrille on the Serpentine was an offspring of the Cossetting poetic fancy. Thrice did the luckless baronet essay the ice, and thrice did he come to grief with heels in the air, and his dainty apparel disordered. At last, his Canadian sorceress took compassion upon him, and declaring she was tired, asked him to drive her across the pond. Cos, with an air of languid martyrdom and a heavy sigh as he glanced at his Houbigants, torn and soiled, grasped the back of the chair, and actually contrived to start it. Once started, away went the chair and its Phaeton after it, whether he would or no, its occupant looking up and laughing in the dandy's heated, disconcerted, and anxious face. All at once there was a crash, a plunge, and a shout from Vivian, who was on the opposite bank. The chair had broken the ice, flung Cecil out into the water with the shock, while her charioteer, by a lucky jump backwards, had saved himself, and stood on the brink of the chasm unharmed. Cecil's crinoline kept her from sinking; she stretched out her little hand with a cry—it sounded like Vivian's name as it came to my ears on the keen north wind—but before Vivian, who came across the ice like a whirlwind, could get to her, Cos, valorously determining to wet his wristbands, stooped down, and, holding by the chair, which was firmly wedged in, put his arm round her and dragged her out. Vivian came up two seconds too late.

"Are you hurt?" he said, bending towards her.

"No," said Cecil, faintly, as her head drooped unconsciously on Cos's shoulder. She had struck her forehead on the ice, which had stunned her slightly. The Colonel saw the chesnut hair resting against Cos's arm; he dropped the hand he had taken, and turned to the shore.

"Bring her to the bank," he said, briefly. "I will go home and send a carriage. Good Heavens! that that fool should have saved her!" I heard him mutter, as he brushed past me.

He drove the carriage down himself, and under pretext of holding on the horses, did not descend from the box while Horace wrapped rugs and cloaks round Cecil, who, having more pluck than strength, declared she was quite well now, but nearly fainted when Horace lifted her out, and she was consigned by Mrs. Vivian to her bedroom for the rest of the day.

"It is astonishing how we miss Cecil," remarked Blanche, at dinner. "Isn't it dull without her, Sydney?"

"I didn't perceive it" said the Colonel, calmly; "but I am very sorry for the cause of her absence."

"Well, by Jove! it sounds unfeeling; but I can't say I am," murmured Horace. "It's something to have saved such a deuced pretty girl as that."

"Curse that puppy," muttered Syd to his champagne glass. "A fool that isn't fit for her to look at——"

Syd's and my room, in the bachelors' wing, adjoin each other; and as our windows both possess the convenience of balconies, we generally smoke in them, and hold a little chat before turning in. When I stepped out into my balcony that night, Syd was already puffing away at his pipe. Perhaps his Caveudish was unusually good, for he did not seem greatly inclined to talk, but leant over the balcony, looking out into the clear frosty night, with the winter stars shining on the wide white uplands and the leafless glittering trees.

"What's that?" said he, sharply, as the notes of a cornet playing, and playing badly, Halévy's air, "Quand de la Nuit," struck on the night air.

"A serenade, I suppose."

"A serenade in the snow. Who is romantic idiot enough for that?" said Vivian, contemptuously, nearly pitching himself over to see where the cornet came from. It came from under Cecil's windows, where a light was still burning. The player looked uncommonly like Cossetting wrapped up in a cloak with a wide-awake on, under which the moonlight showed us some fair hair peeping.

Vivian drew back with an oath he did not mean me to hear. He laughed scornfully. "Milk-posset, of course! There is no other fool in the house. His passion must be miraculously deep to drag him out of his bed into the snow to play some false notes to his lady-love. It's rather windy, don't you think, Ned. Good night, old fellow—and, I say, don't turn little Blanche's head with your pretty speeches. You and I are bound not to flirt, since we're sworn never to marry; and I don't want the child played with, though possibly (being a woman) she'd very soon recover it."

With which sarcasm on his sister and her sex, the Colonel shut down the window with a clang; and I remained, smoking four pipes and a half, meditating on his last words, for I *had* been playing with the child, and felt (inhuman brute! the ladies will say) that I should be sorry if she *did* recover it.

III.

SHOWING THAT LOVE-MAKING ON HOLY GROUND DOESN'T PROSPER.

CECIL came down the next morning looking very pretty after her ducking. Vivian asked her how she was with his general air of calm courtesy, helped her to some cold pheasant, and applied himself to his breakfast and some talk with a sporting man about the chances of the frost breaking up.

Horace, who looked upon himself as a *preux chevalier*, had had his left arm put in a sling on the strength of a bruise as big as a fourpenny-piece, and appeared to consider himself entitled to Cecil's eternal gratitude and admiration for having gone the length of wetting his coat sleeves for her.

"Do you like music by starlight?" he whispered, with a self-conscious smile, after a course of delicate attentions throughout breakfast.

Syd fixed his eyes on Cecil's, steadily but impassively. The colour rose into her face, and she turned to Cos with a mischievous laugh.

"Very much, if—I am not too sleepy to hear it; and it isn't a cornet out of tune."

"How cruel!" murmured Horace, as he passed her coffee. "You shouldn't criticise so severely when a fellow tries to please you."

"That poor dear girl really thinks I turned out into the snow last night to give her that serenade," observed Cos, with a languid laugh, when we were alone in the billiard-room. "Good, isn't it, the idea of *my* troubling myself?"

"Whose cracked cornet was it, then, that made that confounded row last night?" I asked.

Horace laughed again; it was rarely he was so highly amused at anything: "It was Cléante's, to be sure. He don't play badly when his hands are not numbed, poor devil! Of course he made no end of a row about going out into the snow, but I made him do it. I knew Cecil would think it was I. Women are so vain, poor things!"

It was lucky I alone was the repository of his confidence, for if Vivian had chanced to have been in the billiard-room, it is highly probable he would then and there have brained his cousin with one of the cues.

Happily he was out of the reach of temptation, in the stables, looking after Qui Vive, who had to "bide in stall," as much to that gallant bay's disquiet as to her owner's; for I don't know which of the two best loves a burst over a stiff country, or a fast twenty minutes up wind alone with the hounds when they throw up their heads.

To the stables, by an odd coincidence, Cecil, putting the irresistible black hat on the top of her chesnut braids, prevailed on Blanche to escort her, vowing (which was nearly, but not quite, the truth) that she loved the sweet pets of horses better than anything on earth. Where Cecil went, Laura made a point of going too, to keep her enemy in sight, I suppose; though Cecil, liking a fast walk on the frosty roads, a game of battledore and shuttlecock with Blanche (when we were out of the house), or anything, in short, better than working with her feet on the fender, and the Caldecott inanities or Screechington scandals in her ear, often led Laura many an unwelcome dance, and brought that luckless young lady to try at things which did not sit well upon her as they did upon The St. Aubyn, who had a knack of doing, and doing charmingly, a thousand things no other woman could have attempted. So, as Vivian and I, and some of the other men, stood in the stable-doors, smoking, and talking over the studs accommodated in the spacious stalls, a strong party of four young ladies came across the yard.

"I'm come to look at Qui Vive; will you show him to me?" said Cecil, softly. Her gentle, childlike way was the most telling of all her changing moods, but I must do her the justice to say that it was perfectly natural, she was no actress.

"With great pleasure," said Syd, very courteously, if not over-cordially; and to Qui Vive's stall Cecil went, alone in her glory, for Laura was infinitely too terrified at the sight of the bay's strong black hind legs to risk a kick from them, even to follow Syd. Helena Vivian stayed with her, and Blanche came with me to visit my hunters.

Cecil is a tolerable judge of a horse; she praised Qui Vive's lean head, full eye, and silky coat with discrimination, and Qui Vive, though not the best-tempered of thorough-breds, let her pat his smooth sides and kiss his strong neck without any hostile demonstration.

Vivian watched her as if she were a spoilt child who bewitched him, but whom he knew to be naughty; he could not resist the fascination of her ways, but he never altered his calm, courteous tone to her—the tone Cecil longed to hear change, were it even into invectives against her, to testify some deeper interest.

“Now show me the mount you will give me when the frost breaks up and we take out the hounds,” said Cecil, with a farewell caress of *Qui Vive*.

“You shall have the grey four-year-old; Billiard-ball, and he will suit you exactly, for he is as light as a bird, checks at nothing, and will take you safe over the stiffest bullfinch. I know you may trust him, for he has carried *Blanche*.”

Cecil threw back her head. “Oh, I would ride anything, *Qui Vive* himself, if he would bear a habit. I am not like Miss Caldecott, who, catching sight of his dear brown legs, vanished as rapidly as if she had seen *Muriel’s* ghost on Christmas-eve.”

The Colonel smiled. “You are very unmerciful to poor Miss Caldecott. What has she done to offend you?”

“Offend me! Nothing in the world. Though I heard her lament with Miss Screechington in the music-room, that I was ‘so fast,’ and ‘such slang style;’ I consider that rather a compliment, for I never knew any lady pull to pieces my bonnet, or my bouquet, or my hat, unless it was a prettier one than their own. That sounds a vain speech, but I don’t mean it so.”

The Colonel looked down into her velvet eyes; she was most dangerous to him in this mood. “No,” he said, briefly, “no one would accuse you of vanity, though they might, pardon me, of love of admiration.”

Cecil laughed merrily. “Yes, perhaps so; it is pleasant, you know. Yet sometimes I am tired of it all, and I want——”

“A more difficult conquest? To find a diamond, merely, like *Cleopatra*, to show your estimate of its value by throwing it away.”

A flush of vexation came into her cheeks. “Do you think me utterly heartless?” she said, impetuously. “No. I mean that I often tire of the fulsome compliments, the flattery, the attention, the whirl of society! I do like admiration. I tell you candidly what every other woman acknowledges to herself but denies to the world; but often it is nothing to me—mere *Dead Sea fruit*. I care nothing for the voices that whisper it; the eyes that express it wake no response in mine, and I would give it all for one word of true interest, one glance of real——”

Vivian looked down on her steadily with his searching eagle eyes, out of which, when he chose, nothing could be read. “If I dare believe you——” he said, half aloud.

Gentle as his tone was, the mere doubt stung Cecil to the quick. Something of the wild, desperate feeling of the day previous rose in her heart. The same feeling that makes men brave heaven and hell to win their desires worked up in her. If she had been one of us, just at that moment, she would have flinched at nothing; being a young lady, her hands were tied. She could only go to *Cos’s* stalls with him (*Cos* knows as much about horseflesh as I do about the profound female mystery they call “shopping”), and flirt with him to desperation, while *Horace* got the steam up faster than he, with his very languid motor

powers, often did, being accustomed to be spared the trouble and have all the love made to him—an indolence in which The St. Aubyn, who knows how to keep a man well up to hand, never indulged him.

“Do have some pity on me,” I heard Cos murmuring, as she stroked a great brute of his, with a head like a fiddle-case, and no action at all. “I assure you, Miss St. Aubyn, you make me wretched. I’d die for you to-morrow if I only saw how, and yet you take no more notice of me sometimes than if I were that colt.”

Cecil glanced at him with a smile that would have driven Cos distracted if he’d been in for it as deep as he pretended.

“I don’t see that you are much out of condition, Sir Horace, but if you have any particular fancy to suicide, the horse-pond will accommodate you at a moment’s notice; only don’t do it till after our play, because I have set my heart on that suit of Milan armour. Pray don’t look so plaintive. If it will make you any happier, I am going for a walk, and you may come too. Blanche, dear, which way is it to the plantations?”

Now poor Horace hated a walk on a frosty morning as cordially as anything, being altogether averse to any natural exercise; but he was sworn to The St. Aubyn, and Blanche and I, dropping behind them, he had a good hour of her fascinations to himself. I do not know whether he improved the occasion, but Cecil at luncheon looked tired and teased. I should think, after Syd’s graphic epigrammatic talk, the baronet’s lisped nonsense *must* have been rather trying, especially as Cecil has a strong leaning to intellect.

Vivian didn’t appear at luncheon; he was gone rabbit-shooting with the other fellows, and I should have been with them if I had not thought lounging in the drawing-room, reading “Clytemnestra” to Blanche, with many pauses, the greater fun of the two. I am keen about sport, too; but ever since, at the age of ten, I conceived a romantic passion for my mother’s lady’s-maid—a tall and stately young lady, who eventually married a retail tea-dealer—I have thought the beaux yeux the best of all games.

“Mrs. Vivian, Blanche and Helena and I want to be very useful, if you will let us,” said Cecil, one morning. She was always soft and playful with that gentlest of all women, Syd’s mother. “What do you smile in that incredulous way for? We can be extraordinarily industrious; the steam sewing-machine is nothing to us when we choose! What do you think we are going to do? We are going to decorate the church for Christmas. To leave it to that poor little old clerk, who would only stick two holly twigs in the pulpit candlesticks, and fancy he had done a work of high art, would be madness. And, besides, it will be such fun.”

“If you think it so, pray do it, dear,” laughed Mrs. Vivian. “I can’t say I should, but your tastes and mine are probably rather different. The servants will do as you direct them.”

“Oh no,” said Cecil; “we mean to do it all ourselves. The gentlemen may help us if they like—those, at least, who prefer our society to that of smaller animals, with lop-ears and little bushy tails, who have a fascination superior sometimes to any of our attractions.” She flashed a glance at the Colonel, who was watching her over the top of *Punch*, as,

when I was a boy, I have watched the sun, though it pained my eyes to do it. "You're the grand seigneur of Deerhurst," said Cecil, turning to him; "will you be good, and order cart-loads of holly and evergreens (and plenty of the Portugal laurel, please, because it's so pretty) down to the church; and will you come and do all the hard work for me? The rabbits would so enjoy a little peace to-day, poor things!"

He smiled in spite of himself, and did her bidding, with a flush of pleasure on his face. I believe at that moment, to please her, he would have cut down the best timber on the estates—even the old oaks, in whose shadow in the midsummer of centuries before Guy Vivian and Muriel had plighted their troth.

The way to the church was through a winding walk, between high walls of yew, and the sanctuary itself was a fine old Norman place, whose *tout ensemble* I admired, though I could not pick it to pieces architecturally.

To the church we all went, of course, with more readiness than we probably ever did in our lives, regardless of the rose chains with which we were very likely to become entangled, while white hands weaved the holly wreaths.

Vivian had ordered evergreens enough to decorate fifty churches, and had sent over to the neighbouring town for no end of ribbon emblazements and illuminated scrolls, on which Cecil looked with delight. She seemed to know by instinct it was done for *her*, and not for his sisters.

"How kind that is of you," she said, softly. "That is like what you were in Toronto. Why are you not always the same?"

For a moment she saw passion enough in his eye to satisfy her, but he soon mastered it, and answered her courteously:

"I am very glad they please you. Shall we go to work at once, for fear it grow dusk before we get through with it?"

"Can I do anything to help you?" murmured Cos in her ear.

She did not want him, and laughed mischievously. "You can cut some holly if you like. Begin on those large boughs."

"Better not, Cos," said the Colonel. "You will certainly soil your hands, and you might chance to scratch them."

"And if you did you would never forgive me, so I will let you off duty. You may go back to the dormeuse and the 'Lys de la Vallée' if you wish," laughed Cecil.

Horace looked sulky, and curled his blond whiskers in dudgeon, while Cecil, with half a dozen satellites about her, proceeded to work with vigorous energy, keeping Syd, however, as her head workman; and the Colonel twisted pillars, nailed up crosses, hung wreaths, and put up illuminated texts, as if he had been a carpenter all his life, and his future subsistence entirely depended on his adorning Deerhurst church in good taste. It was amusing to me to see him, whom the highest London society, the gayest Paris life, bored—who pronounced the most dashing opera supper and the most vigorous debate alike slow—taking the deepest interest in decorating a little village church! I question if Eros did not lurk under the shiny leaves and the scarlet berries of those holly boughs quite as dangerously as ever he did under the rose petals consecrated to him.

I had my own affairs to attend to, sitting on the pulpit stairs at

Blanche's feet, twisting the refractory evergreens at her direction; but I kept an occasional look-out at the Colonel and his dangerous Canadian for all that. They found time (as we did) for plenty of conversation over the Christmas decorations, and Cecil talked softly and earnestly for once without any "mischief." She talked of her father's embarrassments, her mother's trials, of Mrs. Coverdale, with honest detestation of that widow's arts and artifices, and of her own tastes, and ideas, and feelings, showing the Colonel (what she did not show generally to her numerous worshippers) her heart as well as her mind. As she knelt on the altar steps, twisting green leaves round the communion rails, Syd standing beside her, his pale bronze cheek flushed, and his eyes never left their study of her face as she bent over her work, looking up every minute to ask him for another branch, or another strip of blue ribbon.

When it had grown dusk, and the church was finished, looking certainly very pretty, with the dark leaves against its white pillars, and the scarlet berries kissing its stained windows, Cecil went noiselessly up into the organ-loft, and played the Christmas anthem. Vivian followed her, and, leaning against the organ, watched her, shading his eyes with his hand. She went on playing—first a *Miserere*, then Mozart's *Symphony in E*, and then improvisations of her own—the sort of music that, when one stands calmly to listen to it, makes one feel it whether one likes or not. As she played, tears rose to her lashes, and she looked up at Vivian's face, bending over her in the gloaming. Love was in her eyes, and Syd knew it, but feared to trust to it. His pulses beat fast, he leaned towards her, till his moustaches touched her soft perfumy hair. Words hung on his lips. But the door of the organ-loft opened.

"'Pon my life, Miss St. Aubyn, that's divine, delicious!" cried Cos. "We always thought you *were* divine, but we never knew till now that you brought the angels' harmony with you to earth. For Heaven's sake, play that last thing again!"

"I never play what I compose twice," said Cecil, hurriedly, stooping down for her hat.

Vivian cursed him inwardly for his untimely interruption, but cooler thought made him doubt if he were not well saved some words, dictates of hasty passion, that he might have lived to repent. For Guy Vivian's fate warned him, and he mistrusted the love of a flirt, if flirt, as he feared—from her sudden caprices to him, her alternate impatience with, and encouragement of, his cousin—Cecil St. Aubyn would prove. He gave her his arm down the yew-tree walk. Neither of them spoke all the way, but he sent a servant on for another shawl, and wrapped it round her very tenderly when it came; and when he stood in the lighted hall, I saw by the stern, worn look of his face—the look I have seen him wear after a hard fight—that the fiery passions in him had been having a fierce battle.

That evening The St. Aubyn was off her fun, said she was tired, and, disregarding the misery she caused to Cos and four other men, who, figuratively speaking, *not* literally, for they went into the "dry" and comestibles fast enough, had lived on her smiles for the last month, excused herself to Mrs. Vivian, and departed to her dormitory. Syd gave her her candle, and held her little hand two seconds in his as he bid her softly good night at the foot of the staircase.

I did not get much out of him in the balcony that night, and long after I had turned in, I scented his Cavendish as he smoked, Heaven knows how many pipes, in the chilly December air. The next day, the 23rd, was the night of our theatricals, which went off as dashingly as if Mr. Kean, with his eternal "R-r-r-richard," had been there to superintend them.

All the county came: dowagers and beauties, with the odour of Belgravia still strong about them; people not quite so high, who were not the rose, but living near it, toadied that flower with much amusing and undue worship; a detachment of Dragoons from the next town, whom the girls wanted to draw, and the mammas to warn off—Dragoons being ordinarily better waltzers than speculations; all the magnates, *custos rotulorum*, sheriff, members, and magistrates—the two latter portions of the constitution being chiefly remarkable for keenness about hunting and turnips, and an unchristian and deadly enmity against all poachers and vagrants; rectors, who tossed down the still *Ai* with Falstaff's keen relish; other rectors, who came against their principles, but preferred fashion to salvation, having daughters to marry and sons to start; hunting men; girls who could waltz in a nutshell; dandies of St. James's, and veterans of Pall-Mall, down for the Christmas; belles renewing their London acquaintance, and recalling that "pleasant day at Richmond." But, by Jove! if I describe all the different species presented to view in that ball-room, I might use as many words as an old whip giving you the genealogy of a killing pack in a flying county.

Suffice it, there they all were to criticise us, and pretty sharply I dare say they did it, when they were out of our hearing, in their respective clarences, broughams, dog-carts, drags, tilburies, and hansoms. Before our faces, of course, they only clapped their snowy kid gloves, and murmured "Bravissimo!" with an occasional "Go it, Jack!" and "Get up the steam, old fellow!" from young bloods in the background; and a shower of bouquets at Cecil and Blanche from their especial worshippers.

Blanche made the dearest little *Catherine* that ever dressed herself up in blue and silver, and when she drew her toy-rapier in the green-room, asked me if I could not get her a cornetcy in ours. As for Cecil, she played *à ravir* as Cos, in his Milan armour, whispered with some diffculty, as the steel gorget pressed his throat uncomfortably. Vestris herself never made a more brilliant or impassioned *Countess*. She and Syd really acquitted themselves in a style to qualify them for London boards, and as she threw herself at his feet—

Huon—my husband—lord—canst thou forgive
The scornful maid? for the devoted wife
Had cleaved to thee, though ne'er she *owned* thee lord,

I thought The St. Aubyn must be as great an actress as Rachel, if some of that fervour and passion was not real.

Cecil played in the afterpiece, "The Wonderful Woman;" the Colonel didn't; and Cos being *De Frontignac*, Syd leaned against one of the scenes, and looked on the whole thing with calm indifference externally, but much disquietude and annoyance within him. He was not jealous of the puppy; he would as soon have thought of putting himself on a par with Blanche's little white terrier, but he'd come to set a price on Cecil's winning smiles, and to see them given pretty equally to him, and

to a young fool, her inferior in everything save position, whom he knew in her inmost soul she must ridicule and despise, galled his pride, and steeled his heart against her. His experience in women made him know that it was highly probable that Cecil was playing both at once, and that, though, as he guessed, she loved him, she would, if Cos offered first, accept the title, and wealth, and position his cousin, equally with himself, could give her; and such love as that was far from the Colonel's ideal.

"By George! Vivian, that Canadian of yours is a perfect angel," said a man in the Dragoons, who had played *Ulric*. "She's such a deuced lot of pluck, such eyes, such hair, such a voice! 'Pon my life, I quite envy you. I suppose you mean to act out the play in reality, don't you?"

Vivian, lying back in an arm-chair in the green-room, crushed up one of the satin playbills in his hand, and answered simply, "You do me too much honour, Calvert. Miss St. Aubyn and I have no thought of each other."

If any man had given Vivian the lie, he would have had him out and shot him instant; nevertheless, he told this one with the most unhesitating defiance of truth. He did not see Cecil, who had just come off the stage, standing behind him. But she heard his words, went as white as Muriel's phantom, and brushed past us into her dressing-room, whence she emerged, when her name was called, her cheeks bright with their first rouge, and her eyes unnaturally brilliant. *How* she flirted with Horace that night, when the theatricals were over! Young ladies who wanted to hook the pet baronet, whispered over their bouquets, "How bold!" and dowagers, seeing one of their best matrimonial speculations endangered by the brilliant Canadian, murmured behind their fans to each other their wonder that Mrs. Vivian should allow any one so fast and so unblushing a coquette to associate with her young daughters.

Vivian watched her with intense earnestness. He had given her a bouquet that day, and she had thanked him for it with her soft, fond eyes, and told him she should use it. Now, as she came into the ball-room, he looked at the one in her hand; it was not his, but his cousin's.

He set his teeth hard, and swore a bitter oath to himself. As *Huron*, he was obliged to dance the first dance with the *Countess*, but he spoke little to her, and, indeed, Cecil did not give him much opportunity, for she talked fast, and at random, on all sorts of indifferent subjects, with more than even her usual vivacity, and quite unlike the ordinary soft and winning way she had used of late when with him. He danced no more with her, but, during the waltzes with which he was obliged to favour certain county beauties, and all the time he was doing the honours of Deerhurst, with his calm, stately, Bayard-like courtesy, his eyes would fasten on The St. Aubyn, driving the Dragoons to desperation, waltzing while Horace whispered tender speeches in her ear, or sitting jesting and laughing, half the men in the room gathered round her—with a look of passion and hopelessness, tenderness and determination, strangely combined.

IV.

THE COLONEL KILLS HIS FOX, BUT LOSES HIS HEAD AFTER OTHER GAME.

THE next day was Christmas-eve; and on the 24th of December the hounds, from time immemorial, had been taken out by a Vivian. For the last few days the frost had been gradually breaking up, thank Heaven, and we looked forward to a good day's sport. The meet was at Deerhurst, and it proved a strong muster, for the Harkaway, though not exactly up to the Northamptonshire or Leicestershire mark, are a clever, steady pack. Cecil and Blanche were the only two women with us, for the country is cramped and covered with blind fences, and the fair sex seldom hunt with the Harkaway. But The St. Aubyn is a first-rate seat, and Blanche has, she tells me, ridden anything from the day she first stuck on to her Shetland, when she was three years old. They were both down in time. Indeed, I question if they went to bed at all, or did any more than change their ball dresses for their habits. As I lifted Blanche on to her pet chesnut, I heard Syd telling Cecil that Billiard-ball was saddled.

"Thank you," said The St. Aubyn, hurriedly. "I need not trouble you. Sir Horace has promised to mount me."

Vivian bent his head with a strange smile, and sprang on Qui Vive, while Cecil mounted a showy roan, thorough-bred, the only good horse Cos had in his stud, despite the thousands he had paid into trainers' and breeders' pockets.

"Stole away—forward, forward!" screamed Vivian's fellow-member for Cacklebury; and, holding Qui Vive hard by the head, away went Syd after the couple or two of hounds that were leading the way over some pasture land, with an ox-rail at the bottom of it, all the field after him. Cecil's roan flew over the grass land, and rose at the ox-rail as steadily as Qui Vive. Blanche's chesnut let himself be kicked along at no end of a pace, his mistress sitting down in her stirrups as well as the gallant M.F.H., her father. I never *do* think of anything but the hounds flying along in front of me, but I could not help turning my head over my shoulder to see if she was all right; and I never admired her so much as when she passed me with a merry laugh: "Five to one I beat you, monsieur!" Away we went over the dark ploughed lands, and the naked thorn hedges, the wide straggling briar fences, and the fields covered with stones and belted with black-looking plantations. Down went Cos with his horse wallowing helplessly in a ditch, after considerably throwing him unhurt on the bank. Syd set his teeth as he lifted Qui Vive over the prostrate baronet, to the imminent danger of that dandy field-sportsman's life. "Take hold of his head, Miss St. Aubyn," shouted the M.F.H.; but before the words had passed his lips, Cecil had landed gallantly a little further down. Another ten minutes with the hounds streaming over the country—a ten minutes of wild delight, worth all the monotonous hours of every-day life—and Qui Vive was alone with the hounds. We could see him speeding along a quarter of a mile a head of us, and Cecil's roan was but half a field behind him. She was "riding jealous" of one of the best riders in the

Queen's ; the M.F.H. just in front of her, turned his head once, in admiration of her pluck, to see her lift her horse at a staken-bound fence ; but the Colonel never looked round. Away they went—they disappeared over the brow of a hill. Blanche shook her reins and struck her chestnut, and I sawed my hunter's mouth mercilessly with the snaffle. No use—we were too late by three minutes. Confound it ! they had just killed their fox after twenty minutes' burst over a stiff country, one of the fastest things I ever saw.

Cecil was pale with over-excitement, and upon my word she looked more ready to cry than anything when the M.F.H. complimented her with his genial smile and his cordial "Well done, my dear. I never saw anybody ride better. I used to think my little Blanche the best seat in the country, but she must give place to you—eh, Syd ?"

"Miss St. Aubyn does everything well that she attempts," answered the Colonel, in his calm, courteous tone, looking, nevertheless, as stern as he had just slain his deadliest enemy, instead of having seen a fox killed.

Cecil flushed scarlet, and Cos coming up at that moment, a sadly bespattered object for such an Adonis to present, his coat possessing more the appearance of a bricklayer's than any one else's, after its bath of white mud, she turned to him, and began to laugh and talk with rather wild gaiety. It so chanced that the fox was killed on Horace's land, and we, being not more than a mile and a half off his house, The gallant Cos immediately seized upon the idea of having the object of his idolatry up there to luncheon ; and his uncle, and Cecil, and Blanche acquiescing in the arrangement, to his house we went, with such of the field as had ridden up after the finish. Cos trotted forward with The St. Aubyn to show us the way by a short cut through the park, and the echoes of Cecil's laughter rang to Vivian in the rear discussing the run with his father.

A very slap-up place was Cos's baronial hall, for the Cosettings had combined blood and money for many generations ; its style and appointments were calculated to back him powerfully in the matrimonial market, and that Cecil might have it all was fully apparent, as he devoted himself to her at the luncheon, which made its appearance at a minute's notice, as if Aladdin had called it up. Cecil seemed disposed to have it too. A deep flush had come up in her cheeks ; she smiled her brightest smiles on Cos ; she drank his Moët's, bending her graceful head with a laughing pledge to her host ; she talked so fast, so gaily, such repartee, such sarcasms, such jeux de mots, that it was well no women were at table to sit in judgment on her afterwards. A deadly paleness came over Vivian's face as he listened to her—but he sat at the bottom of the board where Cecil could not see him. His father, the gayest and best-tempered of mortals, laughed and applauded her ; the other men were charmed with a style and a wit so new to them ; and Cos, of course, was in the seventh heaven.

The horses were dead beat, and Cos's drag, with its four bays very fresh, for they were so little worked, was ordered to take us back to Deerhurst.

"Who'll drive," said Horace. "Will you, Syd ?"

"No," said his cousin, more laconically than politely.

"Let me," cried Cecil. "I can drive four in hand. Nothing I like better."

"Give me the ribbons," interposed the Colonel, changing his mind, "if you can't drive them yourself, Cos, as you ought to do."

"No, no," murmured Cos. "Mith St. Aubyn shall do everything she wishes in my house."

"Let her drive them," laughed Vivian, senior. "Blanche has tooled my drag often enough before now."

Before he had finished, Cecil had sprung up on to the box as lightly as a bird; her cheeks were flushed deeper still, and her gazelle eyes flashed darker than ever. Cos mounted beside her. Blanche and I in the back seat. The M.F.H., Syd, and the two other men behind. The bays shook their harness and started off at a rattling pace, Cecil tooling them down the avenue with her little gauntleted hands as well as if she had been Four-in-hand Forester of the Queen's Bays, or any other crack whip. How she flirted, and jested, and laughed, and shook the ribbons till the bays tore along the stony road in the dusky winter's afternoon—even Blanche, though a game little lady herself, looked anxious.

Cecil asked Horace for a cigar, and struck a fusee, and puffed away into the frosty air like the wildest young Cantab at Trinity. It didn't make her sick, for she and Blanche had had two Queens out of Vivian's case, and smoked them to the last ash for fun only the day before; and she drove us at a mad gallop into Deerhurst Park, past the dark trees and the gleaming water and the trooping deer, and pulled up before the hall door just as the moon came out on Christmas-eve.

We were all rather fast at Deerhurst, so Blanche got no scolding from her mamma (who, like a sensible woman, never put into their heads that things done in the glad innocency of the heart were "wrong"); and Cecil, as soon as she had sprung down, snatched her hand from Cos, and went up to her own room.

The Colonel's lips were pressed close together, and his forehead had the dark frown that Guy wears in his portrait.

It had been done with another, so it was all wrong; but oh! Syd, my friend, if the "dry" that was drunk, and the drag that was tooled, and the weed that was smoked, had been *yours*, wouldn't it have been the most charming caprice of the most charming woman!

That night, at dinner, a letter by the afternoon's post came to the Colonel. It was "On her Majesty's Service," and his mother asked him anxiously what it was.

"Only to tell me to join soon," said he, carelessly, giving me a sign to keep the contents of a similar letter I had just received to myself; which I should have done anyhow, as I had reason to hope that the disclosure of them would have quenched the light in some bright eyes beside me.

"Ordered off at last, thank God!" said Syd, handing his father the letter as soon as the ladies were gone. "There's a train starts at 12.40, isn't there, for town? You and I, Ned, had better go to-night. You don't look so charmed, old fellow, as you did when you went out to Scinde. I say, don't tell my sisters; there is no need to make a row in the house. Governor, you'll prepare my mother; I must bid her good-by."

I *did not* view the Crimea with the unmingled, devil-me-care delight with which I had gone out under "fighting Napier" nine years before, for Blanche's sunshiny face had made life fairer to me; and to obey Syd, and go without a farewell of her, was really too great a sacrifice to friendship. But he and I went to the drawing-rooms, chatted, and took coffee as if nothing had chanced, till he could no longer stand seeing Cecil, still excited, singing chansons to Cos, who was leaning enraptured over the instrument, and he went off to his own room. The other girls and men were busy playing the Race game; Blanche and I were sitting in the back drawing-room beside the fire, and the words that decided my destiny were so few, that I cite them as a useful lesson to those novelists who are in the habit of making their heroes, while waiting breathless to hear their fate, recite off at a cool canter four pages of the neatest-turned sentences without a single break-down or a single pull-up, to see how the lady takes it.

"Blanche, I must bid you good-by to-night." Blanche turned to me in bewildered anxiety. "I must join my troop: perhaps I may be sent to the Crimea. I could go happily if I thought you would regret me?"

Brutally selfish that was to be sure, but she did not take it so. She looked as if she was going to faint, and for fear she should, trusting to the engrossing nature of the Race game in the further apartment, I drew nearer to her. "Will you promise to give yourself to nobody else while I am away, my darling?" Blanche's eyes did promise me through their tears, and this brief scene, occupying the space of two minutes, twisted our fates into one on that eventful Christmas-eve.

While I was parting with my poor little Blanche in the library, Vivian was bidding his mother farewell in her dressing-room. His mother had the one soft place in his heart, steeled and made sceptical to all others by that fatal first love of which he had spoken to Cecil. Possibly some of her son's bitter grief was shown to her on that sad Christmas-eve; at all events, when he left her dressing-room, he had the tired, haggard look left by any conflict of passion. As he came down the stairs to come to the dog-cart that was to take us to the station, the door of Blanche's boudoir stood open, and in it he saw Cecil. The fierce tide of his love surged up, subduing all his pride, and he paused to take his last sight of the face that would haunt him in the long night watches and the rapid rush of many a charge. She looked up, and saw him: that look overpowered all his calmness and resolve. He turned, and bent towards her, every feature quivering with the passion she had once longed to rouse. His hot breath scorched her cheek, and he caught her fiercely against his heart in an iron embrace, pressing his burning lips on hers. "God forgive you! I have loved you too well. Women have ever been fatal to my race!"

He almost threw her from him in the violence of feelings roused after a long sleep. In another moment he was driving the dog-cart at a mad gallop past the old church in which we had spent such pleasant hours. Its clock tolled out twelve strokes as we passed it, and on the quiet village, and the weird-like trees, and the tall turrets of Deerhurst, the Christmas morning dawned.

V.

THE GHOST-STORY OF CHRISTMAS-EVE ACTED OUT—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

To the Crimea we went, and in the Crimea we spent the year 1854, as scores of men spent it who are now playing whist in the U.S., or clanking their spurs to the "Express," or sickening among the Cape malaria, or toiling through the Bengal jungles, or (too many for the cause that sent them there) lying dead under the sods by the Euxine Sea, with the plough of the Muscovite turning the earth over their whitening bones.

To the Crimea we went, to be Bono Johnnie'd by those exasperating Turks in the bazaars at Constantinople, and fleeced, and delayed, and worried at Gallipoli, and to land at last in the Crimea thirsting for a sight of the enemy, and longing to have a set-to with worthier foes than cholera and insects, sharpers, Orientals, and commissaries. No wine ever made our veins glow as warmly as the human blood that purpled the vineyards on the banks of the Alma. Ah! if we had pushed on that day we might have done better things, and the imperial parvenu would not have had a Duc de "Malakoff" to amuse that poor, sick, wayward child, his Paris public. However, though it might not be great in its fruits, for individual pluck the Crimea cannot be beat. I will give you the best hunter out of my stables, sir, if you can prove to me that any one of those much vaunted old Greeks ever went off the scene grander than Strangways did, or if Epaminondas at Mantinea was one whit more heroic than gallant Tom Trowbridge—God bless him!—resting his feet on the gun-carriage.

The White Favours flaunted as gaily in the Crimea as they had done at Edgehill, and for the first time since he had left Chatham the stern gloom on their Colonel's face gave place to pleasurable excitement. Cecil was forgotten in that wild work. There is no room for depression, or regrets, or thoughts of a fair face, when the air is heavy with powder, and the sky dark with smoke, and grim visages meet us at every turn. If we *do* think of the one best loved, it only nerves our arm and fires our blood.

Vivian woke up to his old energy at the notes of the long-roll, and led the White Favours down on to the Russian bayonets with more reckless delight than the lightest-hearted cornet galloping after him. But when there was no such incentive, and he sat smoking and looking on the gleaming Golden Horn, or in his tent at night, before Sebastopol, when we were laughing and talking over mouldy rations, I saw there was a dark spirit upon him that I knew not how to exorcise.

Cecil's name had never passed his lips since we left England; and when the men who knew her, of which there were plenty in all arms, toasted The St. Aubyn among the other beauties left behind, Syd, with all his self-control, winced at the name as if some one was touching a broken limb.

The only allusion he ever made to himself was when a young cousin of his, a boy of four-and-twenty, was brought in, shot through the chest in the Valley of Death.

"Poor little Johnnie!" said Syd, taking his pipe from his lips, and bending over the dead body. "Life was bright enough to *him*. The bullets never come to those who'd welcome them."

That was the 24th of October. . The next morning, ours and Vivian's White Favours rode side by side down the valley on to the guns at Balacava, among the Six Hundred that went into the jaws of hell, according to Mr. Tennyson, who, I suppose, knows all about those regions to make the statement so decidedly. Perhaps we may be going to the devil, but at all events we might as well have the benefit of the doubt; and if the moderns, like the ancients, thought pluck the best title to Paradise, I protest we should have as much right to sup off nectar as any Achilles or Patroclus.

At Balacava dear old Syd got knocked over. A ball hit him in the left side, and tumbled him off his horse almost at the same time with poor Louis Nolan. It was a dangerous wound, and he was shipped off to Scatari. Luckily he was too *hors de combat* to have a voice in the matter, for if he had been consulted, he would have stopped in the Crimea till he dropped. He lay there, unable to move, for some weeks; and after Inkerman, that worst foe, that we cannot see and cannot stand up against, the cholera, chained me on a bed in the sick wards too.

One night, when I was able to crawl about, and I was going back to before Sebastopol, Vivian beckoned me to him. He was very bad that night, and I think the doctors thought sadly of him.

"I say, Thoro-ton," he whispered, with an effort, "I don't fancy I shall ever see England again. But you will, and tell 'em at home not to regret it, for I don't. Let my mother have all my papers, and let her know I thought of her the last thing——"

He stopped, and his eyes closed. After a while he went on again, with a flush on his hollow cheek :

"You may see *her* too. She played with me cruelly; but she might not mean it, it might be only a girl's carelessness and high spirits. God forbid I should judge her harshly. I cannot believe she would throw herself away on that fool, though I know money and titles will buy most women easily. Wherever she is, Ned, see her, will you, and if she think of me at all, tell her that she has my love and my forgiveness. She will make many care for her as she has made me; ask her from me to spare them, and to remember that a man's whole life is not a little thing to shipwreck for the caprice of the moment, or the sake of an hour's triumph. That is all, Ned. You'll be kind to little Blanche, I know. Good night. I'll try and sleep now."

As I sat beside him, I thought to myself that women often hold far too cheap the peace of a man who loves them. I have seen gentle, soft-voiced women, who wouldn't crush a spider, take delight in teasing and wounding a kind, brave heart, that they prized, too, in their own poor way, in watching its writhings under their touch, and in goading it on to jealousy or doubts, to which the fabled tortures of hell were child's play. They do not take into account all that goes to make up their evening's triumph, all that it costs to give them this amusement; and yet, in their own way—a strange way it seems to me—they will tell you that they "love him very much." Heaven keep me from such love, say I. A woman who would play with you, keep you in suspense, or pretend she did not care for you, whether out of prudery or coquetry, let her go, *mon ami*, you will be much better off without her. One who will tantalise you before marriage, will forsake you after it, take my word.

Vivian continued so utterly enfeebled and prostrate that there was but one chance for him—return homewards. I was going to England with despatches, and Syd, at his mother's entreaty, let himself be carried down to a transport, and shipped for England. He was utterly listless and strengthless, although the voyage did him a little good. He did not care where he went, so he stayed in town with me while I presented myself at the Horse Guards and War Office, and then we travelled down together to Deerhurst.

Oddly enough it was Christmas-eve again when we drove up the old avenue. The snow was falling heavily, and lay deep on the road and thick on the hedges and trees. The meadows and woods were white against the dark, hushed sky, and the old church, and its churchyard cedars, were loaded too with the clouds' Christmas gift. To me, at least, the English scene was very pleasant, after the heat, and dirt, and minor worries of Gallipoli and Constantinople. The wide stretching country, with its pollards, and holly hedges, and homesteads, the cattle safe housed, the yule fire burning cheerily on the hearths, the cottages and farms nestling down among their orchards and pasture-lands—all was so heartily and thoroughly English. They seemed to bring back days when I was a boy skating and sliding on the mere at home, or riding out with the harriers light-hearted and devil-me-care as a boy might be, coming back to hear the poor governor's cheery voice tell me I was one of the old stock, and to toss down a bumper of Rhenish with a time-honoured Christmas toast. The crackle of the crisp snow, the snort of the horses as they plunged on into the darkening night, and the red fire-light flickering on the lattice windows of the cottages we passed, were so many welcomes home, and I double-thonged the off-wheeler with a vengeance as I thought of soft lips that would soon touch mine, and a soft voice that would soon whisper my best "Io triumphe!"

The lodge-gates flew open. We passed the old oaks and beeches, the deer trooping away over the snow as we startled them out of their rest. We were not expected that night, and my man rang such a peal at the bell as might have been heard all over the quiet park. Another minute, and Blanche and I were together again, and alone in the library where we had parted just twelve months before. Of course, for the time being, we neither knew nor cared what was going on in the other rooms of the house. The Colonel had gone to rest himself on the sofa in the dining-room. Half an hour had elapsed, perhaps, when a wild cry rang through the house, startling even us, absorbed though we were in our tête-à-tête. Blanche's first thought was of her brother. She ran out through the hall, and up the staircase, and I followed her. At the top of the stairs, leaning against the wall, breathing fast, and his face ashy white, stood Syd, and at his feet, in a dead faint, lay Cecil St. Aubyn. I caught hold of Blanche's arm and held her back as she was about to spring forward. I thought their meeting had much best be uninterrupted; for, if Cecil's had been mere flirtation, I fancied the Colonel's return could scarcely have moved her like this.

Vivian stood looking down on her, all the passion in him breaking bounds. He could not stand calmly by the woman he loved. He did not wait to know whether she was his or another's—whether she was worthy or unworthy of him—but he lifted her up and pressed her un-

conscious form against his heart, covering her lips with wild caresses. Waking from her trance, she opened her eyes with a terrified stare, and gazed up in his face; then tears came to her relief, and she sank down at his feet again with a pitiful cry, "Forgive me—forgive me!" Weak as Syd was, he found strength to raise her in his arms, and whisper, as he bent over her, "If you love me, I have nothing to forgive."

* * * * *

The snow fell softly without over the woods and fields, and the winds roared through the old oaks and whistled among the frozen ferns, but Christmas-eve passed brightly enough to us at home within the strong walls of Deerhurst. I am sure that all Moore's pictures of Paradise seemed to me tame compared to that drawing-room, with its warmth, and coziness, and luxuries; with the waxlights shining on the silver of the English tea equipage (pleasant to eye and taste, let one love campaigning ever so well, after the roast beans of the Commissariat), and the fire-gleams dancing on the soft brow and shining hair of the face beside me. I doubt if Vivian either ever spent a happier Christmas-eve as he lay on the sofa in the back drawing-room, with Cecil sitting on a low seat by him, her hand in his, and the Canadian eyes telling him eloquently of love and reconciliation. They had such volumes to say! As soon as she knew that wild farewell of his preceded his departure to the Crimea, Cecil, always impulsive, had written to him on the instant, telling him how she loved him, detailing what she had heard in the green-room, confessing that, in desperation, she had done everything she could to rouse his jealousy, assuring him that that same evening she had refused Cos's proposals, and beseeching him to forgive her and come back to her. That letter Vivian had never had (six months from that time, by the way, it turned up, after a journey to India and Melbourne, following a cousin of his, colonel of a line regiment, she in her haste having omitted to put his troop on the address), and Cecil, whose feeling was too deep to let her mention the subject to Blanche or Helena, made up her mind that he would never forgive her, and being an impressionable young lady, had, on the anniversary of Christmas-eve, been comparing her fate with that of Muriel in the ghost legend, and, on seeing the Colonel's unexpected apparition, had fainted straight away in the over-excitement and sudden joy of the moment.

Such was Cecil's story, and Vivian was content with it, and gladly took occasion to practise the Christmas duties of peace, and love, and pardon. He had the best anodyne for his wounds now, and there was no danger for him, since Cecil had taken the place of the Scutari nurses. No "Crimean heroes," as they call us in the papers, were ever more fêted and petted than were the Colonel and I.

Christmas morning dawned, the sun shining bright on the snow-covered trees, and the Christmas bells chiming merrily; and as we stood on the terrace to see the whole village trooping up through the avenue to receive the gifts left to them by some old Vivian long gone to his rest with his forefathers under the churchyard cedars, Syd looked down with a smile into Cecil's eyes as she hung on his arm, and whispered,

"I will double those alms, love, in memory of the priceless gift this Christmas has given me. Ah! Thoroton and I little knew, when we came down for the hunting, how fast you and Blanche would capture us with your—HOLLY WREATHS AND ROSE CHAINS."

THE EPILOGUE TO 1859.

THE present month heralds the close of an eventful year, the chief incidents of which we propose to pass in rapid review.

Politically, 1859 has been the most important year since that in which the last French revolution was consummated. Compared with the war in Italy, the Crimean war, though waged against a power so gigantic as Russia, was a mere episode in European politics, for at the close of the latter the *status quo* was absolutely maintained; but the brief and brilliant campaign which, within two short months, wrested Lombardy from Austria, is pregnant with the elements of enduring evil. The hasty Peace of Villafranca and the protracted Conference of Zurich have left the vital question of Italy's welfare untouched, and it remains to be seen how far a general Congress can reconcile the antagonistic principles which are left at issue. The treaty and the conference alike declared for the restitution of the Grand-Dukes, while the word of the Emperor of the French has been repeatedly given that such restitution shall not be effected by force; and concurrently with these opposing declarations the people, whose interests are at stake, have manifested, by every act of which they were capable, short of an appeal to arms, their firm and unmistakable resolve to have no rulers but of their own choosing. Will an Italian Confederation satisfy them? We think not. But this is the serious problem which remains to be solved.

In the mean time, one great fact has been established by the late war—the consolidation of the power of the Emperor of the French, and the extension of his influence to a degree which, in modern times, has no precedent—for what the First Napoleon won by the sword he only held by the sword, and not, like his nephew, by the force of opinion. Whether this increased power and influence be dangerous to ourselves or not, events must determine. Though we have constantly counselled watchfulness, we are no alarmists, and we think that, however willing to strike a blow at this country, the Emperor of the French is too sagacious to seek a quarrel with England now that she has awoke from her dream of security and is actively preparing for defence.

Passing to the other hemisphere, events of importance to England have also occurred. In China we have a disaster to avenge, at the expense, it may be, of our commercial relations with that empire; and in the North Pacific we have a territorial dispute to settle with our American cousins. India, too, has yielded its quota of interest, but, in this instance, the subject is one for congratulation: the last embers of revolt have been trodden out, and with renewed tranquillity and wise legislation the prospect once more brightens: how much of the future prosperity of India depends upon Mr. James Wilson is a question we do not pretend to answer. The mention of that all-capable gentleman's name brings us naturally to home affairs. A false pretence turned out the Derby ministry, last June, by an equally false majority, the determining votes in the House of Commons having been shams, the result of the election petitions unseating more "Liberal" members than voted in excess beyond the Conservative minority. It has always appeared to us a most anoma-

lous thing that members who are petitioned against should be allowed to exercise the privilege of voting until their right to do so has been placed beyond a doubt. In the present instance, the pseudo-majority of June has given us the most "promising" ministry that England has ever been hampered with. There is nothing they have not vowed to perform, but, except in carrying out such features of Lord Derby's policy as they were compelled, silently, to adopt, they have hitherto done nothing but promise. How the Reform Bill, shorn of the ballot, will please their radical friends, is a very nice point indeed: yet this is their *cheval de bataille*.

From politics we turn to literature. The year 1859 has produced a few good books, and, as a matter of course, a great many bad ones. We do not care to classify the latter, but in the list of the former we cannot avoid particularising—as a work of which the time may be proud—the admirable "Residence in Ceylon," by Sir James Emerson Tennent. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton may also be congratulated on having produced, in "What will he do with it?" his very best romance—a bold thing to say of one who has written so much and so well. The "Two Cities" of Mr. Dickens cannot, either, be looked upon in any other light than as adding to his well-earned reputation. The author of "Adam Bede," whether man or woman, had gained no mean fame by his "Scenes from Clerical Life;" but since the production of the first-named work he may take his place amongst the leading novelists of the day. For twenty-four months Mr. Thackeray has entertained both town and country with "The Virginians." His task completed, we may point to the Castlewood family and its *entourage*, amongst whom the Baroness and the Chaplain are conspicuous, as adding to his former creations characters as life-like and original as are to be found in any of the pages of modern fiction. His novel is a picture with many figures in it, and they are all so brilliant and animated that we need not much care if the frame in which they are set be not greatly to our liking. Mr. T. A. Trollope's "Tuscany in 1859" has given the public the most trustworthy information about a state on which, at the present moment, all eyes are anxiously turned; and in Mr. Anthony Trollope's "West Indies," humour and quick observation have gone hand in hand.

Of Art we had purposed to speak, but our space is too limited: reference to the subject causes us to mention, with deep regret, the loss that Art has sustained in the person of Mr. Frank Stone, who died on the 18th ult.

In periodical literature we may cite, as a decided success, *Bentley's Quarterly Review*; and for ourselves——But we had rather others should speak for us than be compelled to sound our own praise. Therefore we take from the *Globe*—a newspaper somewhat chary of kind words where we are concerned—the following passage, which appeared in the critical notices of November:

"*Bentley's Miscellany* is generally one of the most attractive magazines of the month. The stories are abundant and usually good, the more serious articles at the same time thoughtful and far from heavy."

That our exertions have deserved this eulogy we honestly believe; that, in the time to come, we shall deserve it still more, we confidently anticipate.

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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

