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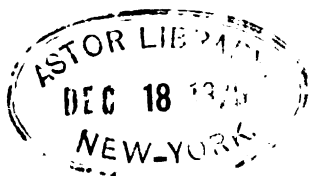
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BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

430

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Aspen Court, and who lost and who won it. A Tale of our Own Time. By Shirley Brooks,	1, 119, 229, 348, 457
Loitering among the Bavarian and Tyrolean Lakes, in the Years 1851 and 1852,	17
Chloroform,	33
The Duchess of Orleans,	43
Adventures of a First Season,—Coming to Town,—Lovers,	50
The Crisis of My Existence. By an Old Bachelor,	58
Reminiscences of Henley Regatta. By an Oxford-Man,	65
Turkey, its Hopes and Perils,	70
The Last Years of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. By F. A. Mignet, 89, 182, 254	89, 182, 254
A Journey from Westminster Abbey to St. Peter's,	96, 174, 304, 388, 506
Life of an Architect,—London again,—I become professionally engaged, —My Sojourn at Bath,—Mr. Soane,	107, 402, 541
Contemporary Literature,	115
<small>Memorials of Indian Government: being a selection from the Papers of Henry St. George Tucker, late Director of the East India Company.—Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr. Henry Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich—Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa.—Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies.</small>	
Dining-out for the Papers. By W. H. Russell,	148
Camps and Bivouacs, at Home and Abroad. By Mrs. Ward,	151
Sonnet. By Cuthbert Bede,	156
India and its Administration,	157
A Railway Incident. By One of the Old School,	165
Russia, its Court and Cabinet,	193
Charade,—Wine and Water,—Pleasant Days,—À qui la Faute? By M. A. B.,	207, 342, 540, 653
The Peace of Europe and the Balance of Power,	208
Lord Chesterfield,	222
Intermittent Rhapsodies on the Quashee Question. By Jerman Jumbell, the Unintelligible Philosopher,	225
Luther in China,	245
The Weird Man,	261, 375
The Dead Sea and the Bible Lands,	273
Chaka—King of the Zulus. By Angus B. Reach,	292
Practical Jokes.—Ben Backstay. By Mrs. Moodie,	299, 410
Notes on Foreign Literature,	312
The Crisis in the Affairs of the Lord of Misrule	324
The Rooks, the Raven, and the Scarecrow. A Fable,	328
A Gossip about Laurels and Laureates,	330
A 'Juicy Day' in Kensington Gardens. By Alfred W. Cole,	339
Reviews:—Facts and Faces,—Van Owen's Decline of Life,	341
Camps and Manceuvres,	359
A Gossip about New Books,	367
Journals, and Journal-keepers,	397
Slavery in New England. By Miss Sedgewick,	417
Miss Barbara Bliss and her Miseries,	425
Original Anecdotes, Social and Political, collected during the last Half Century. By a distinguished French Authoress,	432

	PAGE
A History of Tennis. By Edward Jesse,	443
London Homes,	452
Reviews,	455
"There and Back again in search of Beauty."—"Raymond de Monthault, the Lord Marcher. A Legend of the Welsh Borders."	
An Incident of Australian Life—a Tale of Twenty Years ago. By G. C. Mundy, Author of "Our Antipodes,"	489, 607
Mount Lebanon,	519
Random Recollections of Campaigns under the Duke of Wellington,	525, 665
The Box Tunnel. By the Author of "Christie Johnstone,"	549
Art: a Dramatic Tale,	633
To the Cypress,	554
Campaigns of Turkey on the Danube,	555, 575
My Monkey Jacko,	565
St. Peter's to St. Januarius'	584
Marguerite Devereux; a True Story,	621
The Darien Ship Canal,	654
A Tyrolese Legend,	602
Letters from Spain to his Nephews at Home. By Arthur Kenyon,	605
Lord Byron at Venice. By H. T. Tuckermann,	676

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Day Out	1
Portrait of the Earl of Chesterfield	222
An Incantation Scene	229
A Friend in Need	343





The Day out.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

ASPEN COURT, AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,
AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PERILS OF THE DEEP.

It is due to our friend, Mr. Paul Chequerbent, to say that when he sat down to the banquet which he gave to himself and Miss Livingstone, in honour of his triumphant acquittal at the bar of justice, he fully intended to depart into the country on the following day. But a dinner, even such a one as can be procured in London, too frequently changes a man's course, and converts intentions, which might become the basis of very meritorious actions, into a portion of the pavement whereof the Spanish proverb tells us, and which, if such proverb represent fairly what is going on elsewhere, must be in as constant a state of disarrangement as the pavement in our own metropolis. Mr. Chequerbent, yielding to the spirit of the convivial board, at which all man's best feelings possess him, expressed his conviction that the kind attention Miss Livingstone had shown him, at a period when such service was most valuable, deserved some other recognition than a mere dinner, and that a very poor one, and he justly remarked that so few people behaved properly in this world that virtue ought not to go unrewarded. He therefore demanded what Angela would like as a memorial of the day which, if justice were done, would go down to posterity with that of the acquittal of the Seven Bishops.

"Seven bishops! whatever were they tried for?" asked Angela, whose reading on such matters was restricted to the memoirs of the Scotch gentleman with roses tull his shoon, Jack the painter, Suil Dhuv the coiner, and such other historical personages, whose cases have been reheard at the foot-lights, and reproduced in penny *feuilletons*, with a coloured frontispiece.

"They were obstinate parties," said Paul, "who always voted against King Charles having any money for his ships, so one day he came down to the House of Commons and seized them, saying, 'Take away those baubles.' The ladies in the ventilator called out that the king ought to have had too much sense to be there, on-

which Oliver Cromwell held the Speaker down in his chair, and told the soldiers to fire at the ladies."

"Good business," said Angela, whose theatrical eye saw a tableau at once; "of course the manly soldiers refuse to fire upon helpless women, but let fly at the bishops, who fall on the ground in white dresses left, ladies shrieking in gallery opposite prompt, red coats of soldiers right upper entrance, king with crown and robes in centre. Suddenly the parliament bursts into flames, and curtain down on red fire. I wonder if old Muzzy, who does our first pieces, ever read of it. Write down for me where the story is to be found."

This little parliamentary episode being arranged, Paul reiterated his demand to know what Angela would like.

"O, never mind anything now, Paul, dear," said Miss Livingstone, "the weather will be finer soon, and then you must get me up, regardless of expense, to go to Hampton Court and no end of places, but my bonnet looks very well at present, and so does the blue plaid, especially since I have altered the sleeves, and quite fit to go out in."

"Then I'll tell you what," said Paul, "one day more will not make much difference in my going away, and we'll have an out-to-morrow."

"But you are sure you wont get into any trouble by it," said Angela, "because that's all nonsense, you know, for the sake of a holiday. I am sure I often look at the bright sky of an evening, about six, and think how nice it would be to go and walk quietly in the fresh air, instead of turning out of the sunlight into a den where one must spend seven or eight hours in the heat, and dust, and smell, and gaslight, exerting and exciting myself till I am ready to drop; but I never was forfeited, for all that."

"I should be forfeited about twenty times a week," said Mr. Chequerbent, "and I only wonder why you professionals are so loyal, knowing how particularly quickly managers pitch you to the deuce, if they can get hold of anything likely to be more profitable."

"Some do, some don't," said the little actress: "at the Frippery, where I sprained my ankle, they were very kind, and sent me wine and jelly, and a railway ticket, when I got better, for me to go to my aunt's at Sevenoaks."

"They could afford to do that," said the sceptical Paul, "never paying any salaries to anybody who is well."

"Ah, some people are paid there," said Angela, "though, of course, for appearance sake, they are bound to declare they never get a shilling. Fancy Placket, for instance, as selfish an old card as lives, stopping there all this time without his money. It's only the poor things who can't help themselves that are not paid."

"I can tell you something about that," said Paul, "but now look here—where shall we go to-morrow?"

"All places suit this child," said Angela, smiling, "provided she is taken the greatest care of, and everything of the best is provided for her."



"It has been very hot to-day," said Mr. Chequerbent. "If it is like this to-morrow we'll go on the water."

"I am agreeable," said the young lady. "But now, will you mind doing me a favour?"

"Will you do me the favour of naming it?" said our Paul, politely.

"Perhaps it will bore you, but never mind for once. I want you to let Mrs. Bong go with us. She's a good old soul, and behaved very well to me when I was out of an engagement, and hardly knew which way to turn. It would be such a treat to her. Do you mind very much?"

"I don't mind at all," said Paul, who was good-nature itself; "but she will look such a thundering Guy—won't she?"

"Not at all," said Angela; "she looks very respectable in private life, and sometimes smartens herself up prodigiously, if she happens to have an extra shilling, poor old thing. Once, you know, she was a very fine woman indeed."

"I don't know it," said Paul; "but my father may have heard his grandfather say so."

"Nonsense, now, Paul. When she was Miss Stalkington she was greatly admired by the Duke of Cumberland."

"I know," said Paul, "but he broke off with her before he fought the battle of Culloden in seventeen hundred and forty something, about a hundred and ten years ago. It was very cruel of him—but that was his nature,—and she has never heard from him since. However, she shall go with us, if it's only to comfort her. Where does she live?"

"Over the water," said Angela. "I will send her a note to-night, and we will fetch her in the morning. Shall I meet you on the bridge?"

"On Hungerford Bridge, at eleven, Miss Livingstone," said Paul; "and be good enough to remember the right one, as I knew an engaged couple who made a similar appointment, and one of them mistook the bridge, so they walked up and down in parallel lines, for six hours, one on Hungerford, the other on Waterloo, actually within sight of one another, if they had thought of looking, and then rushed home and indited furious farewells for ever. So think, if you please, of being hungry, and of fording a river without your shoes and stockings, which no young person could better afford to do than you."

"How shockingly rude you are!" said Miss Livingstone, with a little imitation of prudery. "And now put me into a cab and send me away to my work. No, I will not have any coffee, but I will have some maraschino before I go."

How Paul passed that night matters not. He had his own reasons for keeping away from that part of town where he was likely to encounter acquaintances, and there is some reason to think that he beguiled the hours by visiting a series of very ungentle entertainments of a musical and dramatic nature, the prices of admission to which varied from twopence to sixpence, and at most of which he followed the customs of the place by taking a great deal

of miscellaneous refreshment. At length, which may mean towards two o'clock, he judged it time to go to-bed, a feat which he performed at a quaint old inn looking upon Smithfield, and much patronized by farmers and other non-fastidious persons, whose business is transacted upon the death-place of Wallace and Wat Tyler. In the morning, after an economical breakfast in a room much like a vault, into which huge men in rough coats were perpetually tramping, and demanding Muster Boggles, Muster Whawp'n, and other friends, and drinking stimulants, on the chance of those gentlemen coming in (which they never did), Paul, feeling a good deal soddened, and not over-delighted with himself, made his way westward. It was a lovely morning, but the sun shone rather more brightly than seemed to Paul in good taste—a fault which people who spend the over-night as he had done, are apt, I am told, to find with weather which makes the virtuous quite radiant. Little Angela was very punctual, and they set off into the wilds of Surrey in quest of Mrs. Bong.

In a tiny, ill-built cottage, in the middle of a large, dreary nursery-garden, Mrs. Bong resided. As they entered the gate, which was an enormous distance from the house, a tremendous voice came down upon the wind, and bore a greeting which might have been heard through a storm. Angela's pleasant little organ was exerted in return, but was utterly inaudible by her friend until the space between them had been diminished by a good half, when, by dint of extreme straining, Angy contrived to say—

"Sorry you've got such a bad cold. You can only whisper."

"Come along, you saucy thing," roared Mrs. Bong, with a kindly smile, strangely at variance with that portentous voice. And as they approached, Paul could quite make out that she must have been, as Angela had said, an exceedingly fine woman in her time. The commanding figure was not entirely unpreserved, and the face, worn as it had been by a hundred troubles and a thousand coats of bad rouge, retained a pleasant expression. The eyes were still bright, and there was a sort of melancholy animation which seemed to say that the poor woman was heartily tired of life's drama, but that she would play her part with spirit until the last long "wait."

"And so you have found the old lady at last," said Mrs. Bong, whose voice toned down to manageable thunder as soon as she got her visitors into the smallest room that ever held a sofa bedstead, a great black chest of drawers, and a mighty arm-chair, besides some ordinary and puny furniture. "And now sit down; you get upon the sofa, sir, and you here, Angy. And now, will you have some beer after your walk? Don't say no if you'd rather not."

"We don't know the liquid," said Angela.

"Never heard of it," said Paul. "But still one would like to learn, and if it is anything cool and refreshing, we are not too proud to try it."

In a minute, a not over-clean but handsome lad was vigorously dragged from an outhouse, a squealing dusty kitten was torn from

one of his hands, and a jug thrust into the other, before he could well shut his mouth after his first astonishment, and his aunt's finger indicated a solitary house with a new blue sign-board appended thereto. He was started at full speed, but Paul suddenly dashed after him.

"Halt, young Shaver," cried Mr. Chequerbent, arresting him, and putting a shilling into his hand. "Mind you say that the beer is for me, the Right Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and give them this, and then you'll get it good. Now, cut." And he went back to the room, to which his hostess had not yet returned.

"What were you saying to the poor boy, Paul?" asked Angela.

"Oh, nothing; only one don't want the old girl to be spending her money for us; I daresay she has not too much of it. But tell her to make haste and get ready."

"Put a pin through your nose and look sharp, aunty Bong," cried Angela. "I'll come and quicken you."

Left to himself, Paul took a survey of the contents of the apartment. On the walls were likenesses of the Reform Ministers, published at the time they earned that imposing name. The Lord Grey was scowling frightfully, and menacing the throne with a huge roll of parchment, inscribed *THE BIL*; the Lord Brougham, in a wig, was waving over his head, as beseemed his energetic nature, another roll, lettered *WHOLE BIL*; while the Lord John Russell was indignantly slapping his bosom with a third vast parchment, marked *AND NOTHING BUT*, three Parliamentary feats which Mr. Hansard shamefully omits to chronicle. The room was littered in every conceivable way. Half a dozen yellow covered play-books, much worn, lay about, and all the lines belonging to Mrs. Bong's parts were scored under for convenient study. There was a dream-book, stated to be a correct reprint from one which the Emperor Napoleon always consulted on the eve of battle, and therefore especially useful to a lady; and there were some treatises on crochet, improved by the various figures being filled up with eyes and noses, and adorned with legs and arms, by the amateur labours of visitors. And the apartment was further enlivened with a mass of tarleton, soiled satin shoes, dress linings with thread all over them, play-bills, pink stockings, various belts, half a cookery book, a basket of greens, and some gold and silver trimming, divers ginger beer bottles, and a few other trifles. But presently the Shaver returned with the fluid he had been sent to fetch, and looked very wistfully at the wet halpence constituting the change, which he honestly paid over to Paul.

"You may keep that, sir," said Paul, reading the boy's look; "but conditionally, mind me, on your not laying any of it out in jewellery or race-horses, which bring so many young men to destruction."

The Shaver grinned prodigiously, and again rushed off, and from his walking about, late in the day, with no eye-lashes to speak of, it has been surmised that he effected an ineligious

investment in gunpowder. But he was seen no more until after his aunt and her visitors departed.

Paul and his companions made for the Borough, where he insisted on stopping to buy himself a flat, shining, sailor's hat, leaving his own in the vender's care. They reached the London Bridge railway station, and then Mr. Chequerbent announced that he proposed to go to Gravesend, and demanded what time his friends must be in town to discharge their duties to the public. Mrs. Bong's theatre did not open for the season until next Monday, so she was sorry to say she was her own mistress.

"So am I," said Angela, "for a wonder, for there is a ben to-night, and I am in neither of the pieces."

"Who's Ben?" asked Paul, puzzled.

"I am not sure whose," replied Angela, not seeing that he was mystified, "but I think it's the Jovial Vaccinators and Friendly Confluent Scarlatinas who have taken the house between them, and they have got up the *Surgeon of Paris*, the *Black Doctor*, and the ballet of *St. Vitus's Dance*, as appropriate to the occasion. They always have a good benefit."

"Ben—benefit—video, carpo, twiggo," said Paul. And away they went for the city of shrimps.

"And how are you getting on, aunty," asked Angela, as soon as she was ensconced in a corner of one of the large carriages by which the North Kent directors have done their best to destroy the comfort and privacy of first-class travelling, and which entail upon the unfortunate passengers near the door the necessity of a fight at every station to prevent twice the proper number from being forced in by the officials.

"Oh! pretty well, my dear," said Mrs. Bong, in deep and melancholy tones. "The money is regular, such as it is. But it is hard work to earn it. For the last six weeks, and till we closed, I headed a conquering army, and also a band of brigands, every night, with five fights; but that's nothing. But I had to be carried over the rocks, tied on a wild horse, which with my weight is rather nervous business; and I have had to double a part which poor little Mrs. Scurchin was obliged to give up, being as ladies do not wish to be when they have to ride on an elephant, and slide down by his trunk. Then we have a nautical piece three nights a week, and I have rather a tiresome bit in that—I have to hang from the mast, in a storm, while the ship rolls and pitches up and down, and this goes on as long as the applause comes; one evening they kept me swinging for ten minutes—and the week before last the thing broke, and I fell through a trap and bruised myself sadly. I was obliged to lay up one night, but they stopped my salary, and that won't do, you know, with five mouths to feed, so I crawled to work again directly. And our rehearsals are very heavy, with so much spectacle; and I fully expect to break my limbs one of these mornings out of a cockle-shell of a car which they are trying to make six horses bring in on their backs, at an awful height, and me in it—the poor things kick so and get so unmercifully beaten; but Brax swears it is as safe as a cradle—a cradle on the

tree-top I tell him. However, it's only slavery for life, that's one comfort, and it'll be all the same a hundred years hence, that's another."

"By Jove," said Paul. And he became thoughtful for full three minutes, considering how hard some people worked for a morsel of bread. But his meditations did not last, and he rattled away in his usual style until they reached Gravesend.

"We'll dine at Wates's," said Mr. Chequerbent, "and in the meantime we'll embark on the bosom of the deep. I hope you are good sailors."

Having ordered dinner, Paul sallied forth upon the little pier in front of the hotel, and was beset by half a dozen owners of boats, each of whom with that good feeling peculiar to the race, assured him that every one of the rival candidates was a rascal, had no number or licence, kept an unsafe vessel, and was generally, hopelessly, and utterly worthless. But Paul knew his men, and speedily slanged them into tolerable silence. He made choice of a clean boat, handed the ladies in, and immediately became intensely nautical.

"You may sheer off, skipper," he observed to the boatman, as soon as the sail was set, "I shan't want you."

"Good gracious, Paul," said Angela, "you mean to take the man, I hope. I am certain you can't manage the boat. O law!" and she really looked frightened.

"F'd better go with you, sir," said the man.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Chequerbent, indignantly. "Do you think I can't manage a bit of a boat like this. I'd sail her to Margate with my eyes shut." And he persisted in turning out the man, and Paul taking the tiller in hand, the boat glided from the pier.

"No luck about her," shouted one of the disappointed candidates. "Find her way to the bottom, I should say."

Angela heard the speech, and looked so discomfited, that Paul stood up in wrath, and solemnly promised the fellow the best punch in the head he had ever received when they should return, and took note of the man's appearance with the full intention of redeeming his pledge.

A light breeze caught the sail, and they went pleasantly enough down the river. The roar of a Scotch steamboat was Angela's first fright; but Paul managed to give the monster a wide berth, and they danced gaily in the waves of her wake. And he got pretty decently away from the dark hulk of an emigrant vessel lying near. Paul began to be convinced that he was a first-rate pilot, and proceeded to discourse very learnedly to the ladies upon the mysteries of navigation. He pointed out the various craft, explained the characters of schooners, barks, brigs, cutters, and yachts, and was quite eloquent about luffing, tacking, hauling your wind, putting up your helm, and so forth. He was a little taken aback by Mrs. Bong, who, from playing in nautical pieces, had learned about as much as many yachting men know on such subjects, and who ventured to correct his allegation that port and

starboard were the same thing, and that larboard was the right-hand side of the vessel; but as, according to his custom when confused, he offered a bet on the subject, Angela would not believe him wrong. On went the little boat merrily, and a little nautical song from the pretty actress was introduced with much appropriateness.

"How glorious to be upon the waters, and feel that you ride them as their master," said Paul, heroically. "After which sentiment I will refresh myself with a cigar—smoke not disagreeable to you, Mrs. Bong—rather like it than not, of course—so do you, Miss Livingstone—very good. Then here goes." And he made fast the tiller, while he went forward to get his paletot, which he had tossed into the bow.

As he was fumbling for his light, a tremendous shout from Mrs. Bong came upon his ear, and it was followed by a scream from Angela. He leaped up, and, to his especial dismay, beheld a steam-tug dragging along a huge vessel, and bearing directly down upon them, while a perfect storm of curses broke from the deck of the tug, with an order which would have been perfectly intelligible to a seaman, but which, in Paul's state of fluster sounded only like a command to go to a very bad place indeed. Nearer and nearer came the tug, Mrs. Bong thundering her mandates to it to get out of the way, and Angela screaming and clutching at everything in turn in the vain hope of doing some good. Paul made a leap at the main sheet, but missed his footing and fell down, and Angela, seeing what he intended, instantly grasped the rope, and pulled it into an unmanageable knot, at which Paul, as soon as he could recover himself, hauled and swore in vain. Then was a moment of intense terror for them all, and the next, the tug struck the boat amidships, and a crash was heard, at which Mrs. Bong literally roared in her fright, while Angela, white as ashes, trembled like an aspen leaf, and Paul, in a mingled state of wrath, remorse, and fear, stamped, raved, and looked helplessly around. In another instant they would be under the roaring paddles of the steamer. It was but a moment, however, for the tug's men, not altogether unaccustomed to such scenes, were on the alert, an enormous grappling iron was dashed into the boat, and she was brought up alongside. But the crash had been so severe, that she was no longer seaworthy, and the water began to pour in through the fissure.

"We are sinking—we are sinking! Save us!—oh, save us, if ye be men and sailors!" exclaimed Angela, her stage recollections coming back to her in the hour of need.

They told better on the Thames than in the magistrate's room, and the captain of the tug, sorely reluctant, however, issued the orders to ease and to stop her. Ropes were thrown out, and in a few minutes the party had scrambled upon the dirty deck of the tug. Angela immediately fainted, and Paul, in his efforts to restore her, lost a considerable part of the sarcasms which were lavished upon him by the crew of the tug. But as the pretty girl gave signs of returning animation, he said spiritedly,

"Now, be good enough to hold your tongues on the subject.

You will not lose by civility, but you may by insult. The affair was an accident, and there is an end of it. When can you put us ashore?"

"To-morrow some time, perhaps," said the captain. "There goes your boat, you see."

And, truly enough, there was the boat, filling, and in a very fair way to verify the prediction of the discontented mariner on the pier.

CHAPTER XIX.

LILIAN'S WHITE UNCLE.

EUSTACE TREVELYAN was the third member of the group assembled in the drawing-room at Lynfield Magna on the day of Carlyon's first visit, and he was alluded to by Mr. Heywood, in the subsequent and memorable interview, as one whose consent must be obtained to the engagement of Lilian and Bernard. If the death-like ashiness of that man's features be remembered, it is probable that his history will be read.

Well-born, Eustace Trevelyan was the son of parents whose property, though considerable, was not so large as to enable their sons to dispense with professions. Sensitive and amiable, but remarkable neither for high intellect nor a vigorous frame, Eustace passed the ordeal of a public school with considerable suffering, and without gaining the mental or the physical distinction, either of which, attained in that noble but perilous arena, sends forward the young victor with so proud a step to the sterner battle of life. He was weak at wrenching out the rich meaning from the subtle Greek chorus, slow at planting the rattling fencer which brings out those shrill plaudits from the schoolboy ring. His nature was to avoid competition of every kind, and he would make way for the youngest rival who displayed pluck and push. The boys despised, the masters tolerated him. He was, of course, taken in hand three or four times by teachers, who can do and will do so much for a boy with capabilities, but on the non-elastic nature of Eustace the most earnest effort was wasted. It was found useless to apply the ordinary awakening process which so often makes a neglected, spoiled, or careless lad discover how much he can do, and how particularly essential it is to his comforts that he should do it. Eustace wept, and struggled to please—for it was his tutor's smile more than his praise that the boy desired—but it was not in him, and a night's toil produced nothing but English that was vicious, and Latin that was downright criminal. The kindest remonstrance was urged, the most patient assistance was given, and Eustace felt grateful, wiped his red eyes, and went humbly to work, but Juvenal became aimless, and Sophocles meaningless, in the mouth of their feeble interpreter. Punishment was inflicted, not wantonly, but as one of the experiments which, when all else has failed, it is but justice to try—Eustace writhed, but the stimulant put no new energy into him. Then there was an end of the matter—he was let alone; and simply cared for. What more can a teacher do with such a

mind—a teacher with a hundred minds to cultivate? For ninety-nine of that hundred, the discipline of the great school is salutary and bracing—Eustace was the hundredth, and the exception. The great school did him no good, and its system embittered his young life. When, in after years, he reflected upon this, he had not the philosophy to be consoled by the recollection that all systems must work unpleasantly for somebody, and that so small a minority as he represented ought to rejoice that the majority was so large, instead of complaining of its own unhappiness—but then it has been said that he was not remarkable for his intellect.

Eustace was happier at Oxford, as was natural. There the mildest man can remain unmolested, if he pleases, and Eustace was, by dint of hard teaching, a proficient in the art of keeping out of the way of other people. The calm, grand old university was very kind to him, in the way he most wished; that is, he was not troubled. At school, he had been compelled, at times, to run, to row, and even to fight, but at college there is no compulsion to become athletic against your will. He neither read hard nor gave wine-parties—was neither medallist nor pugilist—neither wrangled nor chaffed. He was simply quiet and inoffensive, and he was allowed to remain so. Lord Algernon St. Agincourt (himself screwed) screwed up Eustace's door once, and the present excellent Bishop of Beldagon occasionally threw a cat, adorned with crackers, in at his window, but these were the only persecutions which he had to record during his college life.

A profession, as has been said, was necessary for him, and there was a family living, of some value, marked down as his. He duly received holy orders, and was as duly inducted. And although the Reverend Eustace Trevelyan was not the man to fight the Church's battles, to clear new areas of action for her, and to maintain them against all comers, qualities which, it would seem, become day by day more necessary in the servants of the altar, which must be missionary, or ruins, his gentle nature and conciliating disposition made the quiet duties of his rural parish pleasant enough to the meek priest. Yet, even in the retired district committed to him, there occurred scenes which he would gladly have avoided, strife which disquieted the interposing pastor more than the brawling rivals: death-beds, where his calm formulas and common-place consolations became mockeries in the presence of solemn scepticism and of maddening remorse. Eustace would retire from such conflicts, conscious that he had been neither dignified, nor wise, nor successful, and with a bewildered brain and fluttering nerves, would fling himself down in his garden and repine that antagonism was a condition of useful existence, and a condition that even uselessness could not escape.

But a more perturbed lot was destined to Eustace Trevelyan, and in due time it fell to his hand. The petty irritations, the darker incidents of his ministration, troubled him but for a time, for the same nature which bade him shun conflict bade him also

shun its memories, and he gradually trained himself, not unsuccessfully, to the habit which dismisses the things of yesterday, and looks forward. He was calm, but not content. He distrusted himself, his intellect, and his energies, and at times he even found a humiliating comfort in the consideration of his own insignificance. He was nothing—he was nobody. This was at least a pledge that, acquit himself poorly, meanly as he might, there was no circle of spectators to shout derision at him, no grave superior to regard him with pitying contempt. He was no longer at school. He lived on as it were by sufferance, but he was unwatched, except by his own carking, self-reproaching spirit, which brought vague charges against itself, hints, and whispers, and an ever-recurring consciousness of short-comings and unworthiness. Nor had the priest yet learned, even in the place whence he taught, how all such voices can be silenced. He proclaimed the language of the oracle, but it fell meaningless upon his own ear. During this period of his life, Eustace's being was an unhealthy stagnation, at times disturbed, but only that the stagnant waters might again sleep in their sullen repose.

But the waters were troubled at last, though not for healing. There returned to his estate in Trevelyan's parish a gentleman who had long resided abroad, that his property might recover itself from the effect of the share its owner had taken in certain revels—fashionable when a Regent set the fashion. The property was by no means clear again, for Sir Frederic Larrendon had essayed to live with his betters, and Corinth is an expensive locality. But there was enough for the shattered man, once a blood, and twice a dandy, but now a querulous, chalkstony valetudinarian—enough for his beautiful, black-browed, black-eyed, Frenchified daughter, who came with no good grace from her Boulogne circle of scampish pleasantness to rusticate in an English country-house. Flora Larrendon liked adoration murmured from under moustaches, and forgave it for being scented with cigar smoke and seasoned with *double entendre*. Fearless, unhesitating, and unabashed, she was the star of a French watering-place, with its *écarté*, intrigue, and shiftiness, but in an English country town—all propriety, spite, and Sunday-schools—Flora's splendid black hair streamed like the hair of a comet. The sensation made by the dashing Miss Larrendon was painful, and the sentiment she excited was something like that of the fashionable young woman in the "Spectator," who went to a quiet church in such style that "one very wise old lady said she ought to have been taken up."

Flora Larrendon was doomed to her rural seclusion, at least until her wearisome and exacting father should, like other wicked, be at rest, or, at all events, cease from troubling. But amusement was necessary, and she looked round for it. Her state must have been desperate when she could find no better game than the poor clergyman. Really, however, she was reduced to Eustace, or plain and ornamental needle-work, for there was nobody else to speak to. The doctor of the town was sixty, and of the two

lawyers, who were gentlemen, one had six children, and the other was newly married to a wife whom he liked. There were no country houses within reasonable distance, and in fact Eustace was the only educated man within reach. Flora turned her superb eyes upon Eustace, and almost felt compassion towards him for the extreme helplessness with which he instantly dropped at her feet. As usual, the man made no fight at all. It was really no victory for her; it was the poor racoon on his tree, calling to the never-missing American sportsman, "O! is it you? *you* needn't fire, I'll come down."

All that Eustace wanted, and felt he wanted in himself, he found in Flora Larrendon. His slower intellect, his timidity, his uncertainty, were all rebuked, but not, poor fellow, unpleasantly, in the presence of her quickness, courage, and decision. She read him at a glance, and needed not to notice twice his nervous entry into her presence, his colour heightening at the shortest notice, or his wordy and unprecise speeches (so different from our epigrammatic snip-snap, *nous autres Français*), to see how fragile a person was her spiritual pastor and master. Her real difficulty was to avoid frightening him by too much encouragement, for she had quite perception enough to know that he was a gentleman, and sensitive, and that a very little extra-demonstration would scatter the flirtation to the winds. But the good Flora managed very well, and Eustace loved for the first and only time in his life. I wish that Flora had been a better girl, for she did great good to Trevelyan.

The passion awoke him. He had, hitherto, been little better than a maundering boy; he became a man. He turned a new face upon the world, and confronted that which the world turned upon him, physically, as well as morally. The step grew more steady, the eye more resolute, the voice more decided. The moral nature hardened into firmness. Eustace began to do his duty as one who had himself to answer to, but who was not afraid of the tribunal. He submitted less to dictation from others, and insisted more upon his position and dignity. The priest asserted himself, and demanded reverence for his credentials. The change was sudden, and though there were few subtle-souled psychologists in his parish, the effect was noted. In a less sensitive nature than that of Trevelyan, it would have been less observable. This elevation and improvement, Eustace owed to Flora Larrendon. But in her presence there was little of it seen. There, Eustace was what he had been on their first interview. It would seem as if they had then, and at once, fallen into relative attitudes, which were not to be disturbed, and this Eustace himself felt, and would not have changed it if he could. He knew that he was stronger as against the world, and he was content to owe that strength to the woman before him. He loved, and yet was grateful; the paradox was in his nature. It will not be found in that of many men.

Far less strange was the fact that his love re-acted. When the flirt took the parson in hand, it was a heartless snatch at a victim. When Flora and Trevelyan became intimate, and frequent interviews enabled the gentle priest, in some degree, to unveil the

better part of his nature, Flora Larrendon, in her turn, was rebuked. It had so chanced that in her life she had never come in contact with a character like Trevelyan's. Its externals were ridiculous, especially to a girl educated as Flora had been, but, when these were penetrated, there was something better beyond. She had read through the diamond cement with which various other natures had been faced, and had found rubbish behind the glitter. Breaking through the opaque crust which surrounded the real character of Eustace, she found—among other trifles—a heart. As with the name of the architect of the Pyramid, graven on the marble, over which lay the plaster inscribed with the title of the tyrant who commanded the edifice, when time had removed the worthless inscription, the writing worthy of honour was revealed. And Flora read it, and her old solace, her French novels, were somewhat neglected, and she began to speak more gently to that good-for-nothing old father.

Here might have ensued a pleasant story—how the two spirits, mutually improving and assisting one another, became one, and how the two faiths were pledged, and how Eustace, growing more manly, and Flora more womanly, they married, and, presenting nearly the best type of marriage and its object, made each other's happiness thenceforth, and until the passing bell. But it was not to be so.

They were all but formally plighted. Flora met him on his ministerial rounds, in the peasant's cottage, in the village-school, by the bed of sickness, and was zealously taming her wild heart to his loving hand. One day he had ridden to some distance to visit a brother clergyman, and was returning home somewhat rapidly in the twilight, when his horse started and flung away from an object lying in the road. Trevelyan had reined in and dismounted, to make out the cause of the animal's fear, before he noticed that a gate which opened into the road had swung across it, and that the field was one of Sir Frederic Larrendon's. Flora, a fearless rider, had been aware of the hour at which he would return, and had set out to meet him. It could be but matter of surmise that she had dashed across the field, instead of taking the bridge-lane, that she had put her horse at the gate, and that he, deceived by the approaching shadows, had struck it, and it had swung open. At least so said those who sought to disengage the body of Flora from the clutch of the half maniac priest, kneeling, raving, and blaspheming, if the wild noises wrung from torture have a guilty meaning.

"The hair is long, and thin, and grey, but its greyness and a stoop, manifest even while he is sitting, seem the traces of suffering rather than of age. But the strangest characteristic of his face is its utter bloodlessness. Its whiteness is startling, and troubles the eye. It is a nearer approach to the ashiness of death than we might deem that life could make and live." So was Eustace Trevelyan described, but many years had then rolled over his head.

There were new phases of trouble for that man. Strangely, as some may think, when the first shock and agony were over, Eustace

regained his calmness with no long delay. He would not leave his parish, though an exchange was offered him, and though his duties would daily lead him where the memories of his sorrow must spring up at every turn. He spoke much and often, and never hesitated to speak of her who was gone, or even to dwell upon the fearful event. Her tomb was his especial charge, and he covered it with inscriptions. These were all in the ancient languages, and were read by few in that obscure country town; but one who could interpret them would have found that they all spoke of gloom, of sadness, and of terror. The grave for him who traced these lines, was the mansion, not the door. One line was repeated on all four sides of the tomb—it was this, *Verè tremendum est mortis sacramentum*. But there was no one to ponder on the words, or to muse on the process which might be seething and rending the brain which had suggested them.

The pastor did his work, and, as it appeared to those among whom he laboured, well. The sick were tended, the poor were visited, and the Eternal Truths were spoken; nor did Eustace shun the secular portion of a country clergyman's duty: offenders were pointed out to the law, and the hardness of those who would grind the faces of the pauper was checked at the instance of his spiritual protector. And when, after about a year's time, it was suddenly bruited about that Mr. Trevelyan had crossed the country to his bishop's palace, and, entering his lordship's presence in his surplice, had slipped it off before his bewildered superior, and casting himself on his knees, had prayed to be relieved of his ordination vows, none were more astonished than the flock which had beheld him doing his pastoral work so regularly and efficiently.

Such a scene, however, did take place. Eustace had thrown himself at the feet of his bishop, and implored that hands which had bound on earth might loose on earth, and that the credentials, by virtue of which he spoke with authority, might be cancelled. The good bishop was puzzled, for though the prayer was wild, and its being granted was impossible, the reasons the suitor assigned were such as no man could treat lightly. Had he uttered one incoherent sentence, the bishop could have summoned assistance, but Trevelyan, at the episcopal foot, spoke better than he had ever spoken in his life, and the kindly-natured prelate had something of the sensitiveness of Eustace himself, and recoiled from the idea of transferring to a mad doctor a man who in admirable and earnest language was pleading to have a weight taken off, which he felt was crushing him—to be relieved of a Nessus robe, which was burning into his vitals. His lordship could only raise Eustace from the ground, and beg him to take advice as to the state of his nerves.

Eustace Trevelyan was, however, mad.

He was watched, and finally placed under restraint, but it was one of the mildest kind, for he had always been gentle, and his phase of insanity, as it developed itself, was one of sadness and frequent terror. The thought of his ordination facts came upon him but seldom, for a newer and a more material fact had been super-

added. It was the fear which had crouched and whispered in these dead languages on the tomb of the lost one—the fear of Death. To this terror he yielded himself with a species of involuntary readiness. He spoke of it, he read of it, he surrounded himself with all that might remind him of it, and yet it would throw him into paroxysms like those which shake the frame of the victim to hydrophobia when the splash of water is heard, or its surging seen. It was the fear of the death itself, and not of what might be beyond, that tortured him. He would sit for hours, reciting passages with which his religious avocation had stored his memory, and in which the tomb is spoken of as a prison-house, as a pit, as a place of darkness and forgetfulness. And these he would vary with verses, sung in a moaning key, and culled from all those grim hymns with which unauthorized expounders have, through years, terrified young and sensitive minds, by a cruel mingling of the material and the spiritual; those lyrics, too coarse for the Greek mythology, too grovelling for the worshipper of Odin, but accepted as Christian interpretations of the most refined and most exalted mysteries. These Eustace Trevelyan would mutter and moan over for hours. But he was not content with mere words; he would eagerly select pictures and other representations of mortality, and with these he would adorn his apartment, to the very curtains of his bed, making gentle reproach if any one sought to remove them; and the relics of mortality itself had even a greater attraction for the diseased brain. At first it was thought well to oppose this morbid taste, but the extreme suffering into which the poor creature was thrown by any such demonstrations, and the abject weakness with which he petitioned to have back his ghastly toys, prevented any prohibition being continued.

Do you remember the skeleton which sat in Aspen Court?

Not that Eustace Trevelyan sank into imbecility. When, for the time, he was relieved from the death-terror, he was calm and mild in his manner, neither isolating himself from those with whom he dwelt, nor abiding silently among them, as is the manner with many who are similarly afflicted. The original character of his intellect seemed to be preserved in its ruins. Eustace still shunned all opposition, and in compliance with the wish of others would remain with them, converse with them, and even bear his part with a semblance of cheerfulness, which sometimes deceived a casual observer. But it was sorrowful to note that all that he did seemed prompted, not by his own will, but by an instinctive desire to avoid offending, and even more sorrowful to watch the furtive glance which he would direct towards the face of any of his companions, if he imagined that he had done anything to cross their wishes. When he passed into the charge of Lilian, under circumstances which will be explained by and bye, it became a study and a duty with her to observe these eager, timid glances, and to meet them with a ready and reassuring smile, until at length poor Eustace acquired a child-like habit of looking to Lilian for approbation of his acts and words, a habit hardly less piteous than his previous apprehensions. Mr. Heywood also

treated him with exceeding consideration, but then the feminine tenderness and the vigilant watch were wanting, and at times the intellectual man forgot the need of his helpless brother, and the full, proud eye fell coldly on Trevelyan, who would quiver under its gaze. But never was an unhappy and bereaved man more kindly cared for than Eustace under the guardianship in which we found him.

One feature more in his insanity was connected with his terror of death, and that was his clinging to what seemed to hold most promise of life. To the young, and especially to children, Eustace attached himself, as if in their society were some charm against what he dreaded so deeply. His gentle manners easily won the youngest to his side, and if permitted he would sit for hours in such companionship, soothed in being allowed to hold some little hand in his, and almost happy if a joyous child would nestle by him, or make a pillow of his knee. And it was chiefly to children of that nature that his affections swayed—those whose life was most a sport, and in whose veins the healthful blood ran merriest. For—and more than one pang was caused by the strange antipathy—he would withdraw from the caress of a child whose pallor or pensiveness seemed to give note that its days might not be long with us. And slight as was the manifestation, and timidly as Eustace would edge away, his gesture, which might have something of prophecy in it, would set a mother's heart throbbing wildly, and send her from his presence in a passion of tears.

His history has been sketched. In himself a man of no mark, Eustace might, under ordinary circumstances, have plodded his undistinguished way through life, neither honoured nor happy, but with perhaps something more and something less, of suffering, than falls to those at once less sensitive and less forgetful. But his being, alternately agitated and stagnant, was once stirred to its depths, and its vitality, suddenly put fully forth, vindicated itself for that once, and then ceased for ever. In some old book of sea-travel, there is a story which may parallel the case of Eustace Trevelyan. Becalmed at evening in one of those western seas, and beguiling the weary time as they might, the sailors brought on their deck a vessel of the phosphoric water in which they were floating. The luminous appearance ceased on the withdrawing the water from the deep, and the vessel stood dark among them. But there was a chemist on board, who fetched from his chest a phial of some potent acid, and poured it into the black water. In an instant, and roused into an intolerable agony by that deadly liquid, the chaos of sea-insects in the vessel, put forth their myriad lights, united in one intense and lustrous sparkle—and were dark. No chemist's charm could ever wake them again.

LOITERING AMONG THE BAVARIAN AND TYROLEAN LAKES, IN THE YEARS 1851 AND 1852.

"I WAS awakened last night—were not you?—by the firing of a gun—we are now! heaven preserve us! in a land under military rule."

Thus spoke, with a sigh, a gentleman (who appeared to me to have seen half a century), one of those chance companions whom one picks up somewhere, and sets down somewhere in travelling, with about as little concern as one contracts, or as one shakes off the dust on one's cloak; yet we had been on terms of intense intimacy for some days. He was one of those men who seem to have begun a journey with a store of regrets for the land they are, of their own free will, calmly quitting, and to keep adding to their collection of prejudices at the end of every day's pilgrimage.

This voluntary exile addressed himself to a party of somewhat timorous ladies, seated round a breakfast-table in the Crown Prince, at Ulm, who had slept there last night, unconsciously happy to have reached, after a long journey, the dominions of the King of Bavaria.

Some of these ladies had also heard the report of a gun. The waiter, who entered just then with an innocent dish of eggs in his hand, was appealed to.

"Only a convict escaped from gaol," he calmly informed us.

"Sir!" said the grave man; "only! ladies; this is, indeed, a land of despotism."

"Caught in the leg, sir," added the waiter, with an unruffled brow, and a cold, blue-eyed, German gaze, and then left us to digest the fact.

Such was our first night in Bavaria, where we found, for two years, a tranquil residence, and discovered that, in spite of military discipline, a mild beneficent sway prevailed.

We ran hastily over the exquisite Protestant cathedral of Ulm, lingered awhile over the curious monument of the Besseref family, and were punished for our dilatoriness by being late in setting out for Augsburg. For we had an object in going to Munich. We were travellers in search of a home—wherefore, matters not to any one—but ill health and education, the two great causes for change, had much to do with it.

"Farewell," said our grave friend, as he handed us into a huge travelling vehicle, at the door of the Crown Prince; "I don't expect you will like Munich. I should not wonder if you were coming back soon this way, not that I shall see you, for I am sick of travelling already. You'll not be able to dine on the road, and you'll not reach Augsburg till ten," he added, with an awful smile; "for me, I shall linger a little while."

"Among the tombs, I dare say," cried one of the liveliest of

our party, as the carriage drove off, and the last sentence was lost amid that conglomeration of sounds which attends a departure.

"And long may he stay there," added another.

We did, however, dine on the road; but not here shall I remark upon the extent of our appetites, nor the smallness of the cost; and we reached Augsburg in time for a good night's rest. We were not, as our mournful *compagnon de voyage* had predicted, too fatigued to see that antique town, with its fountains and its *fuggerei*, its old churches, and its somewhat stately streets; not too much exhausted to feel all the liveliness of first impressions of those diversified costumes with which we became afterwards so familiar: the round fur caps, the square bodices, decked with small coins, the huge sleeves, and ample aprons of stuff or silk, or, for the better classes, the silver-wrought head-dresses, fastened on by pins of delicate filigree for those a little higher in their sphere; and then, around the throat, we observed a collar, composed of innumerable silver chains, fastened by a large clasp; again, as if in stern contrast to all this bravery, comes a group of females in head-dresses of black ribbon and lace, fastened over a high comb, and falling in long ends over the neck and shoulders.

The next day was Sunday, and the mournful plain which one crosses between Augsburg and Munich, was dotted over with these peasant women; and their accompanying cavaliers who rejoiced in hats, garnished with small gold tassels, and whose long coats almost touched their ankles. And the *Dult Platz*, at Munich, through which we drove after quitting the railway, was also scattered over with peasantry, who had come into the city for their holiday.

I do not know whether people feel as I do on entering the *Hôtel de Bavière*, at Munich, that they have bid adieu to rest, and begun an apprenticeship to mounting stairs; never, surely, was an hotel so adapted to wear down one's physical force by the aid of incessant climbing to one's aerial *salon*, as this handsome and well-arranged hotel, built under the express superintendence of the ex-king, the benevolent Ludwig of Bavaria.

Russians and Americans are sure to monopolize the best rooms everywhere, and, after groaning for some days, and in vain endeavouring to ascertain when a Russian princess, who had taken one side of the hotel, was to return to her native snows, or a party of Americans, who filled all the best bed-rooms, were to move on to Vienna, we sent for our host, and begged him to recommend us some furnished lodgings, as we meant to remain in Munich.

I thought the good little man (who has now left that establishment) would have fainted at the easy way in which we expected to step into handsomely furnished apartments at once. "No," he told us, mournfully, "you must take an unfurnished house, you must hire, or buy furniture."

It was for us to faint then. To hire! how degrading!—to buy! how expensive! but the sad truth came out at last. There dwells in Munich a character whose name I shall not here specify, but who supplies veteran furniture at a cost suitable to his ideas, and

not to travellers in search of a home. Poor souls! his heart is as hard as his sofas! One word about this distinguished personage. He it was who fitted up for Lola Montes the beautiful house given her by King Ludwig. For three rooms in it, exquisitely gilded, painted and furnished, he charged the enormous sum, for Munich, of twelve thousand gilders, or a thousand pounds English. The king, indignant at this exorbitant demand, refused to pay the bill, and Lola, with her wonted energy, accompanied her remonstrance by throwing something heavy at the upholsterer's head. "Very well, madam," said the offended tradesman, "these rooms will cost you more than a thousand gilders." The fearful crisis of 1848 was at hand. Our here augmented every discontent by circulating reports of Lola's rapacity and the king's lavish imprudence on her account. Too late the demand of the upholsterer was paid; but Lola had sown the seeds of revolt, and, as she sowed, so did she reap. I will not vouch for the truth of this anecdote; but certain is it that the revolution in Bavaria originated with the shopkeepers of Munich, many of whom owed their prosperity to King Ludwig.

Not attracted by the idea either of hiring or buying, we asked our host where we could find a house for the summer. He told us of lakes and baths of which we had scarcely heard; spoke gloriously of Togern-see, as of "a little Paris;" more calmly of Sternberg, which he described as "*ernst*," that is, I presume, *triste*, but the waters of the Wurm See, on which the village of Sternberg stands, were, he added, famous for their softness and purity.

And here, *en passant*, I must remark that, as in this instance, so in all others in Germany, we, as inexperienced travellers, found a degree of courtesy, good faith, and even zeal, among hotel keepers in that nation, which we shall always recall with gratitude.

I remember few things with more pleasure than the exploit of getting away, at that time, from Munich; a city to which we became, as all persons who remain in it long eventually do, extremely attached. It was during Whitsun-week that we left it, and, after driving through a straight road, fenced on each side by poplars, we found ourselves again in something like the country. For the plain between Augsburg and Bavaria, flat, ill-drained, even boggy, and partially cultivated, affords no features of an agreeable landscape, if we except, indeed, the grandest of all features, those perpetual glimpses of a distant range of snowy mountains, which attracts your eye at every moment, and seem temptingly accessible to a nearer approach. So clear are they, so close seem they, that you almost fancy that the breeze borrows its sharpness from the icy ravines between those frozen heights: never shall I forget the pleasure with which I first gazed upon them, nor the reluctance with which I bade them what well must prove, I fear, a final adieu.

As we drove along, the extreme beauty, and lavish abundance of the gentian, throwing up beneath the blue sky its deep azure flowers, even amid the brownest looking blades of withered grass that I ever saw, called forth expressions of pleasure. I have never

seen that flower so fine in colour, so large in its form, as in Bavaria, where it seems both to glory in the barrenness of the plain, and to flourish in the richly enamelled meadow.

It was nearly evening when we changed the nakedness of the plain for a road cut out of one of those dense forests which still characterize the vicinity of Munich, even within twenty miles of that city of the Arts. The road was bounded on either side by a broad band of close, fine turf, and beyond which a dense mass of pines permitted not a ray of light to pass between their branches. Here and there the deer, with which this royal forest teems, broke the almost solemn stillness by suddenly bounding upon the turf, and then disappeared, and, with incredible ingenuity, wound their way back again into the recesses of the forest. The deep silence of those gloomy glades has sometimes appalled me, as I had occasion, often and often, to retrace that road to Munich. All signs of human existence seem lost, when suddenly the opening of a grass-grown alley to the right, and of another, corresponding, to the left of the high road, discloses the traces of the celebrated Roman road between Augsburg and Salzburg, a fact of which the traveller is informed by a notice inscribed on a post by the wayside. Many were the beautiful vistas which soon opened to view as the extreme denseness of the forest appeared to have yielded to the woodman's axe. A dark winding pathway on one hand led to the *Sommer Kellar* (summer cellar), a sort of sylvan *restauration*, deep in the recesses of the wood; and here the students of the university of Munich on *fête* days repair, sometimes walking from their Alma Mater, sometimes going forth in grand processions of *fiacres*, clad in their ancient costume of short velvet coats, leathern small clothes, great jack-boots, with a sword by their sides, and, not unfrequently, a feather in their caps. How their laughter, and not very polished language, used to scare the deer, and outrage, as it seemed, the good manners of the quiet tenants of the groves; yet an outrage of that sort was the only one of which I ever heard that they were guilty, during my residence in Bavaria. The proud spirit of the Munich student in bygone days was quelled, since 1848, by the dissolution of their clubs, or rather by those same clubs going out of fashion, for some distinction of cap continues. Their *esprit de corps* has not the same vitality as that of the students of Bonn or Heidelberg, and their swords are seldom used for any other purpose than decoration.

I was never sorry in performing the six *stunden*, or eighteen miles, between Munich and Sturnberg, to emerge from the solitudes of that forest-road into a pleasing, varied, rural country, and to pass through a sort of hamlet, and to see the great Buch-hof farm, with its stacks of wood and its hay-ricks near it, and its mistress, in her every-day head-dress of a black silk-handkerchief, tied in a single knot round her head, standing before the door of what had more the appearance of a great mansion than of a farmhouse, to enjoy the gaities which a high road in Bavaria offered, for the *stete wagen* and the *post wagen* used to come rattling down, the grand event of the evening being over when they had passed by.

And then, with what pleasure we used to behold the first opening of the lake, after our long and dusty drive, and never did the aspect of that calm, fresh scene, more please us than after our first sojourn in Munich; for we had been alarmed by rumours of fever, and libels upon the sanitary characteristics of the capital. We caught, therefore, gladly, the breezes of the Wurmsee, and the view of the snowy mountains, which we had lost in our forest route, rising above, though far distant from the blue waters, seemed to assure us that the pure air of the lake and mountains would dispel every lurking *miasma*, and such, undoubtedly is the case; and yet, at the shallow end of most of the Tyrolean and Bavarian lakes, there is a long tract of marshy land, in which frogs vociferate, and over which birds are seen skimming, and dipping to catch insects. Yet these marshy lands do not appear to breed *miasma*. The lake-breeze passes over those regions, and they can be approached with safety according to the common belief of the country people, which seldom errs on these points.

At last the full expanse of the lake was spread before our view. The first expression was one of disappointment. Sternberg boasts of no romantic beauties. The shores of the lake, which is sixteen miles in length, are only slightly elevated on either side: yet to the south rise, in the distance, a range of snowy summits, far distant mountains, clothed, summer and winter, with snow; these, as we descended gradually towards the water's edge, were seen lighted up with the most exquisite flame-coloured tint; whilst, in the foreground, the blue waters of the lake lay in depth of shadow; sparkling only here and there, as by some ripple on their calm surface gilded by the rays of the setting sun.

Yet not always are the singularly pellucid waters of that lake so calm. Sternberg has its frowns as well as its smiles. Often sudden gusts of wind come driving from those far-distant mountains, tearing up the tranquil glassy waters with fury: every white sail is driven, now here, now there: small boats are tossed about; the trees near the brink of the lake are bowed down almost into the waves—froth and foam are soon seen in white patches scudding before the wind. The lake is wide across: the currents are numerous, and have a peculiar fancy for turning the boats round and round: and then those very boats are made in such a fashion that they stand high above the water, so that one seems to skim, rather than to plough the element.

That evening, however, all was calm. High above a straggling village of white houses rose the residence of the Landesgericht, the local judge of the district. It is a many-windowed ungainly building, half mansion, half prison, standing somewhat apart from other houses, in a small pleasure-ground, and lording it over the village. The house is, critically speaking, wholly devoid of style or symmetry. Relatively speaking, the general effect of that huge object is good. It seemed to offer a type of feudal days and of seignorial rights, happily enough long gone by, not pleasant to realise, but curious to dream about. It implies protection of the weak; threatens evil-doers—with its long lines of staring windows

—with summary justice: and gives to Sternberg the important air of being large enough and busy enough to harbour miscreants. But, to say the truth, the quarrels which the Landesgericht of Sternberg adjusts, and the complaints to which he listens, are not quite so intricate and interesting as the *Causas Célèbres*. Suits of great heat and violence are often pursued about matters, the value of which cannot exceed a few florins; and feuds are quelled, which have often no deeper source than the extortions of a doctor, who charges more than the legal twenty-four kreutzers, or eightpence a visit, or the misdemeanours of a boatman, who has exacted more than a penny for the passage from one shore of the lake to the other.

We drove gaily through the lower end of the village, and alighted at the *Tutslinger Hof*, a large inn with every window and door wide open—and a tremendous noise issuing from every outlet. We found we had made a great mistake in not stopping at the Post Inn; for, although both these establishments belong to the same proprietor, the *Tutslinger Hof* happened that day to be in an uproar. A couple were celebrating the anniversary of their twenty-fifth nuptial day—their silver wedding, as it is called: they were waltzing away with no very steady steps; the women in the fur caps, which form the holiday head-dress of the female Bavarian peasantry, the men in jackets, and shorts of velveteen, with here and there a *Jäger*, or sportsman's dress of grey, with a green collar interspersed. The yells of joy which they uttered—no other term can express the sounds—terrified us; and we gladly accepted the offers of a man who assumed the airs of a *lacquais de place*, to conduct us to some of the furnished apartments of the village: yet we needed not to have been alarmed. Loud, talkative, coarse, the Bavarian peasantry are rarely rude to those whom they designate *Herr-Schaft*. They are naturally courteous and good-tempered; and whilst they drink immense quantities of beer, have an invulnerability of constitution which preserves them from intoxication. This, I suppose, is owing to the calm slow nature of their feelings, which, certainly, may be said to cream and mantle like a standing pool. We then commenced the weary task of searching for a summer abode, where we might indulge in the luxury of bathing in the lake—for Sternberg is a lake made on purpose to bathe in, its waters are so pure, so soft; and were, after the 1st of June, so cold as to chill one, yet retaining, during the most fervid heat, a freshness that reminded me of the baths at Malvern.

We soon found a lodging. It was in the house of a silver *arbeiten*, one of those cunning artificers who produce the beautiful silver filigree work of Bavaria. His house was as humble as his position; but from its low windows we could see the snowy range, and watch the effects of the changing atmosphere upon these distant mountains. Sometimes standing out clear, as though engraved upon the deep blue sky, the peaks presented a thousand beautiful but fleeting hues; sometimes they were half veiled by fleeting clouds, through which they were

dully outlined; sometimes they were red with the gorgeous sunsets of that summer; sometimes, when the dark thunder-clouds hung over them, of a deep neutral tint, in which all trace of their snowy covering was lost. Our nearer view was a green acclivity, on the summit of which stood a large sycamore tree, encircled with a seat, the favourite lounge of those who took a day's pleasure at Sternberg; and, beyond this, was a small but well-placed villa belonging to Prince Karl, the uncle of the reigning King of Bavaria. This was generally closed; for there are painful associations with the spot. It was the favourite residence of the wife of Prince Karl, a lady to whom he was united by a Morgannatic marriage. Her death, which had occurred some years before I visited Sternberg, left her royal husband inconsolable. To her memory he erected a simple mausoleum, standing a little way from the road, amid glades and groves so rich in verdure and wild flowers, as to justify the partiality which the lamented lady had always expressed for the spot. And there her remains are interred.

Deserted as it was, we profited by open gates, and enjoyed many an hour amid the repose of Prince Karl's shrubberies. They opened into meadows, then adorned with all the gorgeous garniture of wild flowers, such as that marshy half-drained land produces in abundance. I have already spoken of the gentian; its luxuriance in the openings of the forest-land about Sternberg is something inconceivable. It is succeeded by the blue *Salvia* in large masses, as if some careful gardener had chosen the spot whereon it could best be reared. *Campanulas* enrich the careless beauties of the parterre. Orchises throw up their curious pyramids of diversified form and hue; and, as you turn into the woods, lilies of the valley would, if you please, complete your nosegay of wild flowers. And thus, sauntering along, entranced by what you tread upon, so rich is the enamelling of Nature's hand, you may stroll on by the woods to Possenhofen, without counting the time you take in that long ramble.

Here resides, in summer, another branch of that numerous and royal family, the daughters of which have been so prized as wives, so exemplary in every relation of life in the various unions which the House of Bavaria has formed with other German princes.

At Possenhofen Maximilian Duke of Bavaria, the cousin of the reigning King, has a handsome *château*, close upon the shores of the lake, where a large family of sons and daughters have hitherto passed their summers. But we were almost continually tempted to avail ourselves of the skill of the capital boatmen of Sternberg, and we soon became acquainted with every object upon the shore.

One night we were rowed over to Leoni. It is a straggling hamlet, upon the very brink of the lake, and just opposite to Possenhofen. A few detached houses, let for the season, and a sort of *gast-haus*, corresponding to our old-fashioned tea-gardens, excepting that no tea was ever made, drunk, or dreamed of there,

composed Leoni. We landed, and stood for some minutes to admire the fresco-painting on the exterior of a farmhouse, which was characterized by all the inconsistencies of a Bavarian domicile. Over the front were fresco-paintings of great merit, and of sacred subjects, which, I have been told, are the performances of the elder Karlbach, now the most eminent artist of his day, in Munich. At the other extremity of the abode there is, annexed to the house, a huge cowhouse, in which the kine are kept, winter and summer; for one great drawback to the scenery in the lowlands of Bavaria is, that no cattle, nor sheep, are to be seen about the meads, or even on the common lands, as in smiling England. We sauntered along—

“By the margin, willow-veiled,”

of the transparent lake, and found a pathway to the royal gardens of Berg.

An open wicket gave us entrance; for to the meanest of his subjects the demesnes of the King of Bavaria are open. There were no officious gardeners to challenge our rights as passengers, and we threaded a walk amid dense woods, over which the gloom of evening was already stealing. But Nature had lent one of her most fanciful modes of illumination for that season. It was then June; the day of St. John the Baptist was near at hand; and the fire-flies, endowed with their temporary brightness by him who was the messenger of the Messiah, were abroad upon their insect-mission of commemoration. For it is believed among the peasantry that St. John, happening one evening to walk abroad, and crossing a brook, observed one of these insects, then not endowed with the gift of brilliancy, and took it into his hand to examine it. The blessed object of his attention, as it flew away, displayed, for the first time, that star-like ray, which ever after, on St. John's eve, distinguishes its course; illuminated by the honour which it had received, year after year, century after century, the resplendent little harbinger of the Saint's holyday comes to light up woods and meads; a fit accompaniment for a midsummer's night-dream. How we used to watch them clustering in the dark hollows of the groves, then on the stems of the fragile grasses, now mounting aloft on the wavy branches of the forest-trees, now preceding our very pathway in their indescribable brightness—a brightness so peculiar, so unlike any radiance known to man, that one might almost fancy that the legend was true, and that Heaven had lent one of its smallest gleams of ethereal light to these creatures of earth, to these poor little creatures, in form resembling one of the humblest of our insects, a beetle, but brown, and small, carrying their mystical lights in both the head and the tail, as far as we could ascertain, and extinguishing them at pleasure. They flutter for a few weeks after the Baptist's day, and then their glory is extinct until the following year. Never did I see them in such myriads as in the gardens of Berg; probably from those gardens being near the lake, and also but little intruded upon by visitors.

We passed the *Châteaux de Plaisance*, a mass of unsightly antiquity; tall, unadorned, commodious: but the renovating taste of King Max was even then devising improvements. At each angle, turrets were being constructed: and a garden in better style, and adapted to the cultivation of flowers—which few Bavarian gardens aspire to—was even then planned. I trust it has been formed, and carried out in that sweet spot—that it flourishes in those scenes where, so often, in such varied modes of thought, I have sought a solace from vexation in the groves of Berg. We passed a bason formed of stone, in a sort of little bay, out of the lake where the young and lovely Queen Marie of Bavaria has her bath. It is approached by an arched walk of syringa, which was then in bloom, and the archway was a mass of white blossoms. At the shore, we called for a boatman, in place of whom appeared an old woman about sixty. She and her husband had long owned the principal boats at Berg; when her helpmate was engaged she took his place, and as we were then a party of ladies only, we had no scruples, but much reluctance, at allowing her to row us across.

She was a stern, hard-featured old woman, weather-beaten, and anxious looking; and her features were not softened by her *coiffure*. She wore the Bavarian fur cap, which was almost as worn and aged, and miserable-looking as herself. The lake was five miles across: I trembled lest she should not have strength to take us safely to Sternberg. The moon had risen, and the expanse of waters rejoiced as it seemed in her friendly beams. It was long since the bells of Sternberg Church had rung the curfew. I ventured to hint to our old woman that it was late—she would therefore soon be fatigued; even if she took us safely across, how was she to return? She cast upon me a look of ineffable scorn, and answered, that it was for that reason *she* had undertaken to ferry us across, for she was stronger than her husband, who was gone to bed. Having condescended thus much, she relapsed into a haughty silence; but she had performed what she had undertaken admirably. We were landed safely, after a delicious hour, spent in the languid enjoyment of another person's trouble. She would have been contented with twenty-four kreutzers, or eightpence—but I gave her a florin, and had the satisfaction of seeing a smile upon her grim face. We stood some minutes on the shore to see her put off again; and soon she was to be observed, toiling away, in the midst of the moonlit waters, her boat and herself seeming but a speck. I afterwards heard that she and her husband had accumulated by their industry the sum of eighty florins. With the suspicion of old people they kept their treasure under their bed. One night their poor home was broken into—they were spared, but their money was carried off. This occurred in the dreary summer of 1848, when the worst characters in the neighbourhood were let loose upon society.

But Sternberg was now becoming fashionable, and the charms of its lake were all annihilated by the clusters of Bavarians—chiefly *bourgeoisie*, who amused themselves on the shore, or sat in

Gasthaus Gardens, smoking, and chattering, or a worse sacrilege, haunted the exquisite walk amid the sources of the Seven Springs (*Sieben Mellen*) which flow through a leafy vale in Prince Karl's pleasure-grounds.

Here, one morning, as I sat reading, I made acquaintance with two ladies from the north of Germany, who were making an annual journey to various baths, having, for a time, taken up their residence at Bambourg. As they were not inapt specimens of a class of *vieilles filles*, which we know little of in England, I was amused in speculating upon their history. One of them had been *dame d'honneur* to a German princess, who had died, and left her attendant nothing but the empty honour of talking of "ma princesse," and some little stipend upon which these good ladies ate and drank—for to say *lived* is too generous a term—dressed, and danced, and travelled, and were genteel.

Their travels were often performed on foot. They were immense walkers, formidable talkers, very civil, very loud, and very good-natured. I think I see them now, sitting and knitting under the plane-tree where I then left them, chatting to the next comer about "ma princesse," &c., protected by the dead bones, as it were, of that good lady—for the *dame d'honneur* takes all the dignity of a married woman, without the trouble of having a husband—sitting down to dinner in the gardens of a gasthaus, and rowing on the lake in the evening, in large hats, whilst merry voices, not the clearer for sundry potations of Bavarian beer, arose in chorus around them.

Stimulated by the peripatetic example of these ladies, whose ancestry and position put mine to the blush, to say nothing of the sainted memory of "ma princesse," we set out to walk to Wolfraushausen, being assured that we were doing nothing vulgar in making use of our feet, instead of going a great round by the road. We crossed the lake, therefore, and taking for our guide an aged man from Berg, who, in addition to his alacrity in wheeking our luggage in a wheelbarrow all the way, proved intelligent, and had been a soldier in Napoleon's time. Traversing an unfrequented morass, studded over with mounds of turf, where, our guide told us, the French had been encamped under Moreau, we reached Wolfraushausen, a place not large enough to be esteemed a town, but too large to be termed a village, and therefore styled by Bavarians a "markt." It consists of a long, irregular street of curious old houses, with impending roofs. It is situated in the rich plain of the Iserthal, bounded on the south by the same range of mountains that we saw at Sternberg, and almost encircled by two winding rivers, the Loisach and the Iser. The varied foliage about the rising grounds, on steppes above, would have reminded me of Derbyshire, had not the scenery round this flourishing place been on a far bolder scale than any in England. And here we rested some days. Our host was named "Gracchi," of Italian origin; his unclassical trade was the sale of those handsome silver-mounted Bavarian jugs, made to contain beer, but adapted, from

their beauty, in some instances, to quaff nectar from—or, at any rate, to hold generous wine. The “Gracchi” were civil, clever, prosperous; and we saw with regret our gallant *voiturier* from Munich drive up to our door one fine evening, to take us away from their peaceful home.

One word about travelling in Bavaria. It is exquisitely cheap—forgive the word. Our carriage, an open landau, held four, with a moderate supply of luggage; and for an expense of ten florins a day, we journeyed almost luxuriously through the magnificent scenery of the Tyrol. Our party, I ought before to have mentioned, was now augmented by a young Cantab., devoted to sketching—yet in the midst of his enthusiasm rarely forgetful of his dinner—and by a still younger Oxonian, addicted to newly-fledged attempts at rowing, in the course of which he had nearly consigned a whole family to join other “treasures of the deep,” in the depth of the lake of Stenberg; and this, I must say, for the time, made me somewhat shy of lakes, and not sorry that at Wolfratshausen, the Iser “flowing rapidly,” and the Loisach, being very shallow, the science of navigation was not practicable on a small scale.

We travelled, however, cheerfully along the high road, which, after leaving Wolfratshausen, passes through Benedict-cavern; and thereby, the day after we had left Wolfratshausen, reached a small lake, which laves the sides of those precipices called the Benedict-wand; this was the Kochelsee; one of the sweetest spots that we had then seen in Bavaria: secluded and tranquil, yet bearing traces of former conventual importance, which had caused that part of the country to be styled the Priests’ corner; and boasting a sort of Schloss from a mound, where we looked down into the calm water; in the depth of shadow, under the high-cliffs to the east, a little skiff, spreading its white sail, formed the only moving object.

Though Kochelsee is one day’s journey from Munich, I counsel every one not to do as we did—not to sleep, or rather to attempt to sleep at it, but to stop at Wolfratshausen, and merely to rest an hour or two at Kochelsee. Oh, the horrors of that low-browed and low-bred inn, of the dirty floors, dirty table-cloths, dirty persons, that it presents—to say nothing of the consequent state of temper which it betrays one into. We rose at five: and whilst the dew still hung on every leaf of the forest through which we passed, and the rosy morning cast her glow over the glassy lake and dark rocky point—the skiff had disappeared—we ascended the steep pass of the Kesselberg, over which poor Inglis has described his solitary and pedestrian excursion. I know not why I should call him poor Inglis, for with such a rare appreciation of nature’s delights, with so stored a mind, to say nothing of legs so capable to walk, he ought not to be termed *poor*. But he is dead—his fate was untimely—his circumstances were, possibly, not brilliant. There is something mournful in tracing the steps of one whose path was solitary, and amid scenes which certainly require compan-

ionship. Full of him in my memory, I tracked the same track, picked the same flowers that he has so accurately enumerated, and by which he could calculate on the height of the mountain, or the depth of the valley; and mastered the ascent of the Kesselberg on foot, out of pity for our horses, who had been, nevertheless, relieved by the aid of a *vor-spann*, as the Germans call it, of two other steeds. As we began to descend the winding-way, which had been all overhung by the rich foliage of those undisturbed forests, the first view of Wallersee, or Walchensee broke on our view—it lay before us, summer on one side of the lake, winter on another. The woods grow, to the north, even to the water's edge. The mountains, to the south, clad in snow, rise just opposite to the very shades formed by leafy beeches and larches. It is this inconsistency of nature in the Tyrol, this mixture of sweetness and sternness, that constitutes an unspeakable charm. At one extremity of the lake, a bold point, clothed in woods, jugged forwards—the turbulent waves foaming around it, and scattering their spray on the underwood. For the Wallersee, as it is usually called, is one of the most unruly of lakes; noted for the perils which attend those who venture on it, and dreaded, because when it overflows its banks, as it sometimes does, all the country suffers. When we afterwards appealed to our German servant as to the familiar pronunciation of the name of this lake—whether “Wallersee, or Walchensee?” she answered that she thought it must be “*Wallersee*,” for that prayers were annually offered in some of the churches of Munich, imploring that the waters of the Wallersee might not again overflow; for that, years ago, they had so swelled the Iser, that many had perished, and much mischief had been done by the inundation. As we descended, we were charmed by the grandeur of this scene of deep seclusion. Inglis has described it, however, in too gloomy colours: there are gleams of delicious and cheerful vales; there are vistas gorgeous in all the gay foppery of spring. A forester's house, built since Inglis's time, stands near the shore as you approach the small village, and catch a glimpse of the church. And that day, the bells of the church were ringing, and the southern end of the lake was tracked by a large ferry boat, and peasants were coming over in their best attire, from far-distant *châlets*—for it was the celebration of the Tête Dieu, which takes place at different days in the Tyrol—and these animated groups were strangely contrasted with the wild majesty of the mountains around.

A large old-fashioned inn, an important host, who has rooms to let just opposite the inn, and almost in the lake—a handful of houses, amid which the *jäger's*, or forester's, is noted by its antlers over the porch—compose Wallersee. It stands, nevertheless, on one of the high roads between Munich and Inspruck, but is usually avoided if possible, on account of the steep though gradual ascent of the Kesselberg. We ordered breakfast—fish, of course the famed Renchen, which the Kellnerinn, a female waiter and tapster, caught in a sort of preserve, in her hand, from the lake, and honey, and

coffee, and sausages, and white rolls; all set out in a large panelled room, from which we could gaze upon the lake, which, from a respect for the day, I suppose, was calm—and could note down at all events in memory's page the matchless beauty of many points of view, whilst the repose of the scene—for by this time the whole of the population of Wallersee was collected within the church—had an effect on the imagination which only the true lovers of mountain scenery can comprehend. Then we hurried out to see the procession which wound round the pathways beneath the hills behind the Inn; and amid the grandest of His works, the praises of the Creator were sung by the simplest of His creatures, the pious, honest—if you will, the superstitious—Tyroleans; for here, or nearly here, begins the Tyrol, although we were still among the subjects of Maximilian II., King of Bavaria. I must own the Wallersee, with all its evil propensities to overflow, is one of my favourite lakes; it has the peculiarity of being the highest in situation in the Tyrol. Its waters are always too cold for bathers; provisions, except from the Inn, can only be obtained from the Kochel See, two hours distant; if we omit, indeed, the wild venison of the forest, the delicious *Rae* of the Tyrol, water-fowl, game, the partridge, and the *Spiel Henn*, a sort of moor-fowl of parti-coloured flesh, excellent; but for butcher's meat, the jäger told us, it would be necessary to have it once a week from Kochel and bury it, and keep it in interment till wanted. Then, the nearest post-town, Mittenvald, is twelve miles off; letters to be had only when sent for. All these things are obstacles to the popularity of Wallersee, and it is still the wildest, loveliest, loneliest of scenes imaginable, untrafficked upon by speculators.

We pursued our route; wildness and fertility still mingling around us. As we journeyed towards Mittenvald, until, as we drew near that pretty town, the last, on that side, in Bavaria, the wildness alone prevailed; not an habitation, excepting here and there a forester's home, perched aloft, is to be seen the whole of those twelve miles. Then, the cliffs and ravines become wholly bare, the country wears, indeed, a savage aspect, and in a vale where scarcely grass seems to grow of its own accord, Mittenvald is seated. Yet I have rarely seen in Germany a cleaner, more habitable town. I attribute the prosperous air, the well-cared-for houses, to the humanizing effects of music. The Mittenvalders are makers of cunning instruments. They are also performers. Their guitars and violins have long been celebrated, and where nature is so inharmonious, human ingenuity rises triumphant over situation.

The inn is good, for the Tyrol very good. I advise those who are *difficiles*, to sleep there rather than at Seefeld, and certainly there in preference either to Seefeld or the Wallersee.

I can hardly look back, without smiling, to our first sensations on entering Austria, and on taking leave of the Bavarian blue and silver, and hailing the orange and black of the officials. The

very sight of that double-headed eagle, with its outspread wings, made us look out for impediments to our small selves; but, thanks to our unimportance, we never met with an obstacle; and thanks to our air of deference to an authority to which some rash travellers futilely oppose themselves, we found during our residence afterwards in Tyrol, and Austria proper, nothing but courtesy.

I hurry over (on paper) our journey to and from Seefeld; although we were then passing over a Roman road, the scene of many a fierce encounter in earlier and later ages. I pass over the circumstance, which we much boasted of at the time to sundry German friends, that the pass, formerly called Porta Clauden, was defended against the French by an Englishman, who commanded a garrison of Austrians, and was taken prisoner; his name was Swinburne. But I glance at it just to remark that, during the campaign of 1848, another act of valour, scarcely less remarkable, was performed by an English youth, just seventeen, who had been only seven weeks in the Austrian service, the son of Mr. Gibbon, formerly of Aberdeen. This young officer, together with Count Spaur, an Austrian, followed by thirty men only, stormed a breach at Rivoli, and carried it, driving back a considerable force who were defending it. To the young ensign, who was instantly promoted for his gallant conduct, was due the credit of having proposed this daring exploit to Count Spaur. Mr. Gibbon escaped unhurt, but Count Spaur received many wounds.

The affair was highly praised in the German papers, and England may be proud of the spirited *boy*, for so he then was, who, just emerged from the University of Heidelberg, attained such distinction.

We had slept at Seefeld, and quitting that wild region, found ourselves, whilst the morning was still cool and the mists still hung on the mountain-tops, beginning to descend towards the valley of the Inn. We found the descent so steep that we preferred following the windings of that admirable road on foot, so that we came gradually on the most glorious of all prospects. Below us lay a long and broad valley, watered by the Inn; studded with villages; its fields in high cultivation; and in the distance rose the towers and spires of Innspruck. Before us was the precipice of the Martin's-wand, half crag, half forest, the careless forest-trees being in their richest verdure. To the south we beheld distinctly, for the first time, that range of mountains on which the snow is never thawed.

“Eternal winter settles on their head.”

At each extremity of the valley the mountains close, forming the most perfect and picturesque points that artist could desire. Again the peculiar charm of Tyrol is apparent: Nature retains the garb of summer even whilst winter, in his sternest aspect, hovers above.

We were lost in delight! Some sat down to rest and to gaze, others stood on rocky points. All were silent, and nothing, except the sound of our carriage-wheels, which preceded us, were heard, when suddenly another carriage made its appearance; it

was a German *ein spanner*, a crazy-looking little cabriolet, mounted on the highest of high wheels, drawn by one horse. It is peculiar to the Tyrol and Salzkammergut, and holds one or two persons and one or two carpet-bags. The horse has the dignity of belonging to the posting establishment, which prevails over all Germany, and is changed at every post. A smart Tyrolean lad drives you up hill and down dale, and you seem to fly whilst others creep, and you change your one horse in a few minutes and go off again in glee, and tolerable security, for the man, the horse, and the carriage are to the mountains bred.

The *einspanner*, however, has not an aristocratic appearance, nor had the traveller, who, on this occasion, presented himself to our view on the Martin's-wand. It was our old friend of mournful memory, from whom we had parted at Ulm. He stopped to greet us.

"So you are here! it is enough to kill one, isn't it? Such a pass! and no remains, after all, or next to nothing, of what I came to trace; the fortifications they talk so much of on this height, quite a take-in."

"Sir!" cried our Cantab, who had brought out of his pocket a colour-box with flowing colours in tiny flasks, and was dashing in on a block a thundering sky—"this is really superb. Cox would make a great deal of this."

"I dare say he would," answered our friend, looking slightly back. "But you should go to Gatz for scenery" (he always named some impossible place). "Good-day—the young ladies quite knocked up yet?—blistered feet, hey? You'll get nicely fleeced at Lanspruck," he cried, his words dying away on the ear as he drove off; "and such insolence too," he shouted, "in this land of despot—"

We heard no more; but feeling as if a bird of ill-omen had crossed our path, mounted into our vehicle, and were glad to arrive at a dirty cheap inn, and to eat even a dirty cheap breakfast at Zirl.

Ah, me! that I must, in conscience, hurry over Innspruck, because the world knows it as well as I do; that I cannot linger amid the ever-varying beauties of its vicinity, loiter upon its fine bridge, and be weak enough to say a good deal about the band of the Kaiser Jäger, that fine regiment, in its picturesque hat and plumes, its pale grey uniform, and its gentlemanly young officers, so well regulated, that those who are not devoted to Mather hats, need never fear a rudeness, unless they first commit one. Why cannot I say all I would wish to say about the matchless tomb of Maximilian the First? which gives one a more solemn impression of imperial dignity, than perhaps anything living could produce; (whilst, among those majestic personages in their colossal effigies, you glory to see the figure of Arthur, King of England), neither must I stop to tell, to go from the great dead to the great living, how we were obliged to go to the Golden Sun, because King Ludwig of Bavaria had taken up the greater part of the Hotel d'Autriche;

how the sirocco, which then blighted the valley of the Inn, enervated and enfeebled us, so that we left at daybreak one morning for Schwartz, breakfasted under the roof of one of the Tyrolean Singers, Rainer, and sped on to Achen-see.

Wild, lovely lake! How sublime is the approach to it from Jen-bach! How we ladies trembled as our carriage drove along the unprotected road beneath the rock, expecting every instant to be in the depths of the lake itself. Whilst our young men rashly took a boat at the southern end of the See, and, a sudden gale arising, were shaken about as if the boat had been as light as a shuttlecock, and driven from point to point of the precipitous shore.

One habitation alone humanizes the Achen-see. It is a goodly house, standing close to the delicious waters, and reserved for the monks of Schwartz, who have alone the right of fishing in Achen-see. Not knowing how it was tenanted, we were bold enough to ask there if we could have rooms in that wild spot for the summer. It is a gloomy, roomy collection of almost unfurnished chambers, with a bed or two here and there, as if the Franciscans, in their brown vestments, had bestowed themselves occasionally for a night or two at a time. I shivered to think of their gloomy-looking figures in the silent corridors; but below was an oratory, a snug parlour, a good kitchen, and a cheerful-looking Tyrolean maid-servant, who quitted, or was presumed to quit, when the monks made their annual visitation.

So, after all, that lone house opposite the bare and craggy heights of Achen-see may sometimes resound to voices, not so mournful in their tones as the wailing of the winds which resounded through the conventual fishing-lodge, when it was visited by the loiterers, who, despite the dread of serge gowns, shaved heads, and pious frauds, would fain have lingered there.

CHLOROFORM.

Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppressed,
 Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard lay,
 Heaving his sides and snoring night and day ;
 To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
 And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway ;
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE desire to drown pain has existed from the time that suffering became the inheritance of fallen man ; and the discovery of means by which it can be averted has justly been regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of modern science, for in it are alike interested high and low, rich and poor ; and it is this general interest which leads us to draw aside, in some degree, the veil from the chamber of suffering for the comfort of some, perhaps, and the information of many who are desirous of knowing in what way people are affected by Chloroform.

The most usual effect is to produce a profound sleep ; so profound that volition and sensation are alike suspended, and this is often attended with a symptom very alarming to relatives or bystanders unprepared for it ; we allude to a loud snoring or stertorous breathing which conveys the idea of much suffering to those who are not aware that in itself it is direct evidence of the deepest unconsciousness. It is not however invariably produced : we have seen a fine child brought in—laid down with its hands gently folded across its body—have chloroform administered—undergo a severe operation, and be carried to bed without once changing its attitude, or its countenance altering from the expression of the calm sweet sleep of infancy. Sometimes, however, strange scenes are enacted under anæsthetics, one of which we will describe. The uninitiated have a vague idea that the operating theatre of hospitals is a very dreadful place ; certainly, patients having once given their consent to enter it may, so far as escape goes, say in the words of Dante,

'Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate,'

but every consideration is shown to soften down as much as possible the terrors inseparable from a chamber of torture.

Imagine then a lofty semicircular apartment, lighted from above, with a large space railed off on the ground, and railed steps in tiers, sweeping half round, and affording standing room for more than a hundred spectators, principally students, who, conversing in low tones, are awaiting the expected operation. In the centre of the open space is a strong couch, or table, now covered with a clean sheet, and beneath its foot is a wooden tray, thickly strewn with yellow sand. On another table, also covered with a white cloth, are arranged, in perfect order, numerous keen and formidable look-

ing instruments, the edge of one of which, a long, sword-like, double-edged knife—a gentleman with his cuffs turned up, is trying, by shaving off little bits of cuticle from the palm of his hand, and two or three assistants are quietly threading needles, and making other preparations. The gentleman with the knife being satisfied as to its condition, gives a glance round, and seeing everything in perfect readiness, nods, and a dresser leaves the room. After a minute or two, a shuffling of feet is heard, the folding doors are thrown open, and a strong, surly-looking, bull-headed “navvy,” whose leg has been smashed by a railway accident, is borne in and gently placed on the table. His face is damp and pale, he casts an anxious—eager look around, then with a shudder closes his eyes, and lies down on his back. The chloroform apparatus is now applied to his mouth, and a dead silence marks the general expectancy. The man’s face flushes—he struggles, and some muffled exclamations are heard. In a minute or two more the gentleman who has charge of the chloroform examines his eyes, touches the eyeball—the lids wink not, the operator steps forward, and in a trice the limb is transfixed with the long bistoury.

Some intelligence now animates the patient’s face, which bears a look of drunken jollity. “Ha! ha! ha! Capital!” he shouts, evidently in imagination with his boon companions, “a jolly good song, and jolly well sung! I always know’d Jem was a good un to chaunt! I sing! dash my wig if I ain’t as husky as a broken-winded ’os. Well, if I must, I must, so here goes.”

By this time the bone has been bared, and the operator saws, whilst the patient shouts

“ ‘Tis my delight o’ a moonlight night—”

whose that a treading on my toe? None o’your tricks, Jem! Hold your jaw, will you? Who can sing when you are making such a blessed row? Toll-de-rol-loll. Come, gi’e us a drop, will ye? What! drunk it all? Ye greedy beggars! I’ll fight the best man among ye for half a farden!” and straightway he endeavours to hit out, narrowly missing the spectacles of a gentleman in a white cravat, who steps hastily back, and exclaims, “hold him fast!”

The leg being now separated is placed under the table, and the arteries are tied, with some little difficulty, on account of the unsteadiness of the patient, who, besides his pugnacity in general, has a quarrel with an imaginary bull-dog, which he finds it necessary to kick out of the room. He, however, recovers his good humour whilst the dressings are being applied, and is borne out of the theatre shouting, singing, and anathematising in a most stentorian voice; when in bed, however, he falls asleep, and in twenty minutes awakes very subdued, in utter ignorance that any operation has been performed, and with only a dim recollection of being taken into the theatre, breathing something, and feeling “werry queer,” as he expresses it.

Now this scene is a faithful description of an incident witnessed by the writer at one of our county hospitals to which he is attached,

and those who have seen much of the administration of ether and chloroform will remember many resembling it. The man was a hard drinker, and a dose of chloroform which would have placed most persons in deep sleep, deprived him of sensation, but went no further than exciting the phantasms of a drunken dream.

A writer in the North British Review says that "experience has fully shown that the brain may be acted on so as to annihilate for the time what may be termed the faculty of feeling pain; the organ of general sense may be lulled into profound sleep, while the organ of special sense and the organ of intellectual function remain wide-awake, active, and busily employed. The patient may feel no pain under very cruel cutting, and yet he may see, hear, taste, and smell, as well as ever, to all appearance; and he may also be perfectly conscious of everything within reach of his observation—able to reason on such events most lucidly, and able to retain both the events and the reasoning in his memory afterwards. We have seen a patient following the operator with her eyes most intelligently and watchfully as he shifted his place near her, lifted his knife, and proceeded to use it—wincing not at all during its use; answering questions by gesture very readily and plainly, and after the operation was over, narrating every event as it occurred, declaring that she knew and saw all; stating that she knew and felt that she was being cut, and yet that she felt no pain whatever. Patients have said quietly, 'You are sawing now,' during the use of the saw in amputation; and afterwards they have declared most solemnly that though quite conscious of that part of the operation they felt no pain." We may here remark, that a very common, but erroneous supposition is, that sawing through the marrow is the most painful part of an amputation; this has arisen from confounding the fatty matter of the true marrow with the spinal cord—a totally different thing—the sensation of sawing the bone is like that of filing the teeth, and is not to be compared with the first incision, which is very much as if a red-hot iron swept round the limb.

When ether was used, such scenes as that described, occurred; but, with rare exceptions, chloroform effectually wipes out the tablets of the brain, and prevents any recollection of the incidents that occur during its influence; we have often heard a person talk coherently enough when partially under its influence, yet afterwards no effort of memory could recall the conversation to his mind.

An able London physician, Dr. Snow, has paid great attention to the administration of chloroform, and has satisfied himself by actual observation, that when there are obscure indications of pain during an operation, there is no suffering, properly so to speak, for sensation returns gradually in those cases where complete consciousness is regained before the common sensibility. Under these circumstances the patient when first beginning to feel, describes as something pricking or pinching, proceedings that without anæsthetics would cause intense pain, and does not feel at all that which would at another time excite considerable suffering.

The disposition to sing is by no means uncommon during the stage of excitement; we well remember the painful astonishment

of a grave elderly abstinent divine, who, on being told after an operation that he had sang, exclaimed, "Good gracious, is it possible! Why, my dear Sir, I never sang a song in my life, and is it possible I could have so committed myself—but what *could* I have sung?" A little badinage took place, it being insinuated that the song was of a rather Tom-Moorish character, till his horror became so great that it was necessary to relieve his mind by telling him that "Hallelujah" was the burden of his chaunt.

The general condition of the patient as regards robustness or the contrary, has been found by Dr. Snow to exercise a considerable influence on the way in which chloroform acts; usually the more feeble the patient is, the more quietly does he become insensible; whilst if he is strong and robust there is very likely to be mental excitement, rigidity of the muscles and perhaps struggling. Dr. Snow has frequently exhibited chloroform in extreme old age with the best effects, and does not consider it a source of danger when proper care is taken; old persons are generally rather longer than others in recovering their consciousness, probably because, owing to their circulation and respiration being less active, the vapour requires a longer time to escape by the lungs, and it may be remarked, that chloroform passes off unchanged from the blood, in the expired air.

The usual and expected effect of chloroform is to deprive the individual of consciousness; but it occasionally fails to do this and gives rise to a very remarkable trance-like condition. We were once present when chloroform was administered to a lady about to undergo a painful operation on the mouth; the usual phenomena took place, and in due time the gentleman who administered the vapour announced that she was perfectly insensible; the operation was performed, and during its progress the bystanders conversed unreservedly on its difficulties and the prospects of success.

When the patient 'came to,' she, to our utter astonishment, asserted that she had been perfectly conscious the whole time, though unable to make the least sign or movement, had felt pain, and had heard every word spoken, which was proved by her repeating the conversation; she stated that the time seemed a perfect age, and that though hearing and feeling what was going on she lived her life over again, events even of early childhood long forgotten, rising up like a picture before her. It is said, and truly, that in the few seconds between sleeping and waking, some of the longest dreams take place, and that a drowning man has just before the extinction of consciousness reviewed as in a mirror, every action of his life. So in the case of this lady, years appeared to move slowly on and to be succeeded by other years with all their events, each attended with corresponding emotions, during the few minutes she was fairly under the chloroformic influence: yet with all this the prominent feeling was an intense struggling to make us aware that she was not insensible; of which condition there was every outward indication.

Our readers must all be familiar, from observation or description,

with the *mimosa pudica* or sensitive plant; now it is a curious fact that the influence of chloroform is not confined to the animal kingdom, but extends to the vegetable world, for Professor Marcet of Geneva has ascertained that it possesses the power of arresting for a time, if not of altogether destroying, the irritability of the sensitive plant. Thus we find from time to time striking illustrations of the identity which exists in the irritability of plants and the nervous systems of animals.

Among the ancients the mandrake, or mandragora, held a high reputation for utility in drowning pain. Pliny tells us that "in the digging up of the root of mandrage there are some ceremonies observed; first, they that goe about this worke looke especially to this, that the wind be not in their face but blow upon their backs; then with the point of a sword they draw three circles round about the plant, which don, they dig it up afterwards with their face into the west. * * It may be used safely enough for to procure sleep if there be a good regard had in the dose, that it be answerable in proportion to the strength and complexion of the patient; it is an ordinary thing to drink it against the poison of serpents; likewise before the cutting or cauterizing, pricking or launcing, of any member, to take away the sense and feeling of such extreme cures: and sufficient it is in some bodies to cast them into a sleep with the smel of mandrage, against the time of such chirurgery."*

The discovery of chloroform, as an anæsthetic agent, was made by Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, and was attended with some very amusing circumstances, as narrated by Professor Miller. Dr. Simpson had long felt convinced that there existed some anæsthetic agent superior to ether, which was then all the rage, and in October 1847 got up pleasant little parties quite in a sociable way, to try the effects of other respirable gases on himself and friends. The ordinary way of experimenting was as follows. Each guest was supplied with about a teaspoonful of the fluid to be experimented on, in a tumbler or finger-glass, which was placed in hot water if the substance did not happen to be very volatile. Holding the mouth and nostrils over the open vessel inhalation was proceeded with slowly and deliberately, all inhaling at the same time, and each noting the effects as they arose. Late on the evening of the 4th November 1847, Dr. Simpson, with his two friends Drs. Keith and Duncan, sat down to quaff the flowing vapour in the dining room of the learned host. Having inhaled several substances without much effect, it occurred to Dr. Simpson to try a ponderous material which he had formerly set aside on a lumber table as utterly unpromising. It happened to be a small bottle of chloroform, and with each tumbler newly charged, the inhalers solemnly pursued their vocation. Immediately an unwonted hilarity seized the party—their eyes sparkled—they became excessively jolly and very loquacious. The conversation flowed so briskly, that some ladies and a naval officer who were present were

* Philemon Holland's Translation of Pliny. Part II. p. 235.

quite charmed. But suddenly there was a talk of sounds being heard like those of a cotton-mill, louder and louder—a moment more—a dead silence, and then a crash! On awaking, Dr. Simpson's first perception was mental, "this is far stronger and better than ether," said he to himself. His second was to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that among his friends about him, there was both confusion and alarm. Hearing a noise, he turned round and saw Dr. Duncan in a most undignified attitude beneath a chair. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were starting, his head bent half under him; quite unconscious and snoring in a most determined and alarming manner—more noise still to the doctor and much motion—disagreeably so—and then his eyes overtook Dr. Keith's feet and legs, making valorous efforts to overturn the supper table, and annihilate everything that was on it.

By-and-by Dr. Simpson's head ceased to swim, and he regained his seat; Dr. Duncan, having finished his uncomfortable slumber, resumed his chair; and Dr. Keith, having come to an arrangement with the table, likewise assumed his seat and his placidity; then came a comparing of notes and a chorus of congratulation, for the object had been attained; and this was the way in which the wonderful powers of chloroform were first discovered and put to the test. It may be added, that the small stock of chloroform having been speedily exhausted, Mr. Hunter, of the firm of Duncan, Flockhart, and Co., was pressed into the service for restoring the supply, and little respite had that gentleman for many months from his chloroformic labours.

According to our own experience, chloroform is by no means disagreeable. Circumstances led to our taking it, and as far as we remember, our feelings were nearly as follows:—the nervousness which the anticipation of the chloroform and the expected operation had excited, gradually passed away after a few inhalations, and was succeeded by a pleasant champagne exhilaration; a few seconds more and a rather unpleasant oppression of the chest led to an endeavour to express discomfort, but whilst still doing so—or rather supposing we were doing so—we were informed that the operation was over. Utterly incredulous, we sought for proof, soon found it, and then our emotions of joy were almost overwhelming. In truth, we had been insensible full five minutes; but one of the peculiarities of chloroformic unconsciousness being the obliteration of memory, the person is carried on from the last event before the full effect of the chloroform, to the return of consciousness, as one and the same current of ideas.

An important point in connection with chloroform, is the possibility of its illegal use for the purposes of robbery, &c. About two years ago, several cases occurred, in which it was said to have been employed for that object, and so serious was the matter considered, that Lord Campbell made it the special subject of a penal enactment. There are, however, something more than grave doubts on the minds of those best acquainted with the subject, as to whether chloroform has not laboured under an unjust accusation, in some, at least, of the cases alluded to; and as it is

very possible that the question may from time to time be raised, we will state the grounds on which Dr. Snow, a peculiarly competent authority, arrived at the opinion that chloroform cannot be used with effect in street robberies.

When administered gradually, chloroform can be breathed easily enough by a person willing and anxious to take it; but he has to draw his breath many times before he becomes unconscious. During all this interval he has the perfect perception of the impression of the vapour on his nose, mouth, and throat, as well as of other sensations which it causes; and every person who has inhaled chloroform, retains a recollection of these impressions and sensations. If chloroform be given to a child whilst asleep, the child awakes in nearly every instance before being made insensible, however gently the vapour may be insinuated, and no animal, either wild or tame, can be made insensible without being first secured; the chloroform may, it is true, be suddenly applied on a handkerchief to the nose of an animal, but the creature turns its head aside or runs away without breathing any of the vapour. If a handkerchief wetted with sufficient chloroform to cause insensibility, is suddenly applied to a person's face, the pungency of the vapour is so great as immediately to interrupt the breathing, and the individual could not inhale it even if he should wish. From all these facts, it is evident that chloroform cannot be given to a person in his sober senses without his knowledge and full consent, except by main force. It is certain, therefore, that this agent cannot be employed in a public street or thoroughfare; and as the force that would be required to make a person take it against his will, would be more than sufficient to effect a robbery, and enough to effect any other felony by ordinary means, it would afford no help to the criminal in more secluded situations. Supposing that the felon, or felons, could succeed in keeping a handkerchief closely applied to the face, the person attacked would only begin to breathe the chloroform when thoroughly exhausted by resistance or want of breath, and when, in fact, the culprits could effect their purpose without it.

A proof of these positions was afforded by the circumstances attending a case in which chloroform really was used for the purpose of committing a robbery. A man contrived to secrete himself under a bed in an hotel at Kendal, and at midnight attempted to give chloroform to an elderly gentleman in his sleep. The effect of this was to awaken him, and though the robber used such violence that the night-dress of his victim was covered with blood, and the bedding fell on the floor in the scuffle, he did not succeed in his purpose; the people in the house were disturbed, the thief secured, tried, and punished by eighteen months' hard labour.

When, therefore, we hear marvellous tales of persons going along the street being rendered suddenly insensible and in that state robbed, it may fairly be concluded that *all* the facts are not stated, and that chloroform is brought forward to smother something which it may not be convenient to make known.

The conclusion so eagerly jumped at, that because people had been robbed in an unusual manner, they had certainly been chloroformed, reminds us of a story of a very respectable quack, who was in the habit of listening to the statements of his clients, and, under pretence of retiring to a closet to meditate, there opened a book which contained cures for all diseases, and on whatever remedy his eye first fell, that he resolved to try.

On one fine morning he was summoned to a girl, who, being tickled whilst holding some pins in her mouth, unfortunately swallowed one, which stuck in her throat. The friends, with some justice, urged the doctor to depart from his usual custom, and do something instantly for the relief of the sufferer; but the sage was inexorable, and declined to yield to their entreaties, though their fears that the damsel would be choked before the remedy arrived were energetically expressed. Happily they were groundless, for, on his return, the doctor ordered a scalding hot poultice to be applied over the whole abdomen, which being done, an involuntary spasmodic action was excited, the pin was ejected, and the doctor's fame and his practice greatly extended. The remedy had certainly the charm of novelty, but will scarcely do to be relied on in similar cases.

A very remarkable difference exists between persons as to their capability of bearing pain; generally those of high sensitiveness and intellectuality—whose nerves, in common parlance, are finely strung, evince the greatest susceptibility. To them a scratch or trifling wound, which others would scarcely feel, is really a cause of acute pain. The late Sir Robert Peel presented this condition in a marked degree; a slight bite from a monkey at the Zoological Gardens, some time before his death, caused him to faint; and after the sad accident which took him from among us, it was found impossible to make a full and satisfactory examination of the seat of injury, from the exquisite torment which the slightest movement or handling of the parts occasioned. Some serious injury had been inflicted near the collar-bone, and a forcible contrast to the illustrious statesman is presented by General Sir John Moore, who, on the field of Corunna, received his mortal wound in the same situation. The following is the account given by Sir William Napier.

“ Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence, but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed on the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the

soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge (the present Lord Hardinge), a staff-officer, who happened to be near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is: I had rather it should go out of the field with me:' and in that manner, so becoming a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight."

From the spot where he fell, the General was carried to the town by a party of soldiers, his blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great, yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery; hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "No, I feel that to be impossible."

Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope, the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty * * *. His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength failed fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice!" And so he died.

It is to be hoped that intense mental pre-occupation somewhat blunted the sufferings of the General, but a strong high courage prevented any unseemly complaint. We, ourselves, have seen many instances in an operating theatre—a far severer test of true courage than the excitement of battle—where mutilations the most severe have been borne with unflinching courage; more frequently by women than by men. Perhaps the coolest exhibition of fortitude under such a trial was exhibited by a tailor, who effectually cleared his profession of the standing reproach, showing nine times the pluck of ordinary men. This man's right leg was removed below the knee, long before chloroform was known; on being placed on the table, he quietly folded his arms, and surveyed the preliminary proceedings with the coolness of a disinterested spectator. He closed his eyes during the operation, but his face remained unchanged, and he apologized for starting when a nerve was snipped. When all was over he rose, quietly thanked the operator, bowed to the spectators, and was carried out of the theatre. We grieve to say the poor fellow died, to the regret of every one who witnessed his heroic courage.

The most remarkable account of indifference to pain with which we are acquainted, is that by Mr. Catlin, of the self-imposed tortures of the Mandan Indians, in order to qualify themselves for

the honoured rank of warriors. "One at a time of the young fellows already emaciated with fasting, and thirsting, and waking, for nearly four days and nights, advanced from the side of the lodge and placed himself on his hands and feet, or otherwise, as best adapted for the performance of the operation, where he submitted to the cruelties in the following manner. An inch or more of the flesh of each shoulder was taken up between the finger and thumb by the man who held the knife in his right hand, and the knife which had been ground sharp on both edges and then hacked and notched with the blade of another to make it produce as much pain as possible, was forced through the flesh below the fingers, and being withdrawn was followed by a splint or skewer from the other, who held a bundle of such in his left hand, and was ready to force them through the wound. There were then two cords lowered down from the top of the lodge, which were fastened to these splints or skewers, and they instantly began to haul him up: he was thus raised until his body was just suspended from the ground where he rested, until the knife and a splint were passed through the flesh or integuments in a similar manner on each arm below the shoulder, below the elbow, on the thighs, and below the knees. In some instances, they remained in a reclining posture on the ground, until this painful operation was finished, which was performed in all instances exactly on the same parts of the bodies and limbs; and which, in its progress, occupied some five or six minutes.

"Each one was then instantly raised with the cords, until the weight of his body was suspended by them, and then, while the blood was streaming down their limbs, the bystanders hung upon the splints each man's appropriate shield, bow, quiver, &c., and in many instances, the skull of a buffalo, with the horns on it, was attached to each lower arm, and each lower leg, for the purpose, probably, of preventing, by their great weight, the struggling which might otherwise take place to their disadvantage whilst they were hung up. When these things were all adjusted, each one was raised higher by the cords, until these weights all swung clear from the ground. * * The unflinching fortitude with which every one of them bore this part of the torture surpassed credibility.†

Happily, in this country at least, torture is now only made subservient to the restoration of health; and more than this, the most timid may survey an expected operation with calm indifference—so far as the pain is concerned: the terrors of the knife are extinguished, and though the result of all such proceedings rests not with man, it is permitted us to apply the resources of our art for the relief of suffering humanity; and the afflicted can, in these times, avail themselves of surgical skill, without passing through the terrible ordeal which formerly filled the heart with dread, and the contemplation of which increased tenfold the gloom of the shadow of the dark valley beyond.

† "Notes on the North American Indians." Vol. II. p. 170.

THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.*

A WORK on the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, in two volumes, written by a man who figured at the time, and of whom Madame Sevigné remarked that he possessed considerable wit and intelligence, will well repay a careful perusal. The first impression on looking into Cosnac's "Memoirs" is that they do not promise to afford much that is new and interesting, and that certainly they do not answer to his reputation, it is only slowly as we proceed that we begin to be aware he has materially informed us on many points, and enabled us to judge more clearly respecting some matters which previously presented themselves obscurely to our minds. In the present instance I intend to select for discussion the most beautiful and fascinating person whom he paints in his "Memoirs;" I allude to Madame, the Duchess of Orleans, to whom Cosnac had the honour of devoting himself from pure attachment, and for whom also he had the honour of suffering. His portrait of her does not lose any of its attractions when placed near those which are more imposing, and we turn to this sketch with pleasure, even after reading Bossuet's celebrated "Funeral Oration," for it forms an agreeable addition to all that has been written by Madame La Fayette, Choisy, and La Fare. Madame La Fayette furnishes us with some very interesting particulars concerning Madame Henriette; these present her to us exactly in the light in which a refined woman and a princess at heart, would wish to be viewed; many were written after intimate conversations with Madame, and were destined by Madame La Fayette for her perusal.

The young English Princess was educated in France during the misfortunes of her house, and her hand was promised to Monsieur, the King's brother. Immediately after the youthful Louis the Fourteenth married the Infanta of Spain, and precisely at the time when Charles the Second was restored to the throne of his ancestors. She paid a visit to London with her mother to see her royal brother, shortly after his restoration, and there she succeeded in winning all hearts, and effectually felt the power of her charms. At this time she was not more than seventeen; "she had," says Choisy, "brilliant and expressive black eyes, and so full of fire that it was impossible for any man to resist their attraction; never was princess more engaging." On her return to France she became the object of general homage; Monsieur was also among those who offered it at her shrine, and till the day of her marriage never ceased paying her the most marked attention, though love was wanting to make it acceptable; the miracle of inflaming this Prince's heart, however, was not to be accomplished by any woman in the world. Among the persons

* Translated and adapted from the French.

who moved in Monsieur's circle was a young nobleman, who was his chief favourite; this was the Count de Guiche, the handsomest man at Court, the proudest, the bravest, as well as the noblest in appearance; he wore besides an air of dignified self-possession, which always pleases a woman, inasmuch as it carries out their ideas of a genuine hero of romance, and, according to everybody's opinion, the Count de Guiche was a perfect hero. Now Monsieur, without being in love, was very jealous, which is not at all an uncommon case, but unfortunately he did not become soon enough so, for the Count de Guiche's peace of mind. He had himself introduced the Count to the Princess, and encouraged their intimacy; consequently, he placed him in a position admirably calculated for becoming fully aware of all her charms.

The years 1661 and 1662 were spent in all the enjoyment of youth and freshness, and might literally be called the spring of Louis the Fourteenth's reign; gaiety, gallantry, and ideas of love and glory, as well as wit and talent, calculated to foster all these feelings, reigned supreme at this period. As soon as Madame was married and emancipated from her mother's control, by whom she had hitherto been kept in leading-strings, it was quite a discovery when it was ascertained that she possessed as much intelligence and affability as anybody else. Shortly after her marriage she took up her abode with Monsieur at the Tuileries, and when later she quitted this residence she removed to the Palais Royal, so that she was indeed a Parisian Princess. Monsieur, although excessively indolent, prided himself on being popular in Paris; when the Court was not there he used to delight in making journeys to and fro, and short stays in the capital. He even felt a malicious kind of pleasure because he imagined that these visits were displeasing to the King, "but in fact," says Cosnac, "he was enchanted at holding a court of his own, and was perfectly in raptures when there happened to be a large assembly of the fashionable world at the Palais Royal, for he said they came in honour of him, though, in reality, Madame was the attraction. He was careful to make himself agreeable to everybody, and it might easily be observed that he was more or less lively in proportion as his little court was much or little attended. But as I did not perceive that these visits produced the effect which he seemed to desire, and that, on the contrary, I saw from what he himself told me that at first his Majesty had been annoyed by them, and afterwards had ridiculed them, I could never gratify him by applauding his conduct, and I told him that I did not think it prudent of him to afford even the slightest grounds of displeasure to one who had it in his power to show it very seriously; but Monsieur was so delighted at being able to say quietly to about ten or twelve persons on the evenings which he spent in Paris, 'Well! have I not a large assembly to-night!' that to tell him such truths was to oppose his pleasure, and in his mind pleasure always took the place of more important things."

Monsieur, father of the Orleans branch, generally so weak and unworthy a father, loved, like his successors, to hold his Court at the Palais Royal and to share some of the King's popularity,

though really a nonentity, vanity with him answered the purpose of wisdom and penetration in political matters.

But let us return to Madame. Shortly after the commencement of the year 1661, she was installed in the Tuileries, and there she made choice of her ladies-in-waiting and her friends. Madame la Fayette, who was one of them, mentions the others. "All these persons," says the amiable historian, "spent the afternoons in Madame's apartments, and they had the honour of accompanying her in her airings. On returning from the walk supper was taken with Monsieur, and after supper all the gentlemen of the Court joined the circle, the programme of the evening's entertainments was varied by acting, playing at cards, and musical performances, and everybody was thoroughly amused, so that there was not the slightest mixture of *ennui*." The King, who formerly had been little pleased at the idea of marrying Madame, "felt as he became more acquainted with her, how mistaken he had been in not thinking her the most beautiful person in the world." And here the romance begins, or rather many romances at the same time, Madame became the Queen of the moment, and this moment lasted till her death. She gave the *ton* to the whole of the young Court, and arranged all the parties of amusement: these were really proposed for her sake, and it would seem that the King only took pleasure in them in proportion as she enjoyed herself.

Madame la Fayette, who thus furnishes us with the frame of the picture, offers us also a peep behind the scenes. She describes the King as more captivated than a brother-in-law should have been, and Madame more touched than was proper for a sister-in-law; then she speaks of the budding La Vallière, who opportunely prevented them from becoming still more deeply attached to each other; of the Count de Guiche, who, at this precise time, was making the same advances in Madame's favour, as La Vallière's was in the King's. Then follows an account of those jealousies, suspicions, rivalries, and deceptions of confidants, who made themselves useful and were found to be treacherous, which always form so prominent a part in the history of young and loving hearts. But here we have to deal with royalty as well as youth, and royalty, too, which shed a lustre over the most glorious reign, history finds a place for them, and literature has consecrated their memory though poetry has not recorded their praise. In order to comprehend fully how Madame remained faithful to her husband in the midst of so many snares, and was able to say truly, on her death-bed, "Monsieur, I have never forgotten that I was your wife,"—the difficulties of her position must be borne in mind as well as her age and that kind of innocence which generally accompanies youthful imprudence. When the Count de Guiche was exiled in 1664, Madame, who was then twenty years' old, had become more guarded in her behaviour.

"Madame," says Madame la Fayette, "did not wish him to bid her good-bye because she knew that everybody was observing her, and she was no longer young enough to think that that which was most hazardous was most agreeable."

The Count de Guiche's exile made considerable sensation, and gave birth to one of those libels printed in Holland, of which Bussy-Rabutin had the miserable honour of setting the example in his "Histoires Amoureuses." Madame, who was fortunately informed of it in time, dreading the effect it might have on Monsieur's mind, applied to Cosnac to break the matter to this Prince, and to endeavour to soothe his resentment; she was more particularly grieved, because the libel was already printed (1666). Cosnac undertook to have the copies destroyed, and to prevent any from being issued; consequently, he sent M. Patin, son of Guy Patin, and a very intelligent person, into Holland, in order that he might visit all the booksellers there who were likely to have the book in their possession.

"M. Patin so thoroughly succeeded in his mission," says Cosnac, "that he obtained an act which prevented its being henceforward printed. And brought away eighteen hundred copies of it already prepared for circulation."

This affair increased Cosnac's intimacy with Madame, and from this period it will be observed that he espoused her interests on all occasions. While he was in exile at Valence, Madame, who was more and more appreciated by Louis the Fourteenth, was selected by him to negotiate with Charles the Second, her brother, with a view of inducing him to break off his alliance with Holland, and of persuading him to declare himself a Roman Catholic. Louis the Fourteenth was not so anxious on the latter head as on the former. The negotiation was in so advanced a stage, even as concerned the most delicate portion of it, namely, the declaration of Roman Catholicism; Madame, too, imagined it would be so soon concluded, that she thought she might venture to apprise Cosnac of a present and a surprise which she had in store for him, he received the following letter from Madame, dated from Saint Cloud, June the 10th, 1669.

"There is unfortunately much sorrow for the injustice which is done you, for which it is almost impossible that your friends can offer you consolation. Madame de Saint Chaumont (governess of the Duke of Orleans' children) and I have resolved, in order to do something towards enabling you to support your disgrace, that you shall have a Cardinal's hat; this may at first appear to you a mere dream, considering that those persons, from whom come these kind of favours, are quite unlikely to bestow any on you; but to be able to comprehend this enigma, you must know that among the multitude of affairs which are now in treaty between France and England, one of them will render the latter of so much consequence at Rome, that it will only be too glad to oblige the King, my brother, and will refuse him nothing, so I have already applied to him to ask for a Cardinal's hat, without mentioning for whom; he has promised to do so for me, and therefore you will have it you may depend upon it."

The allusion to this Cardinal's hat, as on the point of being presented to a man in disgrace, produces a singular effect on our minds, and one feels sure, after reading this letter, that there was a

little indulgence of fancy in it, such as the most intelligent women willingly mix with their political affairs. It must be said, in justice to Cosnac, that he did not allow himself to be dazzled by the prospect; he was more gratified at this mark of esteem on Madame's part than anything else.

"However ambitious I may have been thought by the world, I can say with perfect sincerity that what pleased me most in this letter, was the assurance of Madame's increased friendship for me, it was, in fact, the chief honour which I coveted. During her visit to Dover, whither she had gone to see her brother, the King, in order to make him sign the treaty with Louis the Fourteenth (June 1st), she had borne *ce pauvre M. de Valence* in mind. On her return from the journey, on the 26th of June, and four days before her death, she wrote to him as follows:—

"I am not at all surprised that you expressed pleasure with regard to my journey to England, it was indeed a very agreeable visit, and however certain I felt before of the King, my brother's affection for me, I found it was greater than I had even expected it to be; consequently I found him ready to do all I desired, as far as depended on him. The King, too, on my return to France, treated me with marked kindness, but as to Monsieur, nothing can equal his eagerness to find cause of complaint against me; he did me the honour to say that I was all powerful, and I could obtain whatever I liked, therefore, if I did not get the Chevalier recalled (the Chevalier de Lorraine, exiled by order of the King), it would be because I did not care to please him (Monsieur). He then proceeded to load me with threats if I did not succeed. I endeavoured to make him understand how little his recall depended on me, and how little influence I really possessed, since you were still in exile. Instead of seeing the truth of the case, and becoming softened, he took this opportunity of doing you all the harm he could in the King's mind, as well as brewing a great deal of mischief about me."

Another letter, which we will here transcribe, betrays a sorrow which must have been keenly felt by a mother. Cosnac had written a short note to Madame's daughter, who was then eighteen years of age, about whom he felt some interest, as he had seen her at her governess', Madame Chaumont. This letter, which was forwarded with the greatest secrecy, produced an unfortunate effect, and Madame therefore says,—

"I have blamed you many times for the affection which you entertain for my daughter; in the name of goodness get rid of it as fast as possible, she is a child who is quite incapable of appreciating it, and who is now being taught to hate me. Be satisfied in loving those persons who are grateful to you as I am, and who feel as much grief as I do in being unable to extricate you from your present position."

About three days after this letter was written, on the 29th of June, Madame, who was staying at St. Cloud, asked for a glass of iced chicory; she drank it, and nine or ten hours afterwards expired in all the agony of the severest attack of colic. The minutest

details have been furnished of her last moments, and, though death came upon her so suddenly, she retained her presence of mind; she recollected all things essential; God, her soul; then Monsieur, the King, her family, and friends, and addressed to everybody words of truth and gentleness in the sweetest manner, and with becoming seriousness. When she was first taken ill, Docteur Feuillet was sent for; he was *Chanoine* of St. Cloud, and a man of the greatest austerity; he did not attempt to soothe the Princess, nay, he spoke almost harshly to her. But let us hear his own account.

“I was sent for in great haste about eleven o'clock at night. When I reached her bedside she requested everybody to retire, and then said—

“‘You see, monsieur, to what state I am reduced!’

“‘To a very fortunate state, madame,’ replied I. ‘You will now be ready to confess that there is a God whom you have very little known or served during your life?’”

He then told her that all her past confessions were as nothing; that her whole life had been one great sin. He assisted her as far as time would permit, in making a general confession; this she made with every symptom of piety.

Her ordinary confessor was by her bedside as well as M. Feuillet. This good man was anxious to address her also, but he was so lengthy that the Princess turned, with a look of suffering resignation, to Madame La Fayette, who was present, and then turning to her old confessor, she said, very gently, as if afraid to hurt him—

“My father, permit M. Feuillet to speak now. You shall talk to me afterwards.”

M. Feuillet still continued to address her very severely, and aloud—

“‘Humble yourself, madame! Behold, by God’s hand, all this empty pomp is fading from you! You are nothing but a miserable sinner, but an earthen vessel, which will shortly break to pieces! Of all your greatness, not a trace will be left.’

“‘It is true, oh God!’ exclaimed she, agreeing humbly to all that the good, though austere, priest told her, and saying, as was her nature, something amiable and kind in return.”

M. Comdon, Bossuet, was also summoned from Paris. The first messenger did not find him at home, and a second, and a third were hurried off, for madame was now in extremity, and had received the *viaticum*.

Here the severe Docteur Feuillet’s manner in describing the scene evidently softens, and in mentioning Bossuet’s arrival, he says:—

“She was as much pleased to see him as he was afflicted to find her in the last struggle. He threw himself upon the ground and uttered a fervent prayer, which touched me exceedingly. He spoke encouragingly of faith, love, and of great mercy.”

When Bossuet had finished speaking, or even before he had finished, Madame’s first lady-in-waiting approached her bedside to give her something which she required, and Madame took the opportunity to whisper to her, in English, in order that M. Bossuet

might not hear, thus preserving, even to the last, that sense of delicacy and politeness, to which she was always so alive:—

“When I die, give M. Comdon the emerald which I have had set for him.”

Bossuet, in his “Funeral Oration,” alludes to this circumstance:—“That art of bestowing anything in the way which was most agreeable to the person to whom it was offered, which could not fail to be remarked during her life, she retained even when at the point of death, for of this I can myself bear testimony.”

It is the fashion of the present day to say that Madame Henriette was not poisoned, and it is now considered an established fact, that she died of the cholera-morbus. The official examination of the body, which was thought desirable for political reasons, seemed to prove that this was the case. The first idea, however, was, that Madame had been poisoned—she said so, indeed, before Monsieur, begging at the same time that the cup from which she had drunk might be examined. “I was standing by Monsieur in the *ruelle*,” says Madame La Fayette, “and though I felt it quite impossible that he could have committed such a crime, a natural sensation of astonishment at the malignity of human nature caused me to observe him attentively. He was neither moved nor embarrassed at what Madame had said; he only ordered that the remainder of the liquid should be given to a dog. He agreed with Madame, that it would be better to send immediately for some antidote to remove so disagreeable an impression from Madame’s mind.”

In this temperate and cautious manner does Madame La Fayette clear Monsieur. The letter which was addressed to Cosnac on the 26th of June, describes him, however, as being more bitter than ever against Madame, and as threatening her with regard to the future. In another letter, which was written the evening before her journey to England, Madame expresses her fears and her sad forebodings:—

“Monsieur is still highly irritated with me, and I may expect much sorrow and vexation on my return from this journey. Monsieur insists upon my getting the chevalier recalled, or else, he declares, he will treat me as the worst of women.”

Reflect well concerning the manner of her death, and note, too, that almost immediately after it, the chevalier reappears at court. It does not appear, however, from Cosnac’s letters that he entertained any suspicions of foul play; they only express bitter grief.

Madame died at the age of twenty-six, after having been for nine years the very centre of attraction at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, and of its brightest ornament at the most brilliant portion of his reign. Though his Court was afterwards distinguished by more pomp and splendour, it lacked perhaps much of that distinction and refinement which then characterized it.

ADVENTURES OF A FIRST SEASON.

COMING TO TOWN.—LOVERS.

Six months had elapsed, and I had left the dear old home with the acacias that waved before the door. I had taken a pathetic leave of the great Newfoundland-dog—I had bid a long farewell to the copse and its verdant walks—overshadowed with shady boughs—to the desolate park and the wild gravel-pit, and I had sighed when I remembered that spring was approaching, and that the flowers would blossom in all their glorious tints, but that I should be far away, unable to admire them, or to watch the multitude of bees and gaudy butterflies as they chased each other from sweet to sweet.

I was now in London, and, truth to tell, had somewhat forgotten my quiet life at home. Books and flowers, and the charms of spring, were temporarily obliterated by the novelty and pleasures of a first season in town, and all the delightful excitement thereunto belonging. We were established in a small house in a fashionable neighbourhood; our means being limited, as I did not come into possession of my fortune until after one-and-twenty, and my mother's was not large.

Of course all my wardrobe had undergone a thorough revision, and being delivered over into the merciless hands of a fashionable dress-maker, my garments were reformed in the most complete manner. Commencing with those necessary but unmentionable "supports," that as often destroy as improve the female figure, I was placed in the midst of whalebones, and laced until I absolutely believed myself in a prison of iron; but my loud lamentations were only met with assurances of the great improvement to my figure, and exhortations to draw in my waist rather more—advice, I need not add, I cared not to comply with. Then I was consoled by the arrival of baskets-full of new dresses—white, spotless, elegant ball-dresses—light as a zephyr. Elegant dinner costumes of silk or fancy materials, and morning toilettes, quite à *revir*. My vanity was tickled, and so I patiently bore the infliction of the internal stocks, until I suppose I grew to them, for I felt them no more.

All this display of dress was duly admired and commented on by a good-hearted little country maiden that had accompanied me in the capacity of maid; but who, poor innocent soul, knew as little about adorning a young *débutante* as I did myself. She could only stand by and wonder, and clap her hands at the notion of "Missy" being so smart. But she was otherwise of infinite use to me, for, being the only person as ignorant as I was myself, I could freely wonder and converse with her of the strangeness of all we saw. Then, when tired of doing company in the drawing-room, or of driving in the carriage round that wearisome Hyde Park, what romps we used to have! Good heavens! if I lived to the age of Methuselah can I forget how, retiring to the uppermost story of the house, and shutting all the doors, we fought and struggled with each other like schoolboys, by way of proving which was the strongest, or, spreading the feather beds on the floor, we made believe it was a hay-cock, and rolled in them until, what with the previous fight and the heat, we were so exhausted and tired that neither of us could move, but lay there

laughing at each other like a couple of happy fools as we were. Oh! what merry jovial days of fun! One half-hour of such genuine mirth out-weighs centuries of stiff-stilted amusement, where Nature has long been forgotten in favour of her rival Art, and where, like the dolls in a theatre of Fantocini, people all move on certain established and approved springs (of action).

But with all this indulgence of a certain innate boydenism, I really was become somewhat versed in society, and should no longer have led an admiring lord into a gravel-pit by way of a pastime, or cried because he would not admire it as much as I did. No one would have recognised the *débütante*, whose fortune was positively stated to be 10,000*l.* a year (the usual figure of all heiresses *before* marriage), in the romp who retired to the attics in order to let off the steam of superabundant good spirits in violent romps with a little rustic. But so it was.

Then I was so molested with *lovers* or admirers (always remember of my *fortune*, for I was not such a fool as to be deceived in what was the object of their love), that I was at times driven quite beside myself, and used fairly to cut and run, leaving mamma to entertain these interesting young gentlemen; I hated them all save *one*—but of him more hereafter. Ha shall not be mixed up with the common herd.

There was always the little aristocrat grown prouder and more affected than ever. Of course all that noble family were in town, and my little gentleman was of the party, having left Eton and entered on his town career. We met occasionally—never when we could help it. But sometimes, by the united efforts of papa and the two mammae, were forced to be civil and walk arm-in-arm; a real infliction to us both; for, since the gravel-pit walk, mutual indifference had given birth to a kind of hatred, at least, I can answer for my own cordial antipathy.

The most troublesome of my swains, nearly as numerous as those of the witty Venetian, the heiress of Belmont, was a certain young dergymen of good family and high connexions, but who positively had not a penny to bless himself withal. Without any depth of character, he was agreeable and good-natured. Perfectly self-satisfied, and never dreaming that his attentions might be disagreeable, his audacity was quite curious; nothing put him down. He laughed and talked, and called and offered his arm for a walk, or as an escort at the play, with a happy assurance, that neither utter silence, cool looks, or short rejoinders, in any way affected. My mother, considered, when necessary, a kind of domestic governor, and nick-named Queen Boadicea, as being of a stern and warlike complexion, in vain brought all her artillery, and dignified reserve, and black looks against this shred of the garment of Aaron. He was invulnerable, and came in next day rubbing his hands, smiling, and offering his services, as if he were well-assured that he, and he only, was the welcome beau whom I expected. At last I really began to admire his never-failing good-nature, it was like an inexhaustible spring, that flows and flows until it becomes so troublesome that people are obliged to attend to it.

The worst of the matter was, that this hero had a mamma, a venerable lady whom I really loved. But she loved her son, her youngest, her pensiless; the eldest was a baronet, and well-married to a rich widow; as she loved him with all the doting fondness of age, she fancied all the world must love and admire him as much as she did; the consequence of which was, that all my affection and all my attentions

shown to her were construed by them both as a plain, though covert encouragement of "dear Charles."

If I pressed her to visit me often (which I did, as I delighted in her calm gentle conversation, anecdotes, and reflections about by-gone years, like a chapter out of an amusing memoir; for she was a woman of considerable acquirement, and had mixed a great deal with the wits of her day, and had been on terms of intimacy with many a celebrated character, whose name is canonized in the world's breviary)—well, if I pressed her to visit me, straightway was this construed into a decided, though delicately expressed, desire on my part to see her "dear Charles." So, accordingly, to my great annoyance, no sooner had I greeted my agreeable old friend, than I perceived the tall figure of the darling boy advancing behind her, and saw the happy gratified look with which the kind old soul turned towards him, saying—"Dear Charles could not think of letting me come *here* alone (with an emphasis), and has accompanied me. I know he will be welcome."

Who could have the heart to undeceive her, or sadden by one look her maternal pride? Not I, at any rate. So I smiled a false smile of false welcome to the tall parson, and impressed a true kiss of real affection on the sunken cheek of his aged parent.

She used on these occasions to look so happy! Already by those very false optics (more deceptive than the most partially coloured spectacles), "the mind's eye," all very well for the guidance of such a genius as Hamlet, but quite delusive to poor old Lady C——, she saw her son already possessed of 10,000*l.* a year, my positively stated fortune (not a groat less, my dear fellow, I assure you, Miss —— has a round 10,000*l.*, said Captain —— to his friend Jack Spanker at the club). She saw him emancipated from the humiliating trammels of a poor country curacy of 100*l.* a year, where he was forced to catechize dirty children who won't learn, scold their mammas, and exhort their papas, who delighted in cursing rather than in blessing, and loved the beer-shop far better than the church. Where he had to christen young children in cold and frosty seasons at inconvenient hours; which, as they always roared, and he hated babies, was a sad infliction. To marry dirty clod-hoppers to rustic Nancys, perhaps the very day, the very hour at which he was invited to join in a *battue* at a great duke's some four miles off. Which was a grievous bore, for who knew what such a man as dear Charles might do? what impression he might make on some magnificent peer possessed perhaps of first-rate patronage, to say nothing of my lord duke himself, who, after seeing him a few times, could not fail to be struck with his superior attainments, and determine on making the fortune of so talented a young man. All this was vexing in the highest degree, but nothing to being called away from the county ball, where he might be dancing with the belle of the room, and flirting as well as dancing; for dear Charles, according to his mother, was such a sad flirt that, as she told me, she really was *wretched* when she thought of all the hearts he had broken. To be called away, I say, in the very hour of glory to pray beside the bed of some wretched pauper, long an inmate of the parish poorhouse, whose soul, fluttering between time and eternity, desired consolation, yet lay so steeped in ignorance, as scarcely to comprehend the gracious message that was conveyed to it. For even the frivolity of Charles could not impair the grandeur, the sublimity of that beautiful service appointed by our church to soothe the dying hours of the peasant who

delves in the damp ditch, and the mighty monarch who holds three kingdoms in her sway!

This was bad enough, in Charles's opinion, and it did seem very hard that Goody Jones should have got worse that very night, and that the matron, taking it into her stupid head she was dying (when he was sure it was all a false alarm), should send for him away from the ball which was held only four times a year in the county hall at R——.

But this was a trifle to what dear Charles had to endure at the burials, which were pretty frequent in his parish. Sometimes, for instance, in a cold, mizzling, wet day in January, Charles had martyrdom to endure, according to his mother. With ice and melting snow all around, and a thin rain falling that penetrated the skin and froze on the hair and clothes in small icicles, which, melting with the breath, gave a double wetting; one of those regular English winter days in that cold wretched month in which the New-year insists on being born in the present century.

After sitting shaking in a miserable vestry without a fire, where the walls had become green with damp, for upwards of an hour, while the mournful and squalid procession, bearing poverty to its last home, was slipping and sliding through the snow in the neighbouring lanes, Charles at last was informed that the corpse was in sight. Upon which enlivening announcement, rising from the old arm-chair where he had vainly striven to catch a nap in order to forget the cold, Charles, with many a sigh and a most dolorous countenance, proceeded to clothe himself in the orthodox garments, assisted by the clerk. Then, book in hand, he must perforce proceed to the porch, and, after one dismal look on the dreary scene around, emerge bare-headed into the chilling rain, and proceeding down the path, receive the procession with those inspired words of divine promise and never-dying hope, that speak the immortal quality of our internal essence. Any heart, but one so vain and foolish as that of Charles, would have forgotten self, the past, and the present, in the future, which, looming through the chances and changes of this mortal life, rises in gigantic form aloft; visions might have been evoked by such a scene as should have raised his spirit towards those everlasting realms whither had already fled the soul of this poor peasant. But Charles of the "earth earthly" possessed not a mind of this stamp. He looked at the rain dripping on his book and pouring on his head; he felt that he was cold and chilled, and dreaded intensely having an attack of influenza: all which thoughts passing through his mind, caused him to read ill and hurriedly. So he concluded as he had begun, without attention, and, hastening to the grave, closed the scene of earth to earth, and dust to dust, with irreverent precipitation, and, shutting his book, hurried home.

Who on such occasions can describe the solicitude of his mamma—the lamentations with which she received her darling! how she grieved over him, and actually abused the cause of his sufferings! Who can describe the care with which she prepared his dry clothes, and pressed him to bathe his feet in hot water, or the inexpressible comfort of the snug little parlour at the vicarage, where, after discussing a simple, but well-cooked dinner, Charles having imbibed with much relish a glass of brandy-and-water, prepared by his mother's own hand, and rather stiff in quality, he sank to sleep in a comfortable arm-chair, under the united influence of a blazing, cheerful fire, a good dinner, and a most soporific beverage!

No one can wonder that with such a mother, and leading the life of

indulgence he did, Charles's naturally generous heart should become clouded with selfishness, and all noble aspirations or manly impulses were dwarfed, and finally destroyed by selfish frivolity and worldliness. He looked on himself at last as a victim, because his mother (whose naturally strong sense was clouded by maternal affection) was everlastingly pitying and pampering him.

Such was the husband whom this mother had selected for me; nor could I blame her, for she firmly believed him to be the first of his sex, a very Grandison,—or, if my readers are not acquainted with that antique and inimitable novel, and the perfections of its super-human hero, let me seek in the catalogue of modern romance for an example, and say a Bertram—Harry Bertram, alias Vanbeest Brown, the pupil of the renowned Dominic Sampson, and the lover of that delicious, romance-loving shrew, Julia Mannerling.

Lady C—— saw her son, as I have said, possessed of that magic sum of 10,000*l.* a-year, the same as appropriated by the celebrated Titmouse of immortal memory, delivered from all the torments of that dreadful, insufferable parish—rid of births, marriages, and burials, and placed as a bright particular star in his own sphere of life, moving in the society of his grand relations, from which he was now perforce much excluded, and attracting universal admiration. She also saw me his happy wife, delighted at having been able, at what shopkeepers call “a ruinous sacrifice,” to secure such a jewel for a husband, and proud and delighted to display my choice before the world. So fixed was the good old lady in this idea, that nothing could undecieve her short of a flat refusal; so that now, when Charles had temporarily disposed “of that bore his parish,” and come up to town principally to see me, and prevent any London beau from running away with me, I never could accomplish seeing her alone. Spite of my coolness and evident annoyance, and mamma's ominous distance and reserve, she would insist on always bringing “dear Charles;” and when he positively could *not* come, she then contented herself with incessantly talking of him to me. Never was such a dead set made at an unhappy girl; and what with love for the old lady, who was delightful with all her foibles, and distress at the idea of her bitter disappointment, I really think she would have ended by working on my goodnature, and making me, *volens volens*, marry her “dear Charles” after all.

But events intervened which made me soon forget this nonpareil, whose bachelor career unhappily ended by marrying a country miss as penniless as himself; an imprudence that necessitated his continuing in the galling trammels of *clerical country practice* all his life, to the eternal extinction of those brilliant visions formed by the poor old lady, who did not long survive this disappointment; added to the rapid birth of two or three grandchildren, who, to her mind, ensured the poverty and ruin in store for her “dear Charles.”

As yet I had not been presented, but as mamma was only awaiting the pleasure of our all gracious lady the Queen to please to have a drawing-room, on which occasion she was to present me, I was considered eligible to make my appearance in public so far as to go to parties, &c. It was about this time that I went to my first London ball, and great was my trepidation on finding myself entering with my mother an immense saloon, at midnight, brilliantly illuminated, and filled with a

crowd of the most elegantly-dressed company. The floor, prepared for dancing, was so slippery that I could scarcely stand, and overcome with my own *gaucherie*, and conscious of my extreme rusticity, and entire ignorance of all the mysteries practised in such a high-born assemblage, I was glad to sink quietly on a seat, and observe from an obscure corner the fluttering crowd around me. Seen for the first time it was a study. I had, for instance, been taught to dance in the country, and at the academy where I learnt was considered, and esteemed myself no mean proficient in the art; but the sliding, shadowy sort of movement with which the ladies glided about here, was something utterly dissimilar to the good jumping steps and vigorous advances and retreats in vogue among the young ladies of B——. I felt it was a different science, and trembled at the notion of exhibiting my performance on this slippery floor, amid all those graceful forms that fluttered every instant by in a half-gliding, half-fighting movement, that I longed yet dared not attempt to imitate. I was wonderfully astonished, too, at the sumptuous toilettes of the more elderly wall-flowers that sat around, among whom were numbered many a dame of high degree. The voluminous hats then in fashion, with masses of long, sweeping feathers, had to my mind a most imposing appearance; the splendour of the jewels—the richness of the silks—and, above all, the calm and immoveable dignity of the wearers, whose countenances expressed that composure almost invariably seen in persons of high rank and higher breeding, astonished me, and read me a lesson in manners worth a year's preaching and exhortation "to be quiet" from my mother.

As to the men, they all looked, I thought, prodigiously alike, except that some were young and others old—and they interested me very little, because knowing no one, I never dreamed of dancing that night, and excepting as partners, I never did particularly admire the spectacle of men figuring in a ball-room. To me it appears beneath the dignity of the lords of the creation to kick their heels and dance,—if they perform ill they appear awkward and ungainly, and if well frivolous and unmanly—at least to my notion. As I sat gazing with intense curiosity on the scene around me, a couple, fatigued by the dance, sat down near me, and began the following conversation.

"How full the rooms are, it is impossible to dance," said the lady.

"Quite," replied the gentleman; "but with such a companion as you that is rather an advantage, for we can talk. How do you think Lady F—g—l looks to-night?"

"Extremely pretty,—that dress of black lace trimmed with ermine suits her admirably, and shows off her lovely complexion; she is certainly a sweet creature, but I prefer Lady M—y G—t; it is a grander style of beauty."

"Oh, certainly, she is taller and fuller in figure, and has an air about her that is quite her own; but to my mind she wants the sweet, bewitching charm of Lady F—g—l. Those blue eyes of hers do sad mischief. But, by the way, have you heard that there is a little heiress here to-night, just come up from the country, and not yet presented, who they say is immensely rich—10,000*l.* a-year down;—Jack ——, of the Blues, told me all about her, and he says she is the greatest catch of the season."

"Have you seen her?" asked the lady.

"No—and I cannot find any one that has; though Lady —— says she is here to-night. I have been on the lookout for something extremely rustic, and as yet see nothing like this new arrival."

"Ah, even if she is ugly or awkward, or both, she is certain, at least, of all the gentlemen's attention," said the lady rather tartly. "Poor little thing! I suppose she will be sure to be sacrificed to some family compact, and forced into a *mariage de convenance*, and is sure to become miserable."

"Well, I don't know. A—B—, who knows her well, and has promised to introduce me, says she has a great deal of character, and is quite an original. A—B— has hopes himself, I believe,—but all his talents will not fill his purse. Besides, they say she is engaged to the Marquis of ——'s youngest son, before she came to town. Here are not so many couples now dancing, will you like to take another turn?" To which the lady assenting, they rose.

I need not say with what attention I had listened to this conversation: from the moment I found that I myself was the subject I scarcely breathed, and my heart beat so violently, I fancied the speakers must hear it. So, then, my introduction had become a matter of general discussion among people whom I had never seen, and was pointed at as something remarkable by elegant ladies and gentlemen, who frightened me out of my wits. Of course, I knew it was all the money—the charming sum of 10,000*l.* a-year; but then it was gratifying thus to find oneself remarked and talked about, and I determined to make the most of my position, as I gradually began more fully to appreciate its advantages. The idea of my interesting such a grand pair—poor little me!—it did seem droll; and visions of my life at home floated for a moment before me; but it was only a moment—the band struck up a lively gallop—I felt my colour rise, and my feet involuntarily move—I had grown quite bold since overhearing this conversation, and now actually whispered to mamma how I should like to dance!

The wish was soon gratified—a lady whom we knew advanced towards us, leaning on the arm of a particularly gentlemanly-looking young man, whom she begged to present to me for the next waltz.

I started with pleasure, and hastily accepted him; indeed I was just on the point of telling him how much I wished to dance, and how obliged I was to him for asking me; but as the words were on my tongue, I stopped just in time; though I believe, if I had committed such an impropriety, he would not have misinterpreted my simplicity, so good-natured and amiable did he look. He seated himself beside me, awaiting the change of dance; in a few moments they began to play a waltz, and I found myself launched into the infinite space of a London ball-room.

Now all my fears and timidity returned. I forgot I was the heiress talked of by the Blues as the catch of the season, and I remembered nothing but that I had never danced on waxed floors before—that I did not know how the waltz was managed in London,—that I felt terrified and strange—and clinging to the arm of my partner, heartily wished myself again in my quiet seat with mamma. He remarked my embarrassment, and good-naturedly endeavoured to relieve it, by first leading me round the room, and remarking on various persons among the company. After all, it really was something delightful to make one among that brilliant circle, to feel oneself even an unit among those hundreds of beautiful women. The animation of the fine band—the gorgeous whole—transported me out of myself, and I dashed off into a waltz with strange confidence. On the whole I got on pretty well, with the exception of nearly slipping once, but the dexterity of my partner saved me, and, to all appearances, I passed muster tolerably.

I was charmed with this same partner, he was so kind and gentle, so considerate, and when I had time to observe him, very good-looking also; somewhat short, but well-made and well-dressed, and with such a gentle voice it was quite pleasant to hear him speak.

We were soon the best of friends. I had informed him it was my first ball, and that he was my first partner; a piece of information he acknowledged with a low bow, and many civil speeches as to his hopes that it might not be the last time he should enjoy that honour.

"As to its being my first ball, that," he smilingly said, "he saw it was." Upon which I blushed crimson, as I remembered how verdantly *green* I must appear to him. To the waltz succeeded a quadrille, and again we danced together, which afforded ample opportunity for conversation. Again I awkwardly stumbled, and again he assisted me; he had quite constituted himself my protector, and I felt most grateful to him for his delicate kindness.

At the conclusion of the last dance I retreated to my mother, attended by my new beau, who seated himself at my side.

"Allow me to remind you," said he, "that I have twice prevented you from falling. I only mention this, in the hope that you will think of me with goodwill in consequence."

"Oh," said I, "indeed I do thank you so much—you have been so goodnatured to an awkward country girl, and I have so much enjoyed my dance with you, because I was not frightened."

"Let me hope, then, soon to enjoy a similar pleasure," (I bowed). "Do you go to the Opera often?"

"Yes," said I, "we are going to-morrow night."

"May I be allowed to look into your box?"

"I have no doubt," said I, remembering all the lessons about the proprieties I had received, "that *mamma*" (with an emphasis) "will be happy to see you."

When we departed he handed me to the carriage, and I went home, truth to tell, full of my new friend, who I felt had a certain sympathetic attraction about him, that, somehow or other, caused him strangely to run in my head. He was neither proud like the young lordling, frivolous like the parson, or worldly like A—B—; and during that one evening he had made more impression on me than the others all united.

THE CRISIS OF MY EXISTENCE.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

I'M not a sentimental man now. I have passed that state of existence long since, as a man whose whiskers have got bushy while the hair on his crown has got thin, and whose eyes are surrounded by little nascent crows' feet, decidedly ought to have done. I confess that I prefer a good dinner to the most enchanting of balls, claret to polkas, and a jolly bacchanalian ditty to the pretty small talk of the most dainty damsel that ever floated through a quadrille in ringlets and clear muslin.

"Horrid wretch!" I hear some young lady reader exclaim, as she peruses this confession, and prepares to throw down the book in disgust. Stay one moment, fair lady, I beseech you, and you shall have a little genuine sentimental reminiscence of my "days of auld lang syne"—and then—then you may throw down the book if you please and call me a "horrid wretch" *if you can*.

What a pretty, little, gauzy, fairy-like creature was Angelica Stagers when first I met her! The very recollection of her at this moment makes a faint vibration of my heart perceptible to me, while *then* the sound of her name would startle me like the postman's rap at the street door. Bill Stagers (it isn't a pretty name, Stagers—but then, Angelica!) was a schoolfellow of mine. Schoolboys don't talk much about their sisters, because they get laughed at if they do: so that I knew little more than the bare fact that Stagers *had* a sister. In after years when we left school, and Stagers went into his father's counting-house in the city, and I into my father's office in Gray's Inn, the matter was different.

Stagers introduced me to his family. This consisted of his papa, a pompous old fellow who always wore a dress coat in the street as well as at home, and whose pendant watch-seals would certainly have drawn him under water if he had ever had the misfortune to tumble overboard from a Margate steamer; of mamma, who was a lady of vast dimensions, with the usual superfluity of colour in her cheeks and cap ribbons on her head; of a sister of Mr. Stagers, senior, who might have been agreeable if she had not given you the idea of being pinched everywhere—pinched in her waist, pinched in her nose, pinched in her mouth, and pinched in her views of things in general; and lastly of the daughter of the house—the divine Angelica herself.

How shall I describe Angelica as I first saw her one fine summers' day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, dressed in the most charming of muslin *negligée* dresses, reclining in a large easy chair, and embroidering on a frame a pair of worsted slippers for her papa? How shall I ever give an accurate picture of her beautiful, light, golden hair, that literally glittered in the rays of

the sunshine that made their way through the half-drawn green venetian blinds of the window by which she sat, in the drawing-room of that delightful villa at Peckham that looked out on to the smoothly shaven lawn with the large washing basin of a fish pond on it, containing ever so many shillings' worth of gold and silver fish? I can't do it. I have let all my poetry run to seed, and I feel myself as incompetent to do justice to the charms of Angelica as a sign-painter would be to copy a Madonna of Raphael, or a street ballad screamer to sing the "stabat mater" of Rossini. I must give up the attempt: but cannot the reader help me out of the difficulty by imagining something very fair, pink and white, very slight, very animated, and very ethereal-looking altogether? Of course he can;—then there is Angelica Stagers before his eyes directly.

From the moment I saw her I felt that my doom was fixed, and my heart *trans-fixed*. I admired, I loved, I adored her, and the very atmosphere that surrounded her (I don't mean the smell of roast duck that was steaming up from the kitchen) seemed to breathe of paradise. Accordingly, as a very natural consequence of this feeling of mine, I behaved very sheepishly—blushed and stammered, and tore off the buttons of my gloves, stuck my legs into absurd positions from not knowing what the deuce to do with them, stumbled over an ottoman as I took my leave, and to save my own fall caught at a china card-tray and smashed it—effecting my retreat at length in a state of tremor sufficient to have brought on a nervous fever.

My friend Stagers quizzed me:—

"Why, Jones, I never saw you so quiet. I always thought you such a devil of a fellow among the ladies. You've lost your tongue to-day: what is it?"

What is it! As if I were going to tell *him* what it was. Supposing I had told him that his sister was an angel, the fellow would have grinned and thought I was mad. Men never do believe in the divinity of their sisters; they are almost as incredulous as husbands touching their wives. The last man in the world I would select as the confidant of my love affairs would be the brother of my adored one. I should know that he would annoy me by the most anti-romantic anecdotes of his sister's childhood, and tease her to death by frightful stories of myself. And so I invented excuses about being "out of sorts" and that sort of thing to account for my unwonted taciturnity and embarrassment at this my first interview with Angelica Stagers.

I was soon a very frequent visitor at the Peckham Villa, and I had reason to suppose that I was a welcome one. The old gentleman was very civil; mamma was pressing in her invitations; the "maiden aunt" affable in the extreme; and Angelica always received me with a smile, that I valued at a higher price than California and Australia together could pay.

The Stagers family led a quiet life, with the exception of Bill, who haunted theatres and cyder cellars, and harmonic meetings, and passed as disreputable an existence as a city-clerk well could.

I seldom met any one at the Peckam Villa but the family, and occasionally a Signor Fidilini, who was Angelica's music and singing master, and was sometimes invited to tea in the evening, that he might delight Papa Stagers by playing and singing duets with Angelica. I can't say I liked his doing so myself, and I always considered his double-bass growl spoiled the silvery notes of his pupil's voice; and then I had a great objection to seeing his jewelled fingers hopping about and jumping over Angelica's on the piano, in some of those musical firework pieces they played together. But he was a very quiet, gentlemanly fellow, and remarkably respectful in his manner to Angelica, so that there could be no real cause for jealousy—but!—the word seemed quite absurd to use in such a case.

My father pronounced me the idlest clerk he ever had. I am not sure that he was quite wrong, but he little suspected the cause. While I ought to have been drawing abstracts of title, I was drawing fancy portraits of Angelica; while I should have been engrossing brief-sheets, Angelica's form was engrossing my thoughts; instead of studying declarations at law, I was cogitating a declaration of my attachment. To plead well my own cause with herself and her father was the only sort of pleading I cared for; while the answer I might get to my suit was of ten thousand times more consequence in my eyes than all the answers in all the fusty old Chancery-suits in all the lawyers' offices in the world. As for reading, Moore and Byron supplied food to the mind that ought to have been intent on Coke and Blackstone. Apollo! God of Poetry, and Venus, deification of Love, answer truly!—is there a more wretched being, a more completely fish-out-of-water individual than a lawyer's clerk in love?

After long and painful watching, I became convinced, in spite of a lover's fears, that Angelica was not insensible to my attachment. The little bouquets I bought for her at Covent Garden Market were received with a look that thrilled through my very soul. (I hope that is a proper expression, but my poetry having grown rusty, as I before mentioned, I am in some doubt about the matter). There was, or I dreamt it, a gentle pressure of the hand as we met, and as we parted that could *not* be accidental, and could *not* be that of mere friendship. There was a half timidity in the tone of her voice as she addressed me, different from the self-possession she displayed in conversation with others. In short, there were a thousand of those little signs, visible though indescribable, that Angelica Stagers knew that I loved her and was gratified by the fact.

Now most men would have thrown themselves at her feet and made their vows, in such a case; but I was doubtful whether that was the most safe course to pursue in order to secure the prize. It struck me that her father was just one of those crusty old gentlemen that look on a young fellow as little better than a pick-pocket, who dares to gain a daughter's affections without first asking her papa's permission to do so. On the other hand, I was quite aware that young ladies don't like to be asked of their papas

before they are asked themselves; there is too much of the Mahometan and of the Continental style in such a proceeding to please our free-born island lassies. Still, I might get over that difficulty by explaining how hopeless I believed it to be to secure her father's consent at all, unless I got it *first*. I was right; and so I resolved to have an interview with Mr. Staggers, and explain my sentiments.

Did any one of my readers ever drive in tandem two horses that had never been broken to harness? Did he ever let off a blunderbuss that had been loaded for ten years? Did he ever walk through long grass notoriously full of venomous snakes? Did he ever ride a broken-kneed horse over stony ground? Did he ever take a cold shower-bath at Christmas? Did he ever propose the health of the ladies in the presence of the ladies themselves, and before he had at all "primed" himself? Did he ever walk across a narrow greasy plank placed across a chasm some hundreds of feet in depth? If he has done all or any of these feats, I can bear witness to the fact that he has had some experience of nervous work; but if he has never been back-parloured with a grave, pompous old father, of whom he is about to ask his daughter's hand, *then*, I say his experience of real, genuine, "nervous work" is but infantile after all. Making a declaration to the lady herself is nothing to it, though a little embarrassing too; but then you know that the fair one is in as much trepidation as yourself, and not watching you with a cold calculating eye, weighing your expressions, and drawing conclusions perhaps prejudicial to your reputation for sense or honesty. I declare that I would not go through that ordeal again for the wealth of the Antipodes (that's the last new phrase): and, between ourselves, that is the very reason why I remain to this day a —; — but stay — I am anticipating.

I cannot give an account of my interview with Old Staggers, because, even half an hour after it was over, I had but a confused recollection of what took place at it. I only know that it haunted my dreams like a nightmare for nights after. I was eternally jumping up in my bed in a cold perspiration, with my hair half thrusting my night-cap off my head, in the midst of "explaining my intentions." However, a great point was gained—Mr. Staggers agreed to offer no opposition to the match, provided *my* father consented also.

"I shall call on him to-day, my young friend," he said; "so dine with us at Peckham at six, and you shall know the result. I don't *forbid* your going there earlier, if you feel inclined to do so."

This was handsome. I expressed my gratitude as well as I was able, and at once took a Peckham omnibus, and hastened to Angelica.

"Missus is out, sir; and so's Miss Staggers: but Miss Angelica's in the drawing-room, sir."

"Very well. I'll go there—you needn't show me up."

So saying, I sprang lightly upstairs, and was in the drawing-

room in an instant. A sudden shriek—a short, quick, half-stifled one—met my ears as I entered, and I saw Signor Fidilini move his arm very hastily, as if it had been in far closer proximity to the waist of Angelica, who was at the piano, than I should have considered at all necessary in an ordinary music lesson.

“Oh dear, Mr. Jones! how you did startle me,” cried Angelica, blushing terribly, as she rose to shake hands with me. “I didn’t hear you coming at all, I assure you”

I didn’t need that assurance, and I believe I said something of the sort.

“Mees Angelica so feared, dat I put out my arm to stop her fall off from de stool,” said Fidilini; and he looked so perfectly truthful and embarrassed as he spoke, that my dreadful suspicions began to be allayed.

“I feel quite nervous at this present moment,” said Angelica. “Indeed, Signor, you must not ask me to take any more music lessons to-day.”

Signor Fidilini bowed gracefully his assent, and I cast a delighted look at Angelica; for was she not getting rid of that tiresome music-master for my sake? Fidilini packed up his german-sausage roll of music, and, bidding us good-day, bowed himself out of the room.

We were alone! We looked uncomfortable, and we felt so—I am sure of it in her case as well as my own.

“Angelica!” I exclaimed.

She started, and looked surprised.

“Angelica, I love you—you know it: but you do not know *how* deeply and *how* devotedly,” &c. &c. I suppose it is quite unnecessary for me to give the remainder of the declaration, because no one can be ignorant of the usual form of the words in these cases. It is as “stereotyped” as an Admiralty Secretary’s letters—but I suppose it means a little more, or what a deal of fibbing lovers must be guilty of when they come to the grand scene of the domestic drama of “love!”

Angelica hung her head, and blushed, and panted. I felt she was mine, and I seized her hand and began to cover it with kisses, when she snatched it from me in such haste, that her diamond and pearl ring scratched my finger. I was amazed!

“Mr. Jones, I can listen no more. I assure you I *must* listen no more.”

“Why so? Your father will not oppose my wishes for—”

“It is not *that*, sir: it is, that I cannot reciprocate the attachment you profess for me.”

“Oh! do not say so—do not—”

“If you have any generosity in your heart, Mr. Jones, you will cease this strain at once. You have mistaken my feelings altogether.”

“It’s that cursed Fidilini!” I cried in a rage, forgetting my good-breeding.

“I beg, sir, that you will not use such language in my pre-

sence, especially with reference to a gentleman for whom I entertain a feeling of—”

“Love!” I said, with a stupidly indignant laugh, and an attempt at an air of tragedy. “But I care not. I will shoot him within twenty-four, as he shall shoot me;” and I started to my feet with a thorough determination to call out Fiddini without an hour’s delay.

“For heaven’s sake don’t speak so,” cried Angelica. “There will be murder; I know he’ll fight, and you might kill—”

“Thank you; I might kill *him*—yes: you don’t seem to have any fears lest he should kill *me*. However, he shall have a chance,” and I strode towards the door.

“Stay,” cried Angelica: and she seized my arm: “stay, you shall have my secret, and *then* I throw myself on your generosity. He is my husband!”

“Fiddini?—the devil!” I exclaimed.

“We are privately married,” said Angelica, “but, for the present, do not let—”

Here we were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. and Miss Staggars, who entered the room, to our great discomfiture. Angelica, with an appealing look towards me, hurriedly left the room.

If ever a poor wretch felt himself in an uncomfortable position, I did at that moment, and during the rest of that evening. Mr. Staggars brought home a city friend with him, obviously to avoid a *tête-à-tête* with me after dinner, but he took care to inform me, in a whisper, that his negotiation with my father had failed. I dare say he was very much surprised at the cool indifference with which I received this piece of information, for he little knew how worthless were the consents of the paper in the present instance.

Of all the artful little hussies that ever lived, decidedly that girl is the most complete! thought I, as I watched the quiet and composed manner in which Angelica behaved during dinner, and the evening which followed. She played and sang as freely as ever, and even expressed her sorrow that Signor Fiddini was not present, that she might sing one of her papa’s favourite duets. If he *had been* present, I believe I should have strangled the fellow against all resistance.

How I passed that night, I won’t say, but I did not sleep.

Next morning I was at the office as usual, and really trying to work hard to keep my thoughts from dwelling on Angelica. About ten o’clock, my father rushed into the room where I was seated at the desk, in company with Mr. Staggars.

“Villain!” cried Staggars, to me.

“You young scoundrel!” screamed my father.

I was really alarmed, for I thought that both those respectable elderly gentlemen must have gone mad. I stared, in open-mouthed astonishment.

“Where’s my daughter?” bawled Staggars.

“Answer, sir!” shouted my father, as I looked, if possible, still more surprised.

"I don't know," I replied.

"You lie, sir," cried Staggers.

"You are quibbling, sir," added my father; "we don't ask where she is at this very moment; you know *what* we mean."

"Is she married?" said Staggers: "answer that."

"Really, I—"

"Answer plainly, sir, and without shuffling," cried my father.

"I *believe* she is," I answered.

"Believe! why, you young villain, when you *know* whether you have married her or not, how dare you talk about what you *believe*?"

"I marry her! *I'm* not married to her!" I cried, in surprise.

"What the — does all this mean?" exclaimed my father, losing all patience. "Miss Staggers has run off from her father's house—with *you*, it's suspected."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, interrupting him; "then I suppose I may tell the truth; no doubt she is gone with her husband, Fidilini."

Never shall I forget old Staggers' rage and surprise when he heard my simple story; nor his savage indignation when my father (thinking only of his own son being out of a mess) exclaimed:—

"I'm deuced glad of it."

I am going to the christening of Madame Fidilini's seventh child to-morrow. They like an old bachelor for a godfather sometimes, because he has no other children than god-children to provide for. Grandpapa Staggers will be there, and so will grand-mamma and grand-aunt; and the latter will be very attentive to me, but she's more pinched than ever, and looks like a dried herring in figure and complexion. I shall dine with old Staggers afterwards, and he has some superb claret, much better stuff than—well, never mind, I have done!

REMINISCENCES OF HENLEY REGATTA.

BY AN OXFORD MAN.

I HAVE made it a rule never to allow public events, whatever their magnitude or moment, to interfere with my private amusements; and so, though I have no doubt that, to use the regular rhetorical phrase, "we are slumbering on the brink of a volcano," I was not deterred by the Russian *ultimatum* from enjoying myself during Ascot week. It is scarcely possible to realize the prospect of war, in such fine weather as this, unless it be the mimic hostilities on the plains of Chobham. On a warm June day, with excursion trains (on which accidents are no longer of daily occurrence) tempting one from metropolitan duties to every kind of ruralizing, it is difficult to feel that excitement which should stir all well-regulated minds, on the ultimate chances of any alteration taking place in the mode of worship under the dome of St. Sophia, or the effects of the "Kossack watering his steeds in the Rhine." I am not insensible to the dangers impending, and am an enthusiastic believer in "the balance of European power" and the "faith of treaties." I would not fiddle, like Nero, when Rome was on fire, nor did I ever in any way encourage those eccentric philanthopists who annually celebrate the downfall of Poland by a civic ball. But, during this week, in spite of Prince Menschikoff, and his modest proposals, "the Greek waters" and the squadrons cruising in them, and the fall of funds here, there, and everywhere, I have been unrestrainedly enjoying myself at Oxford, Ascot and Henley. I need not tell my readers, who were all there, of the style in which Teddington won the plate of the "Emperor of all the Russias," or how, on the banks of Isis, the vociferous undergraduates cheered and mobbed Mr. Disraeli, until they fairly drove him out of the town.

To all Oxonians and Cantabs, and to the people of the neighbourhood, this Regatta has become what the "Times" newspaper calls "a great fact." In the town itself it is looked upon as an institution. To the influx of cash during the aquatic week the hotel-keeper and the publican (not to mention sinners of other callings) look forward as a compensation for the unremunerating quiescence of the remainder of the year. Local scullers and rowers impatiently expect a triumph in their own "reach." The *belles* of the place choose their muslins in May with an especial view to undergraduate admiration, while their maiden aunts and citizen fathers are haunted by dismal forebodings of disasters which may happen to their knockers, and tremulous anticipations for their window-panes.

Well, my dear boating, or non-boating reader, suppose us to have arrived together any regatta day during the last five or six years at this fine old town on the banks of Father Thames. We

will not imagine it to be a wet day, because that is not the normal state of the affair. At any rate, it is not what it should be, for rain is as hostile to the true interests of regattas as to that of pic-nics. It may be here remarked, that it does rain on the recurrence of this great event about once in three or (perhaps to be more accurate) three times in five years, and it rains on only one of the two days, and on that day, although the company is somewhat select and limited, and includes only those who are aquatically earnest, yet the sport is always good. Well, I said just now, we would suppose ourselves to have arrived, but it is perfectly clear that we must have previously started, and therefore one word on that. Well, then, granted fine weather; myself up early (not often the case), breakfast comfortably over (by the by, they are always uncomfortable) at my chambers in the Temple, and you having declined to breakfast with me (in which you showed your good taste), punctually meeting me in time for an early train at the great railway terminus, Paddington. Granted also a great rush of Oxford and Cambridge men of all sorts and seniority. There is the badly dressed freshman, whose apparel is a sort of mixture between fast and slow; the noisily attired, but yet more congruous and confident under-graduate, who has not long achieved little-go, and is not yet victimized by thoughts of degree; there is the unmistakable difference between Oxonians and Cantabs, which an experienced eye can always see. Some are reading the "Times," one or two (I am sorry to say, but they are the sons of country gentlemen of Sibthorpean calibre) the "Morning Herald;" a great many are making small bets very largely; a few that have come together are chatting, while others are wishing to talk to their neighbours, but dare not trample on university etiquette, for they have not been introduced.*

Granted also, that we stop at a country town on the river, not many miles from Henley, and that we pass through this place (which, by the by, is like many other country towns, for it has a church with a clock that never goes right, a town-hall, a pump, and a post-office), and call at the house of some very charming and hospitable friends of mine, to whom we mention, quite cursorily, that we are presently going to drive over to Henley, and are immediately invited to accompany them in their carriage. Granted, in fine, that we have had a very delightful drive, fallen very much in love with the young ladies of the party, who are very pretty, and (as we at first imagined) taken up a good position, with the carriage in the centre of the bridge which commands the magnificent reach of river, where the contests will take place. In an instant twenty ragged rascals surround us, and demand vociferously their several rights to take care of the carriage and horses.

* There is a very old story of two men of the same college meeting on Mont Blanc and not speaking; and it is still better authenticated that an Oxford-man, some years ago, seeing another drowning in the Isis, passed by like the Priest and Levite in the parable, and afterwards regretted very deeply to a mutual friend that it was quite out of his power to save poor ———, for they had never been introduced.

My friends have brought their own servants with them, but still these tattered harpies press themselves into the service, and pull the horses' heads about until we are backed against a neighbouring dog-cart, to the endangering of the shafts thereof. Before these fellows are driven off by our united efforts, three gypsies are on each side of the carriage, noisily requesting that their hands may be crossed with silver, and threatening us one and all with the longevity of Methuselah, and an offspring proportionately numerous. Before I can get my purse out to bribe them to move on, the prophetess nearest me has stated most audibly that I love the pretty lady (Miss Arabella), that the pretty lady loves me, that we shall be married in three months, and that Providence will twice bless us with twins, and these only four of a goodly heritage of thirteen children. Miss Arabella blushed hot. I am a shy young man, and so looked away very confusedly, attempting to make an unimportant observation on the probability of there being a shower, there not being at the time a chance of anything of the kind.

Before we have recovered from the effects of this most improper vaticination, a stout man, in a blue jacket and flannel continuations, observes to me, in a confidential tone, that, for half a crown, he will dive off the bridge into the river. From a sort of uncomfortable and malicious wish to get rid of him, even by seeing him drown himself, or almost equally in hopes of his starting off with the money, I reply, in a whisper, that I am prepared to advance the sum required. To my astonishment, instead of clutching the coin himself, he requests me to deposit it in the hand of a bystander, ascends the parapet of the bridge, and, to the confusion of the young ladies, divesting himself of the blue jacket, and indeed everything except the aforesaid continuations, and, to the alarm of their mamma, rapidly becoming hysterical, goes off headlong into the river. Scarcely able to conceal my exultation at the facetious expenditure of my half-crown, I fortunately detect in the crowd my friend Tomlinson, who was one of my set at Oxford, and who has now a curacy in the neighbourhood of Henley. I drag Tomlinson over, introduce him to Arabella, and then run across the road, to ask Spankey and Trevor, who are both making books on the regatta, what the odds are. I take this opportunity of strolling down with these two sporting worthies to the river side, while the Rev. Tomlinson is making himself agreeable to the fair occupants of the carriage. On the way we are requested to indulge in the pleasant pastime of stick-playing, and win innumerable useless toys, which we throw to a crowd of small boys, who scramble for them. Then, in despite of constables, the ancient game of thimble-rig is being clandestinely carried on in corners and quiet nooks on the side of the bank. While we are watching a freshman, who is always quite confident that he knows under which thimble the pea is, and see him, in spite of his acuteness, lose three half-sovereigns, our attention is attracted by three Henleians running past us in a frantic manner, cheering a sculler, who is progressing very slowly, and in such zig-zag fashion, that you think, for a moment, that the wind is ahead, and he is tacking.

The cause of exultation to the three pedestrians on the bank is the fact that, in the aquatic struggle, their friend Popjoy has distanced, by some lengths, his local rival Pedder. The excitement is maddening. Pedder has four friends running by his side, rending the air with their shouts of encouragement. Popjoy growing elated with victory, becomes careless, and standing rather too long on one tack, runs his skiff head-foremost into the bank, and there sticks fast. Pedder's backers yell with malignant joy, and he, gathering fresh courage from his antagonist's mishap, jerks his skiff forward (this, my non-boating reader, is called "putting on a spurt"), and runs the stationary Popjoy down, in rowing phraseology, "bumps" him. "A foul" is claimed for both parties; the dispute grows warm, and Popjoy and Pedder, with their several friends and patrons, rush off to the umpires, before whom they carry on the controversy. The umpires, one of whom is classical, and quotes three times "Non nostrum inter vos," &c., while another of satirical vein, calls them "*Arcades ambo*," and translates it (aside) "both *are cads*," at length give a decision, but what it was I really never cared to inquire, and cannot therefore inform my reader. I leave Trevor and Sparkey betting about a trick with three cards, which a vagabond was displaying to a select knot of men round him, much to his self-aggrandizement, and return to the ladies on the bridge. The Rev. Tomlinson, who is very strong in small talk, is still there—the ladies are all laughing. It is perfectly clear that I have not been missed, and need not apologize for my absence. But Tomlinson, of course, rallies me, and says that, during my wanderings on the bank, it seemed to the ladies "the bridge of sighs." "*Pons asinorum*," I retort, in a low voice, to the reverend wag. He takes forthwith to conundrums, informs the ladies that there is a connection between the spirit-rappings and table-moving, because he says the table, as it goes round, is a *circulating medium*. He asserts that when the spirits do not reply, it is because they do not care a *rap* for the interrogator, and, waxing classical, avers that the Horatian reason for table-moving is "*Solvuntur risu tabulæ*." I finish the line to him, "*tu missus abibis*," and Tomlinson thinking that, after his jokes, he can make what is called a "strong exit," takes off simultaneously his hat—and himself.

By this time the bridge looks gayer, the river more beautiful, and the whole scene more exciting. The bands are playing popular polkas and stirring waltzes on the barge; the church bells are ringing, the sun comes out brightly, and the wide reach of river sparkles below us; the two university eight-oar boats pass under the arches of the bridge, on their way to the starting post. Every one is lurching on the carriages, although the dust is blowing into the champagne and the lobster salad. The gipsies are as troublesome as ever. University men, in neck-ties of dark blue and light blue, many with "zephyrs," a few with white hats, and many, I fear, smoking, pass to and fro. The little iron steamer from a neighbouring town, runs up and down the river, with its Lilliputian funnel puffing and snorting most hilariously; on the

left bank, some people enjoy the Regatta, in a haughty and exclusive manner from their own windows and gardens; the right bank is crowded with spectators, and with the green fields behind, and the well-wooded hill above them, there lies before us such a sight as is not elsewhere to be found.

But *the* race of the day will now take place. Popjoy and Pedder are forgotten. A contest between a college at Cambridge and the Corsair Club has gone off without enthusiasm, but now Oxford and Cambridge, with picked river heroes, will strive for aquatic pre-eminence. Now, plausible young gentlemen, of a sporting turn, with book and pencil in hand, ask if you will lay the odds on Oxford. Of course you reply that you expect he will lay them on Cambridge; a small bet, on even terms, is concluded, and you feel, for the time, very sporting indeed. The boats have started; not three or four, but three or four hundred, shouting maniacs rush along the river side; Tomlinson, who passes me at the moment, observes drily that there is "a run on the bank." I have so often run over people, and been run over at Henley, that, on this occasion, I stay with the ladies. It is a stoutly contested race. If you want a description of it, read the fifth *Æneid*, or "Bell's Life." In the latter you may find, some two or three years back, profoundest criticisms by Charon, and slashing letters from Menippus—Cerberus also had his bark. Suffice it that Oxford wins—I am in ecstasies. From the combined effects of the champagne and the victory, I feel almost maudlin with sentimental joy, and so I stroll up the town by myself, and muse over past Regattas. There stands the balcony of the inn where I was introduced to the crowd of small boys as Feargus O'Connor—a frolic long ago chronicled in "Bentley's Miscellany." There is the long room used on Sundays for schismatical teaching, which we, with daring profanity, turned into a theatre, and in it played classic tragedy, travesties most laughable, and screaming farce. Which of us does not remember the pulpit in the green room? who can forget how Stapylton and I, who were noble Greek youths in the tragedy, had but one pair of sandals between us, and how he went on in his stockings; how I had to borrow a sheet from the hotel for a toga; how Herringham, having to pronounce a benediction in blank verse, on the youthful hero of the play, put his hand upon his head, and losing his presence of mind, said, "God bless you, my boy;" how Stapylton, having appointed his man-servant check-taker, the said check-taker got drunk, and when a great civic authority presented an order for admission, signed by Stapylton, the inebriated treasurer first denied him entrance, and, on his remonstrating, thrashed him.

Next I pass a spot where we pulled down a pig-sty, and erected a barricade, but, as Cicero says of Athens "quacunque ingredimur in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus;" and as I should only grow more sentimental as I think over those days of reckless jollity, I will, therefore, cry "vive valeque" to my reader, and tell him that, though I still go to Henley, I am now a wiser and a sadder man.

TURKEY, ITS HOPES AND PERILS.

THE spirits and the powers of North, East, and West, the South being identified with the East, meet at that central point of the old continent, the Bosphorus, and carry on, as they have done for centuries, an inveterate struggle. Greece, Persia, and Scythia met and fought there in the time of Herodotus. The fortune of the quarrel has since then gone every way, yet been never definitely decided. Greece conquered Asia, and Asia, in turn, conquered Greece. Turban has succeeded helmet, the crescent the cross. Now the cocked hat must have its day, and the Papas threaten to make short work of the Mufti.

Nations will never want pretexts for interfering with one another. In the olden times, it was a plain *stand and deliver* quarrel,—the strong came to strip and enslave the weak. Now-a-days, conquerors come forward with much more politeness in their manifestos. They are never actuated by avarice or ambition—oh, no! it would be a very *casus belli* to suspect them. Sometimes the wolf says to the lamb, you are troubling the popular waters, you are too noisy, too democratic, and I will devour you. But even this is growing exploded, and now the pretext is humanity. England, with great philanthropy, has coerced the whole world to join the crusade against black slavery. And now Russia says, she will not have Christians maltreated by Mahomedans. The Czar stands forth as the patron of all the Greek Church in the Ottoman empire, and demands to be recognised as such.

Hereupon all the press of London and Paris set up a clamour, that Russia demands the sovereignty over the twelve millions of Turkish Christians, leaving but two millions of Turkish Mahomedans for the Sultan to reign over. This is such a misrepresentation of the case, that it had better be rectified at once. However, the Christians of Turkey in Europe may be twelve millions to three or four millions of Mahomedans, counting the Arnauts; in Asia there are ten or eleven millions of Turks to one or two of Christians. Then, again, the Christians of Turkey in Europe are conglomerated in the northern provinces: four millions in Bulgaria, four millions in Wallachia and Moldavia, one million in Servia. With respect to all these, Russia makes no demand beyond the *status quo*.

But before proceeding to give such local and personal sketches as may pourtray the seat of strife, and afford some acquaintance with its *dramatis personæ*, let us state the case and the quarrel briefly and impartially and truly, without either bowing the knee, or blowing the trumpet, as is the necessity of diurnal writers.

The gallant and prominent part which France took in the great crusades is well known. It is well known also, that French and other knights established kingdoms in the Holy Land, and as an adjunct to those kingdoms, founded convents and Latin churches.

When the kingdoms were overthrown, the convents and churches remained. The French made what terms they could for them, amounting indeed to mere complimentary words, such as the giving them the keys of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, terms which the Turks soon forgot. When, however, Francis the First made an ally of the Turk against his great rival Charles the Fifth, the French, naturally in favour at Constantinople, made use of it to procure protection for the convents and churches of the Holy Land and of the Archipelago.

A century later, the French sought to make active use of their privilege, and under the influence of Mary of Medicis, the Jesuits were despatched to Constantinople, as well as to the islands of the Archipelago, to gain a footing. In these attempts, the French were opposed by the envoys of Venice and of England, who represented the Jesuits not only as disturbers of the peace, but as emissaries of Spain. A Greek priest, of the name of Metaxa, at this time, had set up a printing-office at Constantinople, for the circulation of religious works, and the strengthening of the national creed. The Jesuits got up a tumult and intrigue, had Metaxa sent to prison, and his books seized. But Sir Thomas Roe defeated this conspiracy, and laboured so effectually, that he procured the complete expulsion of the Jesuits, not only from Constantinople, but from Seio, from Naxos, and from Jerusalem. Not all the efforts of De Harlay, the French ambassador, though aided by the Austrian envoy, could reverse the victory gained by the envoys of England and Venice over the Jesuits.

The French journals have been trumpeting the great respect paid at Constantinople to the envoys of Louis the Fourteenth. Yet the elder Kipriuli, when Grand Vizier, ordered M. de La Haye, the French envoy, to receive the bastinado. The very same envoy returned in 1665, when the Grand Vizier refusing to rise as the ambassador entered, the latter flung the Capitulations at his feet. Whereat the Vizier called him a Jew, the chamberlain took the stool from under La Haye, and began to thrash him with it—La Haye drew his sword, when a tschaoush gave him a box on the ear; and the Vizier Kipriuli ended by shutting him up for three days. The whole story, with the references, will be found in Hammer (Book 55.) Louis the Fourteenth, however, avenged this insult; or compelled the Turks so far to make reparation, as to receive with great honour another French ambassador. The Capitulations were renewed; the Latins were placed in possession of the Holy Sepulchre, and as no Power of any importance then supported the claims of the Greek Church, whilst Austria and France sustained the supremacy of the Latins, the latter pursued their advantages at Jerusalem. The French renewed their Capitulations in 1740, and even later. But with French philosophy, and the revolution which it produced, the anxieties of France were little turned towards the Holy Land. Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, and attack on Acre, left the French small chance of preserving influence or privilege at Jerusalem. And Poujoulat, the great champion of French rights, admits that, when he visited the Holy Land some

twenty or thirty years since, there was not a single French monk or ecclesiastic in Palestine.

During a quarter of a century, France had waived the right and lost the habit of being the first Catholic power, and a Bonaparte had few claims to the inheritance of sovereignty from Godfrey of Bouillon. During that long suspension of the religious zeal and influence of France, the Greek Church had grown in power and numbers at Jerusalem. An Emperor, professing the creed of this Church, had sprung to the first rank in the East and in Asia. In 1808, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem was burnt. It was, of course, the Greeks who rebuilt it. The French were absorbed in other anxieties and struggles. At length, in 1814 and 1815, the Most Christian King of France owed his throne in great measure to the Czar of Russia. He could scarcely in gratitude proceed to dispute the ascendancy of the Greek Church in Jerusalem. What was gained by the French was, in fact, craved and won from Russia's condescension.

Under the reign of the House of Orleans, the French government pursued a double mode of recovering ascendancy in the Holy Land. It at the same time supported Mahomed Ali in his project of getting possession of Syria, and supported the Maronites in their scheme of becoming independent. In this double purpose the French were totally defeated. But as they persisted in converting their ancient Catholicism into political capital, England and Prussia appointed a Protestant bishop at Jerusalem. And thus were the three great Christian princes represented in the Holy Land.

It was an unwise policy of the French President to stir that question of rivalry with Russia at Jerusalem. The hope of rendering the Latin or Italian church predominant in the Levant, or in any part of it, is futile. If Christianity survive east of the Bosphorus and the Mediterranean, it must evidently be in some form of the Greek or old Oriental persuasion. In Jerusalem, however, and for the church of the Holy Sepulchre there was certainly a difficulty. The Greeks not only claimed to worship there, but claimed also the right of performing an annual miracle, that of getting down the sacred fire from heaven, which illumines that tomb. This sacred fire is in reality the act of a guardian, who introduces a lighted candle into the aperture at the right moment. The Roman Catholics and Jews would not consent to be parties to such a mystification. But the fees were enhanced and produced by it, and, therefore, the Greeks could not dispense with it. Hence the struggle for the Holy Sepulchre, of which it might be truly said, as of the Temple of old, that the House of Prayer was converted into a den of thieves.

The French Government thought that if it respected the demarcations and the treaties of Europe in great things, it might at least show its zeal and gain advantage in small ones. To recover, at least, a parity of right with the Greeks in Jerusalem seemed one of these humble questions, which might be pushed to any length, and which would vastly flatter Rome, without offending Vienna or St. Petersburg.

A singular ambassador was chosen for the purpose. Every one in Paris knew the Marquis of Lavalette, who, notwithstanding his name, was no connection of either the famous commander of the Knights of Malta, nor of that follower of Napoleon, whom Sir Robert Wilson saved. The Marquis of Lavalette was rather known for being an impassioned admirer of Fanny Elslar. His first employ in diplomacy was that of Secretary to Monsieur de Sercey, who was sent by M. Thiers or M. Guizot, ambassador to Persia. M. de Sercey seeking to present himself in his most imposing manner, sent his Secretary on before him.

It happened that the Shah, who expected the French ambassador, sent a dignitary to meet him, and he having met the Secretary Lavalette, splendidly clothed and accompanied, took him for the ambassador, and made him all the presents and courtesies prepared for the envoy himself. When M. de Sercey arrived, there was nothing left for him. M. de Lavalette had already got the honour and the shawls. M. de Lavalette was afterwards employed in Egypt, and, finally, having married a rich widow, found himself installed in the French embassy at Constantinople.

At the time when this change took place, the Russian and Austrian ambassadors had withdrawn themselves within their country-palaces at Buyukdere, highly indignant at the protection which the Porte had afforded to Kossuth, and the full freedom of action which England had procured for that personage. They never went near either the Sultan or Reschid Pasha, and M. de Lavalette imagined he had got a nice quiet opportunity for pushing his point of putting the Latins on an equality with the Greeks at Jerusalem.

Here begins the duplicity of the Russian diplomatists. There is not a doubt that if M. de Titoff had come forward at Constantinople, and explained to Reschid Pasha, that Russia would not suffer France to obtain advantages at Jerusalem, at the expense of the Greeks—had the Russian envoy told the Turkish minister this—not a doubt but that Reschid would have made use of the pretext to refuse M. de Lavalette his demands, and thus the cause of complaint would have been avoided on both sides. But M. de Titoff remained silent. The English envoy would not interfere. And Reschid seemed to have no reason for refusing the demands of M. de Lavalette, but his own ill-will. Lavalette, therefore, went with his impatience and his complaint, to the fountain-head, the Sultan.

The Sultan is a very sleepy man, who loves to repose on soft cushions—and Reschid Pasha is one of those cushions. Reschid Pasha is, in the Sultan's eye, his bond and his security for the support and alliance of France and of England. Reschid was well calculated to fill this part, and he urged the Sultan to do all that is required to preserve the quiet friendship of the powers of the West. But Reschid is not young, and loves to slumber too. And in this mood Lavalette found the Grand Vizier, in his new palace on the Bosphorus. Reschid Pasha pooh-poohed the fiery, seditious, little Frenchman, who, in his impatience, went across the water to Beglierbeys, and awoke the Sultan.

There is nothing that monarch so much dislikes as to be obliged to quit the harem for the palace of reception. He there learned that his cushion, Reschid, instead of securing to him the friendship of France and England, had actually affronted and turned one of these Powers, or its representative, into a foe. What do you want? said the Sultan to M. de Lavalette. Five centuries ago, M. de Lavalette would have replied, the head of Reschid Pasha. But it being no longer in fashion, even at Constantinople, to ask for a man's head, M. de Lavalette could only ask for his place. It was but a few weeks before that the Sultan had given his daughter in marriage to a son of Reschid's. It mattered not, the Sultan had been awaked, and was impetuous. Sir Stratford Canning, could he have been gotten to interfere, could have saved Reschid a hundred times. But Reschid had quarrelled with the English ambassador; he proved very lazy in furthering some favourite ideas and reforms. A road from Trebizond towards Erzerum was a favourite project of the English envoy to facilitate the way for English commerce. Reschid could not be got to provide funds and facilities for the road. Sir Stratford would not aid Reschid, nor risk a quarrel with France in his behalf. So the fat and liberal minister fell, and went lamenting about his unfinished villa and his pet farm.

Reschid was succeeded by Ali Pasha, little Ali, well known on the Boulevards of Paris, and in the clubs of London. He was very much terrified, but M. de Lavalette gave him courage and confidence by assuring him that he would communicate to him a vast deal of political sagacity, and that between them they would do wonders with the Ottoman empire. Lavalette and Ali Pasha are two pretty little fellows—to whom a prudent man would, at most, give his shoes to black. Fate and the Sultan chose to give them the reins of the Ottoman empire. Of course they agreed to kick Greek and Russian out of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as if that were the easiest and most innocent thing imaginable. Russia, they imagined, was asleep, and, to all appearance, indeed, M. de Titoff was in as profound and nonchalant a slumber as the Sultan. Not satisfied with having laid a mine at Jerusalem, capable of blowing up the peace of the whole East, this worthy pair resolved to settle, in their own fashion, the still more difficult and delicate matter of the Turkish Exchequer.

They resolved to raise a loan, a thing unknown in Turkey, and in order to have the pickings and patronage accruing from it all to themselves, they resolved not to have recourse to the London market, but to do the whole business in Paris. When Turks manipulate money, a great deal of it sticks to their fingers. Therefore at the first rumour of the loan every Turk said, "Ali Pasha is going to make his fortune and that of his brother ministers. As we are not to have a share, we must stop it." And so, from the Sheik el Islam down to the Bimbachi, all declared that the loan was not only a bad speculation, but an impiety. The clamour, which hereupon arose, again found its way into the palace of the Sultan, and aroused him to the anxieties of government.

His Highness no sooner took cognizance of the matter, than he again sacrificed his ministry, and turned out little Ali; and the newly-printed scrip, which so many had sold at a premium, was declared to be waste paper.

Thus did the sapient M. de Lavalette, having upset the chief of the Reformers for refusing him the keys of the Holy Sepulchre, uproot and eject the last of the Reform party by inducing him to contract a loan, without conciliating any of the numerous personages whose assent and support were indispensable.

All this time the Russian and Austrian envoys remained tranquil at Beyukdere, and gave no sign even of life. The Sultan, feeling that he had offended both England and France, by ejecting Reschid and then Ali Pasha from office, Sir Stratford Canning having gone, and M. de Lavalette being odious to him, thought he would gratify Russia and Austria by calling to favour all their old cronies.

Whoever wants to get a summary history of the state of politics and personal influence at Constantinople, has nothing more to do than to take an intelligent boatman to row him up the Bosphorus. The shores of that far-famed strait he will observe covered with palaces, some just erected and quite new, others dingy and tumbling into ruin. Let him ask the names of the owners, and he will find that the ruined and tottering mansions belong to ex-ministers, the new and the rising edifices to those in the force of influence and power. Of these one of the most splendid has been built by Fuad.

When the events of 1848 aroused a spirit of insurrection in Moldavia and Wallachia, the Russians marched in to suppress it. But from the other side, Suleyman Pasha marched in also, not so much to suppress the insurrection as to regularize the liberties demanded. Russia forthwith denounced Suleyman Pasha as a revolutionist and a disciple of Palmerston. The Porte was weak enough to displace him, and Fuad Effendi was sent in his stead to conciliate Russia. The result was that Convention of Balta Liman, on which Russia at the present moment rests her right of interference and occupation.

When the Russian envoy was sent to demand so peremptorily the extradition of Kossuth, and had received a firm refusal, it was thought necessary to conciliate the Czar by an embassy. But the case was hopeless; no one liked to undertake it, for, in truth, no one thought that anything could be made of it. Even the Pashas, who were anxious to favour Russia, declined facing coldness and affront on the part of the Court of St. Petersburg; and the mission was handed over to Fuad, who had so well succeeded in conciliating Russia by sacrificing the principalities. Certain it is, that Fuad was not ill received at St. Petersburg; quite the reverse. He was fêted and welcomed. The Czar did not visit upon Fuad his indignation against the Porte; on the contrary, he dissembled, received the envoy with great politeness, entertained him in a princely way, and dismissed him with proofs of such munificence as quite astounded Fuad, and weighed down not only his heart with gratitude, but his saddle-bags with gifts.

Fuad returned to Constantinople and built himself the most magnificent palace which was ever beheld on the Bosphorus.

These things are not secret to Turkey, nor are they a crime. The Sultan was well pleased that a servant of his had found favour with the Czar; and on concocting his new ministry his Highness thought he could not do better than conciliate Russia by the appointment of a person, whom it so treated and liked, as Fuad. How Prince Menschikoff treated Fuad the other day is in every one's recollection. Neither Russia nor Austria was to be conciliated. Deeply affected and discomfited in the affair of the refugees, which had checked their influence and humbled their pride, they silently awaited, each of them, a convenient opportunity for breaking forth, playing the insolent, and humiliating the Porte. The affair of Montenegro afforded Austria the cue; and conflicting orders to Jerusalem giving preference both to Greek and Latin, gave to Russia that pretext for intervention which, after Count Leiningen had performed his part, brought Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople.

More recent demands or events it is useless to recapitulate. They are before every one; the insolence of Prince Menschikoff, the firmness of the Sultan, the return of Lord Stratford, the restoration of Reschid Pasha and of his son, and the union of all Turkish political parties, to resist the dictation of Russia and follow the councils of England and of France. Never was a more noble opportunity offered for reforming the great abuses of the Turkish governments, putting the Christians at length on the footing which they ought to hold, yet enabling the Turk to maintain that supremacy and that government, which they alone can carry on for the present, with any hope of prolonged amity and peace between creeds and races.

People talk of crushing the Turks, of their empire falling to pieces of itself, in such a way as to give those who would succeed to that empire the mere trouble of picking up the fragments. This is a very grave mistake. The Turks are still a brave and enthusiastic race, which has so far allowed their religious prejudices to die out, that they no longer have a thirst for, or a pleasure in, blood, and are by degrees coming down to the admission that Mahomedans may and must come to a level with Christianity. Time and peace are doing this for them. But if, instead of allowing time and peace to do their work, the Russian bayonet undertake to do it, then all they do fanaticism will counteract. The most ignorant and ferocious spirits of the race will come to dominate the civilized and the cultivated, and the result will be a civil war, extending from the Danube and the Drave to the Euphrates, and of this struggle, even if the Christians and Mahomedans of the Turkish empire were left to themselves, the mutual sacrifices would be dreadful, and the result doubtful. The Christians of Asia Minor would, it is to be feared, be destroyed to a man; Asiatic hordes would cross the Bosphorus to take their share in a war, which in the mountains of Albania and Bosnia, at least, would be prolonged far beyond a campaign. If Christian powers took part

with the Turks, the conquest would be infinitely longer, and the result most dubious.

Humanity, therefore, would dictate a preservation and continuance of the power of the Turks, the Sultan and the class of politicians around him being bound and interested to lessen in every way the remaining prejudices of the race, which prevent its amalgamation with men of other origin and creed. If, whilst Turks were allowed power on such conditions, the Christians were secured in their rights of property and personal freedom, as well as in certain habits of municipal and provincial self-government, such as, indeed, the edict of Gulhané laid out for them, this would be the state of things to be desired.

Unfortunately, all the experiments that have been hitherto made, have proceeded on the principle, that it was necessary to separate Mahomedan and Christian, taking it for granted that the races could never live together. Thus, when Wallachia and Moldavia were destined not to be under Turkish suzerainty, but under their own government, it was stipulated that no Turk should ever reside north of the Danube, and that all Turks, having property on that side of the river, should sell it within a certain time. With respect to Servia it was the same, except that the Turks were allowed to garrison the fortresses, a proviso rendered necessary by the circumstance of the high road to Europe from Constantinople passing through Servia.

In Greece the same maxim was adhered to. All Mahomedans were ordered to sell their properties in Greece. This ejection and repudiation of Mahomedan by Greek and Slavonian Christians from the territories declared to be in the independent jurisdiction of the latter, has greatly increased the mutual inveteracy of the races, and instead of facilitating or advancing the improvement or settlement of their provinces of mixed races which lie between the Balkan and Albania, it has for a century retarded them.

It will be seen that Russia, in her present demands upon the Porte, goes upon the old principle, upon which European powers have always gone in their treaties with Turkey. They have always supposed, that the races could not amalgamate, that a Turkish governor of a province could never be generous or just, that a Turkish judge could never be expected to give a fair sentence. No matter how liberal the laws may be, a Christian can never depend upon them with security, invoke them with success, or be protected from the oppression of the Turks, unless he have an armed and powerful protector near, such as a European consul, or a Christian Patriarch.

When Russia makes these demands, Turkey replies, that had she conferred independent and semi-sovereign rights, under Russian guarantees, upon a Greek Patriarch, it would have been of little matter formerly, when a vizier could cut off a patriarch's head, and send an ambassador to the Seven Towers; but that now it would be not merely lowering, but abdicating, the sovereignty of the Sultan. The Patriarch of Constantinople wields an immense power, and raises a large revenue,

as he enjoys a tenth of all the emoluments of the higher clergy. From the exclusive power of solemnizing marriages, and by the rigid belief of the members of the Greek Church in the terrible efficacy of excommunication, the patriarch and the clergy possess vast authority—an authority which is as much abused as that of the Pasha. So much did the Emperor of Russia fear the powers of his own Patriarch, that he made himself the chief of his religion, and subjected the synod to his control. A striking proof in what light politicians of the Russian school regard the church, is to be found in the conduct of Count Capo d'Istria, who, when placed permanently, as he imagined, at the head of Greece, passed a decree, giving himself, as civil governor, supremacy over the Greek Church within his dominions. When the Russians occupied Wallachia and Moldavia, their first step was to dismiss the archbishop, Gregory, who opposed them. The Emperor Nicholas now demands the Sultan to bestow privileges and power on the Patriarch of Constantinople, that he, Nicholas, will not bestow on the Russian Patriarch, precisely because he knows the political use to which patriarchal power can be converted.

Instead of such ancient jurisdiction, what the Sultan and Reshid Pasha proposed for the government of provinces consisting of mixed races, is to be found in the edict of Gulhané. According to this edict, every province is to have its civil governor, its fiscal receiver, and its military chief. The latter is to confine his jurisdiction to the army, and lend his aid to the civil chief. The governor is to take the advice of a council, which is to consider and discuss administrative affairs, as well as give decisions in judicial reports, especially in the composition and contents of tribunals. It is even to act as a tribunal in certain cases. This Medjili or provincial council, was ordained to consist of the civil governor, the fiscal receiver, the Greek, or Armenian Bishop, or the Rabbi, the especial delegates of the municipalities, and, finally, *vudjouks*, or deputies from the entire population.

Were such a council as this established, according to the intention of Reshid Pasha and the edict of the Sultan—were its sittings permanent and publicly open to the appeals of all who were wronged, such institutions could not but regenerate Turkey, and put Christian and Turk on a fair equality, giving that confidence and security to the former, the want of which paralyses his industry and fosters his discontent.

The best of legislation may, however, be turned to a bad purpose. And, we regret to say, that however sapient in theory, and liberal in intentions were the Reform party in Turkey, they were by no means so active and courageous in carrying out their plans and enforcing their laws, as in drawing them up and promulgating them. The same edict of Gulhané is an instance. It was no sooner issued, than steps were taken for dividing the financial and military authorities in the provinces. A fiscal chief and a Pasha went down together. Now, there was not the least use in

sending a financial functionary, and telling the Pasha to confine himself to military affairs, unless the Pasha was of some other than the usual kind, who have not a *para* at the time of their appointment, who are obliged to borrow money of the Armenian usurers to equip themselves, and who, of course, cannot dispense with the usual spoliation of the provinces in order to repay the Armenians. The Pasha could not wait for his salary and appointment till the collector had money to spare. He set about levying for himself, contrary to law. But he had an excuse, and there was as yet no authority for the oppressed population to appeal to. This was the state of things in Bulgaria subsequent to the issuing of the edict of Gulhané. The unfortunate villages and inhabitants had, in a long series of years, become accustomed to the rapacity of the Pashas, and knew how to resist, how to baffle, how to conciliate, how to compound. One bright morning they are told that this system of oppression is at an end, and that they are to pay their tribute to a regular tax-gatherer. Delighted at the news, the villagers and their chiefs hasten to pay. But a month has not elapsed, when down comes the Pasha's officers and troops, demanding payment over again of the same tax. In vain did the Bulgarian villagers protest, rarely did the producing their receipts avail to stop compulsion. Most of them had not kept the written receipt, or cared for it. The land was covered by violence and extortion. There were wars, and rumours of wars. Cannon sounded on the coast of Syria, where Christian populations were resisting Mussulman troops. The signal was sufficient. The Bulgarians rose in insurrection. The Pasha had no regular troops. How could the government send him any, or give him any orders, save to call upon the irregular hordes of Albanians, on the condition that they should pay themselves in suppressing the rebellion, by the plunder of the inhabitants. The fierce Arnauts demanded no better bargain. They descended from the mountains, crushed the puny efforts of the Bulgarians to resist, and laid waste the country with fire, sword, and rapine. There was an end, for many a long day, to Medjili in Bulgaria or its confines, or even in Roumelia. And, from that time to this, the Edict of Gulhané has remained pretty much of a dead letter in even the European provinces of Turkey. Let us not, therefore, be violently astonished at Russia's invoking some other guarantee for the Christians, than the reform laws or intentions of Reschid Pasha.

M. Guizot who, soon after the insurrection of Bulgaria, succeeded to ministerial power in France, was shocked and affected by the sufferings of the Bulgarians. Having already run a muck for the Egyptians, it was difficult for Louis Philippe to veer round and run another for the Bulgarians. However, M. Guizot thought that he would at least send to inquire how the Bulgarians were, and what they wanted. Accordingly he looked around him, and chose one of the fattest members of the Institute, who knew no language under the sun save French, but who was a political economist, to traverse Bulgaria, and make him a report thereon. M. Blanqui

set forth in the costume of a *Chasseur d'Afrique*, and traversed the high road from Belgrade to Constantinople. He visited the several Pashas as he journeyed, and one of them forwarded him on his exploring journey in a hen-coop, to which, on a certain occasion, a dozen Christians were harnessed for the purpose of dragging the *Chasseur d'Afrique* over the Balkan. Hussein Pasha, who gave this order, must have had a shrewd vein for satire, but to have forwarded a French philanthropist in military costume athwart the difficulties and amenities of Turkish travel.

M. Guizot was right, however, in the object of his inquiries, for if Russia is to be prevented from establishing herself at Constantinople, and dominating Turkey in Europe, Bulgaria is the only bulwark that stands in her way. Roumelia has no population of more account than the sands of the sea. The Greeks are too distant and too scarce, whereas the Slavonian population of Bulgaria is dense, is numerous, numbering more millions than the Greeks, very industrious, excellent agriculturists, and the most independently inclined of all the Slavonians. They do not forget that they once had a kingdom and a king of their own; that they formed a nation, whilst that of Russia was not even in the shell; and that it was they, in fact, whose arms brought the Greek empire so low, that she was at last unable to resist the attack of Mahomet the Second. If the western powers of Europe desire seriously to preserve Constantinople from Russia, they will raise Bulgaria, or restore it rather, to be a separate kingdom or country, and guarantee its independence by a solemn treaty. Unless some such bold and decisive step is taken, all that is doing, and vapouring, and expending, is merely the throwing away of spirit and pounds sterling for nothing. If the Porte can constitute Bulgaria under its own sovereignty, in the enjoyment of freedom and comparative independence, it would be still better, as we before said. It should be observed, however, that the Porte has no time to lose, for if it does not accomplish this at once, it will soon be too late, and other powers, in default of Russia herself, must undertake it.

Recurring to the system of provincial assemblies, and to some other forms than that of the Turkish Pashas of the old school, surrounded by Turkish followers, we come to the grand necessity of the Turkish Government, that of raising Christian troops, and having a Christian force to depend upon. The Edict of Gulhané meditated the extension of the conscription to Christians. It was found unpopular and dangerous to execute, so that there stand the Turkish population armed and enregimented on one side; the Christian population disarmed, and of course occupying an inferior position on the other. This ought to be remedied. Austria raises Italian soldiers as well as German, but does not station Italian regiments in Italy. Why should not a Greek regiment serve at Trebizond or Kutayieh? Why should it not be in the power of a reforming Turkish governor to depend upon such aid, if necessary, against a fanatic population such as that of Damascus? It may be delicate ground, but that measure is indis-

pensable, for if the Turkish Government cannot invent some mode, by which they may make use of soldiers and civilians of the Christian races, the empire will not last long enough to regenerate itself; it will fall a prey to Russia.

The enterprise is worthy of a great military governor, if, indeed, the Turks possess one. The Turkish race have never produced any successful commanders. Their great Viziers and conquerors were almost all of Christian descent. In order to do anything with Turkish troops, or with the population of the empire, a great military authority is requisite. And for that the presence and power of the Sultan or one of his family would be requisite. The Viziers once could make themselves instantly and properly respected; but that was done by means of acts of cruelty and ferocity, such as cannot now be practised. Such men as Tabir in the fleet, and Khosrew as Seraskier were of this kind; these old contemporaries of Mehemet Ali were not to be trifled with. But such men have died out. And although their school and party were lately restored to place and favour, and to the council of the Sultan, not one of them shows that courage and presence of mind, which would prompt Abdul Medjid to trust them. They even quailed and hesitated, and it became a necessity to send for Reschid Pasha.

The first genius of a great military commander is not to manœuvre in the field of battle, nor yet to conceive a skilful plan of operation for a campaign; these, however important and requisite to generals in command, are but secondary to the great science of organizing a military force. To fit and fashion an army for conquering is more difficult than to conquer with it. This was shown in the career of the great Frederic, of Napoleon, and of Wellington. The Russians have fought well in the field, and their generals have not been deficient in the science of tactics. But there has been no genius in Russia for organizing an army since the days of Peter the Great. We have but to read Müffling's work to appreciate what the Russian army and generals were in 1813 and 1814. In 1829, the efforts of Turkey and Russia were those of children rather than the hostilities of two great empires. Turkey never brought more than 40,000 regular troops into the field; and the Russian general, when he crossed the Balkan, and occupied Adrianople, did this by stealing a march on his adversary, and pushing forward not more than 40,000 men. The very Turks would have slain and beaten them there, if the diplomatists had not been frightened, and patched up a precipitate peace. The war cost the Russians from sixty to an hundred thousand men. And when we know that the other day the siege of Venice cost the Austrians a loss of 20,000 men, we may imagine how defective in military skill and appurtenances are even the best regulated armies of the east of Europe, and how fatal a determined resistance even upon one point or in one fortified town, may be to the strongest military empire.

If an organizing and regenerating genius is wanting for the Turkish army, it is still more wanting for the fleet, which lies at

anchor all the winter at the Golden Horn, and all the summer at the mouth of the Bosphorus, without stirring a rope or unfurling a sail. This year it did not even go into the sea of Marmora. There is never anything seen but a sentinel on the fore-castle. This fellow, as soon as a boat, not merely approaches, but appears at half a mile distance with a dignitary on board, gives the alarm, turns out the guard, and you see forthwith a score of bayonets and fezes upon deck, while the drums beat a salute. To this the Pasha or the Bey and his eight-oared, or his six-oared caique returns a salaam, and the Turkish sailors go back to their prayers and pipes, till the next boat of a dignitary appears, which will be in about five minutes, so that the entire day of a Turkish man-of-war's crew, off the Golden Horn, is passed in saluting and saluting.

If one wishes to have a high idea of Turkey as a formidable military power, one should not visit Turkish camps, batteries, or barracks, but cross the frontier, and contemplate the immense preparations which the neighbours of Turkey have made, nominally for defence—really for offence. Almost the entire of the Austrian frontier, adjoining Turkey, or a wide belt of territory, is devoted to a soldier-population. A soldier tills the ground, sows the grain, amasses provisions and materials, learns and practises the arts of war, and teaches it to his children. The simple produce of these regions, instead of going to landlords in the shape of rent, pays officers of regiments, who exercise the entire administration and judicial authority. Austria has seventy-five thousand men in these military colonies, who add nothing to the amount of its war budget.

Austria may have some excuse for these great military establishments, for Bosnia is still feudally organized; its landed proprietors are bound to muster their vassals to arms, and lead them for expedition or a foray. But Russia can have no defensive pretext for the large military colonies, which, in rivalry more of Austria than of Turkey, she has of late years established on the Bug. These fixed and colonized regiments of Russia are all cavalry, whilst the Austrian *grenzers* are all infantry. The southern Russians, being most of the Cossack race, accustomed to a life on horseback, and living amongst deep pasturages, necessarily suggest a cavalry rather than an infantry force. But horse is much more aggressive, much better fitted for invasion, and for overrunning the countries to and beyond the Danube. This, indeed, offers a recreation and an advantage, that Russia takes care to procure for her soldiers every five or six years, a pretext being never wanting to pour this avalanche of Russian horse into the rich fields of Wallachia and Moldavia.

But in addition to her military colonies, Russia keeps a large force in the southern provinces, where sustenance for man and horse is more abundant than in any part of Europe. A Russian soldier costs less than one-fourth of an English soldier, so that 500,000 Russian troops are maintained at the same cost as our 100,000. The most insolent and significant of Russian military

precautions is, however, the maintenance of a permanent camp of 16,000 men at Sebastopol, in contiguity with the fleet of vessels required to transport them. It is calculated that these 16,000 men would require two days to embark, and but forty-four hours in addition to be wafted to the mouth of the Bosphorus. And whilst these preparations are patent and avowed, Russia has had the conscience and the address to obtain of the Porte, that no European fleet or vessel of war shall enter the Dardanelles, the mouth of which is sixteen or eighteen hours' sail or steam from Constantinople.

We need not say, how much it is the interest of all European powers, that Constantinople should be in the hands of a power not actuated by the spirit of military aggrandizement, but governing its conduct and its policy by the arts of peace, commerce, and interchange. If Russia had Constantinople, she would in two years have it a fortress bristling with cannon. The Dardanelles confined in the same strait-waistcoat of artillery would be impassable. The Black Sea would be converted into a dock for the formation of a Russian navy, destined to make the Mediterranean a Russian not a French lake, and prepared to establish a like supremacy over the ocean. The war that would be inevitably necessary to resist this, would be ten times more dangerous, more murderous, and more expensive, than any little war, or menaces of it, or preparations towards it, undertaken to maintain the independence of Constantinople and of Turkey from the hands of any of the great military powers.

To keep the Black Sea and the Baltic open, by maintaining the straits which lead to both seas in the hands of a power of no overwhelming force, is, we all know, one of the first principles of European politics. Some allege, in contradiction of this, that Russia is too strong, that nothing can resist her progress. But after all, three-fourths of the shores of the Black Sea are Mahometan, and it requires nothing but a daring spirit, in whom all the races of that creed might put trust and feel proud, in order to do far more than resist Russia. When it is considered what a barrier the Circassians have presented in their limited mountain territories, it may be imagined what Mahometan resistance would be, if Tartar and Kurd, Turk and Persian joined in it.

From Odessa to the mouth of the Danube, lies, in fact, the only portion of the shores of the Black Sea that is Christian. The provinces which rise from the Black Sea very gradually towards the interior, unite two extremes, seldom found together, of being a rich alluvial deposit, and at the same time being subject to terrible droughts. Such large alluvial plains and pastures are generally at the foot, or at some distance from ranges of mountains, which keep up the supply of moisture, or lie in the midst of winding rivers, which exude their superfluous waters through the fields. But in Bessarabia and the adjoining province, the abundance of moisture which prevails in spring, and makes the whole country a rich and verdant pasturage, disappears, and the surliness of autumn leaves a bare and arid soil, on which men and

animals are burnt up in certain years with famine and with pestilence. Such is the country by which any military expedition of the maritime powers must penetrate into Russia from the South. In such a country the population is naturally divided into lord and serf. For the larger proprietors alone can provide for the barrage and keeping of the waters on the high grounds, as well as for providing in a bad season for the sustenance of the families dependent on them. Thus some estates will be found flourishing, others a desert, according to the skill and care shown and applied by the proprietor.

The countries beyond the Pruth, those of Wallachia and Moldavia, are far superior to the ones north of it, which we have described. And hence the natural desire of the possessors of Bessarabia and the Ukraine to extend their dominion south. The principalities have mountains, mines, varied climes and soils, all the capacities of a fertile and self-dependent country. The Danube offers them a high road to the world and to its markets. And the independence in which they have ever lived, for the Porte never completely subdued them, has given a spirit adapted to such circumstances and recollections.

Two centuries ago the Tartars, Mahomedan Tartars, were masters of the country from the Sea of Azof to the Pruth, and these Tartars were in subjection to the Porte, aiding the Turkish regiments in their war with Poland, and their princes not only ruling over the Crimea, but sometimes appointed Vaivodes of Wallachia also. Nevertheless this dignity was in general conferred on some of the great Greek Byzantines, or Fanariot families, Dukas, or Cantacuzeni, or Sontzo. For the Greek *noblesse* of Constantinople had no connection with what we consider Greece Proper. Their power lay on the Danube. There the Turks did more for the remnants of the noble Greek race, than either Russia or Austria had done. The Turks made them princes, as well as gave them high dignity and employ. Since European states have interfered there, they have perished. And Wallachia and Moldavia, which remained Greek under the rule of Turkey, was fain to become Muscovite under the protection and interference of Russia.

There exists, however, in the principalities, as in Servia, a national party, as well as a Russian one. The truly national party is anxious to make use of Turkish protection for the purpose of founding a Rouman independence; for Rouman is the appellation of race, which they prefer, as indicating a more honourable descent than Slavon. If the western powers of Europe were to interfere boldly and liberally in the Danubian principalities, they could easily give life and consistency to this party, not merely amongst peasants, but with the boyards, who, during last year, have been made to feel Russian tyranny, and it is long since they have experienced any wrong from the Turks.

We are forgetting, however, as Europe herself is apt to forget, that Turkey is much more assailable from Austria than from Russia. A *coup-de-main* might be made from sea at Constan-

timople, but the Turks ought, with their fleet, and artillery, and so very large land forces, to be always able to resist this. In a land invasion, Russia has the Danube to cross in the face of its foe, and afterwards the Balkan, every pass of which is well known and fortified. Austria could at any time throw a large army across the Danube into Servia, far from any possibility of being disturbed by Turkish resistance. The high and the plain road to Constantinople runs through Servia, avoiding the difficulties of the Balkan, and reaching Constantinople without an impediment. If there is danger from Bosnia or Albania on one side, these can always be paralysed by an Austrian army from any part of Dalmatia, the possession of which lies open to the side of Turkey. It is well known that Napoleon prized above all things his hold on Dalmatia, which he wished to extend over Albania, as giving him, he said, a complete prize over the Turkish empire, whenever it became his interest or humour to attack it. But Austria is a kind of star-fish, all limbs and no body, obliged to spend its energies in keeping these limbs together, without using them for any common or extrinsic purpose. If it has recently reconquered the leading position in Germany, it has only achieved that by Russian support. It can only oppose Russia by regaining German confidence. And such a political task as that is not performed by a superannuated court and an unwieldy empire in a day.

What is to be expected from Greece in any crisis of the Ottoman Empire? Greece, since it was erected into an independent kingdom by France and England, contributed, in 1829, to the humiliation of Turkey by the Russians. Greece then kept a threatening corps of observation on its most western frontier, and prevented the Mussulman levies of that region from marching, as they were expected and ordered to do, to the defence of the Balkan. Had this not been the case, the Russians could not have passed the Balkan, nor succeeded in dictating the terms of peace at Adrianople. So much for Greece twenty years ago. Would it behave better now? Certainly not, King Otho and his Court have but one idea, that of an onslaught upon Turkey, whenever the fitting opportunity may occur, in order that, when Russia knocks down the quarry, the jackal may be allowed to feed on the offal. With this view, King Otho has attached to his court, and made personal friends with the most objectionable of the mountain chiefs, with men most famous for rapine and murder, and for little else. King Otho looks upon them as likely to be his more useful friends and most practical servants. He infinitely prefers Grivas and Colocotroni to orators and constitutionalists. By such conduct Otho is ruining the Greek cause. The western powers of Europe have to choose between the Rouman and the Greek, between the Fanariot and the Bavarian. However inclined they might be to favour a really constitutional, pacific, Greek Potentate, they have no respect for the arbitrary, the corrupt, the rapine-loving, murder-stained Palikar. By identifying himself with the latter, Otho forfeits that claim of his race, and, unfortu-

nately, of his nation ever to occupy Byzantium, to restore to Christian worshippers San Sophia, and see himself as the successor of the Ottoman on the Eastern throne.

The fate of Turkey, or rather, of the Turks, must, like that of every other race, depend less upon the conduct of either friends or foes, than upon the people themselves. Can they, by retaining their old fanaticism and their old spirit, prevail against the military science and discipline of Europe? Impossible. Can they adopt European habits so far, as to give security to the Christian? allow them to be industrious and to accumulate wealth? Can they give to Turks themselves the blessings of an administration founded upon justice, working upon some other spring than fear, and allowing society, like a well-regulated machine, to perform its functions of itself? Can Turks be tolerant? Can they in a public office display that honesty which marks them in private? Can they become human? Can they be ever brought to restore woman to her rights? For if this cannot be done, the Turks must perish, physically and morally.

All this may be done, if, as we have said, there was any authority or power to do it. But how is that to arise and to be acquired? The Sultan is not powerful enough, still less the Grand Vizier, with all Reschid's talents. It cannot be expected of Muffi or of Sheik el Islam; still less would a dervish do it. Thus reform can only be undertaken and carried through by a Sultan or a Vizier, who shall have gained ascendancy by success in arms. If one of the old Turkish heroes, who led Spahis and Janissaries to victory, were again to arise, he might make use of his power to reform the army and civil administration. He alone could compel the ulemas to serve him. If Sultan Mahmoud had proved as successful against the Russians, as he did against the Janissaries, he might not merely have inaugurated, but completed reform. Military talent, however, cannot be improvised, it is only to be had by practice; and that army will have the most of it which have most fought. This was the secret of Ibrahim's success.

There are no better soldiers than the Turks are capable of becoming, no worse soldiers than they would be found in a first action. It is to be feared, that even this chance does not lie open to the Turks, for since they have learned to trust to some European power in order to resist others, they seem to have abandoned even the aim of reform.

The fortresses of the Danube were declared the other day to be completely dismantled. Formerly, Silistria alone would have delayed an invading enemy three months: now it is an open town. However, there is certainly a number of officers about to issue from the military schools, as well as from courses of study in European capitals. Amongst them may be found distinguished men, in the military, as in other careers. One must wait to see what the young generation of Reformers will produce, ere deciding that its fruits are likely to prove worthless.

One regrets to find, and to have to say, that more is to be hoped of young men bred in Turkey, than of those who have frequented

either the schools or the society of London or Paris. The young Turk, indigenously reared, if he retain some of the ignorance of his race, has also its spirit. The Frankified young Turk may have spirit, but it has no longer that old spirit, arising half from fanaticism, half from a sense of superiority, which distinguished his forefather. The young European is honorable and brave, whatever be his natural temperament. He partakes of the nature and the sentiments of the society in which he lives, and whose many eyes are on him. The young European Turk would acknowledge the same law, if he continued to live in the West. But at Constantinople there is no society, no public, no people. There are merely the Sultan, and the high functionaries, to whom it is necessary to pay court, and whom it is necessary to please. There is no broad public, before whose august presence a noble part is to be played, and a high character maintained. There being no public to appeal to, or whose respect is worth preserving, the young Turk seeks merely to please those who can advance him. He can do this without much effort of virtue or of learning. There is no reason why he should put that check upon luxury and epicureanism, which is requisite in Europe. There are no greater sensualists in Constantinople than those Turks who have been bred in the west of Europe.

There is one thing which present events have brought about, that may have some effect. This is the mingling of the Turkish and Egyptian forces. Abba Pasha has sent an auxiliary army, as well as a fleet. The soldiers, sailors, officers, and boys of the two races must meet and get thrown together, and being engaged in a common cause, those most behindhand will see in what their fellow-Mussulmans surpass them. Should war spring up, and both take the field against the Russians, the Turks will find in the Egyptians a system of discipline and tactics more perfect than their own, and more approaching the European model. Great hopes were formerly entertained of an amalgamation of the Turk and Arab by means of Arab conquest. It would be more desirable to have that amalgamation take place whilst resisting a common enemy, than by the results of a civil war.

It rather jars with modern, at least modern English ideas, to lay so much stress upon military reform and upon warlike strength. But the scymetar is the only sceptre of the East, where it is respected, not merely as the symbol of force, but of divine power and sanction. The divine right of the East is not that of birth, but of conquest. The only way to win the heart and bow the heads of such a people is by being victorious. No one understood this better, or acted upon it more completely, than Mahomet. He founded his religion upon the sabre. That was not only his sceptre, but his logic. It was his basis of morals, and the proof of his being a prophet. The sabre, therefore, is as necessary in the East to moral change and legislative reform, as it is to the founding of territorial empire.

One of the greatest changes in a state, is to allow any one power or profession alone to form a corporation, handing down its spirit,

its wealth, and its influence from generation to generation. The church was one of the corporations in Western Europe, but there were the feudal *noblesse*, and in some countries, as in France, an organized body of lawyers to counteract it. At present in Turkey there is no great corporation, save that of the Ulemas. There was formerly the feudal and military class to counteract them, with the formidable Viziers and Pashas. The Sultan had the power even to decapitate the Mufti that displeased him. But the Sultan no longer cuts off heads. And there is no longer a military corporation, feudal or otherwise. The Pashas are little more than civil governors; there is no *esprit de corps* amongst them, nor are the troops attached to them.

Russia, the great antagonist of Turkey, and which boasts to be so superior in civilisation and organisation, is in short nothing but a military power. There is but one apprenticeship and existence, one avenue to life and rank in Russia, that of the army. The son of the highest noble is nothing until he has *serveed*. The empire is a camp, and every man of education and worth an officer in it. It counts a million of soldiers, while the Sultan, with such a wide and certainly as rich a territory, has not more than a 150,000. This military organisation has not prevented Russia from enjoying most of the blessings of advancing civilisation. It has not checked industry. Had the Sultan a similar system—had he more soldiers, less laws and lawgivers, priests and fanaticism, he would be as much advanced in the path of civilisation as Russia, and be as well prepared to defend his independence.

The laws which confine the males of the imperial family to the harem, preclude the possibility of a warlike Sultan. When of old, the Sultans used to entrust provinces and expeditions to their sons, Turkey never wanted a powerful sovereign. Since Sultans have been the disciples and the companions of women, till they are dragged from the women's apartments and placed upon the throne, the Mussulmen have never had a chief worthy of them. Mehemet Ali managed better. The heir-apparent of the throne of Egypt commands its fleet, and has learned to know and to rule over his fellow-men. The Sultan, besides his young children, has a brother, who is heir to his throne. No one has ever seen or spoken to this brother. It is not supposed, that even the brothers-in-law of the Sultan have made his acquaintance. The Mahomedan law sets aside hereditary right, and places the crown on the uncle's head, rather than on that of the deceased Sultan's son, because maturity is indispensable. And yet, at the same time that maturity, which mingling in the world and its business gives, is rejected and rendered impossible. Insolence and cruelty were once the maxims of Turkish rule. Humility, humanity, and fear—fear both of Turks and foreigners, and even relatives—have taken their place, and rendered the Turk in spirit, as in real power, but the shadow of his former self.

THE LAST YEARS OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.*

BY F. A. MIGNET.

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS."

BEFORE Charles the Fifth left Flushing and sailed towards Biscay, Philip the Second had announced to the Princess Donna Juana, who was Regent of Spain in his absence, the approaching arrival of their father the Emperor. On the 27th of July, he had written to her to send to the port of Laredo an alcalde of the Court, named Durango, with sufficient money for the purchase of all the provisions and the collection of all the means of transport which would be required at his arrival, and during his journey across the north-eastern provinces of the Peninsula. Durango was further to bring with him the pay of the fleet, and six chaplains, whom the Emperor desired to meet on his disembarkation. On the 28th of August, the day on which Charles the Fifth left Ghent for Zealand, Philip the Second sent a second letter of instructions to his sister; and, on the 8th of September, he wrote to her a third time:—

“Most serene Princess, my dear and beloved sister, my lord the Emperor . . . who is in good health, thank God! will embark on the earliest day . . . in order not to cause you any inconvenience. His Majesty has resolved to lodge at Valladolid, in the house of Gomez Perez de las Marinas, where Ruy Gomez used to live. You will order that it be cleaned and arranged, that furniture be bought, and that every preparation be made; that the apartments may be, with great celerity, rendered fit to receive his Majesty, who, on disembarking, will send before him Roggier, his *apostador de palacio* (harbinger of the royal household), to make ready his lodgings on the road, and to arrange his apartments according to his will at Valladolid.” Not satisfied with entering into all these details to secure his father a comfortable reception in Spain, Philip the Second wished that he should be paid those attentions and receive those honours with which he was, for his own part, anxious to dispense. For instance, he adds: “Although his Majesty has made no allusion to this point, it would be fitting that some of the principal personages and gentlemen should repair to the port at which he means to disembark, and that they should be accompanied by a bishop and six chaplains, whom I have already mentioned to you . . . His Imperial Majesty is on board the ship *Bertendona*, in which an apartment has been fitted up for him with every convenience. You will provide for the wants of this vessel and of the rest of the fleet, the crews of which must receive that part of their pay which

* Continued from p. 666, vol. xxxiii.

is still due to them, without fail, and you will please to inform me of what has been done."

After having received this letter on the 17th of September, the very day on which the fleet, which was to convey the Emperor into Spain, left the port of Rammekens, the Princess Donna Juana hastened to execute the orders of the King, her brother. She directed that the house of Gomez Perez should be prepared for his reception at Valladolid, which was then the residence of the Court and the seat of the Government. She again commanded the alcalde, Durango, to proceed with his alguazils to Laredo, and to perform the duties which she had entrusted to him. At the same time, she ordered that public prayers should be offered for the safe arrival of the Emperor; she directed the Constable and Admiral of Castile to hold themselves in readiness to go and congratulate him on reaching Spain; and she requested Don Pedro Manrique, Bishop of Salamanca, and chaplain to the King, to start without delay for Laredo: "I know," she said, "that his Majesty will see you with greater pleasure than any other person, as he will be delighted to meet, on his arrival, so old and so faithful a servant."

But the measures, suggested with such provident urgency by Philip the Second, and directed with such affectionate zeal by his sister, were executed, for the most part, with true Spanish slowness. At that time, and in that country especially, nothing was ever done quickly, and actions always lagged very far behind orders. Everything, therefore, was not ready when Charles the Fifth appeared off the coast of Biscay. His voyage had been successful and tolerably rapid. The vessel, of 565 tons burden, on board of which he travelled, and which he entirely occupied, was arranged solely for his service, and in such a manner as to render his passage down the Channel and across the Gulf of Gascony less painful to his infirmities. On the upper deck, between the mainmast and the poop, were the imperial apartments, consisting of two rooms and two closets, flanked by an oblong room, which served as a corridor for ingress and egress, and surrounded by three other small chambers, intended for his body-servant, his chamberlain, and an assistant (*ayuda de camara*). They were handsomely carved inside and hung with green cloth; draughts of air were carefully excluded, and eight glass windows afforded views over the sea. The Emperor's bed, and several other articles of furniture, were suspended from the ceiling like swings, and fastened by wooden props, so as not to follow all the movements of the ship, and to remain tolerably still while it was tossed about by the force of the waves. The other end of the deck, near the prow, was occupied by the gentlemen in the Emperor's service. The lower deck contained the pantry, the kitchen, the store-rooms, the cellar, and the apartments of all the officers belonging to these departments of the household. Finally, the provisions for the journey and the supply of fresh water, which was contained in enormous earthenware jars with padlocked lids, were deposited in the hold.

Having cleared the dangerous sand-banks of Zealand, on the 17th of September, in very fine weather, the fleet arrived, on the 18th, between Dover and Calais, where an English admiral came out with five ships to salute the father of his king, and kiss his hands. The Emperor did not get out of the Channel till the 22nd. On that day, leaving on the right hand the Isle of Wight, which had at first been fixed upon as a halting-place, and profiting by a favourable wind, which lasted through the voyage, the fleet made all sail towards Spain, and on the 28th arrived at the port of Laredo at rather a late hour. The Emperor went on shore the same evening, and not one of those who accompanied him saw him kiss the ground on landing, or heard him utter the words ascribed to him by Strada and Robertson,—“O common mother! naked came I forth from thy womb, and naked am I about to return thither.” He found no one at Laredo but the Bishop of Salamanca, and the Court Alcalde, Dazamgo, who had not yet received the money necessary for the supply of the Emperor’s wants and for the payment of the fleet. He was greatly irritated at this, and Martin Gaztelu wrote thus to Vasquez de Molina, the Secretary of State:—

“His Majesty is angry at the negligence displayed in not providing certain things which it was befitting to prepare, and which the King had ordained. The six chaplains who ought to have come to serve him, are all the more wanted, because those whom he brought with him are ill, and it is necessary every day to go in search of a priest to say mass. He is in want also of two physicians, because half the people in his fleet are ill, and seven or eight of his servants are dead. The postmaster ought to have sent an officer of couriers for his service; he has felt, and still feels, the privation very much. If the Bishop of Salamanca had not procured him certain commodities, he would have found nothing on the spot suitable to a majesty like his. No one has written him a single letter, or sent to inquire how he is coming. All this should have been done simultaneously at Santander, Corunna, and here. These are the things of which he complains; and he says other things of a very sanguinary character.”

This ill-explained delay in the execution of the orders of Philip the Second, and this ill-judged expression of the dissatisfaction of Charles the Fifth, have been transformed into an act of ingratitude on the part of the one, and a token of regret on the part of the other. Most historians have asserted that, on the very day after his father’s abdication, Philip the Second had, if not refused; at least neglected to place at his disposal a hundred thousand golden crowns which the Emperor had reserved for his own use in his retirement. Nothing of the kind was the case. There is no allusion whatever in the letter we have quoted to these hundred thousand crowns. The Emperor’s complaints have reference to the preparations, which had been made neither soon enough, nor completely enough, for his arrival in Spain; and he is far from throwing any blame upon his son, who had communicated

his wishes on this point several times, in the most peremptory and precise manner. The Court of Valladolid itself had been not so much negligent as taken by surprise. Charles the Fifth, whose return had been announced and postponed so often, was not expected so soon. Besides, it was always very difficult in Spain to find money at the right time, and to ensure obedience at the necessary moment.

On the 1st of October, as soon as the Princess Donna Juana was informed of the Emperor's disembarkation by Don Alonzo de Carvajal, who had been dispatched to her from Laredo, she sent a supply of money for the fleet, and provisions of all kinds for her father. She hastened to write, on the same day, to Luis Quixada, who was at his country-house of Villa-Garcia. "This morning," she says, "I received information that my lord the Emperor, and the most serene Queens my aunts, arrived on Monday last, the eve of St. Michael, at Laredo; that his Majesty went on shore the same evening; that my aunts disembarked the next day, and that all are well. I have rendered hearty thanks to Our Lord for this; and it has caused me, as in reason it should, extreme joy. As the Emperor will have need of you for his journey, and as it is important for me to know the exact time at which he will arrive in this city, I beseech you to set out as soon as you receive this letter, and to travel post-haste to join his Majesty. As soon as you arrive, give him an account of the two sorts of lodgings which you know he can have here, and inform me, with all diligence, which of the two his Majesty prefers, and whether he wishes that stoves or any other things should be placed in the rooms, so that all may be in readiness when he arrives.

"I beg you also to inquire of his Majesty whether he desires that I shall send him a guard of infantry or cavalry, for his own escort, or for that of the most Serene Queens, my aunts. Whether he wishes that any grandees or gentlemen should come to form his retinue. Whether he wishes that any reception should be prepared for his Majesty, or for my aunts, at Burgos, and in this city; and what kind of a reception. Whether he commands the prince, his grandson, to come to meet him, and where. Whether he thinks it desirable that I should do the same, or that the councils which are at Valladolid should do so. Inform me diligently and particularly of his will in all these matters.

"I charge you also to take care, during the journey, that his Majesty is abundantly provided with all things of which he may have need, as well as the most Serene Queens, my aunts. Acquaint the Alcalde Durango of what he will have to procure, that nothing may be wanting, and let me know what I must send from hence. By doing all this, you will give me great pleasure."

She sent Don Enriquez de Guzman to congratulate the Emperor in her name; and on the following day, young Don Carlos, who was then eleven years of age, wrote a letter with his own hand to his grandfather to inquire his orders: "Sacred, Imperial, and Catholic Majesty, I have learned that your Majesty is in good health, and I infinitely rejoice to hear it, so much so, that I could not

possibly be more delighted. I beg your Majesty to let me know whether I am to come to meet you, and how far? I send to you Don Pedro Pimentel, a gentleman of my bedchamber, and my ambassador, to whom I beseech your Majesty to give orders of what is to be done in this, that he may write to me about it. I kiss the hands of your Majesty. Your Majesty's very humble son, the Prince."

Quixada started from Villagarcia on the morning of the 2nd October, and arrived at Laredo on the 5th. His presence was a source of great satisfaction to the Emperor, who began his journey on the 6th,—the Alcalde Durango having succeeded in collecting together all that was necessary for the route. Quixada announced to the Secretary of State, Vasquez, that the Emperor expected to reach Medina de Pomar in four days, and to arrive at Valladolid in about seventeen.

Charles the Fifth would not allow any solemn reception to be prepared for him, either on the road, or at Valladolid. He formally expressed his wish that Secretary Vasquez should not leave his business to come to meet him, and that the princess, his daughter, should await his arrival in her palace at Valladolid; but he gave permission to his grandson, Don Carlos, whom he was anxious to embrace, to come and meet him at Cabezon.

The Emperor journeyed slowly through the Asturias, travelling only a few leagues daily. Although his suite was not very numerous, he was obliged to divide it into detachments, while in this sterile and rugged province, on account of the badness of the road and the difficulty of obtaining lodgings. His litter, by the side of which rode his chamberlain Quixada, opened the march, which was continued, at a day's interval, by the litters of his two sisters, and terminated by his gentlemen and mounted servants. The baggage was carried on mules. As his only guard, the Emperor had the Alcalde Durango, who preceded him with his five alguazils, armed with their staves of office, so that they seemed much less to escort a sovereign than to accompany a prisoner. He was carried over the steep mountain passes in a hand-chair. He halted on the first day at Ampuero; on the second, at La Nestosa, where he met Don Enrique de Guzman and Don Pedro Pimentel, who had been sent to him by the Princess Donna Juana and the Prince Don Carlos; on the third day at Aguera; and on the fourth at Medina de Pomar, where he stopped to rest. He ate a great deal of fruit, especially melons and water-melons, of which he had long been deprived. At Medina de Pomar, he found the abundant supply of provisions which his daughter had sent him, and he became rather unwell through eating too much fish, chiefly fresh tunny.

Delighted, for the moment, to be freed from all cares of business, Charles the Fifth would not allow any reference to be made to public affairs, and he entertained a temporary resolution to keep himself entirely aloof from them in future, and to enter the monastery of Yuste on All Saints' day, with a very small number of attendants. "The Emperor," wrote Gaztelu to Vasquez, "says that he means to dismiss his servants and to remain alone with Wil-

Nam Malines (Van Male) and two or three *barberos* (chamberlains of the second class), whom he will take with him to attend to his gout if it should attack him again, to dress a wound which he has in the little finger of his right hand, and which is constantly running, as well as his hemorrhoids, and to serve him in many other things. He says that he will pay to the prior of the monastery money enough to enable him to supply him with provisions; and that he will retain one or two cooks to prepare his food according to his taste. He will not take a physician, for he says that the monks always have good ones to attend upon them. He proposes to keep Salamanques as his confessor, in order to remove all cause of division and jealousy among the monks. He adds that he will retain some others also, but that he wishes to be rid of all further embarrassment, and that, when he has arrived within two leagues of the monastery, he will dismiss all who accompany him, that they may return to their own homes. It appears to those who are acquainted with his character, that he will not carry this plan into effect; he even is beginning to say that Yuste, as he is informed, is a damp and rainy place in winter, and will therefore be bad for his gout and asthma. To conclude, until we arrive there and see what he will decide, we can entertain no certain views of the matter, because he is very secret with regard to his wishes."

When the news of his arrival became known, the principal towns sent their regiders to meet him; and the most important men among the clergy, in the State, and of the councils, wrote to him. When he drew near Burgos, although he did not wish for any public reception, the Constable of Castile came to kiss his hands at two leagues from the city, which he entered on the evening of the 13th September, amid the ringing of bells and a general illumination of the streets. On the following day, the *ayuntamiento*, or town-council, presented him an address in the cathedral.

While in that city, he was visited by the Duke of Albuquerque, Viceroy of Navarre, who was accompanied by a gentleman of that country, named Ecurra, who for several years had been charged with an important and mysterious negotiation, regarding which he had come to confer with the Emperor on his passage through Burgos. Spanish Navarre, situated on the southern side of the Pyrenees, had been wrested, in 1512, from the house of Albret by Ferdinand the Catholic, who had incorporated it into the monarchy of which it was the natural continuation. Since that time, the dispossessed princes had not been able—notwithstanding the persevering support of the Kings of France, who were related to them by the closest ties of kindred and policy—to obtain either its restitution or even a territorial equivalent for its loss; and they had ended by resting their hopes entirely upon the Kings of Spain. Henry of Albret, during the last war, had sent to Charles the Fifth, to offer to break off his alliance with France, and to take up arms in his favour, if he would grant him a suitable compensation for the loss of Navarre. After his death, in May, 1555, the negotiation had been continued by his son-in-law and successor, Antony of Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme. Both Henry and

Antony made use of Escurra to convey their demands and offers from Nérac to Pampeluna to the Duke of Albuquerque, who afterwards transmitted them in cypher to Charles the Fifth or Philip the Second. In recompense for Navarre, the Duke of Vendôme demanded the Duchy of Milan, which should be erected into the Kingdom of Lombardy; and engaged, on his side, to become the perpetual confederate of the Emperor and of the King his son; to furnish during the war five thousand infantry, five hundred light cavalry, two hundred pioneers, three thousand yoke of oxen, and twenty pieces of artillery of various calibre; and to give, as pledges of his fidelity, his eldest son (afterwards Henry the Fourth of France), the fortress of Navarreins, and the other strongholds within his territory. He even insinuated that he would open to the Spaniards the gates of Bayonne and Bordeaux, which he had under his command as Governor of Guisane. As the Truce of Vaucelles had been concluded before the Emperor had given his answer to the propositions of Anthony of Bourbon, Escurra came to obtain it at Burgos.

Charles the Fifth felt some scruples about the very useful, but very wrongfully obtained, possession of Navarre. In a secret clause in his will, which was dated in 1550, and which he had left with Philip the Second on his departure from Brussels, he stated that his grandfather had undoubtedly conquered that kingdom justly, and that he had certainly retained it honestly, but he added, "Nevertheless, for the greater security of our conscience, we recommend and enjoin the most serene Prince Don Philip, our son, to examine and verify, as speedily and sincerely as possible, whether in reason and justice he is bound to restore that kingdom, or to furnish compensation for it, to any person whatsoever. And that which he shall find and declare to be just, let him execute in such a manner that my soul and conscience shall be fully discharged." After having taken such a precaution, which quieted him as a Christian, and proved no hindrance to his policy, and which was to be handed down from reign to reign as a kind of expiatory formula, Charles the Fifth had listened to the overtures of the King of Navarre, without either satisfying his demands or discouraging his hopes. At Burgos, he contented himself with telling Escurra that he would write on the subject to the King his son, whose arrival in Spain might shortly be expected; and that, in the meanwhile, he must pursue his negotiations, which would then be brought to a satisfactory termination. Such a postponement could not fail to be taken very ill by Antony of Bourbon.

A JOURNEY FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO ST. PETER'S.

THE Cathedral of Pisa is a mass of richly ornate masonry of a fine fawn colour; and the baptistry, in the same style, stands at the further end of the oblong piazza in the line of the tower and cathedral, looking like a holiday mausoleum decorated to the very top of the dome.

But baptism and burial are the two ends of life, and it is fit that edifices devoted to these kindred ends should have a family likeness. Only it is not so certain which ought to be the gayest in its style of architecture. It has been asserted by St. Augustine that the blessed wear mourning robes in Paradise when the soul of a descendant, according to the flesh, is born into this world, and that they specially rejoice when a soul of their family dies in peace.

A death to us is a new birth to them. They receive a new companion when a good old Christian dies, as we do when a babe is born. We throw water on the one and earth upon the other, and the prince of the powers of the air has fire for the residue.

Let us leave the four elements in possession of the grand piazza at Pisa, for the Florence train will not wait for such reflections as these.

It ran through a patchy, minutely cultivated country, not like small snug farms but large slovenly gardens. The evening was fine, and the sunset made splendid purples and pinks among the cloud-wreathed peaks of the Appenines in a manner to convince one that it was really Italy.

In fact to-day may be said to be my first day in Italy, for Genoa is neither precisely Italy nor France, but a sort of half-way-house compromise.

Italy! the land of art, nature, history,—let us be enthusiastic! But perhaps I had better wait till Rome for my great fireworks about the empress of nations and her crumbling tomb. I am at present about to arrive in Florence, the city of the *renaissance*, which I confess interests me much more, with its grand Michael Angelesque and quaint Cellenic efforts in a new-born art and literature—whose progeny is still extant, though not perhaps thriving greatly—than do all the cumbersome defunct and hackneyed remains of times entirely departed and classic, over whom the tide of the Dark Ages has rolled.

It was dark as any age when, followed by our luggage on a *carretta*, or little hand-cart, we entered Florence by the Porta a Prato. The effects had been all *plombé* at Leghorn, and as there was nothing to occupy the inquisitorial attention of the small *octroi douanière* of the gate, they made the most of some cloaks and plaids and great coats strewn over the *carretta's* contents.

In the pocket of one of these they discovered an exceedingly heavy little brown paper parcel, and the obnoxious revolver was produced. A crowd of official lanterns were gathered round it, and a hubbub of vociferation echoed beneath the portal.

I tried to do something temporary by reading a Spanish permission to carry arms into the nearest approach to Italian I could paraphrase extempore, trusting as the languages are somewhat similar, that my illiterate audience might be satisfied.

But though they seemed to reach a vague conception of what I was reading, I fully believe they were of opinion that the permission was in the English language, and that I was addressing them in the same, for they said I must have a permission from the Tuscan as well as my own government.

I wrote my name and hotel on an official slip of paper, and gave up my pistol for lost, conceiving that it would certainly take more trouble than the object was worth to recover it. However, after a few days I received a mysterious summons through a hanger-on of the hotel, to appear before the tribunal of the Politzia.

"Now," thought I, "we are in for a practical collision with the dark and subtle tyranny of a Machiavellian constitution. I shall be convicted of having smuggled arms through Leghorn, and imprisoned as a dangerous envoy of revolution. What could be more clear? for was not a revolver a revolutionary weapon?"

He conducted me to a low, darkly-frowning arch, in the wall of what seemed a prison, every massive Etruscan granite block of whose seared and hoary face seemed furrowed with the hard lines of remorseless oppression. Up a dark and narrow stone-stair, and through a heavy clanking door, and I stood before the awful presence of my accuser and judge.

It was a sombre-vaulted stone-chamber where the light of day only entered by a narrow slit high up in an out-of-the-way corner, and was just sufficient to make the brazen crescent that hung over the judgment-seat burn the more ghastly, showing that it was broad day outside.

The still and breathless flame cast a deep and steady shadow on the stern brow of the Tuscan Prefect. His eyes were in shade, but danger and cruelty seemed to flicker through the dark, like the eyes of a serpent in the black mouth of a cave.

"Your name is ——?"

"It is."

"You are the owner of this terrible weapon, which was taken from you at such a gate on such a night?" (producing the pistol and laying it on his desk with a clank). "It was found among your effects, was it not?"

"It was."

"Will you do me the favour to sign this document?" Here he unfolded a huge sheet of manuscript about the size of Galignani's Messenger, containing, I suppose, a full and accurate report of the capture of the weapon, with subsequent proceedings and formalities.

With a trembling hand I took the pen, and signed what might (for all I could read of it) have been my death warrant.

The proceedings having now come to a crisis, the reader is no doubt impatient to have a picturesque account of the clammy dungeon below the level of the Arno, into which I was cast, to conclude with a thrilling description of an Italian execution, in a postscript by the sporting captain from Corsica, who, of course, would be on the spot to console me in my last moments, and receive the blotted record of my last hours as I mounted the scaffold.

Being at Florence for ten days, we cannot help seeing a great many pictures. I am tempted to publish, in this month's Magazine, a catalogue with comments, but I shall have to disguise it ingeniously some way, for fear of the editor. By the way, I have never seen him, but they say he is a terrible man somewhere in the back premises, and his awful name is used to frighten naughty contributors now and then; just as the black Douglas was mentioned, in his day, to refractory children.

There are two gigantic galleries in Florence. One is called the Uffizzi, or Medicean Gallery, and the other the Pitti Palace.

To begin with the Uffizzi. You turn from the quay, a little beyond the Ponte Vecchio into a colonnaded court, with niches filled by Florentine worthies along the loggia; Dante, Boccaccio, Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini, Ghiotto, Orgagna, Cosmo di Medici, and the like.

The building is called the Uffizj because there are public offices in it below the galleries of sculpture and painting. Ten to one you go up three or four staircase entrances, and find yourself in a like number of red tape departments before you hit on the right one, and get to the upper story.

At the top of the stairs there are some porphyry busts of Cosmo the First, and his descendants. The Guide-book says that the art of cutting this hard and brittle material had to be rediscovered in modern times, in order to produce those busts. I hope it did not take much trouble, for it was scarcely worth while. Porphyry might be a very good material to chisel *Soulouque* in, but is a very indifferent one for lighter coloured princes. The Egyptians *had* some colour for the original introduction of this material.

In the second vestibule is the great Florentine boar, who seemed just to have raised himself up on his fore legs to grunt with formidable impatience at a plasterer, who had sat upon his bristly back, to take a cast of him unawares. There was something eminently ludicrous in the contrast between the calm piece mould-artificer, padding up bits of grey cement, and thumbing them into the massive articulations of the angry mane, and the fierce attitude and expression of the heavy monster, now roused from his wallowing ease, with half sleepy porcine indignation winking in his beady eyes, and ruckling up the grizzly welts of his snout above the murderous tusks. He is the incarnate majesty of pigliness, far more imperial than Vitellius.

There are a pair of antique wolf-hounds, too, with prick ears,

with distorted necks and wistful faces, who seem to have been trying to howl over their shoulders for at least two thousand years.

Now we get into the vast corridor, lined with busts of the Cæsars, hung with pictures of the old Florentine school, and friezed with portraits of five hundred and thirty-three celebrated individuals, including Sir Isaac Newton and Tamerlane, who are badly painted, and ranged out of eye-shot, the most conspicuous part of them being their names in large yellow paint letters. The busts are the most interesting department.

There is Julius Cæsar, a bullet-headed, lantern-jawed, leathery, weather-beaten veteran. Augustus, a severe, intelligent, commanding, not very amiable, countenance. I don't think I should have liked him if I had known him. All the Cæsars have wonderfully destructive heads, a terrible breadth of wickedness bulging over their ears.

Messalina has a beautiful forehead and eyes; the lower part of her face is weak, but not wicked looking.

On different sides of the corridor, nearly opposite one another, are two busts of Nero, which afford a happy opportunity to moralize in stepping over the way. One is a smiling cherub face of infancy; the other, a bloated, gloomy, middle-aged tyrant; but I will leave you to make your own reflections.

One of the most interesting busts to me, was Caligula. The head is not without a certain degree of grace and beauty; but there is a most painful expression of eager, restless, morbid sensuality, as if, with unlimited opportunities, he felt perplexed how to be wicked enough.

A writhing turn of head and neck, a weary yet unsatiated curl of the upper lip, and, above all, a watchful wicked shyness in the eyes, give a Laocoontic cast of torture to his aspect, which suggested the idea of a metaphorical serpent wriggling in slimy coils of cold-blooded anger, and gnawing into the vitals of his soul. Caligula is the apodiabolosis of sensuality, and this is the best bust of him.

At the end of the gallery, which, as the Guide-book says, is in the form of a *pi* (not a pie with crust, but the Greek letter Π), there is the celebrated Bacchus and Faun, which Michael Angelo buried, keeping the hand he had broken off to show he was the real maker of the supposed antique.

Everybody knows the story, which is familiar in children's story-books, and therefore the statue interested me the more. It is not the same thing to see what you have read about in the commonplace confidence of after study, when you say, "of course, as the man says, he saw it, it's there; and I might see it any time by taking the trouble to go."

But, if what we learn in the twilight of childhood's dawn, that sweet age of semi-credulous inexperience, when the marvellous and the probable range themselves, without much question, under one classification, all that turns out to be actual in the subsequent course of our travels affects us much in the same manner as if we

were gravely shown in some authentic museum, the very sword of sharpness, and the very shoes of swiftness, which Jack the giant-killer, unexpectedly become a historical personage, actually wielded and wore.

Methinks the history of the world should be riddled of its sand and dust through a large sieve, that the biggest and fairest and most precious of its pebbles might be given to children for play-things. The days of children are wasted in acquiring habits and methods, when they should be busy with things and thoughts.

Oh, how many opening buds of genius are dwarfed and stunted yearly over reading, writing, arithmetic, and the classical branches!

But the world is practical; it doesn't want buds of genius, nor flowers of genius. It wants grocers, tea-dealers, butchers, bakers, and attorneys; it wants dusty dried-up counsellors, lean and hungry politicians, and pulpy succulent aldermen.

Oh, practical-physical purveyors of the necessaries of this life! are you so eminently practical after all? Don't you rather forget the practical necessaries of the life to come, for which real grown-up world this little planet is only a classical and commercial academy?

And for the sake of what? This life's pleasures? No! for more tea, sugar, cheese, bread, butcher's meat, upholstery, and litigation, than you practically want; useless, except as far as it may induce Wiggins, over the way, to perceive and confess that you are doing a thriving business, to the stagnation of your mental faculties and the swamping of your God-likened soul.

Oh, Heaven! I should be inclined to say the world was a pigsty, if thou hadst not made the troughs, and didst not continue to feed the pigs. Therefore, my fellow bacon-machines, be not disheartened, nor let my discontented gruntings sour the savour of your swill. Only mind you don't be surprised in the next world when they hang you up in hams and fitches.

Revenons (de nos porcs) à nos moutons! I was going to tell you about the Bacchus and Faun of Michael Angelo. The Faun is nothing particular, a mere goat-legged child to use up the corner of the block. Bacchus is a fine, handsome, tipsy young Helot, holding a broad-lipped cup to the level of his eye.

The loosening and benumbing effect of liquor is well expressed in his limp and slouching form. But where is the sublime elation of dignified and deified drunkenness? Do you think Horace painted on his awe-struck imagination such an apparition as this when he exclaimed,

“ Evæ, recenti mens trepidat metu,
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
Lætatur! Evæ: parce, Liber,
Parce, gravi metuende thyrso.”

Now, having got to the end of the II, you have to turn back; and having leisure to peep and pry about, and to try how many of the folding-doors along the corridor are openable, you stumble on the family circle of Dame Niobe, with all her uncomfortable sons and daughters.

Next you discover a suite of three large and lofty rooms covered with autograph portraits of more painters than ever one heard of.

To begin with the prince of painters : I was disappointed with the divine Raphael. He seemed to me at first sight a fallow, vacant, lean-jawed, used-up young rake, with a disagreeable expression of impudent apathy. Still there was something in the lack-lustre round eyes which caught your attention more immediately, and held it longer in suspense than any of the portraits which surrounded him.

I have a great belief in physiognomy, and as I was about to make the acquaintance of many of these worthies in their works, I thought it would be as well to judge them first by their countenances, so I wandered about as I was attracted here or there by remarkable faces, irrespective of their names, many of which were unknown to me. And, that I might not confuse my Lavaterian reminiscences, I made short eclectic entries in my pocket-book in order to remember what manner of men they were.

Here are a few specimens of the summary manner in which they were treated.

Andrea del Sarto, a drop-jowled florid philosopher of about fifty.

Salvator Rosa, clever and conceited ; something like portraits of Oliver Cromwell, but not so coarse.

Leonardo da Vinci, venerable old goat, with overflowing streams of white hair.

Annibal Caracci, a coarse, hard-headed, industrious black-smith.

Carlo Dolci, a melancholy, seedy, dreamy old simpleton.

Pietro Perugino, an intelligent mechanic.

Giovanni de San Giovanni, a romantic young man, "in the style of Byron."

Ribera, a swashing rake of Charles the Second's time.

Velasquez, a grim, shrewd, sulky alcalde.

Mieris, a pinched, parchmenty miser, full of anxiety.

Albert Durer, a good-looking pleasant youth, with curious golden-wiry hair curling over his shoulders, with motto that this was his "*gestalt*" when he was "*sechs und zwanzig jahr alt*."

Vandyke, head of a poet ; no great strength of character.

Rubens, a jolly, sensible man, with a good deal of character and very little poetry.

Rembrandt, a blob-nosed, mump-chinned, wrinkled old wretch.

Guercino, sly, squinting cut-throat.

Parmegiano, very clever, bad, dark Italian face. He wears a *barritta* like those of the Pyrenees.

Titian, a dry and grey old picture.

Guido, fine forehead and eyes, white moustache and imperial.

Michael Angelo, face of a swarthy and grizzled satyr, dried up as an anatomical specimen.

Caravaggio, a moping maudlin maniac, or a sublimely galvanized corpse.

Rigaud, a glorious periwigged Frenchman; a fit man to paint Louis the Fourteenth and his Court.

Raphael Mengs, a heavy drop-mouthed ass, not without some slight touch of genius.

The last room is principally filled with modern portraits of artists, presented by themselves, not sought for by the collectors. They are not without their use or moral in the absurd pygmy contrast they afford to the grand style of their predecessors. The only modern painter who seems at all to belong to the same family of genius is Sir Joshua, whose queer ugly face shames all the poor inane flattered daubs that hang around.

Another favourable exception of modern art is La Vigeè le Brun, a pretty young woman who has painted herself nicely, but being a pretty young woman is her principal excuse.

Next I lit upon a room, where, among other good pictures, hangs the queen of all painted women, the more than lovely, and yet not at all divine, Flora of Titian. Oh, what a complexion! what hair! what power and majesty of love! But Flora's right eye offends me with a slight cat-like expression. I will be bound that young lady caused Titian a good deal of trouble and vexation. But however bad she was, nobody could help loving her desperately for her beauty alone. Her coldest kisses would be worth ten pound notes.

In the anteroom of Flora's presence-chamber there is a portrait by Tinelli which struck me. Tinelli is the Vandyke of the south, as Rubens is the Titian of the north. Tinelli has as much poetical conception of character and expression, with more power, I think, than the Fleming. He was a Venetian, and died in 1648, aged fifty-two; so, I suppose, they were just about contemporaries.

Returning towards the end of the gallery where I had come in, and trying the doors on that side, I found at last the tribune, which is the gem of the place, and the focus of the gem is

“The statue that enchants the world.”

It is the perfection of beauty, as far as beauty can be perfect without sentiment. The model from whom that sculptor wrought had very little heart; a slavish spirit slunk beneath the conscious pride and power of her beauty. She was cold without being chaste if I know the expression of those eyes, which I would swear never yet had looked on anybody with any earnest depth of love, even if Praxiteles could have endowed the woman with the same perpetual youth he moulded on the Parian block, and she had been selling smiles and kisses ever since—for I feel sure she would have given none away.

You say I talk as if Praxiteles had not created her out of his own head. I don't believe anything very great, or true, or beautiful, ever was created out of anybody's own head.

The sculptor, the painter, and the poet, are only interpreters of nature. Their minds are magic lenses, through which an object in nature may appear more beautiful and perfect than it really was: yet not more than it really was, perhaps, but more than it

would have seemed to less inspired eyes. Their souls understood the divine idea of beauty expressed in forms, which had, too, their alloy of imperfection. They chipped away the imperfection, but kept the character.

Man cannot invent character: that is a department which belongs to a higher artificer. All great artists draw largely from nature, and all they draw seems original; for the world is an exhaustless quarry, and all the sparry and dry fragments Man hews out, take new and beautiful forms on the point of his pickaxe.

But let him take a lump of glass from the blower's furnace, and a slice of a halfpenny, and a handful of earth, and mould a vitreous crystal of copper ore out of his own head. He will as soon persuade a Cornish miner that his factitious specimen came out of the bowels of the earth, as he who invents a character or a face shall persuade his fellow-men that such a person ever walked on earth's surface, or so looked at the light of day.

All that comes out of the unguided imagination of a man has a family likeness, whose point of union is incapacity, to all that has been produced in the same way by any other man.

Modern sculpture fancies it can cleverly combine beauty from various models, and steal (unperceived) from a great variety of the antiques a generalized share of perfection. They succeed in making beautiful inanities, which interest nobody but persons desirous of laying out so many hundred or thousand pounds on the best statues to be bought at the period.

There are two modern Venuses by Titian, rather naked, and lying at full length; but they have not the power of the Medicean goddess. Rafael's Fornarina, too, looks coarse, and greasy, and dirty-complexioned. Decidedly the statue that enchants the world is the Queen of the Tribune, and Flora only disputes with her the sovereignty of the whole palace of the Uffizzi.

The tribune is an octagonal drum-shaped room, lighted from a cupola, and has more precious things in it than anywhere else are to be found in the same compass; for further specifications see Guide-book, for I will tell you no more about the Uffizzi, whether you are glad or sorry.

One day, emerging from Oltr'arno upon the statued bridge of Santa Trinita, I heard a hackney-coachman say to another that he was ordered for Fiesole that afternoon.

Fiesole! said I to myself, the name is familiar to my ear somehow! where is Fiesole? I have surely heard it mentioned as bright Fiesole and fair Fiesole in poetry, but I never thought of asking where it was; however, it can't be far off, that is evident, for people go there in hackney-coaches of an afternoon. I really felt very much ashamed of my ignorance; which, if the reader is learned, he will hardly believe, and if ignorant, he will wonder why I should make such a fuss about not knowing by heart all about a place he never heard of in his life; nor, for the matter of that, much cares to hear now.

However that may be, I am going to tell you something about

it, for I made up my mind to go there and see what Fiesole was that very afternoon.

Asking my way, I passed the long broad street of Santa Gallo, beyond whose roofs the dark mountains rose like great leaden domes in the distance. I passed under an old medieval gate, and a brand-new triumphal arch outside. Then there was an avenue road for a mile or two, and then beyond the rushing waters of Magellone rose lofty Fiesole, villa-terraced and convent-crowned.

I crossed on column stepping-stones, and climbed the steep ascent. The view of Florence, clustering her massive palaces round the great dome, and scattering a profusion of shining villas over plain and hills, now bronzed with winter, but which spring must make very green and beautiful in their contrast with the white dwellings which closely sprinkle them, is very fine, and unlike any other I have seen.

Fiesole itself has a quaint old church, and some Cyclopiian remains of battlements,—for it proved, by reference to the Guide-book, that she was an ancient Etruscan city.

The traveller is very much pestered by little boys, who insist on showing him everything; one of these little miscreants seized me against my will, and insisted on showing me the remains of an amphitheatre.

He vainly beat the door of a garden for some time—I scolding him for having brought me to an unopenable stoppage. While he was making frantic efforts, a gust of wind from the mountain gulleys came to his assistance, and blew the gate in his face. We entered the garden and came to a house, out of which we got the dishevelled remains of a torch, with a man to carry it and guide us through the dark subterranean vaults of the amphitheatre.

We had a good deal of stooping, and groping, and plodding through low-arched caverns, with muddy floors, and were profusely dropped upon by percolations from above. We stood in the den of the wild beasts. There was the hole in the wall through which Numidian lions leapt out with a yell to worry Cisalpine gladiators in the arena while yet the world was in its cruel boyhood. There was the little round aperture in the roof where food was shovelled down into the den. It was quite the sort of place for an oriental potentate to come and make inquiries how a favourite prime minister of the Hebrew persuasion had passed the night. Of course I do not mention names, from a delicate appreciation of the bad taste of all personalities, whether ancient or modern, sacred or profane.

Finally, leaving the lions' den, I went up to the highest peak of the forked hill of Fiesole. The mountain-tops around were pillowed and holstered with great clouds of a leaden-grey colour, and it began to snow a little. So I went down into Florence, which lay about four miles distant.

On my way down, I saw a pretty little shrine of the Virgin, with this inscription on a marble slab:—

“Deh sii mi guida nell' età fugace,
E nel punto di morte, o Verginella,
Mi chiuda la tua mano i lume in pace.”

which I took down in my pocket-book for the benefit of a Roman Catholic friend, and thus translate for the benefit of the reader :—

“ Ah ! be my guide throughout these fleeting years,
And at death's hour, sweet Virgin, thy soft hand
Seal up in peace the fountains of my tears.”

Now I am going to mash up the rest of Florence into a little chaos, for I want to have done with it, and be off to Rome, for the Carnival is coming.

The third wonder of Florence, after the Venus and the Flora, indeed, I don't think after them, but on a level with those first-class miracles of art, stands the great bronze Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, under the lofty arches of the Loggia dei Lanzi.

With a grand ethereal grace, and dignity, and beauty, such as might befit a semi-divine hero, who has triumphed over demons, he holds out the gorgon's snake-wreathed head in token of victory, and rests his sword-point on the ground. It strikes me as infinitely nobler in feeling, and more beautiful in execution, than the well-known likeness of that poetical and dandified stripling, taken in the toxophilate attitude in which he shot the great serpent with his bow and arrow.

Everybody comes to Italy with a magnificent expectation of the triple-arted giant, Michael Angelo, and I think everybody is disappointed. I, at any rate, from all I have seen of him in Florence, am inclined to consider him a grand mediocrity.

If he had devoted himself to making spirited anatomical models of difficult contortions of the human frame, he would have succeeded admirably ; indeed, he has succeeded admirably in doing so, whether he meant it or not.

Between the two statues of Night and Day, who are performing a *pose plastique* at the feet of Giuliano in the Medicean chapel, it is impossible to decide whether the dreaming or waking lady is going through the most rigorous course of gymnastics.

There is something grand in the attitude of Lorenzo, who sits with his chin on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, in an attitude so real and life-like, that he seems as if he had been seized with some petrifying thought, and had been condemned to sit in marble on his own monument, considering how he should straighten a labyrinth of crooked Italian politics till doomsday. But this is the only poetry I have seen in his doings.

He is great, because he made the first great stride in art after the long slumber of sculpture. Before his time, they were making figures little better than skeletons in skin. He added the muscular tissue. His men are real mountebank athletes, fit and ready to do any wonderful feat, except the expression of sublime beauty, whether of form or feeling.

His being the first to make a great stride, is no excuse for the want of an inspired genius. The first great painter has never been surpassed, and probably never will be. What was to prevent Buonarotti going by Phidias and Praxiteles as much as we suppose Rafael to have exceeded Zeuxis and Apelles ? Though,

by the way, we calmly take it for granted, without much acquaintance with those artists, "*Liquidis coloribus sollertes nunc hominem ponere nunc deum.*"

I saw the tomb of Galileo in the church of Santa Croce. By the way, I don't remember whether I told you I saw the long-chained bronze lamp which, vibrating from the roof of Pisa's cathedral, gave him the idea of planets revolving round suns, which new light he subsequently hung up in the temple of science by a chain of reasoning.

At an evening party at the house of a hospitable and accomplished Marquis, I met another Marquis, who was Prefect of the palace, and asked me to come and see the Grand Duke's plate. I saw some very pretty smaltato cups by Benvenuto Cellini, cups fit for a gentleman or a king to drink out of, wrought in the purest gold, and richly sculptured, chased, and enamelled.

Also, among the plate, there were some ancient engravings on large plates of silver, which would have made impressions, but they had been made merely as pictures. The custode informed me that the art of printing from plates had been discovered by this engraver, Tommaso Finiquerra.

When I had done with the plate, I took a turn in the Pitti Gallery, which is also in the palace. I don't like Carlo Dolce: the cadaverous sentimentality of whose sacred subjects make him very popular with enthusiastic ladies.

Andrea del Sarto is my choice of a sacred subject painter in Florence. There are two lovely angel babes at the foot of Rafael's Baldacchino leaning on each other's shoulders to read a scroll. I liked Allori's Judith, and Roselli's Dancing before the Ark. Also some portraits by Susermanns, of whom I never heard before. I was not very much astonished by the Pitti gallery, but I shall take another look before I go to Rome, though I dare say you will not be troubled with the result.

LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

LONDON AGAIN.—I BECOME PROFESSIONALLY ENGAGED.

I'll serve this duke,
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,
 That will allow me very worth his service.

SHAKESPEARE.

HERE I am—in love—and in London ; rich in the possession of a young lady's tender regard ; but, otherwise, "poor indeed," save in my "good name" and in the bountiful estimation of several good friends. In the hospitable house of Mr. B—— and his sons, I find a temporary home ; and on each succeeding day, for some weeks, I tramp about in search of employment. Kindly reception and regretful expressions of "no need for assistance at present," continue to be the only responses to my numerous applications at the offices of the leading practitioners. They have heard of me from Mr. Britton and others, and they express themselves much pleased with my portfolio of Italian drawings and sketches, or, at all events, with the industry they exhibit. They take my name and address, and promise to "bear me in mind." It must be confessed, the contrast between my late period of studious travel and my present position of humiliating solicitation, is trying to my sensibilities. Wholly abstracted in the "pursuit of knowledge," I had been for a whole year without a thought of the "difficulties" which might subsequently attend the application of that knowledge to any beneficial result. During the past twelvemonth, it had been my undivided duty to "deserve success." Not only were all fears of possible failure precluded from influencing my single-purposed mind ; but even the hope of probable reward remained uncared for as a stimulant. So pleasant had been my earnest pursuit, so conformable to my taste and enthusiasm, that it more resembled the remunerative fruits of past pains than the forerunner of further pains to come. To revel, with my sketch-book, among the ruins of the Roman Forum ; to ramble as a gleaner among the miscellaneous fragments of the Vatican Museum ; to sit contemplative in the shadow of the Florentine Duomo ; and to wander enchanted under the arcades of the Venetian Piazza, San Marco ;—all this was vastly different from pacing the streets and lanes of London ("stony hearted step-mother") in search of means for living and *loving*. As Carlyle says in his "Chartism," "a man willing to work and unable to find work, is perhaps the saddest sight that Fortune's inequality exhibits under this sun." Such continued to be my own condition for so long a time, that I began to feel myself a pauper without a pauper's rights, and despairingly to entertain the question whether I ought not at once to release the fair object of my affections from any

further regard for so rootless a sapling as myself. I seemed indeed to be "a rotten tree, that could not so much as a blossom yield, in lieu of all the pains of husbandry;" and "cut it down: why cumbereth it the ground?" was still the burden of my unmanly desponding. I remembered a queer and equivocal expression of a soft-hearted woman in whose house I had formerly lodged: "Ah, Mr. —," said she, "you're a tender *weed*!" She intended, I believe, a floral compliment; but the justice of the term "weed" now appeared to be unquestionable. Certain it is, however, that no unworthy and sickly flower was ever cherished with more tenderness and sustaining care than I was by my friends; and, had I been one of those easy-going gentlemen, who can receive all gratuitous benefits as flattering evidences of heaven's care,—without any overburthening sense of what is due to the happy people who are privileged with the means and opportunity of serving their differently conditioned equals, I should have had little to occasion discomfort or anxiety.

By the way, it suddenly occurs to me to remark on the fact, that none of the then popular writers, who swayed public feeling,—none of the great masters of fiction,—presented those wholesome portraiture of cheerfulness under adverse trial, which have since been afforded, to correct the morbid tendencies of egotistic sensibility; and I cannot but think that, if I could have made acquaintance, at that period, with Dick Swiveller, and Mark Tapley, and Tom Pinch, and other like heroes of the Dickens school, I should have benefited by their alliance and example. A something of lighter quality than the great tonics of Shakspeare is at times desirable, as a kind of exhilarating beverage to be quaffed for temporary fillip. The most depressible natures are oftentimes keenly susceptible of the elevating effects produced by the exhibition of constitutional content and elastic happiness; and the highest praise due to the writer whose name has been mentioned, applies to the pre-eminent regard he has ever manifested for the *unselfish* in its most cheering guise. It may be said, that "constitutional" contentedness and elasticity are possessions which rather confer happiness than credit on the holders; and that they, who are by nature otherwise, merit proportional indulgence. At the same time, the weakest and most unarmed soldier in the "Battle of Life," may have courage beyond his strength and principle, enabling him to endure what he cannot subdue: nor can anything be more prejudicial to the cause of moral healthfulness than the recognition of any especial immunity from the active and determinate exertions of self-sustainment under trial. Christianity apart, there is enough in mere moral philosophy to prove the resultant felicity of patient and cheerful endurance. The "Resolves" of Owen Feltham are perhaps unequalled in their alliance with the word of Divine Truth; but the "Morals" of the heathen Epictetus are none the less influential, though independent of the sacred confirmation which subsequently gave them additional warrant.

Of the many London architects, who might be supposed to have employment for an additional hand, there was one to whom I had

not yet applied; for his reported eccentricity of mind and irritability of temper occasioned me to reserve *him*, as the desperate ultimatum of forlorn hope. I had once looked upon his person, and bore in mind no very decided impression of its loveliness. I had again and again contemplated that person's dwelling-place, a very odd shell,—denoting the abode of a very “odd fish.” The most unobservant passenger could not traverse the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields without having his attention positively “arrested” by the strange *façade* of the house occupying about the centre of the range; while the most informed observer, conversant with all the architectural varieties of the world, from the age of Pharaoh to that of Palladio, would stop to exclaim, “here's something *original* at all events!” He would remark that, although queer, the thing is unvulgar; eccentric, but not inelegant; fantastical, but refined. Museum-like in its non-descript character and in its miscellaneous and fragmental appendages,—its Gothic bits, Greek caryatides, and Italian balustrades, mingle with original forms and details, the disposition of which manifest a singular union of niggardly simplicity with gratuitous ornament. But still more extraordinary than the extern is the interior of this *Museo Curiosissimo*. It is, unquestionably, the most unique and costly toy that the matured man-baby ever played withal; and doubtless much within it is of high quality, great value and deep interest: but there is a positive sense of suffocation in the plethoric compendiousness, which distends its little body to the utmost endurance of its skin, and leaves scarcely any free way for the circulation of observance. The main sitting-rooms are reasonably roomy, but all besides is decidedly hostile to the idea of that practical freedom, signified by the asserted space necessary to those who are given to the *swinging of cats*. Never was there, before, such a conglomerate of vast ideas in little. Domes, arches, pendentives, columned labyrinths, monastic retreats, cunning contrivances, and magic effects, up views, down views, and thorough views, bewildering narrow passages, seductive corners, silent recesses, and little lobbies like humane man-traps; such are the features which perplexingly address the visitor, and leave his countenance with an equivocal expression between wondering admiration and smiling forbearance.

Few of my London readers need be told that I have been just describing the general characteristics of the house of the late Sir John, then plain Mr. Soane,—the one remaining architect to whom I had now resolved to make application for employment.

I penned a letter. My hand-writing was then the very reverse of myself, handsome, clear, and manly. I took care, too, to express myself with not less brevity than respect, and with all the literary precision of which I was capable. It took at once. A note was sent by one of his clerks, saying that Mr. Soane would see me at an appointed time.

Of course I was at his door punctually with the arrived hour. I was told by the direction on the plate to “knock and ring;” but a romantic humility subdued me, and I rang only. A man-servant admitted me and took my card. In a few minutes he beckoned me

forward, and I entered the breakfast-room, where the renowned veteran was seated. He looked up at me through his spectacles, but not apparently with any very confirmed notion of what he saw, and I therefore ventured to intimate that I was Mr. ——. The expression of his face, however, as he held up my card, seemed clearly to say, "Thank ye for nothing: this bit of pasteboard tells me as much."

"To whom were you articed?" he inquired.—"To Mr. ——," I replied; continuing, "he is not, I believe, very generally known, but—."—"Thank ye," said my questioner, with curt interruption, "I'll not trouble you any further on that point, *thank ye*." It must be understood that these "thank ye's" were uttered in the mildest tones of mock obligation and subdued impatience. "How long were you in Italy?"—"Not above nine months in *Italy*, sir; but I was some time in France and—."—"There. That'll do, thank ye. I haven't time to hear *all* the history of your travels just now. What have you there?"—"My portfolio of Italian sketches, sir."—"Let me see." I opened the portfolio, and my view of the Pantheon was before him. "Ah! all very fine. Are the interspaces between the columns all alike?"—"I'm not quite sure, sir; but I believe—."—"No; now don't say you 'believe;' because I see you don't know. *There*," he continued, pointing to a sketch (and rather a rough one) by poor Gandy; "can you do as well as *that*?" I said nothing; for, with every deference to Mr. Gandy's vastly superior power, I could have done as well as "*that*." "Ah! You think you can, I see. I think you can't." I closed the portfolio, and began to think of walking off. "Don't close your portfolio." I opened it again, with a sigh; and I fear my weakness was guilty of a tear. He observed something, however, in my manner; and, looking me steadfastly in the face, said,— "Oh! you've *feelings*, have you?"—"Indeed, I fear I have, sir."—"Poor devil! then I pity you; that's all *I* can say. There; sit down. I see you've been industrious. Can you speak French?"—"Indifferently, sir."—"Can you read it?"—"Better than I speak it, sir."—"Read me that passage," said he, handing me a volume of "*Gil Blas*," and pointing to a particular paragraph. I read a few lines; when he stopped me, adding, "that will do." Then, putting an encouraging tone of kindness into his words, he continued, "I *like* the letter you sent me. It was simple, and well expressed; and I think you may be of some service to me." At this moment, a song to a guitar accompaniment was heard in the street. "Fond of music?"—"Very, sir."—"Understand Italian?"—"About as much as French, sir."—"Ah! and you sing to the guitar, I suppose?"—"A little, sir."—"Well, I've no objection to a young man's having a feeling for music. Will you go to Bath with me?"—"Willingly, sir."—"And what do ye expect to be paid?"—"Will the rate of a hundred a year be too much, sir?"—"I certainly shan't give you that."—"What you please, sir."—"Stay. I'll do this for you. I'll pay you at the rate of eighty pounds a year, and allow you half the expenses of your board while you're at Bath."—"Thank you, sir."—"You

will go down by next Monday's coach; and, on Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, be with me at No. —, North Parade. Good morning."—"May I be allowed, sir, to leave my portfolio for a day or two?"—"Thank ye, I shall be *very* happy to look over it. Good morning."

I am again "an engaged man." I go to my friend's home, and write a letter to Paris. I sing serenades to favouring ears, and manifest a buoyant assurance in the favour of Fortune. As my encouragers say, it is *not* the eighty pounds per annum, but the great results to which my engagement to the great man are to lead, that I must contemplate; and I go to bed to dream of them. Soane was himself "taken up" by Thomas Pitt; and I am "taken up" by John Soane. "Some are born to be great; others achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them." I have "achieved" it; or, at least, "the prologue to the swelling act of (my ambitious) theme" is written. Who knows what may come of this? The great architect is old—a widower—with only one son, and he disinherited. But I will behave nobly to that son! What shall I become? Perhaps one of the triumvirate of the Board of Works! Possibly architect to the Bank of England!

MY SOJOURN AT BATH.

A strange man, sir; and unaccountable:
But I can humour him,—*will* humour him
For thy sake.

KNOWLES.

AMIDST the bustle in front of "The White Horse Cellar," Piccadilly (of which bustle not an echo now remains), I took leave of my friends, D. and H. B., mounted to my seat outside the coach for Bath, and arrived at the "Castle Hotel" of that famed city, at between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. Having secured a bedroom for the night, I sallied forth in search of a lodging, and soon found myself in Pierpont Street, where the "Pierpont Boarding-House" invited me to look into its comforts, and inquire as to its terms. The former proved sufficient, and the latter moderate; I therefore engaged to bring my portmanteau and take possession, at a quarter to nine next morning, so that I might, without fail, be with my expecting employer punctually at the hour of nine, as directed.

I then returned and "took mine ease in mine inn," on this, the last evening and night of my freedom; ruminating on the past, as I sipped my tea; and subsequently meditating on the future, as I sat, in a pair of veritable hotel slippers, quaffing my brandy-and-water. I had not at this period, by any means surmounted the feeling of a kind of presumption in assuming the patronage of a coffee-room. To this day I have scarcely subdued my modesty in this particular. At all events, I *there* regarded myself as a kind of mild impostor, affecting, rather than having, authority to order a waiter, to call a chambermaid, or to give decisive bidding even to a boots. This gave to my com-

mands the bland colouring of apologetic request; but I never discovered that it produced any very obvious show of responsive delicacy on the part of the recipients; so that I was rather left to admire, hopeless of its emulation, the swaggering manner and somewhat bullying tone of my companion-hospitalers,—doubtless all fellows of means and mark,—for whose ready convenience, waiters, chambermaids, and boots, were merely and expressly created. To me, on the contrary, these functionaries were superior creatures, submitting to necessity, and putting up with *me* for the sake of my betters. Each was, to me, a man—or a woman—as the case might be, of intentional importance, biding his, or her, time for proving it; while I, to them, was merely the numeral painted on my bedroom door or chalked on the soles of my boots.

I slept but little that night; but I thought much of my young mistress, of course; also much, as might be expected, of my new old master; and I determined on such a display of silent observation, brief reply, also energetic action, as should induce John Soane to make *me*,—as Thomas Pitt (Lord Camelford) is said to have made *him*. His strangeness was to be the very opportunity for my prompt and productive sagacity; his unaccountable temper was to be the mere foil for my “quietness for spirit;” his humour simply the theme of such dramatic consideration, as might enable me, thereafter, to rival Ben Jonson, as his genius appears in that comedy, which portrays the “Humour” in which “Every Man” may amusingly show himself. I had, moreover, a still stronger motive to the endurance of any caprice he might exhibit; and I fancied that an invocation, in the name of Love, would, at any time of extreme trial, make me beg, that the slap inflicted upon one cheek might be repeated with equal emphasis on the other.

The morning came, attended by “boots,” who summoned me with sulky precision; and when I had breakfasted and paid my bill, they let me go, with boot’s boy, as among the small “things that were,” but “are not.” The landlady of Pierpont House, however, greeted me with a smile; and, as I took my morning’s leave, she reminded me that the dinner hour was five.

As the abbey clock struck nine, I knocked at *the* door of North Parade. It opens into the central compartment of the range. The servant, who had admitted me into the house in Lincoln-inn-Fields, admitted me into this, and ushered me up to the door of “the first floor front.”

Where was all my “sagacity?” Where my “quietness of spirit?” Where my “dramatic consideration?” Like an immeasurable fool, I hastened into the room with a buoyant step, with an eye looking for welcome, and with a confident and cheerful “good morning, sir!” as if the distinguished individual before me had been my godfather at least.

I *think* he replied “good morning,” but am not sure of it. At all events, he looked a reproof upon the exceeding self-satisfaction, which made me in the instant feel that I had most clumsily stumbled at the threshold of my beginning. As a steamboat sailor would say, I immediately “stopped the engine and backed

my paddles." There was a table covered with writing materials near the fire. Between the table and the window was a large folding screen, to dim the glare of the light. On the inner side of the table, with his back to the fire, stood the fully developed full-length of John Soane.

He was certainly distinguished looking: taller than common; and so thin as to appear taller: his age at this time about seventy-three. He was dressed entirely in black; his waistcoat being of velvet, and he wore knee-breeches with silk stockings. Of course the exceptions to his black, were his cravat, shirt-collar, and shirt-frill of the period. Let a man's "shanks" be ever so "shrunken,"—if they be but straight, the costume described never fails upon a gentleman. The idea of John Soane in a pair of loose trowsers, and a short broad-tailed jacket, after the fashion of these latter times, occurs to me as more ludicrous than Liston's *Romeo!* The Professor unquestionably *looked* the professor—and the gentleman. His face was long in the extreme; for his chin—no less than his forehead—contributed to make it so; and it still more so appeared from its narrowness. Sir T. Lawrence's portrait of him (to be seen in Lincoln's-inn-Fields) is extremely like; but the facial breadth, though in a certain light it may have warrant, is decidedly flattering in respect to what was its general seeming. It is true, he was ill when I saw him, and sorely worn with perplexity and vexation; and therefore I ought to say, that at *that* time, it can be scarcely said that he had any front face. In profile his countenance was extensive; but, looking at it "edgewise," it would have been "to any thick sight" something of the invisible. A brown wig carried the elevation of his head to the utmost attainable height; so that, altogether, his physiognomy was suggestive of the picture which is presented on the back of a spoon, held vertically. His eyes, now sadly failing in their sight, looked red and small beneath their full lids; but, through their weakened orbs, the fire of his spirit would often show itself, in proof of its unimpaired vigour. Finally, his countenance presented, under differing circumstances, two distinct phases. In the one, a physiognomist might read a mild amiability, as cheerful and happy, as "kind and courteous;" yielding, and requiring, gentle sympathy; a delicate sensibility spiced with humour; towards men, a politeness in which condescension and respect were mingled; and, towards women, a suavity, enlivened with a show of gallantry, rather sly than shy. The other phase of his countenance indicated an acute sensitiveness, and a fearful irritability, dangerous to himself, if not to others; an embittered heart, prompting a cutting and sarcastic mind; uncompromising pride, neither respecting, nor desiring respect; a contemptuous disregard for the feelings of his dependents; and yet, himself, the very victim of irrational impulse; with no pity for the trials of his neighbour, and nothing but frantic despair under his own.

It is likely, the more pleasing side of the picture was truthful to his original nature, ere the feelings, manners, and conduct, necessary to his rise from a very inferior condition into one of

distinction, had been changed by the pride attendant on his too rapid success. "Lowliness" had doubtless been, in the first instance, his "young ambition's ladder," however he might afterwards turn his back upon it,

"Scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

And, assuredly, it may be asserted, there is no profession which is more subject to anxieties and vexations, trying to the mind and temper, — or to alternations of pride and humiliation, subversive of content, — than that of the architect. Mr. Soane had these, it is to be presumed, to much more than a common amount; and he had also domestic afflictions of an unusually severe nature. The nervous system had been constantly worked upon by the conflicting operation of violent excitements for many years; and, without supposing that he was ever to be felicitated on the strength of his mild patience and good temper, we may give him credit for having had his patience and his temper (such as they were) tried to a degree, which proved at all events, that there was a constitutional power of resisting "wear and tear," marvellous to contemplate. The actual character of the man will, I suppose, be rightly judged by an estimate deduced from the two extreme sketches I have given; illustrations of which, in detail, may possibly appear as I proceed with my narration. To complete my portrait, or, rather, to make it a "speaking one," I must refer to his voice, which had a singular undulation of high and low; retaining a remnant of the "big, manly," with the "childish treble;" and curiously rising and falling, up towards a squeak, or down to a mild guttural, with no especial reason for the variety. But the most singular peculiarity in its delivery was manifested when under the excitement of anger; for, just in proportion to the teeming fulness of his wrath, would be the diminishing quality of his tone. He would truly illustrate Nick Bottom's expression of speaking "in a monstrous little voice," and of "aggravating his voice so as to roar as gently as any sucking dove, or as 'twere any night-ingale." Of course, fury, in its last excess, was signified by a terrific silence!

"His words were great, because they were so small,
And, therefore, greater, being none at all."

What the tongue failed to do, was made up by the fiery eye and quivering lip; he looked daggers, though he spoke none. When, on the contrary, anxious to exhibit the amiable in all its condescending sweetness, the eyes and mouth would exactly appear as shown in Lawrence's portrait, which is also equally true in the slight side-ways inclination of the head; and then the voice would meander and fluctuate with the most soothing variety of intonation. Mathews (who knew him well) would imitate him with an accuracy exceeding that of any other imitation of which I could judge; for he gave the expression of countenance as well as the voice and action, and used to say, that, had it been consistent with delicacy, he would have introduced the imitation on the stage.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

WE are compelled, this month, to say less than is our wont, of the current literature lying attractively before us. June brought forth fewer striking novelties than its predecessor; but the growth is still suggestive of more critical garrulity than we are able to bestow upon it. What little we can say we must say at once, without further introduction. First, then, of History and Biography.

At the present time, when the future government of India is the foremost question before the senate of Great Britain, we can hardly imagine a more important contribution to literature, than the collection of Mr. Tucker's papers,* which has just been given to the public. They treat of almost every subject now under discussion, in connection with the administration of the British empire in the East. There is nothing wild or speculative about them. They are the result of half-a-century of experience, either as a resident in India, or a member of that moiety of the home-government of the country, known as the Court of Directors; and the opinions they contain are for the most part as sound, as the language in which those opinions are expressed, is lucid and forcible. The papers, indeed, are eminently well written. They have nothing of the dry-as-dust official style about them. They have not the mark of the red tape on every sentence; but there is, on the other hand, a freedom and vigour about them which excites interest and fixes attention. And they have even a greater charm than this about them; for the stamp of sincerity is on every page.

Whatever Mr. Tucker said, he said earnestly and from the full heart. Mr. Kaye says of him in the preface to the present work, that he was "honest to the very core." It may be doubted whether an honester man ever lived. When that famous contention arose between the Court of Directors and the Board of Control, which ended at last in the submission of the latter, no one ever doubted that Mr. Tucker would have gone to prison, rather than have put his hand, even ministerially, to a paper, of the contents of which he so entirely disapproved. He did not form his opinions hastily—but when he had once formed them he supported them with a manly energy which was proof against all assaults and all temptations, and which was often triumphant in the end. The welfare of India was ever uppermost in his thoughts. He was not one of those administrators, who think of nothing so much as "screwing up the revenue," or one of those politicians, who think that the native princes of India only exist to be deposed, and that their territories are only good to be confiscated. There was ever in Mr. Tucker's mind a permanent sense of justice. It animated his writings; it regulated his conduct. But, for all this, he was eminently a practical man. He believed that there was no such thing

* "Memorials of Indian Government; being a selection from the Papers of Henry St. George Tucker, late Director of the East India Company." Edited by J. W. Kaye.

as unrighteous expediency; *summum jus summa prudentia* was his motto. He was one of those statesmen who dare to do right, and leave the issue in the hands of Providence, convinced that, even humanly speaking, the highest wisdom consists in a conformance with the highest principle. He resisted every act of unrighteous usurpation or uncalled-for aggression, and when, in such cases, he vaticinated disaster, disaster was in the womb of time. Mr. Tucker's protests against the war in Afghanistan—that great criminal atrocity which now, in every debate on the India question, is denounced with equal virulence by men of all gradations of party, are among the most vigorously written state papers with which we are acquainted. On many accounts, they demand perusal at the present time, and on none more than because they place clearly before the public the great fact, that the East India Company had nothing to do with the war, except the miserable necessity of paying for it. Mr. Tucker, who died full of years, with

“ All that should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,”

thick around him, retained all his intellectual vigour and power of expression to the last, and some of the ablest papers he ever wrote were written by an octogenarian hand. But we have before us, at the same time, records of the life of one who lived, in the possession of all his faculties, beloved and respected, to a still greater age—Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich.* Few men were better known in their day—and that not a very remote one—than this most liberal of prelates. He was a man, it might almost be said, *sui generis*. The writer of this memoir, with very pardonable filial partiality, compares him with Fenelon. There are, doubtless, some points of resemblance; but the parallel is not complete. We know no one to whom we can fairly liken Bishop Bathurst but himself. His was eminently a loveable character; in all his domestic and social relations, he shone pre-eminently as one whose geniality won all hearts, who charmed the outer circle of the “great world,” into which he freely entered, as irresistibly as he enchanted the affections of those who clustered around his own fireside. As a bishop, he was not distinguished by any great amount of biblical erudition. He was not an eminent theologian, but he was a man of good parts, endowed with a fine classical taste, and an ample fund of good sense. He might never, perhaps, have obtained a mitre, if it had not been for his family connections. Doubtless many abler men go mitreless all their lives. But such a bishop was of eminent service to the church in his time, and his example will long be a service to it. He was the most liberal of prelates; they called him the friend of the pope. For some time he stood out alone, from the Bench of Bishops, as the one supporter of the Catholic Relief Bill. On this account he was held in high estimation by the Whigs, and bitterly reviled by their opponents. He was, in other respects, especially in matters of

* “Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr. Henry Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich,” by his Daughter, Mrs. Thistlethwayte. London, 1853.

ordination, far more liberal than his brother prelates; and there were those who rejoiced in the occasion afforded by certain of the social and convivial propensities of the kind-hearted old bishop to censure him upon other accounts. But, after all, the worst that could be said of him was, that he enjoyed a rubber of whist.

We cannot afford to dwell, at any length, upon the character of Bishop Bathurst, or upon the incidents of his life; but we must say a few words regarding the book itself now before us. The memoir is written by Mrs. Thistlethwayte, the favourite daughter of the bishop. It is written with great modesty. The bishop is left very much to himself, to appear as his own autobiographer. The correspondence contained in the volume is ample and interesting. It illustrates sufficiently both the public and the private life of the venerable prelate; nor is the interest confined entirely to the good bishop himself. It is very much, indeed, a family memoir, and there is very much in it of family romance. Many of our readers doubtless remember the melancholy fate of Rosa Bathurst—the bishop's grand-daughter—who was drowned in the Tiber; and some of our oldest friends may remember the mysterious disappearance of her father, Benjamin Bathurst, the diplomatist, who was lost on his way home, after a mission to Vienna—in all probability assassinated by the myrmidons of the French government. The ample details which are given of these two calamitous events, are full of romantic interest. And we must not omit to state that the appendix to this memoir of Bishop Bathurst, unlike most appendices, into which bulky documents of little interest—mere make-weights or stuffings—are thrown, is made up of varied and most interesting matter. We may especially indicate certain "colloquia," written by Joseph John Gurney, in which Dr. Chalmers is the principal talker—partly in Edinburgh and partly in Norwich. These are sufficient to impart a lively interest to any work, and they greatly increase the attractiveness of the present, which could well afford to stand without them. The memoir, besides the correspondence of the Bishop of Norwich himself, contains letters from the late Duke of Sussex, Mr. Coke of Holkam, Lord Grenville, Lord Holland, Roger Wilbraham, Joseph John Gurney, Dr. Hampden, and others; and numerous anecdotes of the distinguished characters of his time—and Bishop Bathurst's time fell little short of a century. The volume is, altogether, full of interest, and provocative of amusement. It is pleasant and gossipy for those who abjure anything that is not light reading, whilst for those of a graver sort there is much of a graver kind.

There are two or three books of travel or personal adventure on our table, deserving more extensive notice than we can afford to bestow upon them. We conceive that Mr. Galton's volume of African travel* is, in the highest degree, honourable to the writer. Mr. Galton, we believe, received the gold medal at the last meeting of the Geographical Society, and we are certain that he well deserved it. As it was his vocation to amuse himself, he went

* "Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa," by Francis Galton, Esq. With coloured Maps, Plates and Woodcuts. London, 1853.

abroad to explore unknown tracts of country, and he has added considerably to our stores of knowledge illustrative of the geography of Central Africa. His account of the Damaras is extremely interesting. The volume is full of novel information, conveyed in a pleasant unpretending style, not without an elegance of its own. Indeed, we have not recently met with a volume of travel that has pleased us more. The "explorer" is a man of the right kind, cheerful and robust in body and mind, not shrinking from danger, but possessing far too much good sense to rush into it without good occasion. It is a great thing to know when to stop. Many valuable lives would have been saved, and much would have been gained to science, if all our travellers had known how to turn back at the right point.

Mr. Galton was a sportsman — not of the truculent Cumming school, but still a hearty and vigorous one. Mr. Palliser, however, seems to be a mightier Nimrod. With Mr. Galton the chase was only subsidiary to geographical inquiry. With Mr. Palliser it seems to have been the paramount object of his exploration of the Prairies. His volume,* for those especially who delight in the wild sports of the West, has abundant attractions. It teems with accounts of perilous adventures in the heart of vast forests, deadly encounters with gigantic animals, illustrating the mastery of man over even the most tremendous beasts of the field. The volume is sure to find readers. Until the manliness of England is extinct such works as Mr. Palliser's will surely find acceptance amongst us.

Among other new works, of a less exciting character, we may especially notice Mr. Loring Brace's "Home Life in Germany." The title of the volume very fitly characterises its contents, and its style is in keeping with them. There is something in its quiet earnestness which pleases us greatly. It is written by one who thoroughly understands the German people in their social and domestic relations, who looks beneath the surface of things and gives graceful utterance to his impressions. Here and there we are reminded of Washington Irving, both by the quiet tone of thought and the elegant facility of expression. Differing much from this volume is "Las Alforjas," in which there is far more action. All is bustle and animation; but our readers know Mr. Cayley, and, through him, the Bridle-roads of Spain, too well to render necessary any introduction of the author or any description of his work. In his "Pine Forests and Hacmatac Clearings" Colonel Sleigh carries us over different ground. His is a volume of "travel, life and adventure, in the British North American Provinces." It forms an admirable supplement to Major Strickland's "Twenty-seven Years in Canada." Colonel Sleigh, like Major Strickland, writes "C. M." after his name, and has a good deal of the Major's robust energy. But we hardly think that the title of the book does full justice to its contents. There is a considerable mass of historical and other information in it which such a title by no means represent.

* "Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies." By John Palliser. London, 1853.





FRANCIS

FRANCIS FRANKLAND ESQ. OF BRISTOL, ESQ.,
IN A DISCUSSION ON THE RIGHTS OF THE COMMONS,

(1741)

FROM A DISCUSSION ON THE RIGHTS OF THE COMMONS, IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
AND IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, ON THE 17th MARCH,

LONDON, Printed by R. B. 1741.

ASPEN COURT,
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XX.

A PARTY AT THE TEMPLE OF JANUS.

It was very good of the Marquis and Marchioness of Rotherhith to keep open house at this period of the political crisis; for they both detest crowds, and have been actually known, after twenty years of marriage, to spend a whole month in one of their country-seats without a single visitor, and in what they are intrepid enough to call, and, it is believed, deluded enough to think, the enjoyment of one another's society. It is hardly necessary to say that the world did its amiable utmost to affix a disagreeable significance to their matrimonial amity. First, it was urged that they were stingy, but the good-natured, open-handed couple speedily lived down this scandal. Then, something was hinted about the state of the Marquis's intellect, and little Baldy Curlew, whose mission in this world is to account for things, discovered that a great aunt of the family had at one time been under restraint, which, as times go, was quite enough to establish the desired conclusion. But, unluckily for Curlew, the Marquis came out with a mathematical treatise which set all the universities of Europe assailing him with eulogies and diplomas. Then people said it must be the Marchioness, and speculated whether she kept out of society for fear of meeting some only man she had really loved, but this hypothesis was inconveniently met by the utter impossibility of fixing upon the dreaded man, with any decent show of probability. Next, the Rotherhithes were suspected of religion, and both St. Barnabas's and Exeter Hall were closely watched by the social police, but no criminating evidence, Tractarian or Evangelical, could be obtained; while on the other hand, the unconscious couple attended Ascot and the Opera with much regularity. So the solution was left to time, and the world is quite certain that one of these days the truth will come out. Of course it no more occurred to the world to attribute the phenomenon to its real cause, than it did to Pantagruel and his friends, when walking in the fields near Paris, to speak to Panurge in French, until they had tried every other language in the world; but the simple fact was, that the Marquis was sincerely attached to his wife, that the Marchioness loved him very earnestly, and that they were both accomplished people; he having a good deal of the student's nature, and she liking best that which best pleased him. Anxious

to avoid personality, I will not say a great deal about people whose infirmity is not so common as to prevent their being easily recognised, but it is fair to record, that among the innumerable sacrifices made by patriots at the period of the crisis, that of the Rotherhithes, who held all crowds to be a bore, was not the smallest, as will be admitted by those who recollect that at the same eventful date, several expectant statesmen sacrificed their principles.

It was, however, but common charity on the part of the Rotherhithes to offer a neutral ground where men could meet their friends and enemies without being compromised. There was a mass of bewildered politicians, who, just then, could go nowhere with safety. The various leaders on both sides kept their doors shut, meditated a little on their intended policy, and a great deal on speeches explanatory thereof. To the houses of avowed partizans, of lesser note, it was of course dangerous to go until patriotism saw its way. But Rotherhithe House was a harbour of refuge, where the political men of war could lie at anchor, and indeed lie in any way that occurred to them. The Marquis had politics, but they were in his proxy, and his proxy was in the hands of a good and great man in whose keeping many a good and small man's conscience was better placed than if its owner had retained it. The Marchioness had more decided politics, but they were chiefly foreign and very impartial. She cultivated refugees of all kinds. So that a man had run away from something, the dear Marchioness cared little from which side he had escaped. She was Britannia in miniature. Poles, Carlists, Magyars, Jesuits, Reds, Whites, and Blacks, were sure of a place under the Rotherhithe ægis. And the story of each victim in succession produced its due effect on her kindly nature, and she is said to have rather pestered the Foreign Secretary with the startling revelations brought over by the polyglot *protégés*, who supplied her with new and variously coloured light upon European interests. But neither Lord Rotherhithe nor his wife was a party adherent, and their house was one which the most timid time-server could haunt without fear of consequences. And when the crisis came, and the Cabinet fell, the Rotherhithes, who had not given a dozen dinners during the season, fairly set Rotherhithe House open. It was rather supposed that the Earl of Rookbury, who delighted in moving about in such gatherings as a crisis assembles, and tormenting those who were already afflicted, had counselled the Rotherhithes to this hospitality. For he was a sportsman of the atrocious class who strew food for the poor birds, and then fire upon them, inhospitably.

The Rotherhithes had "entertained a small and select party at dinner;" and among the entertained people were Lord Rookbury and Francis Selwyn, who, as usual had a theological fight, this time on the article on Justification, in which as Selwyn was getting the advantage, Lord Rookbury went away to hear an act of Lucrezia Borgia. There was also a new bishop there, a very handsome man, who took no part in the controversy, and perhaps listened with the faintest possible curl of his fine lip, as a professional *will* when

amateurs go to work. Next to his Lordship had sat the dandy democrat, Clavering Dorset, of whom the bishop had been a little afraid, knowing that on the subject of religion and aristocracy, Dorset's avowed faith, like the Book of Esther, contained neither the word God nor Lord. But Clavering had behaved with exceeding propriety, and had gone so far in agreeing with the bishop on the topic of education, and likewise on that of the Philharmonic Concerts, that his Lordship was quite pleased, and thought, in his heart, that if the people were led by no worse men than Dorset, they could not go so very wrong but that sermons and church extension might do the rest. There were a few other people of quiet note, and the Rotherhithes would have been tolerably pleased with the dinner, but that a crowd was to come in later.

The rooms looked very well when filled. If they were mine, I should take out at least half the sculpture, and lighten those heavy lines in the elaborate ceiling of the principal saloon, and hang the large painting where it could not be seen so well; and I should further improve the house by keeping out Baldy Curlew, and all the men who talk to him in a low voice on landings, and give a *mouchard* air to their proceedings. But Rotherhithe House is one of the best houses in London, and this evening its statues, and its flowers, and its soft lights, and its music, and about three hundred people, "left nothing to be desired," as people say, except, perhaps, the absence of Baldy Curlew, whose mission is to account for things.

Selwyn had good naturedly got an evening invitation for his young Secretary, who had commenced his duties, and had given some satisfaction to his chief by the tact with which he had dismissed a jobbing deputation whom it would have been inconvenient to the ex-minister to receive. Carlyon had managed to convey such intense regrets on the part of Selwyn that he could not see the party, and had so succeeded in impressing upon them, that, if there were one subject in the world to which the Minister devoted mornings of study and nights of reflection, that subject was the best way in which Eel-Pie Island could be made a naval *dépôt*, that the courtesy of Selwyn had been trumpeted at half-a-dozen vestry meetings. And the feat did the more credit to the Minister and to the Secretary, seeing that the former had utterly forgotten the appointment until the deputation was announced, and the latter had only time to catch a few hurried words from Selwyn and to get up the points from the Eel-Pie memorial as he walked down stairs to turn the memorialists out. Bernard had, therefore, honestly earned his card for the Marchioness's party.

That amiable person had also extended her invitations to all her presentable refugees, and there were a good many picturesque heads and well-waxed moustaches sprinkled among the party, and much French and Italian swelled the miscellaneous murmur which, varied by pleasant feminine laughs, came upon the ear as one ascended the grand staircase. As Bernard went up, Lord Rookbury, who had only waited to see Grisi poison her son, and was now marking the people who arrived, called to him.

"Well, Mr. Carlyon. Constructing a new ministry, eh? What do you keep for yourself?"

"I thought of asking your lordship what you considered me fit for," said Bernard.

"Ah! That's quite another matter. Suppose you take the colonies—they will improve you in geography, and as nobody cares about them, any little blunder at starting will do no great harm. There's always a run for the colonies when there's a change—so many rising men want to qualify themselves for more serious business. Do you know the Marchioness? No? I'll present you."

The introduction made, Carlyon was going on through the rooms, but Lord Rookbury detained him.

"Stay here a little—never mind the women—a statesman's mind should be above such trifles. Here's Acton Calveley, another young man whose geography will bear improving, *vide* his last book, *passim*. He has a notion that the new men will give him something, whereas they'll do nothing of the kind, for two reasons. Well, Calveley, are we to congratulate you? I heard your name mentioned in a very high place this morning."

"I believe that—a—nothing is *settled*," said Acton Calveley, in a confidential voice and with a very mysterious look, for both of which Lord Rookbury resolved to take instant vengeance.

"I am sincerely sorry to hear you say that, Calveley," said his lordship, in a tone of great interest, "as it implies that you are not to be congratulated. Were it otherwise, you would have known that *all* is settled."

Calveley tried to smile, but it was harder work than a man at his time of life ought to be put to.

"Your information is always so unexceptionable, Lord Rookbury,—and yet I am disposed to think that you are mistaken—at least premature."

"My dear Acton," said Lord Rookbury, with an air which implied that he was going to put the matter beyond the possibility of doubt, "this gentleman—you should know one another, by the way, Mr. Carlyon, Mr. Calveley—this gentleman is private secretary to Mr. Selwyn. I suppose I need say no more."

"Certainly," said Acton, "that is authority which—but I must speak to Lady Rotherhithe." And he entered her presence, rather abruptly for so very well-mannered a person.

"Eligible young man, that, for an Under Secretary," said Lord Rookbury, looking after him for a moment. "What could you have to do with it?"

"That is exactly what I should have asked him, if he had waited," said Bernard. "But why did you refer to me?"

"To show you what feather-heads these talented young men are. You must study such people, as you will be in contact with a good many of them in your time, Mr. Secretary Carlyon."

Bernard did not answer, but he thought that, on the whole,

Calvey was in a more respectable position than the Earl, who had simply acted a lie, and had mystified the younger man. Resolving, if he had an opportunity, to undeceive the latter, so far as his own share in the affair was concerned, Carlyon again entered the saloon, and made his way through the crowd. Presently he met Selwyn, who was coming away.

"Make the best use of your time, Mr. Carlyon," said the ex-minister, smiling.

"Good advice from anybody," said an exceedingly pretty woman, with a dark eye and a slightly resolute lip, who was looking earnestly at Selwyn as he passed—"but from you it sounds like an awful warning. Anything particularly dreadful going to happen."

Selwyn looked for a moment as if the rich musical voice of the speaker were not particularly welcome to his ear, but the expression on his well-trained features was so evanescent that it escaped Carlyon, if not the lady.

"Who could speak of dreadful things to Mrs. Forester," he said, with a half smile, and would have passed on, but an advancing group compelled him to pause for an instant, and the painted feathers of Mrs. Forester's fan lay on his arm.

"Why do you avoid me—why do you *eschew* me?" she said, in a low, earnest tone. "You understand the word—it belongs to your own school. You hate me."

"Fancy," said Selwyn, coldly.

"No," she whispered, "you will not take the trouble? I am not worth your hate? That is the thought in your brain at this moment. I can read it."

"You are a first-rate actress in charades, they tell me, Mrs. Forester," said Selwyn, still with a cold, but very courteous, manner, "but we all make mistakes at times. See, there is Alboni going to the instrument—how delighted we are going to be!"

"No affected pleasure, Mr. Selwyn. You are known to care nothing for music. But anything to evade an answer. Sit here and listen to Alboni, and I will promise not to interrupt your newly-discovered sensations."

The ex-minister's glance was not one of gratification at being thus ordered to take his place beside one of the most charming women in London, but he could hardly disobey the command, and as he sat down he met the keen eye of Lord Rookbury, who was watching the scene with evident amusement. As soon as the Earl saw that Selwyn had observed him, he made a little mocking bow, so slight as to be unnoticed, except by his theological friend, and then walked away and, planting himself before the picture of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, which hangs between the windows, affected to study the story.

The finest contralto voice in the world then silenced everybody, until the artist, with a frank, hearty smile, put out one plump arm for the gloves which a Duke handed to her, and the other for the bouquet, over which a Field-Marshal had kept vigilant

guard. Amid the well-bred raptures which followed, Mrs. Forester said,

"I humbly hope she has repaid you for the vexation of having to sit by me for five minutes."

"What strange things you say," replied Selwyn.

"And who drives me both to do and to say strange things?" returned the lady, reproachfully.

"The Devil, I believe," said Selwyn to himself, but he framed the reply somewhat more courteously for the lady. "Is that another charade?" he asked, laughing. "I give it up."

"You will exasperate me into frenzy one of these days, with your mocking coldness, and your resolution not to understand and appreciate me, Francis Selwyn," said the lady, bitterly, "and then upon your conscience will lie any folly I may commit. I do not believe you even read my letters. Do you, now? On your honour as a gentleman?"

"I read all letters," said Selwyn, with affected solemnity, "and my secretary there, Mr. Carlyon, folds, indorses, and files them. He is a most accurate person, I assure you. Mr. Carlyon, I have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Forester. Mr. Carlyon's taste for music is highly cultivated, and he will be able to tell you whether Alboni's last embroideries were legitimate or not." And Selwyn managed to retreat while speaking. The look which followed him was not an amiable one, nor was it lost upon a couple of perfectly-dressed young men who stood near. One of them was handsome, and wore dark moustaches, which descended at so acute an angle that their point up at his nose seemed to connect the arrangement with the invention for keeping a horse from throwing down his head. The other was very fair, snub-nosed, rosy, and whiskerless, with straight hair and a huge cherub's-wings cravat.

"I say, Alfred," said the moustached one, "how that Mrs. Forester bores Selwyn. The poor fellow has no peace of his life."

"Serves him right," replied the gentleman addressed as Alfred, glancing down at his magnificent studs. "Why don't he tell her to *not*. I should like to catch her or any other woman boring me, if I didn't choose to give her encouragement."

"Hang it, Manvers," said the other, who having more elements of success about him, spoke, as is usual, in a better tone than the mere pretender, "what's he to do? If she likes him, there's no law to prevent her telling him so. I only wish it was my case instead of his."

"I suppose it would be yours or mine either, if we took the trouble," replied Mr. Alfred Manvers.

The handsome man brought his chin over the edge of his neck-collar, in order to look loftily at the speaker, as this assumption of equality by no means pleased him.

"Dare say," he said, "but I don't think you know her."

"But I do," replied Manvers; "I was introduced to her at Chiswick by the Wintertons. I got up her carriage."

"Well, I want to hear her speak again. Go and talk to her,

that's a good fellow. Her voice reminds me of somebody's, I can't tell whose. I'll keep near you."

Mr. Manvers did not appear over-eager to accept the mission, but he could hardly refuse it after what he had said, so he lounged up to the couch on which Mrs. Forester sat, talking to Bernard.

"How de doo, Mrs. Forester? Quite a crowd. Alboni really quite unbearable to-night—can't think what's possessed her to sing that thing. She always spoils it."

Mrs. Forester could see rather better than most persons in the room, but that was no reason why she should not carry a weapon of defence against Alfreds, and so, having put up her glass and looked at the speaker very conscientiously for some time, she said—

"I dare say it was very bad, but I don't remember you."

"I had the pleasure of meeting you at Chiswick the other day," said Mr. Manvers, who was growing hot, the rather as his friend was edging as close as was convenient. "I was with Mrs. Winterton."

"O!" said Mrs. Forester, as she would have received a servant's apology for a mistake, and immediately resuming her conversation with Carlyon. "Then you think the statue idealized out of all womanhood—well—yes—but then—"

"That will do, Al," said his friend, passing him. "You needn't wait. I remember the voice now—it's Rachel's, where she speaks so contemptuously to what's his name—you know the play."

And as Mrs. Forester did not betray the slightest intention of looking round again, Mr. Manvers, after a pause, thought he had better not wait, and departed with malice in his little heart, and determined to hint scandal against her in all places. She had better have spoken to the fool, whom she remembered perfectly (Lucy Forester only forgot one thing in all her life), and thanked him for getting up her carriage, and then he would have been harmless. To be sure he could not do much harm, but one never knows, and besides, when one comes to think of it, it is not Christian-like to annoy people.

Mr. Manvers, disconcerted, made his way into one of the smaller rooms, and found that some kind of scene was in progress. There was quite a crowd of girls and men encircling somebody, who seemed busily making arrangements for a display of ingenuity. Being a smallish person, Mr. Manvers soon penetrated to the heart of the mystery. One of Lady Rotherhithe's foreign pets was preparing to "distinguish himself," a process which all except the best class of foreigners deem necessary in society. The actor in question was a fat man, with rather short legs, over which his trousers were severely tightened. He showed an ample expanse of white waistcoat, and his hair was cropped so short, and so fastened back with cunning appliances, that his large elephant ears were brought into almost undesirable prominence. With eyes very wide apart, with a huge and terrible nose, and with a black hedge of coarse moustache bristling round his mouth, he might perhaps have been called hideous by those whose standard of

beauty is conventional, a class now being heavily discouraged by the P. R. B. and others. He was addressing his very select audience in perfectly good English, but illustrating it with Continental energy.

"I must tell you," he said, "my dear friends, that as regards music I am, myself, wild, mad, frantic, insane, distracted, in short, lunatic. But what I am going to tell you about a wretch who blasphemed music in the person of one of its noblest professors is as true as the stars. You all know me, all Europe knows me, all the world knows the name of Maximilien St. Croix d'Or; therefore, I would not lie to you. Attend."

With this modest logic, M. Maximilien took a chair in the centre of the admiring circle.

"You all know," he said, "that grand and glorified opera of the heavenly Carl Maria Von Weber, I mean, of course, *Der Freischutz*. I need not speak about it. You know every scene. Attend. When that opera was first given to the world, I was a student of medicine in the town of Sarlzburg. I sang, smoked, danced, drank, loved—what is a student's life? My best friend, Alexis Lamidoff, a young Russian, shared my song, my tobacco bag, my partners, my wine—everything," added the fat man, "but one—the heart of my Lavinia."

A little laughter here hinted to the narrator, that sentiment was ineffective in an English saloon. He remembered how in Germany full-sized men will grunt their sympathy at a love-tale, but he went on.

"*Der Freischutz* was produced at our theatre. The students attended *en masse*. Alexis and myself sat side by side. The opera was triumphant—it was a glory—it was a madness. Yet there were some who resisted its inspiration. Among them, I grieve to tell you, was my own dearest friend, my Alexis. He saw no beauty in those wild and demoniac wailings, and he turned the sweet love-strains to ridicule. I bore it long, for the first notes had done their work on me, and I could have gone proudly to death for the man who thought out that god-like overture. Scene by scene, the hearts of Alexis and myself became more and more estranged. I remonstrated, I implored, I entreated, I wept, but he was first cold, then angry, then insulting. Finally, when the terrific scene opened, and Caspar, surrounded by the skulls, and with the fire-eyed owl beside him, dragged Adolph into the diabolical circle, and pronounced the incantation, amid thunder, and the shrieks of the owl, and the howls of the demons, Alexis burst into a scornful laughter, and hissed. Yes, he Alexis Lamidoff dared to hiss Von Weber. I can tell you little more—my love was hate—I struck him, and in a fierce battle we rolled under the seats, and were both kicked out of the theatre. We mutually swore a deadly revenge, and parted for ever."

"Deuced amusing—glad it's over—drawled a haughty-looking guardsman to the pretty girl on his arm. "Will you have an ice?"

"But I do not think it is all over," said the young lady. "I must hear it all. It's delightful."

"Too violent for my taste, but as you please," replied the guardsman, with the air of a martyr.

"But times changed," said M. Maximilien, wiping his forehead with a pocket handkerchief, and looking at it, to see whether the dye came off his hair; "and I had for some years left the medical profession, and had become the manager of the opera in the city of Schlossaltenburg. The revolution broke out. I did my best to keep my opera going, for music has no party. When the aristocrats triumphed, I wrote a song in their glory, which my *prima donna* sang in an ecstasy for loyalty, wrapping the Duke's banner around her. And when they were murdered I wrote another song in glory of the revolutionists, which my *prima donna* sang in an ecstasy for liberty, wrapping the tricolor around her. All went well. Among my operas I revived *Der Freischutz*, with great splendour, and though my actors were fighting in the barricades in the morning, and could not attend rehearsals, still our *ensemble* was superb. But one afternoon, after much fighting in the streets, I was called to the hospital to see one of my performers, who had been wounded. As I consoled him, my eye fell on the face of a badly-hurt patient on another bed. He wore a uniform, crimson with blood, dark with stains. It was Alexis, who had entered the military service, and who had come to Schlossaltenburg to fall upon our barricades. Our eyes met savagely. Each remembered the oath of deadly vengeance. That night he died."

M. Maximilien sprang from his chair, and clearing his way right and left amid the circle, seized a footstool, a vase of flowers from a side-table, a candelabrum from a bracket, and snatching several hats from their astounded owners, proceeded to range the various objects in a circle on the floor. Casting his eyes around, he perceived one of those quaint little owl-inkstands which stare an author out of countenance, and this he placed on the chair by his side. Then tearing at a poker from the hearth, he sprang into the ring he had made.

"I am Caspar. Round me are the skulls from which the fiend-light is to gleam out. Here is the devil-owl. But where is Adolph? Ha!" he exclaimed, seizing in his strong and brawny hand the startled Mr. Alfred Manvers, he dragged that dandified young gentleman over the hats, and into the ring, and, despite his uncomfortable protests, held him, as in a vice, amid the laughter of the spectators.

"Do not laugh," he thundered, "but attend. I have told you that Alexis died. The guardians of the hospital were my friends. It is enough. Three nights later, *Der Freischutz* was performed—the theatre was crowded, shouting, maddened. I was the Caspar. The incantation scene came on, and Caspar stood, as now, in the ring, and by his side the shuddering Adolph. The dreadful music was played, the skulls flamed out, the owl shrieked, the demons yelled, and Caspar, as now, fell upon his knees, holding a human skull on the point of his sword, as a sacrifice to the fiends. "Ha! ha!" he shouted, holding up another hat on the end of his poker,

that skull *was the skull of my friend Alexis*. ‘My friend,’ I exclaimed, ‘you have hissed the music of *Der Preischutz*. Now, you assist at its performance—have I kept my oath?’”

The group broke up, some of the girls being the least in the world fluttered by the story, and the grim intensity with which M. St. Croix D’Or had told the last portion.

“Of course you believe it,” said Lord Rookbury, to Mrs. Forester, who, on Bernard’s arm, had been listening to the catastrophe.

“I believe everything,” said beautiful Lucy Forester, “it saves one such a world of bore from intelligent people who are anxious to explain things you doubt about.”

“Quite right,” said Lord Rookbury. “Well, Calveley, any fresh news? I told you how things were going, but you did not look as if you believed me, though you saw I was speaking to Mr. Selwyn’s confidential secretary.”

“Who, however,” said Carlyon, “begs to disclaim having furnished Lord Rookbury with any information, or having had any to furnish him with.”

“That’s the way these young diplomatists talk,” said the Earl, coolly. “They have no conscience. The statement comes well from him, as, now that Selwyn is gone, he and I are the only persons in the room who know that there is to be no new ministry.”

Acton Calveley looked astonished. Mrs. Forester looked astonished. Bernard Carlyon was going to look astonished, when he remembered the peculiar talents of Lord Rookbury. The Marquis of Rotherhithe came up.

“I want to speak to you, Rookbury. Selwyn has told Maria that they are all back again. Can she have mistaken him?”

“No, *she* never mistakes Mr. Selwyn,” said the Earl, looking straight at Mrs. Forester as he spoke. “But then the Marchioness is a person of tact.”

The answer might have been in Arabic or Chinese for aught that it conveyed to any of the hearers except the lady, who struggled hard against a flush, and kept it down.

“How you all stare,” said the Earl. “Mr. Selwyn’s own secretary, too, pretending that he did not know this afternoon that the Queen, on the Duke’s advice, has ordered all the Ministers back to their places until further notice. Yes, Mrs. Forester, Mr. Selwyn and all, with a thousand apologies for anticipating your enquiry. It is time of peace again, now, my dear Marquis, and your Temple of Janus may close as soon as you like. The crisis is over, and the country rather better than could be expected.”

CHAPTER XXI.

CHIEFLY INTENDED FOR LAWYERS.

"BUT whether you intend to follow your profession or not," said Mr. Molesworth to Bernard, shortly after the return of the latter from Aspen Court, "you should qualify yourself for it by passing your examination. It will do you no harm, in after life, to have acquitted yourself well, and besides, it looks vague and scrambling to have given your notices for the purpose, and to have served out your time, as you have done, and then to turn away from the Hall. A man should complete what he undertakes."

The arguments were unexceptionable, and Bernard Carlyon prepared for the examination which solicitors have been of late years required to undergo, before receiving the certificate that they are competent to be trusted with the interests of their fellow-subjects. The legal Great-Go is not a very formidable affair, however, and the young gentleman who fails in it must have given beer and cigars an unfair preference over Blackstone and Chitty. In the old times, the judge who admitted the solicitor to practice was supposed to investigate his legal acquirements; but, for many years before the regular examination was ordained, the judges imagined that they had almost enough to do, without performing this educational operation, and the thing became a form. Some stock anecdotes on the subject are still preserved for the benefit of the novice—they are, however, the Joe Millers of Chancery Lane, and nobody repeats them except in lay company. One of them records that the great lawyer, Lord Ellenborough, observing a country youth of an ingenuous appearance come up to be admitted as a solicitor, burst upon him with the following enquiries—

"Well, Sir, you have learned the law?"

"Yes, Sir; yes, my lord I mean, at least I hope so," was the very proper reply of the candidate."

"Very well. Now, suppose a tenant for life should hold over, what's the remedy against him?"

"Well, my lord, that is a case in which—let me see—yes, with deference to your lordship, I presume that the course would be regular—I should proceed by ejection."

And the hope of the village looked for approbation.

"Ha! And you'd serve the notice by nailing it on the outside of his coffin, I suppose?"

The story is variously finished, according to the taste of the narrator. It may be added, that the aspirant for a licence, on comprehending that he had been "sold," fell down in a fit, or jumped out of window, or took the coach back to Suffolk and cultivated turnips for the rest of his natural life, or assented to the judge's view, adding an enquiry whether he would like anything to drink, in all of which ways facetious men have concluded it in our hearing. But to the uneducated multitude it may be as well for you to explain that Lord Ellenborough's "sell"

amounted to this. "Holding over" means keeping possession of property longer than you are entitled to do, as a man would who had a lease for seven years and stayed for eight. But a "tenant for life" can hardly adopt this unlawful course, and the zeal of the apprentice of the law, who was instantly anxious, at the very sound of an apparent wrong, to be down upon the wrong-doer, was, therefore, a little hasty. But on the whole, it is better not to tell this or any other story that requires explanation.

The Hall of the Law Society, in Chancery Lane, has various merits, and one of them is the remarkable talent with which the architect has jammed it into the narrow slit which alone could be spared to it in that costly territory. The interior of the Hall is handsome, and many bills of costs must have been duly paid before the funds for raising the structure could have been accumulated. The portrait of one of the oldest and most honoured members of the profession is the only offering by the fine arts to their sulky sister, described by Lord Coke as "the Lady Law, who loveth to lie alone." There are lectures delivered, at night, to the rising generation of legalists; and under the same roof, moreover, is a very good club, whose wines are choice, and have been shed in honour of many verdicts gained—and lost. It was into this Hall that Mr. Bernard Carlyon and about a hundred other gentlemen, who had paid their country one hundred and twenty guineas, were inducted one morning, in order to its being seen how far they were qualified for getting back that liberal outlay, and perhaps the odd thousand or thirteen hundred pounds which their fees and five years' probation had cost most of them. Far be it from a writer who hath to do with social life to repudiate the valued and time-honoured right of caricaturing lawyers. What substitute could we find for that easy and popular satire, which finds a response in the heart of every man who has ever been defended or punished by law? But there may be no objection to the disabusing the popular mind of a current impression that a solicitor's education is a cheap thing; and, indeed, I do not know that this is not an artful way of further prejudicing the public against the profession, seeing that it will naturally and liberally be supposed that the more a lawyer has spent, the more eager he will be to get his money back.

It was a gloomy, chilly morning, and as the assemblage of solicitors in expectancy waited the opening of the doors, the general aspect of the crowd was not lively. The young lawyer, however, becomes a grave man of business long before the collegian or the medical student has finished what I am told is called larking. There is such an utter absence of everything but prosaic commonplace in the lawyer's avocation (with the exception of that very small proportion of his engagements which connects itself with the public trials) and such an absolute necessity for that commonplace to be regularly and strictly followed out, that a few months of such pursuit tones down the young professional man into order and gravity. He has no animating struggle, no collegiate honours to prompt and to reward his nights of toil and labour; he sees none

of the strange and varying physical phenomena which render the medical career one of incessantly shifting excitement. And without any vulgar disparagement of a noble calling, rendered ignoble only by exceptional followers, it is impossible to deny, that while the collegian's studies are chiefly of an elevating character, and while the wildest young fellow who ever ran the hospital must feel that in every bandage he secures, every muscle he learns, he is personally doing something for the good of humanity, the young lawyer must take an unusually extended view of his business, if he sees in it much more than a complicated machine for helping mankind to indulge its antagonism according to rule. His own share in the working of the engine into one end of which we cram a furious, bewildered, and prejudiced brace of enemies, while from the other we draw a pellucid stream of equity, is usually so indirect as scarcely to be appreciable. The absence of any direct and visible purpose in nine-tenths of a young lawyer's work may have something to do with the premature absence of outward interest in it. The groups which clustered in the portico of the Law Hall on the morning in question, presented a marked contrast to similar gatherings at Guy's and at the University.

Most of the men looked as if they had been reading hard, and these were calm and confident enough. But there were a few who had scorned any preparatory training, and had been very vauntful until within a few days of the appointed date, when they suddenly grew frightened and laid out for themselves a system of reading which no one but the man who got through Euclid at breakfast (omitting the childish A B C and D and the foolish pictures) could ever accomplish in the time. Consequently they came up, ill with their gigantic efforts, and flustered at their inefficacy. It was a little piteous to hear a few of the questions these men put to better informed friends, and the helpless want of mental digestion displayed by the enquirers. Among them there was a fast young gentleman, named Bliber (somewhat of our friend Mr. Chequer-bent's school), who was especially conscious of having neglected his studies. He, in his despair, had devised a small theory of mnemonics, which he trusted would help him to recollect some of the more salient points in the law creed. He had been living rather too hard in more senses than one. Coming up to Bernard, whom he knew, he said, in a low voice,

"I say—do me a favour. Ask me a question or two, such as you think the fellows inside will put."

Carlyon laughed, and, knowing his man, asked him a very simple Chancery question indeed—one equivalent to asking a young lady over her first music-book, how many semitones there are in an octave.

"Stop," he answered, "don't hurry me. I'll tell you. William, that means a bill; resurrectionist, that's revivor; don't hurry me—last part of the *Times*, that's supplement."

"Just so, a bill of revivor and supplement," said Bernard. "I think I like your system, but you have only answered half the question."

"I know that. I'm going on," and he struggled to recall his imagery. "Confound it, if they would examine me in my own chambers I should be perfect, because I know to what corners to look for my signs, but here I am lost. Revivor and supplement, well, so far so good. Then there's a nobleman's eldest son William, that's a second title to the bill; and then a chap beating clothes, that's abating the suit; and then, a theatrical bespeak, that's praying a specific performance. No, I don't seem to have got what you ask. Try another."

"Yes—what's that dirty fellow eyeing you in that curious way for. He looks like one of Tango's men. Are you afraid of anything? Shall I speak to him? It won't do to be caught to-day, you know."

"Would you be so good," returned the fast man, looking round in some trepidation.

Bernard had seen this sort of thing, and the watcher and he came quickly to an understanding, promoted by Carlyon's fingers coming into contact with the other's dirty paw for a moment.

"I can't say after to-day," said the man mysteriously.

"After to-day, I dare say he don't care," said Bernard, "and he's always to be found, you know."

"No go," said a keen-faced, dark-eyed, not ill-looking person, evidently of the Hebraic faith, gliding from round a column—"I must have him, Mr. Carlyon. The clerk to the firm that sues is actually standing there, going up to be examined. He sent over for me. There's no help, unless he had the sense to bolt, and now it's too late."

"Deuced hard upon a fellow, on the day on which his chances all depend. I'll speak to the other man."

"No go, I tell you. He's now pointing at Bliber with his thumb, behind his back. What an ass Bliber was not to cut. Ah, he's going to try it now, but it's of no use. Exactly so, the other man is pretending to be friendly and really stopping him, see. Between you and me and this stone post it don't matter, for Bliber's no more chance of passing than that cab, which is passing—you'll say, not bad. My boy, Solomon, who's eleven, has picked up more law. Mr. Bliber, sir."

The capture was made, and Mr. Bliber was in the custody of the sheriff. He looked rather depressed, poor fellow, as he departed across the street with the officer.

"I'll come over to you as soon as this is done," said Bernard; "keep up your spirits. And," he said, rather loudly, addressing those about him, "if any other person has apprehensions, I advise him to be off at once, as there is a gentleman here," and he looked at the informant, "whose good feeling at such a time teaches him to point out his fellow-candidates to the bailiffs."

The individual in question, an undersized, wiry, rather unclean looking person, angrily desired Mr. Carlyon to mind his own business.

"I should recommend anybody to mind his own business, rather than entrust it to such dirty hands as yours," replied Ber-

nard, a retort which, being impertinent rather than witty, told with great effect upon the by-standers. One of them, a stalwart young Scotsman, brought a long, lean, but heavy arm upon the hat of the small man, and inextricably bonneted him with the blow. The doors at that moment opened, and the blinded man, struggling in his hat, was hustled by the indignant crowd, and thrust with many kicks into the rear of the group. And as several of the men, as they went in, gravely assured the doorkeepers that the fellow was a well-known pickpocket, the entry which he was ultimately permitted to make into the Hall was not altogether triumphant.

For the awful ceremony of the examination, rows of tables, covered with green baize, and furnished with writing materials, ran up the Hall, and at the end a transverse table was placed for the examiners, who were leading members of the profession, and gentlemen in whom it was impossible not to place the fullest confidence. The candidates took their seats, and there was a pause for some minutes, during which recognitions were made, and quiet jokes exchanged.

"Which department are you strongest in, Tom?" asked a candidate of his neighbour.

"I don't know; but I'm weakest in criminal law."

"What, after appearing so often before the beaks to be fined?"

"Oh, you be hanged!" replied the other, closing the dialogue with a retort that resembles the barber's chair, mentioned by one of Shakspeare's clowns, which fits everybody.

"I have been reading in a conveyancer's chambers," said a third expectant. "None of your pettifogging work for me. I shall treat them with such essays on shifting clauses, and discontinuance, and all that sort of thing, that they will take the rest for granted."

"On the contrary, you write such a hand that they'll pluck you out of mere spite, for giving them so much trouble."

The printed papers of questions were now handed round, and it was with a sort of flutter that the majority of the candidates eagerly skimmed the list to see what was their general chance of making satisfactory replies. There were about eighty questions, and these were divided into six or seven classes, each set being propounded in reference to some separate department of law. Bernard speedily saw that in four of the classes he was perfectly easy, and that he could give a sufficiency of reasonably exact replies to the remaining queries. The distinction will be understood, when it is mentioned that in the more aristocratic offices conveyancing and chancery practice are chiefly attended to, while in others common law is the sheet anchor. Criminal law is almost exclusively confined to certain establishments, and few of the generality of young lawyers know more about it than they learn from the police reports.

In the first half hour there was a dead silence, every man studying his paper. The seats are placed at such a distance that communication between the candidates is not easy, and there is, besides, a sort of gentlemanly patrol constantly walking up and down to see

that men do not help one another. But they manage to do a little in that way, and small rolls of paper might be seen gliding along the green baize, like miniature billiard-balls, in several directions, sometimes in any line but that desired by the propeller. They were not always, however, petitions for advice, some of them containing miscellaneous criticism. One rolled so near the patrol, that though not willing to see more than he was obliged, he could not refrain from taking it up, and though no steps resulted, it was subsequently known to have been read at the examiners' board. It contained a very irreverent and indecorous illustration of the whole proceeding,

"The old Fagins at the end of the Hall respectfully request that their pupils, the young prigs, will look alive. Therefore, James, go a-head."

An hour passed, and a few of the more rapid candidates completed their work, and successively carried up their replies to the examination table. They were desired to leave them, and not to retain copies of their answers.

"What's that injunction for, do you suppose?" asked one man of another, as they went out.

"That we may not be able to prove them in the wrong, if they pluck us for incompetency."

"I conclude that one of the examiners is going to publish a law book, and wished to avail himself of my incomparable notes on the subject. I hope he means to write on Criminal law, as I flatter myself I have rather done the thing. I know nothing about it, but I have answered all the questions."

"Deuce you have? I left them blank. Before whom have you said that offences committed on the High Seas are to be tried?"

"Before the Lord Mayor, of course."

"Nonsense. Why?"

"Because he is Conservator of the River Thames. That's near enough for a gentleman, who never dirtied his hands with Criminal law."

Carlyon was not among the first group who went up, nor was he latest. Long after he had left, a large body of the candidates sat, and some of them lingered until late in the day. Considering that no young lawyer receives the slightest training or direction from his employers as to his course of study, beyond, possibly, a recommendation to buy one or two of the standard books, and, as there is no recognized system round which his reading can be concentrated, it is creditable to the shrewdness and industry of the rising legal generation that they manage to collect so large a quantity of information, and to pass their examinations creditably. It would be unjust, under the circumstances, to make the trial very severe, but even conducted as it is, with every desire to help rather than to hinder the candidates, a few fall victims to their own idleness, and to the want of the ordinary assistance afforded to every other class to whom such tests are proposed. A few lectures to which the guardian of our interests (and who, according to the greatest

living lawyer, must now be always at our elbow to scare away the Succession-Duty vultures) may subscribe or not as he pleases, are all the assistance afforded to help him in self-qualification.

It was contrived that the story of the bailiff and the man who had pointed out the victim should reach the examiners' table, and possibly, when the paper was brought up, the tone of the receiver was more *brusque* than it had been in other cases. But the unclean little individual knew his work, and had done it fairly, and however glad the authorities might have been to pluck a man by no means likely to adorn the profession, they would not commit the injustice of straining the slightest point against him. I am glad that he was kicked, but I should have been sorry had he been plucked, for, unclean and discourteous as he was, and mean as appeared the act he had committed—I fear he had no option—he executed the express orders given him by the firm which he was serving. A gentleman would have refused compliance, but this person was not one, but had his articles given him, as the phrase is, in exchange for exceeding hard service, and on a miserable stipend he was just keeping alive a long white sickly wife, and seven or eight little children, as wiry and as unclean as himself. How he had scraped together his stamp-money is only known to himself, and perhaps to some disreputable clients in the Borough for whom he collected rents, and did all sorts of work at over-hours. He was a poor, struggling, ill-conditioned creature, but I do not know that he ought to have been ruined. Such men, however, wriggle into the profession of the law, and those who are unfortunate enough to come in contact with one of them, never quite forget it, even in the acquaintance of a hundred high-bred and honourable fellows, nominally of the same calling. But this is another sense in which the law—and *not* the London Tavern—is open to “everybody.”

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. CARLYON'S CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 1.—THE MISSES WILMSLOW.

DEAR MR. CARLYON,

Aspen Court, Wednesday,
and several other days,

We have devised a much better plan than yours. Instead of our writing separate notes to you, and boring you with the same things three times over, which we should very likely do, we intend all three to join in the same letter, and so each can relieve the other. This we consider a most clever invention, and whatever merit it has belongs to Kate. [A *great* story. Amy thought of it first. A.] First you will, of course, be naturally anxious to know how the squirrel is. Well, it is dead. We think that the poor thing's loss is entirely the result of Amy's allowing it to nibble a cake of vermilion out of her colour-box. [We don't think *anything* of the kind, Bernard, it was frightened to death by a strange cat. A.] However, perhaps it is for the best, for it used to eat holes in the new curtains, and though mamma is sorry

it is dead, we think she used to set the window open to let it run away, which was very artful of her. We tell her we should like her very much if she were not so artful. [She's a *dear*. A.]

We suppose that you go every night to the Opera, and, therefore, we expect that you will send us some new music, of the best kind, but it had better not be too difficult. You will easily guess whose laziness dictated this last sentence. [Not *mine*. A.] Kate and Emma can now manage *Giorno d'orrore* tolerably well in their own estimation, but their parents do not listen to it with much enthusiasm, mamma saying that we "want practice," and papa telling us, in rather strong terms, that we want *diabte!* Kate thinks that if she could hear it once given by the first-rate people, she should know, at all events, where our weakness is. As for Amy, she scarcely ever touches the instrument, except to ridicule us. [Do not believe them. She practised yesterday. A.] Yes, while we were putting on our bonnets.

Martha brought us in four hedge-hogs yesterday, but they are stupid little things, and we are going to send them away, because papa sets Blue at them, and the foolish dog gets his nose all scratched to pieces. There is a superstition about them, it seems, that they keep off evil eyes. We told this to Lord Rookbury, who has been over here several times, and he laughed heartily, and said something in French which we could none of us catch. Perhaps it was a proverb, and you know it? Lord Rookbury seems to have taken a great liking for papa, and walks about the grounds with him for an hour together. They seem to have known a good many people in common, whom they call by the oddest names. [Mamma don't like the Earl. A.] Amy has no right to say this, Mr. Carlyon. Mamma has never said anything of the kind, and we have scolded Amy for putting it in, but she insists in having her way. [They know it as well as I do. A.] Pray take no notice of such nonsense.

You must write very soon and tell us how you are going on, and how you like your new engagements. Amy says that if there are any young ladies in the family you are not to offer to improve their writing, as hers does you no credit. It is right to say that she has not written a copy since you left. She has now run upstairs, we believe to scramble over one, in order to contradict this.

Dear Mr. Carlyon, one word in perfect confidence, and do not allude to it when you write back. We are not quite happy about the friendship between papa and a certain person. There seems no reason for it, and mamma, we are certain, listens earnestly to what they say when she meets them; but before they come up to her Lord R. changes his voice, and papa looks very mysterious. If it is wrong to ask you whether you understand it at all, we are very sorry that we have mentioned it. Kate wishes it known that she advised this to be written. We hope that there are no more troubles in store for mamma. Pray excuse the liberty of asking you whether it means anything. *What can Lord R. want with papa?*

Amy insists on finishing the letter. I assure you, Bernard, I have practised a great deal, and have written a beautiful copy. You might send me something from town to amuse me, but I suppose you are so taken up with your fine ladies and your members of Parliament, and your operas, that you never think of me. Never mind, "I am but as one cast away," but I think you might send the drawing-book, and the pattern for the slippers. We enclose you our united kind regards, and are,

Dear Mr. Carlyon,

Yours, very sincerely,

EMMA. }
KATE. } WILMSLOW.
AMY. }

Bernard Carlyon, Esq.

[P.S. Answer to Kate. I am certain she will like it.—A.]

No. 2.—MR. PAUL CHEQUERBENT.

MY DEAR CARLYON,

Southend, Essex.

Once more I want you to get me out of a scrape, and positively for the third and last time of asking. I was going to write that I would do the same for you, but you never get into scrapes, at least not to my knowledge, so I can only say, that if ever you do, command Paul Chequerbent.

"*Amo, amas*, I love a lass." If that does not tell you the whole story, I cannot help it. But the fact is this. I ought to have gone down to you at Thingamy Court. Well, I did not. I went to a ball, and then to the station-house, and then to dinner (a precious bad one), and then to Gravesend, and then I nearly went to the bottom of the Thames, and but for a splendid display of heroism on my part, whitebait would be lurching on me at this present writing.

I am here—here means a horribly retired watering-place on the Thames, and I am at the principal inn, with two virtuous females in distress living with me. One of them weighs about nineteen stone. We are in pawn. I have spent all my money, and therefore make it up in swagger, for fear the landlord should suspect anything. Just now, as a mere financial operation, I threatened to smash the waiter, a warlike attitude sending up the funds. But this cannot go on.

Will you do two things? See the old Mole, and make it all right for me to come back to the office. Tell him I am innocent or penitent, or have got the measles, or anything you think will soften his heart, for he is a stern and oyster man. Next, manage to send me a post-office order for ten pounds, and I will pay you back in a fortnight at latest, adding the blessings of a shipwrecked mariner. If you knew what a pretty girl was in pawn with me, to say nothing of an exceedingly heavy Christian, nineteen stone as aforesaid, you would hasten to take us out. Till you do, I must go on ordering champagne and insulting the waiter.

Perpetually yours,

PAUL CHEQUERBENT.

Bernard Carlyon, Esq.

No. 3.—MR. MOLESWORTH.

DEAR BERNARD,

I dined at the Law Club this evening, and of course met some of the dons who had presided at the examination. You may like to know that your answers are perfectly satisfactory, and something more, and regret was expressed that a man who had mastered his work should desert it when likely to be profitable. I forestal the official intimation. Let me see you to-morrow.

Yours truly,

S. MOLESWORTH.

Mr. Carlyon,

No. 4.—LILIAN TREVETLAN.

Five letters from you, dearest Bernard, and only one poor little note from me in answer, and yet *perhaps*, that one little note caused me more thought than you bestowed upon all your kind letters. Ah! I hear your reply as clearly as if you were murmuring it at my ear. You would tell me to let my heart speak as you do yours, and then there would be little need for thought. Tell me when you write, Bernard, whether those were not the words that flew to your lips when you read what I have written. And yet you need not, for I am certain they were. Indeed my heart is speaking to you. Sometimes I think that it can speak better in a letter than when we are together, and then again I know that it is not so. Bernard, you must not read my letters with your eye only, but take them into some quiet place and read them aloud to yourself. Try to put Lilian's accents upon Lilian's words. She will trust you to be her interpreter, for she believes that you understand her. I will answer for that on her part.

You have never loved before, dear Bernard (do I write your name too often?—ah, if you could only see—but never mind), but you must have been loved. Perhaps there is some poor woman's heart that loves you now. I rest so perfectly tranquil in my entire faith in you, that I could hear that it was so, and feel only kindness for her and pity. But I have an earnest desire to know whether all women who truly love are possessed by that bewildering sense of emotion, which is now my trouble and my delight. Bernard, since *that* day, all that I see, all that I read, all that I hear, has a new meaning. There is a whirl around me, and yet I am at peace. I feel a thousand times more estranged from the world, and yet there is nothing in which I do not feel an interest. I have heard of the selfishness of love, and I may be unknowingly selfish, but it seems to me that my heart has expanded, and finds something good and joyous, turn where it will. But I have a good mind to strike out all that I have said. If I let it remain it is only on condition that you promise to remember this, that I have been brought up in almost isolation, and if I speak too frankly—no, I do not, but perhaps I am giving but a foolish, impulsive utterance to my sensations. Are you reading this aloud, Bernard? If you are, you will not smile, but I am afraid to look

back and see what I have written. How different is the feeling with which I read every line, every word of yours—read it as a whole, and in separate sentences, and comparing one word with another—come, I will let you smile now.

Not a word has passed between Mr. Heywood and me upon the subject. He has never introduced your name, and, as you may be sure, I have not done so. But I am certain that you are not out of his thoughts—I know this from little symptoms which it is but of late that I have thought of remarking. In speaking only yesterday to a visitor, he quoted something that you said, on your first visit, and he used your exact words, and then scoffed at the opinion, but he never alluded to you. And he has discarded a favourite book which used seldom to be out of his hand—the title is “The works of F. Rabelais, Physician.” I am certain that you spoke of the book, and he threw it away one day, remarking that he supposed that it would be a school-book one of these days, considering what sort of persons professed to understand it now. I am positive that he alluded to you, and the more so, because he would not look at me while he spoke. Am I not a keen-sighted little spy? But I hope it does not vex you to hear this? Mr. Heywood is a clever person, but dreadfully prejudiced, and bitter when he takes an antipathy.

My dear, dear Bernard! That is what I want to repeat to you until you are tired of hearing it, and so long as you please you may say it to yourself for me. You must pardon anything that you do not altogether like in my letter, and say to yourself ‘poor Lillian has been neglected, but we will teach her better.’ God bless you, my own Bernard.

Your affectionate

LILIAN.

Bernard Carlyon, Esq.

P.S.—Every day? Of course. And if there are two posts, which I think there are, you are to write twice a-day. I wonder whether you wear that chain.

No. 5.—MRS. FORESTER.

MY DEAR MR. CARLYON,

Park Street, Friday.

If you are the good-natured person you professed yourself to be, you will look in here to-morrow night, after the Opera. There will be two or three pleasant girls, so you need not be afraid of a *tête-a-tête* with

THAT MRS. FORESTER.

P.S. Mind. I should not *ask* you, if I did not *want* you.

No. 6.—MR. BLIBER.

MY DEAR CARLYON,

Hotel Jerusalem.

I can't turn in until I have scribbled a few words to thank you for your kindness to-day, and, as they charge threepence for a sheet of paper, a penny for a wafer, and twopence for a Queen's head, here goes for six penn'orth of gratitude. Nonsense apart,

old man, I am devilishly thankful to you. As to the mopuses, of course, we'll put that all straight as soon as I can, meantime, I enclose my I O U, which if the Bank of England were carried on upon the true principles of currency, would be discounted impromptu, and, in fact, with thanks to me for encouraging their establishment. I drink your health.

Well, I'm locked up, and, I fancy, likely to be, for between you and me, I've rather overdone the thing. The governor has paid me out twice, but he can't manage it again, his living's a small one; and then I have a set of unnatural brothers and sisters who think they ought to be maintained as well as me, and they may have some faint show of right on their side. They have clubbed their little sixpences for me, often, and I mean to pay them back some day. But, clearly, I shall not let the Rectory party know of the present state of affairs. I shall write that I am sent to Paris on a special mission.

Somebody told me, a fool I suppose, that you were going to cut the law. The best answer to that was my seeing you at the law shop to-day. If I had your chances and your talent, I would make a fortune. Don't you think of going out. Now, to encourage you, I will give you a job. You shall have the honour of taking me through the Insolvent Court. Such a chance does not often occur to a young beginner. I see in it your first step to a brilliant career, and I drink your health.

I shall be moved over to the Bench at once, as, though mine host here is not a bad fellow in his way, half a guinea a day for leave to walk in a cage is too much. So I shall cross the water, and as soon as I get a good room, I shall give a bit of a party, and you must come. I know a fellow who will bring a flute, and we'll have cards and kippered salmon, and all the other delicacies of the season. Your health!

There's nobody here, scarcely, except an unfortunate young fellow who says he put his name to a bill to serve a friend, (I am told that a good many people do that), and never received any of the money, but believed that the bill was taken up. Do you believe that a bill was ever taken up? He cannot pay, being a clerk with one hundred and forty pounds a year. Moreover he will assuredly lose his situation if he is not at his desk to-morrow, as his employers are city people, very religious, who say that it is wicked not to pay your debts whether you can or not, and will infallibly give him the sack. Another thing against him is that he has been married about three months only, having exhausted what little credit he had to furnish a couple of rooms. Rather a pretty girl his wife. She has been here, crying her poor little soul out, and wanting to stop with him and comfort him; a very irregular proposal. So I promised to comfort him, and the poor girl went away convulsed with sobbing, but, on the whole, grateful. She brought him a nice little bundle—shaving things, a night-cap, and some cough lozenges. How the women think of you when you are in a mess. As soon as I have gone through the Court, I shall marry. I wish I had done it sooner: The clerk talked of poison-

ing himself; a nasty idea, out of which I have argued him. I appealed to his moral sense, but that shop was shut up. But luckily he has assured his life for some trumpery hundred pounds for poor little Mary—that's his wife—and as soon as I reminded him that the policy would be vitiated, he actually spirted out the brandy and water from his mouth, as if that were poison too, and he was not far wrong. I suppose there's nothing can be done for the little wretch; if there could, I should be glad, as his wife's eyes are like my sister Fanny's. Your health!

This is a long rigmarole; but what's a fellow to do but write when he is locked up in a sponging-house, with nobody but a weeping dot-and-go-wunner to talk to. Come over to-morrow, that is a good old man, and bring some cigars and a sporting paper. Finally, your health!

Ever yours

SAMUEL BLIBBER.

Mr. Carlyon.

P.S. I hear that M^rFarlane nearly smashed that rascal, and that you all kicked him round and round the Hall. What a lark! When I get out I shall study the art of cookery with express reference to his goose.

No. 7.—THE REV. CYPRIAN HEYWOOD.

DEAR SIR,

Lynfield Magna.

Evastiti, and, either voluntarily or accidentally, you have abstained from giving me an opportunity of hearing you further on the matter of which we spoke. The subsequent interview at which I had the honour of assisting, when you and L. T. appeared to have completed certain personal explanations, in no degree interferes with the arrangement made between ourselves. The only reason for my referring to that interview is, that I may duly recognize the fact that you did not take the step which was to announce the end of our negotiation. This, therefore, I hold ratified. You are prepared to win the hand of L. T. upon the terms we discussed. The high contracting parties understand one another.

I apprised you that if you should accept our proposals, you would find yourself ably supported. Measures have been already taken to prepare such support for you. You will see the impossibility of my entering by letter into details; but in order to show you that such is the case, let me say that the same influence which has so recently given you an important advancement in the path you have chalked out for yourself, has been at work in the quarter you have recently quitted. I have reason to think that you already understand this statement, but if not, your correspondence in the course of a few days will fully explain and confirm it. If I add that in replying to that quarter you will do well to use a discretion which the character of your correspondents does not seem to call for, I think you will give me credit for not advising you idly. I have only to add, for the moment, that I shall receive with satisfaction any communication from you.

So much for business. And so, young Carlyon, you wish to

serve the state, and to that end have gone into harness. I applaud your resolution; any audience is better than the Furred Law Cats. And you have got a strong man for your driver, a perfect Talus of a charioteer, with an iron flail for a whip. Good also—you will learn your paces the faster. I know Selwyn. A steady coachman, with his Protestant lights well trimmed, and small mercy for the wicked who run under his wheels. But all public men are alike. You will have to play hypocrite with him and for him, just as if he were as *insouciant* a Gallio as Melbourne, whom you hardly recollect. Only that when the work is done, and the mask off, beware of expecting Selwyn to laugh with you at the imposition. He will be stern, and grave, and conscientious. He may have brought himself to think, with Voltaire, that *le mensonge n'est un vice que quand il fait du mal*, nay, the worthy Evangelical may even believe that *c'est une grande vertu quand il fait du bien*, but you will not catch him saying it. Shall I tell you another thing which it would take you some time to find out for yourself? Talus is a man of intensely strong passions, which he governs with great resolution; but, when he does abdicate, the world comes to an end, for the hour. I recommend you to see, rather than to aid in bringing about one of his volcanic explosions, as the stones fly in all directions.

I would tell you some scandal about him, but I hear that you are being initiated into the Eleusinia, and you will hear everything in due course. Does he still refuse one government office in particular—the Woods and Foresters? Do people still say that he derives the name Lucy, *a non dare lucem*? (You see that I have sat at good men's feasts.) The poor, good, virtuous Selwyn.

I know that you are looking forward to Parliament. You will attain your object. What else you will obtain is another story. Parliament has never been worth a sensible man's notice since the good days came to an end. Walpole paid the Scotch members ten guineas a-week during the session; they richly deserve it now for the exemplary way in which they settle business out of the House, and never keep people sitting over Scotch bills. And there have been payments to English members since his days. But that seems all over. You will be bribed by a *circumbendibus*, if you turn out worth bribing. It will run through some very good dining rooms and some brilliant assemblies, and, possibly—I don't know—may promise to run near some small judicial appointment. By the way, reconsider your fancy, and enter an inn of Court. Like Abel Drugger, you do not know—

“What grace her Grace may do you—in black stuff.”

Rely upon it, the barrister's gown is the wedding garment of the British feast of fat things.

Find time to write to me, if in charity. It is a comfort to have a letter from anybody who contradicts and irritates me. I have broken down the hearts of the folks of Lynfield, and they agree with me in all things in a contemptible manner, for the which I hate them. *Abi, lector.*

C. H.

DINING OUT FOR THE PAPERS.

BY W. H. RUSSELL.

I WAS sitting in my attic, very high indeed, up a collegiate Jacob's ladder, in St. John's, Cam. My pipe and fire had gone out together. The festivities of Grouter's party on the other side of the quadrangle, as they celebrated the wranglership of that worthy, but intense, "old stupid," sounded through my dreary domicile.

I, too, had run my academic race; but alas! I had been distanced—beaten from the very start. I had worked hard, to be sure, for many years, but the conviction settled slowly down on me that I could not do it. I never got on well at lecture—the Reverend Jack Lupus was always down on me (I wasn't on his side, it is true, but then he changed sides to have a full opportunity for a cut at me). Proctors were always taking me up on suspicion, and discharging me with apologies—the proctoring became known—the apologies were never heard of. I used now and then to take a quiet pull from Logan's to Chesterton. It was forthwith hinted I was always on the water instead of reading; and once having been found in a secluded walk with a cigar in my mouth, I was made the theme of an eloquent discourse by Gubbins, our tutor, who got so confused between King James's "Counterblast to Tobacco" (from which he quoted copiously), the Apocalypse and Gregory the Ninth, that he identified one with the other at last, and never got right, all through his sermon; which had, however, the effect of damaging me greatly with the "heads of houses." But the thing that decided my fate was my inability to pay the Reverend Driver—our crack "Coach"—the fee necessary to come out in honours. I say this without disrespect to anybody—even to the Reverend Driver, the coach—he *was* awfully slow, but dreadfully sure, that's certain. I don't mean to assert that fees are demanded for honours by the authorities—far from it—but just go to Cambridge, and get honours without a coach, or get a coach without paying for that pleasant mode of classical and mathematical locomotion, and then—why then—I'll engage to give you one of the new East India cadetships, when they are thrown open to public competition. Public schoolmen do it sometimes; sometimes, too, men tie wet towels round their heads every night for years, and "read" till their brains are as limp and watery as the flax outside their skulls, make a dash at first class and wranglership, get either or both, and then quietly retire into some hole or corner to die in their laurels. But as a rule, the coaches are the boys—I could not afford a coach—I could not read continuously—for, on the sly, I gave lessons to some pupils, one so fair—so (but I'll tell you about her another day); and besides, I do believe I was stupid. At all events, there I was, *Artium Baccalaureus*. My "great-go" passed, and the

world, that very extensive and variegated prospect, before me. I was not fit for the Church, for the law, or for the dispensary. It is an awfully abrupt thing when, at two-and-twenty, a young gentleman, without any money, is told, "Now, my dear fellow, go forth and make your fortune," or when he has to ask himself, "What the deuce am I to do now!" I felt it so, I can assure you. There was Grouter; now, as sure as fate, he'll be a bishop, or, if very ill treated, a dean. He is heavy and honourable—ponderous, upright, and philosophical to a degree—a hard-working sizar, whom Mr. Sine, our crack tutor, coached up for the glory of his "side," and to uphold "John's" against her snubby neighbour, Trinity. But he is made to get on; and the Earl of Gram-pound, a great whig peer, has already engaged him at a fabulous stipend to make the grand tour with Lord Sarum; and as he is a tremendous Grecian, he is safe on his way to the New Palace at Westminster. There's Sandstone, the hardest going fellow that ever spirted up the river; but he came up from Winchester, has coached carefully, and is sure of his fellowship after to-day. There's—but what is the use of all this? What am I to do? My eye fell mechanically on the newspaper which had been left in my room by Grouter, when I refused to join his party, with the remark, that "There were some instructive remarks, highly adapted for a contemplative state of mind, in the Right Honourable Lord Cinderley's speech, at the Destitute Goldsmiths' and Jewellers' Annual Dinner," and so to divert my thoughts from myself and my fortunes, I turned, with a grim smile of satisfaction, to read the debate on a matter in which I had not the smallest interest, "the Income Tax." As I read on, I came across the florid reference of Mr. Shiel to the gentlemen of the press in the reporters' gallery; and first, I was astonished to find they came within the tax at all, and next, that the accomplished little orator who was talking of them, should have carried with him the applause of the house when giving a highly eulogistic sketch of their attainments and abilities. My slight knowledge of the mysterious operations of that great agent was derived from occasionally seeing a red-faced, dirty, bald-headed man, in a state of extreme seediness, attending the meetings of a political club of which I was a member, as the representative of the "County Luminary," which certainly cast a most unsteady and alcoholic light on most of the topics presented to it by the gentleman in question. The idea suddenly flashed across me, that I would join the press; it seemed easy work, was more lucrative than I had imagined, and I was astonished to find it respectable. I remembered that a great friend of mine, little Beerington, of Magdalen, knew the editor of the great Metropolitan journal, "The Morning Deflagrator" very well, and my plan was made out at once.

A few days completed all my arrangements. My compact little rooms, overlooking the Bridge of Sighs, was handed over to a lanley Hospitaller, and I was on my way to London, much cheered by Beerington's assurances that I would find Mr. Dammer, the editor, a "most regular good brick as ever was!"

Why are newspaper offices always *foci* of dirty little boys? Why are they interiorly seedy exceedingly? (there is, to be sure, one exception probably, the "Hymen's Journal;" but then all the *attachés* are compelled to wash themselves once a day, and the gentlemen when placed on the establishment have orders for bergamott scented soap and macassar to an unlimited extent.) Why are they, as a general rule, retired into the most mysterious quarters of the town, in proportion to their influence and circulation, so that one would imagine the great object of the proprietors was to baffle news-agents and cut off the stream of advertisements as far as the greatest ingenuity in selecting abstruse recesses in unintelligible portions of the metropolis could do it? These and many other things did I revolve within myself while seated in a very rickety chair in a dingy room, awaiting the advent of Dammer, who had left directions that I should call on him at 12 o'clock at night, for the sake of convenience and a quick dispatch of business. I was listening to a great deal of bell-pulling and tinkling—a succession of feet on the stairs, as of men running up and down on perpetual errands—a hazy murmur out of the upper regions of the house, which flared brightly out through the windows with gas-light, white shirt-sleeves, and pale faces—and a heavy thudding sort of hammering noise from time to time, which put me in mind of a set-to with the gloves between the Rev. Billy Pounder, of King's, and his friend "The Deaf'un"—when Dammer rushed in. His personal appearance is a subject too awful to be treated of. Who shall dare to roll back the clouds which enshrined the Olympian Jupiter? Who shall live and see—clothed with that particular description of garment, of which we have all read, that an ancient sinner fabricated his "strong expressions"—the ineffable, intangible, impersonal "We?" Those who like may essay to limn the terrors of his beak (probably somewhat roseate and fuliginous, as to the tip, with snuff) and behold the lightnings of his eye dimmed, haply though they be by the ostreafying properties of Hodge's Balm of Gilead—I tremble and am silent.

Dammer soon found out I was as nearly useless for his purposes, or, indeed, for most things, as a good university education could have rendered me, and was evidently much perplexed. He could not throw me over—that was out of the question; Tom Beerington had written him such a letter, had recalled so many boasts and promises, and had put on the screw with such vigour, that Dammer was afraid of cutting off the supplies of fat round haunches, of birds, hares, grouse, of good mounts and runs, and dinners, which "The Swill," my friend's family mansion had always afforded him in due season, if he did not do "something devilish handsome and permanent for my best friend, Wentworth Rushton." I was young, lanky, with a fine run of spare ribs, and altogether in good condition for work—a great desideratum for newspaper men—but Dammer had found out I did not write short-hand, though I was indifferent wall at Greek verse; that I could not undertake the composition of "leaders" on any one of the extensive subjects he placed before me—notwithstanding

I had gained the prize of my college for English composition (subject, "The Advantages of Steam-power")—and that I was, in fact, generally unfit for anything. "Beerington," quoth he, "is a great friend of mine, Mr. Rushton—when in the jungles of Ava, shooting.—However, I must tell you that some other time. I'm anxious to oblige him and to do you a service as a friend of his. If you were going into the church, I'd get you a living at once from my best friend the Archbishop of Canterbury—we travelled through Arabia Petræa together, and I fed him through a reed for weeks in the jungle—but you're not. I'd ask Lord John, but that I have not spoken to him lately—d—n him. However, I dare say I'll find something for you to do, and meantime you can, by a little application, render yourself better fitted for a good engagement.—When I commanded the irregular horse of my friend Shah Murdo Jung, I—but just wait a moment, if you please; I'll just see if I can't try you at a dinner or two."

Dammer returned in a moment with two large envelopes—placed them in my hand, and said, "Would you be good enough to attend to these to-morrow—they're only dinners—I must now bid you good night—I've got your address—a short paragraph will do—good night!" and left me in such a state of mind I could scarcely find my way into the street. Under the first lamp I stopped and tore open the envelopes. No. 1 was a request from the Committee of the Society for the Amelioration of Mankind that the editor of the "Morning Deflagrator" would favour them with his company to dinner at the Metropolis Tavern, at 6 o'clock the following day. No. 2 was a magnificent-looking ukase from the managers of the Profligate Females' Restoration Association to the same individual, demanding his attendance at a dinner, in aid of the funds of the Association, the same day at 7 o'clock. Two dinners in one day! I did perceive there a divided duty, but knowing I had a good digestion and a stout constitution, I went to bed with a clear conscience and dreamt all night of charging the Amelioration Society at the head of Murdo Jung's Irregular Horse.

Who has not heard of the Metropolis Tavern? It is the temple of hungry benevolence, the shrine where Lazarus kneels in confidence to the beneficent Dives, and where the appeals of suffering humanity go direct to the heart through the chylopoietics. Day after day may streams of black-coated, white chokered people, of waiters, "professionals" and "company" of whom in my early times of dining out, I might have said with truth "Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur," be seen pouring in to that shady hall within which resounds for ever the clang of covers and the rattle of the dinner steel mingled with the faintest *souppçon* of French cookery from the remoter kitchen. Day after day carriages and cabs there deposit their joyous burthens towards seven o'clock, and the band of the Guards seem there to be on constant duty. Fresh posters outside announce diurnally new objects to be achieved in the paths of gastronomic regeneration, nor is there in this age of progress any development of science, of social know-

ledge, or of political life in which the Metropolis Tavern and its dinners do not play an important part.

“Mankind Amealorations?” said the fat porter in his arm chair, as I timidly made my enquiries; “up stairs, Sir, third flight. Leaves yer hat and coat at the table, please, Sir.”

And so I ascended a lofty flight of stairs, the walls by the side of which were decked with portraits of great kings and admirals and generals who had feasted in their day right gloriously in these saloons, amid files of smiling waiters and plethoric guests 'till I reached the banqueting-room. What a new world it was to me! Three long tables glittering with plate, with centre-pieces laden with bouquets, with stupendous wine-coolers, side-covers, and heaps of silver knives and forks flashing brightly beneath the light of wax and gas, ran the length of a noble and richly decorated hall, till they effected a junction with a transverse cross table—the seat of honour—at the end of the room, covered with dazzling ornaments, such as the Roman in his conquering hour might have snatched from the treasure-houses of an Eastern monarch. In the orchestra over the entrance were the fair ladies whose happiness it was to be about to see the Ameliorators feeding, and beneath it that indefatigable band of the Guards was already bleating through all its lungs of brass a preparatory rehearsal of the march in Nabucco. The cards before the dishes bespoke the rank of the guests. There was Lord Cinderley the benevolent chairman. Lord Brufham, Mr. Benjamin Ligament Cable, the vice, Mr. Wirey, the great city orator, Mr. Deputy Greenpea, Alderman Carcaseman, Lord Fudleigh Steward, Sir Benjamin Bawl, &c., all in due order. Lower down, little cards stuck into sponge-cakes pointed out the local boundaries for “the Press,” which I approached with much humility. A stout gentleman with spectacles was busy pointing a pencil, and prematurely sipping hock as I sidled up. He looked at me—brushed the crumbs of bread off his highly ornate “tommy,” and addressed me in some cabalistic phraseology of which I only understood the words “Going to make much of this?” as I felt hungry, I replied, “Well, I should rather say so;” on which the stout gentleman immediately turning his back on me, merely remarked “You’l h’ve it all to yourself then,” an observation which left me to infer that he was slightly deranged and decidedly ill-bred, for I could not at all fancy that I would be really called on to consume the whole banquet. By and by the press seats became fuller and fuller, and I was aware that I was a black sheep, a “new boy at school,” for as no one could say who I was, it seemed to be taken for granted I was nobody. Spriggs of the “Star,” who wore a bright blue cravat, and a white vest, with gold flowers, hinted audibly to Brown of the “Moon,” that I was some “outsider,” that Ginner of the “Deflagrator” had engaged for the evening, but Brandyer’s theory that I was “doing it” on my own “hook,” for the society, seemed to be most generally acceptable.

It is not pleasant to be the subject of baseless theories in one’s own hearing; and for some few minutes I felt unhappy and *dis-*

trait, and the more so because my *compères* were on such good terms with each other.

Enter at last a grand procession! Smiling stewards with white wands in their hands, and rosettes in their button-holes, precede a stately pomp of lords, and baronets, and knights, and aldermen, and gentlemen (ought not the last to be first, by the by?), and escort them to the top table; and amid the strains of the band and the waving of kerchiefs from the gallery, the Ameliorators take their places. A crowd of waiters struggling beneath the weight of mighty covers fills up the void which has been left by the march of white-headed nobles, with red noses and ribands, and is at last precipitated on the tables in a sediment of tureens and smoking dishes. While I gaze in wonderment on this strange scene, the triumphal strains of the band cease, and I feel a gentle nudge at my elbow. A party gorgeously appalled, with rills of shirt-frills and bossy studs, and an engaging smile at once familiar and deprecating offence, says to me, "Mr. a—a—a— (a bow), I haven't the pleasure of your name (a bow), but my name is Harkaway, Sir—well known to Mr. Ginner, of your paper, Sir (a bow)—and if you'll be so good as to say Harkaway, the toast-master, was as—anything you're good enough to think, Sir—as usual (two bows). Thank you, Sir, you're very kind" (three bows, and vanish the vision amid the waiters).

And now a clergyman rises to bless the feast, and as his general exhortation, not to be fond of creature-comforts, but rather to eschew feasting and revelling, is something of the longest, many of the company raise the covers, and peep slyly into the dishes to ascertain the contents, and then, as the Ameliorators are great martyrs in this way, and stave off what they so much desire, as far as they can, a stout gentleman, with a bass voice, a lean gentleman, with a barytone tenor ditto, and a cherry-cheeked, rotund little body, whether boy or man one cannot say at the distance, with a juggle and a warble in the throat like that of an overfed nightingale, execute that dreary ode to the deity of dinners, "*Non nobis Domine.*"

What a clatter as the peaceful army sits down to battle! If old Homer had heard it he might have culled one more simile to describe the march of the Grecian host. Ladles, spoons, knives, forks, plates, covers, and glasses keep up a perpetual clash, tingle, clang, which rise above the crash of a waltz by Lanner, and the rows of the waiters by dozens. A red-faced gentleman at the other side of the table, who has been working away at a large tureen for some time, catches a glimpse of my plate whilst I am staring about me, and with horror exclaims, "Why, good gracious, Sir! you've had no turtle! and it's getting cold! here, waiter, that young gentleman's plate opposite. I've a nice bit of the meat for you left." What a mine of happiness I am for that man! he has discovered I never was at a public dinner before, and he is—he confesses with a sigh—the hero of hundreds of them; he takes care of me as a father would of a favourite child—he tells me when to drink my cold punch, my champagne, my claret (he insists on

its being a light red-sealed bottle—orange won't do, nor scarlet), the exact moment at which port may be ventured on, and he marshals the made dishes, and reveals their secrets with rare prescience; he is my Mentor as to what to eat, drink, and avoid, makes enemies of his best friends by giving me all the titbits of flesh, fish, and fowl, and hears unmoved the whispered libel that "Old Goldfish is buttering up that young press chap to get a report of the speech," absorbed in the rare enjoyment of what, he says, with a sigh, is now his greatest pleasures, "Seeing a man eat with an appetite."

With the aid of Goldfish I got on remarkably well. My brethren of the pencil relaxed so far as to ask me to take wine in rotation, and to inform me that this was the best dinner going, as it was expensive and there was nothing to do in the way of speech-writing. Several times I had observed a tall, slight, courteous-looking person, in evening dress, hovering round our chairs and speaking confidentially to my *confrères*, but could not make him out; waiter, head or tail, he evidently was not, and yet he, somehow or other, seemed to belong to the Metropolis Tavern. There was an air of diplomatic grace about him—a soft, oily gait, which slid him about here, there and everywhere, as though he travelled on felt springs—a bland smile and a hearty genial manner, mingled with excessive respectfulness and deference of address that attracted attention at once. Just as I was inquiring who this very agreeable person was, and had learned it was Mr. Lave, the proprietor, he appeared at my elbow, and as if I had become the one object of his thought and exertions, in his inimitable tones said, "Dear me, dear me, Mr. Ruxton, you have eaten nothing—*absolutely* nothing! Is there nothing I could get to tempt you? I have kept a woodcock just for you and our excellent friend, Mr. Goldfish. Ah! there is a man, Mr. Ruxton! Such a man, Sir (*forte*); I often say what would we do only for him, Sir (*piano*),—enormously rich—dines here four times a week. You really will not take anything more? dined so well! delighted, indeed! And how is my excellent friend, Mr. Ginner? No indisposition, I hope? Ah, well, that's *really* well, Sir. So glad to hear you believe him in his usual health." By this time a waiter had whispered something in Lave's ear. "And now, Sir, I'll just give you, if you will allow me, a taste—just a taste, 'pon my word, Mr. Ruxton, it's my last dozen of Prince Metternich's Cabinet hock—keep it just down there, between your legs—and give a glass or so to your *vis-à-vis*. Ah! Mr. Goldfish, you know what *we* have got here. Tell our excellent friend here (myself), who has honoured us with his company this evening, its history, I pray, sir—James (to a waiter) attend *particularly* to these gentlemen here and to this gentleman especially, whom I have not seen before.—No Champagne but Moët and Chardens—do you like La Rose or Chateau Lafitte, as a claret? I think you will, I'll send both—now do, I beseech you, make yourselves comfortable." And Mr. Lave glided off to spread happiness round him, and to win the hearts of aldermen, common councilmen,

stewards, and committee-men by appeals to their vanity and their stomach.

And now came "The Queen," "The Prince Albert," &c., which are irreverently described in the prints as the usual loyal toasts, and "The Army and Navy;" Mr. Sims, of the City Artillery Company, returned thanks for the army, observing, that, when the time came, the corps to which he belonged would do its dooty (great cheers), and Lieut. Knocks, of the R.N., did the same for the navy, and in the course of his remarks introduced a spirited account of the battle of Copenhagen—the professionals warbling sweetly in the intervals, and Harkaway bellowing like all the bulls of Bashan his perpetual injunctions to gentlemen to charge their glasses, as if poor human nature was not prone enough to do it without any such stimulus. My mind having been set at rest by an assurance from my stenographic friend on the right, that Lave would get me the names of the people at the other dinner, and that a line or two would be enough for it, I resigned myself to the joys of the table, amid which was Lord Cinderley's speech on the gradual approach of an ameliorated-mankind era, which he illustrated by some astounding statistics from all parts of the criminal world. The noble lord had spent the day in hunting up young thieves through all the alleys of London, in attending a dog-fight for the purpose of reforming two very pet criminals who hitherto obstinately refused to read tracts, and live on the fat of the land at the expense of the society, and in distributing some religious pocket handkerchiefs; but as he had succeeded in capturing a cracksman out of luck, and two repentant cabbies, and taking them off to the retreat, he was in the best humour possible and spoke sanguinely of his ultimate success. The end of that dinner—what was it? when was it? I know not. I remember a small room filled with cigar smoke, faces looming out above it, and the fumes of hot brandy and water; also a number of songs and broiled bones, and an enthusiastic speech from myself, in which I wished to embrace all the company, and hailed them all as my best friends—and then a cab to the "Deflagrator,"—a dignified but unsuccessful attempt to walk steadily up stairs, with a consciousness that men in white shirt sleeves were grinning at me—most extraordinary paper and pens and ink in a desk in a big room with a rotatory motion, and a poem commencing—

"Sing, musa, sing the banquet of our Lave,
Which not Lucullus" ———

The meeting with Dammer was awful. However, I got over it, and ever since I have been a "diner out" for the papers. It is not improbable but that I may give some account of the greatest and most remarkable of the wonderful scenes I have witnessed in that capacity—but it's very trying to the constitution—particularly as there is no coalition I know of can be called in to mind it.

CAMPS AND BIVOUACS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. WARD.

HAVING, while on the Continent, the advantage of companionship with one whose experience in the service entitled his opinion to some weight, I was enabled to draw comparisons between the armies of England and Belgium, which, despite the *prestige* attached to the very name of the British soldier, were, I must confess, on some essential points not to our advantage, or to the credit of our military regulations. I must premise that the principles pervading the military economy of Belgium are based on the French system, and from this, believe me, we may take many a useful hint.

The noble plain of St. Denis, the race-course and drill-ground of the venerable city of Ghent, was the scene on which we were first enabled to view a military spectacle in Belgium.

On the day we visited the plain, it was occupied by a body of troops drawn up in order of battle, as if awaiting an enemy whose approach was concealed by a wood. The day was sultry and still, and though four thousand men were on the ground, scarcely a whisper fell upon the air. The old church of St. Pierre loomed hazily in the distance, the clouds parting now and then, and admitting the light in strange hues upon its grey dome; all was hushed, except at intervals, when the sound of the sickle in the adjacent cornfields reminded one of peace. Suddenly a band struck up, and, when that gay music ceased, the roll of the drum announced the approach of the general in command. The effect of the long line of helmets under the superb trees, with the glow of a sultry day, struggling through the pendent clouds upon the scene, was striking beyond description, and the foreground in which we stood finished the picture admirably. Over our heads clustered a group of noble elms; close at hand was a company of corn-reapers, and near us were congregated the *cantinières* or *vivandières*, and the venders of lemonade, the former in female regimentals, the *limonadiers* in motley costume, with their painted vessels of yellow and green picked out with scarlet.

Within a short time, the troops drew up for the attack, with that dread silence which we can imagine usually precedes the shock of battle.

Squares of infantry now dotted the plain, the dragoons and rifles formed the reserve, and the artillery took up a position in the rear. The horses on which the general and his staff were mounted, were superb. The manœuvres which followed, if not perfectly comprehensible to the spectators, were exceedingly picturesque, and the dress of some of the regiments would have afforded useful hints to the fancy tailors of our English troops. The loose

easy trowsers of the dragoons, the comfortable coat, albeit too long for *style*, of the linesmen, the complete equipment of arms, so superior to our own, should all be studied by those authorities who are never at rest as to the costume of our soldiers, the finest race of men of their class in the world, but decidedly the worst appointed for work. Compare, for instance, the light French shako with the hideous head-gear of our men, the goat-skin knapsack with our huge canvass pack—cumbersome to wear, and difficult to put on; and think too of the smart moustache, shading the upper lip from the rays of the summer sun, or protecting the mouth from the cruel advances of a keen wind, not to speak of its martial air. We must only hope that, on these excursive days, those who pass from Chobham to Sartory,* or St. Omer, and back again to Chobham, will offer the benefit of their experience, in the shape of suggestions, to those on whom rests the responsibility of remedying defects and incongruities which have long been but two apparent in the British army.

The *Chasseurs à Carabines*, the riflemen of Belgium, though perfectly equipped as to arms, appeared to us somewhat fantastical in their dress, which was after Robin Hood's fashion, but the artillery were admirably accoutred. Even the short-necked, short-legged horses, which drew the guns, had a sturdy look, and jaunty air, peculiarly befitting their character. In a word, however proud England may be of her *men*, in equipment France and Belgium beat her fairly out of the field.

After an hour's exercise, the soldiers were permitted to fall out of the ranks; the cuirassiers dismounted to attend to their horses, the infantry piled arms, and a band struck up. Straightway the *vivandières* mingled with the soldiers, and dispensed their tiny glasses of spirits. Before handing the draught to the soldier, the woman invariably tastes it, and this custom, we learned, dates from the days of Spanish thralldom in the Netherlands, when treachery and poison were suspected at every turn: it is now considered a token of good will.

These "women of the regiment" are the wives and daughters of soldiers, and their appearance on the parade-ground adds greatly to the effect of the picture. Their dress, to a young and pretty woman, is extremely becoming; a short skirt, of regimental cloth, descends to the knee, and pantaloons of the same material are strapped over a boot or high shoe; the jacket is precisely like that of a riding-habit, and a wide-brimmed beaver hat, placed jauntily on the head, is ornamented by a regimental plume. The hat is tied beneath the chin, and a smart coloured rosette mingles with the braids or ringlets on either side the temples; a pretty collar, smart neck-ribbon, and white muslin apron, complete the costume, and the well-polished, brazen-clamped barrel is slung across the shoulders. The *vivandière* also carries a basket on her arm, with clean glasses, while a linen napkin, for wiping them, and a lace-trimmed handkerchief, depend from her waist. Thus

* The camp-ground near Versailles.

equipped, she takes her stand in rear of the company to which she is attached, till the order to march is given, when she wheels into her place, and treads the ground with as martial a step as the best man there! If she belong to a cavalry corps, she is on horse-back, but uses a man's saddle. There is something about these women which thoroughly realizes the idea of the word *dashing*. They have a frank, fearless look, but nothing vociferous or bold, and, in cases of difficulty and danger, have proved themselves invaluable as nurses and assistants.

They are well cared for, too—not like our poor soldiers' wives, obliged to eat, drink, cook, wash, and sleep, in the same room with some twenty or thirty men!

On my admitting, unwillingly enough, to a foreign officer that, according to the rule of the British service, men, women, and children occupied the same domicile by day and night, he expressed his surprise that “so great and civilized a nation should sanction such an immoral system.” He could only hope, with me, that, as the heads of our public civil institutions were in correspondence with Holland and Belgium, some hints might be taken from their social arrangements of military life. “Here,” said he, “the soldier can only marry with the leave of the authorities, the indulgence depending on his good conduct, and if his wife does not demean herself properly, she is deprived of all privileges, and expelled the quarters.”

As it is found necessary to attach a certain number of women to each corps, Government requires that these women should not only be respectable when admitted to regimental privileges, but that they should remain so, or be discarded.

But to return to the military spectacle in St. Denis. The plain is all astir with the mirth of the young soldiers, and nothing affords a better proof of the comfort, as well as utility of their equipments, than the way in which they enjoy this hour of relaxation; for, see, instead of casting their knapsacks on the ground, and lying down weary with the weight they have been carrying, they do not even loosen their light kits. They form into groups, and five or six couple whirl by in a circle, dancing the polka! The first band stops; away hurry the dancers arm-in-arm, singing as they go, to the bivouac of the 7th regiment, and here a charming bolero stirs the air with its music, while a youth steps into a ring, snaps his fingers, and executes the old Spanish dance with such spirit that the circle widens round him, and some begin to sing; when, lo! the melody is interrupted by a blast from the trumpets of the cavalry, the troops again fall in, and a mock fight begins. This closes with a dashing charge of cuirassiers, from one end of the plain to the opposite grove, upon the position of the imaginary enemy. The General, with his staff, then takes up his ground, and the little army marches past him. First comes a corps of the line, with its superb band, then the riflemen, next a crash of trumpets and brazen-helmeted cuirassiers,—the men of Hainaut, from Mons, Tournay and Liege. These muster a thousand strong, and as they ride slowly by, we think of

William de la Marck, the "wild boar of the Ardennes," and his Walloons.

In five minutes the great plain was void of all but drinking booths and *pavilions*. One of the latter named after St. Peter, with a bearded likeness of the Saint over the entrance, attracted a good many loiterers, but, notwithstanding this, and the permission to drink on the ground, we did not see one tipsy soldier during the day.

The linesmen left the field with fixed bayonets: these, and the helmets of the cuirassiers made a glittering show in the long green alley leading to the highway, and the motley crowd of *limonadiers*, *cantinières*, peasants in blue blouses, stray riflemen in "Lincoln green," women in holiday attire, and children in wooden shoes, gave the whole scene the appearance of a *tableau* at Astley's.

The countenances were as varied as the dress; the peasant with his oval face and aquiline nose was totally different in aspect to the flat-visaged dragoon; and among the soldiers of the line many a long black Spanish eye shot out from under sable lashes, while the lithe limbs of the marching men were in utter contrast to the broad chests and stalwart arms of the cavalry from the *Pays de Vallon* (the Walloon country).

After having witnessed this brilliant spectacle, it was not quite agreeable to us to be asked by our military acquaintance on the spot, "Have you nothing of this kind in England, nothing but occasional reviews, involving a display lasting but a few hours, and presenting none of those details which make our annual camp at Beverloo a school of instruction for the soldier, and keep him during the summer fully equipped for service?"

In many English towns the sight of a soldier, with the exception of a recruiting-party, is a novelty, whereas every city in Belgium has its garrison, and at intervals a review, a bivouac, or an encampment draws the traveller from England to those plains which history has celebrated as the battle-ground of Europe.

In France and Belgium the whole routine of a soldier's life is carried on as though in perpetual preparation for war; and it is not too much to say, that many a hint has been gathered by military tourists from Continental camps and bivouacs, likely to be turned to good account in our own army. In a word, who shall say that the encampment on Chobham heath would ever have been formed, but for the splendid displays in Paris since 1852? And who shall deny the certainty of benefit to the soldier, when his dress and equipments shall be remodelled and better adapted than they are at present to the varied nature of clime and service in which it may be his lot to be engaged?

Those who visit Chobham must not come away with the belief that they have seen the soldier on service. They may there, indeed, have learned something of his duties, and gathered a general notion of actual warfare, but they can form no idea of his sufferings and privations when accoutred in heavy marching order under an Indian or an African sun. Oh for the light French shako in such marches, the small goat-skin pack slung on without

needing a comrade's assistance, and the abolition of the hateful hard-glazed stock! As for our arms, why should we not take a useful hint from our Belgian neighbours, whose troops are armed with a musket that can be readily taken to pieces by unfastening three screws, and is cleaned and repaired with marvellous expedition. Mark our young recruit, too, on landing from a transport in an enemy's country: he is equipped from top to toe, but has, probably, never had a musket in his hand. Visit a French or Belgian drill ground, and you shall see that the *arm* is the first thing thought of there; the young soldier becomes a tolerable marksman before he "carries cap and pouch," and, to go closer into the details of military economy abroad, take a stroll through our neighbours' barracks, and look at their arrangements for the comfort of their married men.

At Chobham the visitor will have observed certain rude huts, set apart for the women whose aid is required as regimental laundresses. Very miserable have these huts looked during the late floods; nevertheless, they are less objectionable than the domicile of the soldier's wife in barracks, where she rests her weary head at night in the midst of a crowd of soldiers, who are up and astir to the sound of drum and bugle, the signal for her too to rise and arrange her nook as daintily as her poor means will permit. She is allowed no skreen by day, so she smooths her patchwork quilt upon her bed, arrays her husband's chest, table-fashion, with a few books, a basket or two, some shells, and perchance a few flowers. She then prepares the family breakfast as well as she can among other candidates for a corner of the hearth, and, such domestic avocations over for a time, she sends her children, neatly dressed, to the regimental school, sings her infant to sleep, lays it on the patchwork quilt, and takes her usual place at the washtub, or the military chest, on which she contrives to iron.*

In a French or Belgian barrack, husband, wife and children are to be seen cheerfully seated together at their board, and, whoever would enter there, either knocks for admission or utters some pleasant word of apology for the intrusion.

But the dress of the soldier is the point in which our Continental neighbours have greatly the advantage of us. The Belgian Cuirassier is perfectly accoutred, and is fully matched in that respect by the *Corps de Guides*. When we saw these, we longed to change the costume of our gay Lancers in Kafriand for such a uniform. The *Chasseurs de Vincennes* in France are models of light-infantry equipment; but few have heard of that marvellous body of men, named *les Zouaves*, employed in Algeria. These men are selected from other corps for particular service; they are mostly dark-complexioned, keen-witted, perfect in the Arab language, fearless riders, and of undaunted courage. Arrayed in the turban and the loose costume of the East, they skim the desert on their untiring horses, and acting sometimes the spy, and at others the open foe, they carry on their predatory manœuvres with a skill which astounds and deceives the Arabs themselves.

* Within the last three years the married soldier has been granted the sum of twopence a-day as lodging-money for himself and family.

That foreigners will be gratified by the military display on Chobham Heath can hardly be doubted. There is no mistaking their genuine admiration of the *personnel* of our army; and in the various visits we have paid to Continental garrisons we have had occasion to remark the deferential spirit in which our kind guides have invariably pointed out to us the most interesting facts marking the difference between their service and our own.

To judge of this feeling, the reader should have overheard the exclamation of a young French officer, who was standing at the door of the George Hotel at Portsmouth, when the 93rd Highlanders marched up the High-street last March. His countenance became more and more animated as its expression changed from curiosity to wonder, and from wonder to admiration, when, having watched them all go by, he raised his hands in an ecstasy of delighted surprise, and cried, "Ciel! quels soldats!"

There is no mistaking the feeling of interest manifested by the people of England towards the soldier, since they have been brought face to face upon the peaceful tented field. To him who promoted the plan of an encampment amid the sunny hills of Surrey, the thanks of the nation are due, not only for a spectacle fraught with interest and novelty, but for a purpose of the highest national utility, while the soldier himself will never forget the occasion which brought him under the immediate eye of his Sovereign, whose glory and renown are dearer to him than life.

SONNET,

To a Young Lady on her Birthday, July 23, 1853.

Nor in the cheerless Winter of the year,
 When sickly suns glare dimly o'er the snow,
 When trees are stripp'd of yellow leaf and sere,
 And rivers rage, and rough winds rudely blow,—
 But in the sweet time of the Summer's sun,
 When all is bright and balmy breezes blow,
 The journey of thy lifetime was begun.
 The merry sunshine warm'd thee with its glow;
 The rosy Summer kiss'd thee into life,
 And ran the hot blood dancing through thy veins;
 The zephyrs lull'd thee with their softest strains;
 Love strew'd thy pathway with the fairest flowers.
 Dear Girl, whate'er thou art, or maid, or wife,
 May your Life's dial show but sunny hours.

CUTHBERT BEEDE, B.A.

INDIA ; AND ITS ADMINISTRATION.*

THE names of this book and its author are as familiar to the readers of the recent Parliamentary Debates as the name of India itself. The supporters and the opponents of the Government measure made use of its facts and opinions with equal liberality of quotation; the Opposition, while they did not hesitate to describe it as the work of an advocate of the East India Company, drew the principal materials of their speeches from its pages; Ministers rested their case mainly upon its statements; and each side exulted in an advantage, when it was able to enforce an argument or strengthen an assertion by the authority of Mr. Kaye. A book that has thus supplied weapons for the armories of contending parties must possess some unusual claims upon attention; and few publications have had this sort of compliment paid to them in a more remarkable degree. But it may be doubted whether Mr. Kaye should consider himself flattered by the variety of aims to which his labours have been so dexterously rendered subservient; and whether the solid and permanent character of his work has not suffered an injustice by the activity with which its details have been frittered away, to suit the temporary purposes of a political discussion.

Of the legion of books and pamphlets upon Indian affairs, to which the renewal of the Charter has given birth, this volume is the most important, elaborate and authentic; and it was to be expected that it should be frequently and largely referred to as a source of information on subjects with which the public generally are little, or imperfectly acquainted. But this very recognition of its practical merits is not unlikely, more or less, to have the effect of confounding it with the mass of ephemeral publications addressed within the last few months to the vexed question of Indian Administration, and to lead the reader to overlook, in its immediate application to passing occurrences, its more durable claims upon consideration. It is in this respect, Mr. Kaye's volume is chiefly distinguished from the crowd of contemporary contributions to Indian history; and we may say of his book what we cannot say of any others, that while it embraces and exhausts every topic of current interest, it exhibits a complete view of the whole course of our acquisitions and settlements in the East, drawn, for the greater part, from exclusive and hitherto inaccessible materials, and treated throughout in a comprehensive and historical spirit that will render it as valuable in the next century as it is found to be at the present moment.

Nor is it alone as a compendium of the acts of the East India Company that this work asserts a distinct and original character. Mr. Kaye is not satisfied with a mere display of statistics, or

* "Administration of the East India Company," by John William Kaye.

the dry details of local progress. He ascends to the higher functions of the historian, and makes his book as attractive as it is instructive. He enters into the life of the East — shows us the people as well as their rulers — fills up with the warm colours of humanity those remote scenes which others have left in faint, and frequently unintelligible outlines; and by imparting action and vitality to subjects upon which previous writers have failed to awaken our sympathies, he brings the Indian empire, with its myriad diversities, in actual movement before us, and enables us not only to comprehend how these vast conquests have been won and consolidated, but to take as direct an interest in them as if they were passing under our eyes. If Indian histories have not been as generally popular in this country as our relations with the East require them to be, and if the bulk of the community have regarded with indifference those vast questions of policy which the extension of our arms and arts in that distant region is constantly shaping for discussion at home, the reason may be traced to the lifeless and repellent manner in which they have been presented to us. The writers who have undertaken to elucidate the condition of the East, have forgotten the necessity of engaging the feelings of the English reader in themes as strange to his daily experiences, as the modes and customs that have their mystical types in the sculptures of Nineveh. They are wanting in the vivifying principle, in the “touch of nature” which makes the whole world kin, and which is quite as indispensable in books that depict the organization and action of societies, as in dramas that depict the individual passions. And hence, general readers, without some strong motive to enlist their attention, will seldom persevere in the perusal of works that fail to attract their sympathies. Indian histories and treatises have rarely obtained the popularity in England which the gravity and magnitude of their matter deserve, and ought to command. Mr. Kaye was the first writer who invested these subjects with a universal charm. His *History of the War in Afghanistan* has been as eagerly and extensively read as the last new novel, to use the periphrastic phrase of the circulating libraries. The most exciting romance could not have made a more lively impression on the susceptible imagination of the public. The young and the old were alike delighted with it, and ladies, who had seldom extended their literary researches beyond the limits of fashionable authorship, were as much enchained by its perusal as ministers of state and veterans whose laurels were dyed in blood. The secret lay in the reality of the treatment. The salient features of these disastrous campaigns, the personal heroism and suffering, the characters of the leaders, the inner life of the camps, the actual emotions that palpitated through the war, were delineated with nervous fidelity. All the Blue Books that ever were printed could not have reached the heart, or fixed the curiosity of England with such enthralling power. It was not merely that the volumes were written with vigour and literary skill, but that, for the first time, they extracted from the annals of Hindostan

these elements of human interest which have a common attraction for all mankind.

The subject of the book before us is less promising. An account of the administration of Leadenhall-street can hardly be supposed to yield so rich a crop of excitements as the fatal invasion of the Afghanistan territory. Yet he who looks for nothing in these pages but an account of judicial systems and the growth of revenues, will be most agreeably disappointed. He will find in them a multitude of picturesque items which he has little reason to anticipate from the title-page. Mr. Kaye justly considers that the history of Indian administration is no less a history of intellectual energies and moral influence, than of commercial enterprise and physical power; and in conducting us through the mazes of one of the most surprising narratives that has ever been given to the world, beginning with the adventure of a handful of traders planned in an alderman's house in London, and ending in the establishment of an empire in the Indian seas, he shows us the personal and combined efforts and struggles, the episodes of courage and endurance, the wisdom that was gathered out of error and calamity, and the conspicuous examples of devotion and ability that marked the march and crowned the triumph of these great events. "I am not insensible," he observes in his preface, "of the value of statistics, and, indeed, I have dealt somewhat largely in them; but it is principally by representing men in action that the writer on Indian affairs must hope to fix the attention of the public." This is the key to his book. It is action from first to last. Statistics of every useful kind are carefully condensed and exhibited in their proper places; the modes of taxation which have given occasion to so much controversy and speculation are expounded and illustrated; the judicial systems are investigated; and all practical points essential to a satisfactory exposition of the local administration are fully explored; but these details, instead of impeding or suspending the paramount purpose of exhibiting traditional and living India, in her people and her governors, her usages and her prospects, her past, present, and future, are so skilfully employed as to heighten the effects of the picture which the artist has placed upon his canvas with the truthful hand, and sound judgment of a master.

Dismissing at once the political topics of the work, which have been so thoroughly sifted in the debates that every person who reads the newspapers may be presumed to be already acquainted with them, we will glance at some of those popular features which really constitute the most striking and novel parts of Mr. Kaye's labours, although they have suffered eclipse in the consideration given to other passages that bear more directly on the questions at issue before the legislature. Our space is not only limited, but we are sorry to say so limited that we can do nothing more than indicate a few leading characteristics, leaving the reader to follow them up for himself.

We will begin as far back as the days of the Great Mogul in the reign of Charles the First, to show what India was under its

native regalities in those ancient times. This sublime personage, even in our own recollection, divided with Haroun Alraschid the wonder and awful admiration of the young, and to this hour, although his glories have long since departed from him, his extinct pomp survives in fantastic costume and copious beard as one of the four mysterious royalties of the playing cards. We do not quote this passage merely for the sake of its gorgeousness. It is a little picture with a moral legend attached to it.

"It would be difficult to exaggerate the idea which in those days was entertained by our countrymen of the power, wealth, and grandeur of the Great Mogul. Far above all kings and emperors, in the imaginations of men, ranked this mighty Eastern potentate; and two centuries later, the name of the Great Mogul capped, with its traditional magnificence, those of all the potentates of the earth in the nursery sports of English children. Nor did the conception owe much to the prodigality of the imagination. The prince who covered acres of land with carpets of silk and gold, who reared above them stately pavilions glittering with diamonds and pearls, whose elephants and horses were lustrous with trappings of jewels and gold, whose crimson tents stretched out over long miles of level country, and whose throne the practised eyes of European lapidaries valued at six millions of English money, might well be regarded as the most magnificent sovereign of the earth. But magnificence is not benevolence. It must be admitted that the most lavish of our English viceroys has never been more than partially *Sultaniised*. Our splendour is at best but tinsel and tawdriness beside the lustrous magnificence of the Mogul Courts. We have never attempted to compete with them in this direction. Let credit be allowed them for their royal progresses—their stately palaces—their gorgeous tombs. The genius of our country does not display itself in demonstrations of this kind. But we have far greater wonders to show—far greater spectacles to exhibit. When we have got millions to spend, we do not lock them up in peacock-thrones."

And now for our European predecessors in India, who were the first to interfere with the magnificence of the Great Mogul. Mr. Kaye does not dwell at any length upon them, having more attractive matter to deal with. He depicts them briefly in a sentence: "They were traders, they were conquerors, they were spoliators, they were proselytisers,—but they were not administrators." Here is the history of the Portuguese adventurers epitomised.

"The progress of the Portuguese on the Continent of India had been rapid and dazzling. But the seeds of decay had been planted deep in the constitution of the Indo-Lusitanian power from its birth. Encouraged by the first successes of their countrymen, all kinds of adventurers, bound by no laws, and restrained by no scruples, flooded into the country, and made a deluge of licentiousness wherever they went. Soldiers swaggered, and priests crept about the seaports. Forts and churches rose up at their bidding. Strong in numbers, with all the muniments and equipments of war by sea and by land, they had no need to crouch to the native princes and humbly solicit their protection. Insolence and violence were the characteristics of the 'braggard Portugals,' and for a little while they carried everything before them."

And how did this end? The Portuguese empire in India fell to pieces by its own corruption. Even if the Dutch had not precipitated its fall, it must have been crushed by its own insolent folly. And how did the Dutch act towards the English, who, about this period, were slowly establishing themselves in their trading relations with the East?

* “Outwardly these Flemish adventurers, who were so eager to grapple with the Portuguese, were our allies. But they were false friends, and, as such, more dangerous than open enemies. Our own seamen and factors had from the first been suspicious of the designs of these ‘honest Dutch,’ and had written to one another, from our insular establishments, warning them that they were ‘our enemies to the utter ruin of our trade, so far as their power will give them leave.’ And this was very soon apparent. They obstructed us, and dictated to us. They compelled us to do what we did not wish, and prevented us from doing what we did. They committed excesses, and we paid the penalty in vicarious forfeitures and imprisonments. They wronged us, and lorded it over us; and we were perpetually seeking redress at home and abroad, but never succeeded even in obtaining an instalment of tardy justice. According to all human calculations at this time, the Dutch were about to establish a great empire in India, and the English were about to be driven ignominiously into new fields of enterprise in another quarter of the globe. All that the Company could do at this time was to maintain a gasping existence against the threatened danger of total destruction. But the very obstructions which seemed to menace the life of the Company were the elements of its permanent success.”

Now this conducts us to the point of our own enterprise and establishment in Hindostan. We profited by the failures of our predecessors; we avoided their errors; we acted with prudence and caution, we made our acquisitions gradually. The difficulties in our way were apparently insuperable; the discouragements were disheartening; the little cluster of London merchants that had risked life and fortune in this prodigious undertaking were opposed by all sorts of obstacles, and exposed to the worst calumnies; their shares were unsaleable—nothing but ruin seemed to be before them: but they persevered; the English quality of indomitable resolution sustained them—they persevered and succeeded. What is the result? Take up the map of British India, and you will find the answer in the extending lines of a new world, speaking our language, and living under our institutions.

Let us now look at India as it is under our rule. We cannot go through all the articulations of our government, but must select an example.

“The North-Western Provinces of India have now been for half a century under British rule. The great experiment of Indian government has there been pushed forward with remarkable energy and uncommon success. In no part of India are the signs of progress so great and so cheering. There is a freshness, a vigour, a healthy robust youth, as it were, apparent everywhere in the administration of these provinces. The physical improvement of the country, and the moral improvement of the people, are advancing, under our eyes, with a rapidity which would fill the by-gone generations of Indian administrators with as much astonishment, as the ancient race of soldiers would experience at the sight of the magnificent dimensions of our Indian Empire. I do not believe that there is in the world a more conscientious and more laborious class of civil functionaries, than those who, under one of the best men and ablest administrators who have ever devoted their lives to the service of the people of India, are now bearing the burden and heat of the day, in serious toilsome efforts to make the yoke of foreign conquest sit lightly on the native subjects of the British Crown. Earnestness and energy are contagious; and in the North-Western Provinces of India the heavy-paced are soon roused into activity—the phlegmatic into tingling life. . . . There is one characteristic of the present Government of the North-Western Provinces of which I would further speak in this place, though perhaps it might more fitly be introduced into another chapter. There is a communicativeness about the system, which is a peculiar feature of the administrative progress now working in India. The

representatives of the paramount power have thus shaken off their secrecy and reserve. They no longer live with a cordon of official exclusiveness around them ; they no longer move about with sealed lips and veiled faces. The doors of their palanquins are thrown back ; the sides of their tents are drawn up ; and the people are invited to come freely to them. The Lieutenant-Governor, who is continually moving about from one district to another, and watching the results of the great measures with which he is so honourably associated, is one of the most accessible of men ; and his subordinates emulate the courtesy and openness of his demeanour. But it is not so much of this personal diffusiveness of which I would speak, as of the great efforts which are being made, principally through the agency of the press, to render the people familiar with the acts and principles of Government—to help them thoroughly to understand the manner in which we are endeavouring to administer their affairs."

This is the moral contrast with the times of the Great Moguls. The acres of silk and gold are no more to be seen. Indolent grandeurs of every kind have been displaced by a life of activity and usefulness. The muffled faces laugh out in the sun, and Oriental reserve and suspicion are changed into confidence, frankness, and communicativeness. There are more significant improvements lying under these changes than may be guessed at from the surface. When the native rulers were at the height of their magnificence, and the Aurungzebcs could be tracked in their progresses over the land by the blaze of sapphires and diamonds, in what condition were the people ? How was the almost fabulous wealth procured, by which these starry potentates maintained their state ? Hear Mr. Kaye upon this point, and we beg of the reader to observe how the barbaric splendours of these great masters of the art of taxation glow under his pen.

"The question to be considered is, what effect had all this upon the happiness of the people ? It is certain that royal magnificence is no test of national prosperity. The wealth which was lavished upon all the sumptuous palaces and the panoramic camps of these restless Emperors, must have been primarily extracted from the people. How the imperial coffers were filled it is not difficult to conjecture. Some of the early Mogul conquerors enriched themselves by a series of stupendous burglaries. If we could trace the career of any particular emerald or ruby from the days of Mahmoud of Ghuznee to those of Shah Jehan, there are few who would not rather think of the costly jewel in the blaze of the peacock's tail, than in the deep obscurity of the bowels of an hideous idol. * * * It would be curious to ascertain what was the amount of forced labour extracted from the people, and to what extent they were paid for their supplies. It is easy to 'manage vast undertakings with economy,' if little or nothing is to be paid for works or materials."

The excellent Shah Jehan mentioned in this extract, drew an annual revenue from his happy people of, according to some authorities, 23,000,000*l.*, and, according to others, 32,000,000*l.*, and left behind him at his death accumulated treasures variously estimated at the value of from six to twenty-four millions of our money. His imperial progresses were of a lustre to blind the noon-day sun that looked down upon them. The sight must have been grand to see ; yet we find that the people were so insensible to the beauties of the show that they regarded with "unmingled horror the approach of the Mogul Court." Our systems of taxation may be objectionable, but at all events they possess the merit of being systematic, and must, we think, be allowed to

form a favourable contrast to the modes by which money was raised in the ages of the Mogul pageantry. It is quite true that the Ryot, as our author says, "does not drink beer, eat beef, or read his newspaper by a sea-coal fire;" but it is equally true that in his slattern way of living with a rag about his middle, and destitute as he is of shoes and stockings, which he never wore, and which, we suspect, he would consider a very great inconvenience, he is surrounded by what Mr. Kaye felicitously calls a "sluttish plenty," and that he is secure against those magnificent spoliations which reduced him to the level of the beasts of the field, in order that his masters might be enabled to smite his eyes with jewels and precious stones.

To turn to another subject, we commend the reader who desires to obtain a clear insight into the recesses of Indian life to read attentively Mr. Kaye's chapters on Thuggee and Dakoitee. In the annals of human crime perhaps there are no incidents so strange, no combinations for ghastly purposes so astounding as those which are here developed. Thuggee and Dakoitee have been frequently described before; but the merit and interest of Mr. Kaye's descriptions consist in the clearness of his narrative, and the power with which he makes these horrors stand out upon his pages. In the same way, every phase of the native tribes, in their villages, and their open plains, on the hill sides and in the valleys, is shown in vivid relief; and these pictures of the country and the people are so skilfully introduced into an authentic review of the civil and military systems, the revenues, and the public works, and the measures that have been taken for the promotion of education and the discouragement of superstition and fanaticism, that the book, instead of being simply a history of the East India Company, is, in fact, the most satisfactory, and can hardly fail to become the most popular, history of India itself, in its social and administrative aspects, that has yet appeared.

As a specimen of one of the many passages illustrative of the native habits of India, take the following sketch of the custom of infanticide. In England Mr. Kaye observes, infanticide is said (we believe rashly, for it is not at any time progressive, but appears and disappears at intervals) to be on the increase; but in England it is a crime, while in India it is a custom. The comparison is curious. With us, the unchastity of the mother is generally the proximate cause of child-murder, while the Rajpoot, who regards unchastity as the inevitable condition of celibacy, puts his female children to death a few hours after their birth to preserve their purity!

"Marriage in both cases is the remedy; but the difficulties in the way of its application are diametrically the reverse. In England marriage is honourable; but celibacy is not disgraceful. In India celibacy *is* disgraceful. An unmarried daughter is a reproach to her parents, and a reproach to herself. Indeed, more or less the birth of a daughter is always a calamity. It is a disappointment in the first instance, because to beget sons is glorious in the estimation of a Hindoo, and there cannot be too many born into his house. And it is a care to him afterwards, because marriage is a necessity, and the circle of suitability is

narrowed by the exclusiveness of caste. The higher the social degree of the family, the greater the difficulty. In England infanticide is peculiar to the lower orders ; in India it is peculiar to the higher. In England it is the activity of degradation ; in India the activity of pride. In England male and female infants are murdered with equal recklessness. In India the destroying hand is laid only on the latter. But in both cases it is the non-attainment of honourable marriage in *esse*, or in *posse*, which impels to the commission of the crime."

Rajpoot honour and Rajpoot chivalry are convertible terms for the most profound and stupefying barbarism. An old Rajpoot woman was quietly eating her dinner alone, when some Mahomedans, who were walking through the village, accidentally looked in and saw her. From that moment life was no longer endurable. She could not survive the insult of being looked at by a Mahomedan while she was eating her dinner ; and when her grandson, a fine manly young fellow, came home, she related her disgrace to him, and begged of him to kill her. He very sensibly remonstrated with her, and refused ; and not being able to find anybody willing to perform the sacrifice, she availed herself of the next opportunity when she was alone, and beat her head violently against the wall. On the return of her grandson this time, finding her in a state of excruciating agony, he complied with her entreaties, and stabbed her to the heart. This is very shocking ; yet such is the condition of morals and rationality we have to legislate for in India. "The dishonour," observes Mr. Kaye, "incurred by an old woman seen by a passing stranger, in the act of eating her dinner, is not very readily appreciable. The only thing that is very clear about the matter is that, if a woman is so easily dishonoured, it were better that she should eat her dinner in a place where curious travellers cannot see her."

Looking back upon these terrible usages and lamentable delusions, Mr. Kaye may well congratulate his English readers on the civilizing labours of their countrymen—labours frequently pursued in solitude, and in the midst of difficulties and dangers, uncheered by those stimulating tributes of popular applause which are showered upon men in less arduous tasks elsewhere.

"In such chapters of Indian history would be found many pictures not to be dwelt upon without feelings of national pride and Christian gratitude—pictures of English gentlemen in the deep recesses of a strange country, isolated from their kind, devoting themselves to the noble work of reclaiming the savage people of a newly-acquired province, and making their way, slowly and painfully, through jungles of ignorance and barbarism, folly and superstition, to the great reward of full success. Such success is often the only reward which these good deeds secure to the man of peace and the agent of civilization. He may win the approbation and the confidence of his employers, but I only utter a threadbare common-place, when I add that a brilliant charge of horse, or an assault on a petty fortress, will secure for him more popular renown, and achieve for him, by the unpremeditated act of a casual half hour, more honorary distinction than can be acquired by years of philanthropic toil."

Here we must reluctantly dismiss a book upon which we would willingly dwell at much greater length. But the exactions of space are as inexorable as the exactions of the Great Mogul himself.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

I HATE railway travelling! Pardon the strength of the expression. To me the pleasure and excitement of a journey no longer exist: both have vanished with macadamised roads, and mail-coaches. True, the former were dusty, especially in July: but have you no chances of ophthalmia by rail? Are there no sharp particles flying into your eye at the rate of thirty miles an hour, including stoppages; and is there not a sting, a pungency, a piercingness, about railway dust, for which the old highway commodity affords no parallel? Twenty-four hours to London certainly was a "toil of a pleasure," there is no denying that. But if the toil is now happily got rid of, I appeal confidently to every traveller of taste, if I am not right in asserting that the pleasure has gone with it?

How pleasant, some fourteen or twenty years ago (for my railway grievance is not of much longer standing), was a journey through some of the rural districts of old England! There were the turnings and windings of the grass-bordered highway, every one of which presented you with some new view, or fresh aspect of the old; the stately park-like trees which here and there overshadowed it; then, the ruin in the valley, how it seemed to flit before you, now on the one side, then on the other, disclosing its beautiful details of arch, gallery, and ivy-braced tower, till at length, suddenly lost sight of, a sharp turn of the road, brought you under its time-stained walls, and, for a moment, you glided noiselessly over the green turf whence they sprang. Then a cheerful blast of the horn, or haply bugle-notes, that rang out in sharp echoes; and, dashing over the steep bridge, apparently constructed for the express purpose of sousing all the "outsides" into the stream, a fate from which miracle or first-rate coachmanship alone saved you—you cantered jauntily into the little country town, to the admiration of all the loungers about that most seductive inn-door, and the supreme delight of John himself, who is acutely alive to the unqualified approbation excited by his turn-out. A sentiment which is admirably depicted in the broad grins that greet his arrival; while the occupants of sundry blue bed-gowns and scarlet petticoats, suspend their labours of eternally washing something or other at their door-steps, to turn up their hard-lined, impassive faces, and gaze at the vehicular pageant as it rushes by. The Red Lion creaked invitingly as you entered the porch; and, rejoicing in the security of your half hour for dinner, you made known your wishes for that most attractive of "rural messes," ham and eggs, with an inward longing, to which delicacy alone prevented you giving vocal expression, to add, "for two!" Then you strolled to the close-shaven, well-enclosed bowling-green, whose

verdant level agreeably bounds the view, right through the house, to enjoy the sunset till your repast was ready. *That* was enjoyment; and business was done into the bargain, every whit as well, as though you had clattered along at the heels of an unseemly steam-engine, and seen nothing worth looking at by the way.

There was an idea of unity, a *oneness* about a stage-coach, the attainment of which is simply impossible to half a quarter of a mile of carriages, headed, and perhaps followed to boot, by a snorting locomotive: and then with how fraternal a spirit you regarded the rest of the four "insides." With what kindly compassion you remarked the ill-made sandwiches with which your companion opposite had been furnished by some unconscientious hireling; and with what a thrill of humanity you tendered him your own delicate parallelograms of most savoury contents, prepared for you by one of your own household, dear, "silly, womankind!" and of whose existence and uses, in your utter abjuration of lunches *en route*, you are alone reminded by your neighbour's wretchedness. Meet him in a railway carriage, and you absolutely feel a savage pleasure in seeing him, after repeated and vain attempts upon the *gristly* refectation, fling the whole through the window with a growl of malediction, dedicated alike to the artist who had perpetrated so unworkmanlike an affair, and such a mode of travelling as renders the loss irreparable. No, it is utterly, and for ever impossible that the sympathies which are required to embrace three hundred individuals can be as intense as when they are brought to a focus upon half-a-dozen! And then, the box-seat! What mere mortal can adequately unfold its marvellous delights. One, two, three—at each step you seem to shake off some of the littlenesses of humanity; till, finally perched upon its proudest height, you become sensible of a rapidly increasing contempt for all men and things beneath; culminating in so settled and sublime a composure as enables you serenely, and without feeling discomposed at their awkwardness, to drive over old women, and children, and donkey-carts, and even to jerk elderly gentlemen out of their ridiculous tilburies into quickset hedges: which, by the way, come the worse off of the two, their budding hopes being utterly crushed beneath the weight of incumbent humanity. Other things may be "great;" but your "four-in-hand" is "glorious."

My last experience of this delectable position, passive though not active, was one of thorough enjoyment; the more so, perhaps, that it was unpremeditated, for slight symptoms of a wet day had half induced me to bestow myself snugly inside. However, being always weather wise at the sea-side, I concluded that it would turn out fine. And fine it was; one of the most brilliant specimens of an April day, with the exception of its showers; the dull, lowering morning issuing in an evening of such varied cloud and sunshine, as I have rarely seen, and which imparted an extreme, albeit illusive beauty, to a bleak sandy coast; the beach, whence the tide had retreated, leaving innumerable miniature lakes in its

shelvings, and sinuosities, glowing with a hazy purple hue, amid which the little pools gleamed like gold. The cliff to the north, torn, ragged, and abrupt, stood out boldly to the light; its deep brown sides stained with many tints by the streams that trickled from the high land; while, to the south, a faint blue line, visible above the horizon, indicated the Welsh mountains. The former we left behind, our road skirting the sea, and almost on its level, for a short distance. It was in a quiet part of the country—a corn-growing district, innocent of tall chimneys, and night- and day-working steam-engines, which, in some of the northern parts of England, disfigure the most beautiful and picturesque scenery. Here, innumerable windmills attracted the eye of the spectator.

I have called it an April day; but, in fact,

“’T was April, as the *bumpkins* say,
The Legislature called it May.”

And, indeed, the two months might well have squabbled as to which of them might justly claim the honour of having produced it.

The first few miles of our journey lay on and near the barren coast, where sand alternated with stunted herbage, and the slender wiry plant that binds together the light shifting undulations. In some places, where cultivation had bestowed its patient toil, were scattered groups of such trees as best stand the keen salt blast: the hardy willow, the fir, and sundry others, that, familiar though they are to my eye, I must with shame confess I am not arborologist enough to name: all, by their invariable slant in one direction, *landwards*, bearing witness to the strength and constancy of the “ocean-scented gale” that sweeps over them, searing the tender buds that first struggle into tardy verdure. Dull, flat, and monotonous, the scene yet had its attractions beneath the deep-toned sunshine that now gave grace and beauty to the most insignificant portions of it. (How beautiful in such a light is a bit of broken clay-bank crested with short green turf!) The vapours that, during the early part of the day, had rested heavily on the earth, were now dispersed, until atmosphere (in artistic phrase) there was absolutely none; so crisp, so intensely clear was all around. Presently, low white cottages were seen here and there amid a tuft of sheltering trees, under whose screen gay flowers were clustered. While the neatly-kept kitchen-garden, well stocked with vegetables, and the bright milk-pails (arranged for present use, as I guessed from seeing a formidable pair of horns at the other side of the hedge!), gave pleasing evidence of the cheerful industry of their inmates: some specimens of whom presented themselves to our view, in the form of small urchins, the shape and colour of a brick; so square and red were these “sons of the soil.” In the distance a range of sand-hills allowed occasional glimpses of the “burnished waters” that rolled beyond them; and whose ceaseless booming, growing faint and fainter as our course inclined to the interior, fell not unharmoniously upon the ear.

Then we turned inland; and the landscape assumed a richer aspect. Our prospect, almost momentarily varied by the incessant play of light and shade, was bounded by the hills spread out from north to south before us; steeped in sunshine, while the plain was thrown into deep shadow, then shrouded in gloom as the ever-changing light fell on the intervening country, bringing out vividly its different features, of ploughed land, pasture, and corn-field; the clouds now collecting in one heavy mass, with round, dull outlines, then, dishevelled by the fantastic breeze, riding at speed through the sky, intensely blue; first one point, then another, and yet another of the wide-spread landscape being brought into view as the sunbeams chased the rapidly retreating shadows. The air was cold and bracing, just enough to exhilarate one; the herbage and foliage, now become luxuriant in the extreme, after a six-weeks' drought, looking as fresh and green as after a spring shower. We were a light load, well-horsed, and merrily we rattled along; for a while following the course of a noble river, whose retiring tide—for we were yet within a dozen miles of the sea—had left tall vessels "high and dry" upon its sandy banks. Then we raced through a picturesque hamlet, making a most important clatter over the small, rough paving-stones, which there supplanted the smoother surface of the high-road, the overhanging boughs on each side sweeping our heads, while groups of sturdy, staring children ran out to see the sight, hailing us with a small cheer or two, from mouths too well stuffed with bread and butter to emit any very powerful sounds. That was a sharp turn as we left it. Swing went the coach. "Take care of yourselves, gentlemen!" All right! and on we bounded over a level, park-like heath, where sheep enough to furnish the whole county with mutton were cropping the short grass with such evident satisfaction as made me half long for a mouthful myself! They raised their silly faces to stare at us as we passed, and then, with an "up with their heels and down with their head" movement, cantered off, to leave us a wide berth, most palpably preferring our room to our company.

It was a delicious drive. But "each pleasure has its pain;"—and mine was not without its accustomed sequence. At sunset it terminated in a smoky, manufacturing town, where, having refreshed myself with a cup of ineffably bad coffee, whose flavourless tepidity was no ways ameliorated by its being handed to me on a silver waiter by a "boy in buttons," I consigned myself—it must be owned dusty and cold—to the well-cushioned enclosure of a railway-carriage. The long train shot through the dusk, and, as usual, dipping between two banks, whenever the still gorgeous west, or any object of unusual interest presented itself, rapidly brought me within sight of home. The lights of a large town gleamed oddly through the darkness, not only around, but actually under our feet, for huge arches here overlept streets and houses, so that, had not daylight failed me, I might have committed the impertinence of looking down people's chimneys, to see what they were going to have for dinner.

Truly nothing can beat an English high-road and stage coach.

There are so many miseries about a railway. There is the utter destruction of one's nerves in the gigantic bustle and business around; you seem encircled by one extravagant hiss; the mingled flavour of smoke and oil, subsidiary to the abominable steam-packet movement, adapted to produce on dry land the most objectionable results of a sea-voyage; the clambering up to your carriage, like climbing the side of a house from its height and perpendicularity; and the hawling or pushing your lady companions thus incommodiously to their seats. Then, after a fluttering jerk of the signal-bell, which reminds you that your wife's half dozen packages are in the hands of as many porters, a few minutes elapse spent in painfully poking your head out to the utmost extent of your neck, to make sure of the safe deposition of the said voluminous luggage. Another jerk of the bell, and a slow tremulous motion, and you fancy you are fairly under way at last. No such thing: a jingling of chains, followed by a full stop, with the additional emphasis of no gentle bang against the "buffers" of the next carriage, convinces you, as you are flung into the bonnet of the lady opposite, that you labour under a mistake, and that the whole routine of disagreeables attendant upon getting up the steam will again have to be undergone before that happy consummation is effected. However, suppose all this accomplished: you rush gloomily along what in summer seems an endless green ditch, to the top of whose sides even it is vain to try to raise your eyes, much less can you hope to see the country through which you are passing, save when friendly undulations of the surface permit you a brief glance of the surrounding scenery, just by way of letting you see how much you lose for the sake of reaching your journey's end a few hours sooner. Or, if you chance to have some miles' uninterrupted prospect of wild, romantic beauty, depend upon it, right ahead a tunnel, two miles long, yawns to receive you. While the slackened pace at which you pass through its chill concavity affords you ample leisure to think over the possible result of any flaw or fracture in that slight brickwork which alone intervenes between you and the pressure of nobody knows what weight of superincumbent, and most picturesquely fir-clad hill; doomed to such desecration by a flinty-hearted engineer and directors, to whom all the natural beauty of the whole earth would weigh as nothing against three letters of the alphabet—*L. s. d.* And who are equally reckless of the shock sustained by people of delicate nerves, on feeling themselves rapidly and irresistibly impelled towards a black orifice, which finds its fitting antitype in that opening by Heaven's gate into which Bunyan tells us poor *Ignorance* was thrust as a short-cut to the infernal regions. Not to mention minor inconveniences that, as it is said, may attend the transit: one of which, the transfer of black patches from the lips of grave, correct-looking gentlemen, to that of, if possible, still more demure, correct-looking ladies, would, were the case authenticated, legitimately bring these gigantic bores within the range of the society for the reformation of manners.

How provoking too, to be eagerly looking out for some interest-

ing spot, some village, or neighbourhood, perchance associated with family recollections, and dear to you as identified with those whom you hold dear, but which you have never seen — how inexpressibly provoking to approach, traverse the locality, and even leave it far behind, in one inexorable deep cutting, from the abyss of which you see about as much as from the bottom of a well! and H——d remains as much a mere name as ever.

There are none of those delightful breaks and changes that add to the interest of highway-travelling. The entertainment of passing through strange towns, where, in idle mood, you note odd signs, and names, and customs—for every place has those peculiar to it. The variations of up-hill and down-dale; or even the diversion of a restive horse, which is surely better than unbroken monotony; affording, as it does, an unparalleled opportunity for man, woman or child, all the passengers, and as many ragamuffins as can be got together on so short a notice, severally and singly to issue as many, and contradictory orders, advices, objurgations, and lamentations, as the most unreasonable spirit may move them to: useless and impertinent in themselves, yet not without value on physiological grounds; seeing how eminently they promote a free and vigorous circulation of the vital fluid, and a healthy action of the lungs — two important requisites for the well-being of the human frame. None of these chances and changes, not even a wayside purchase of tempting summer-fruit, however hot and dry (simple thirsty does not express your condition) you may happen to be; but on — on — on you fuss from one shire to another, without taking in a single new idea. All that you gain is additional evidence in favour of your own original and boundless preference for animated, intelligent, quadrupedal flesh and blood, over dark, stern, soulless metal.

Yes, I do hate railway travelling: and not merely as a matter of taste *now*. An accident that befell me a few years ago, and that could only have happened upon a railway, has caused it to be associated in my mind with such painful feelings, as that I cannot even think of it without, in some degree, renewing suffering, which I would fain hope is without parallel in the experience of any whose eye may glance over this record of mine.

In the month of August 18—, it was incumbent upon me to take a journey to a town at some distance from my own residence. Time being no object with me, and the country through which my route lay very beautiful, I resolved to take it in what was to me the most enjoyable way; but after diligent inquiry for anything in the shape of a stage-coach, I found that her Majesty's mail had ceased running the week before; so that "the rail" was my only chance of getting to the place of my destination. Whereupon I made a virtue of necessity; submitting, though with the worst grace in the world; for my habitual dislike to this mode of travelling was increased by one of those unaccountable fits of reluctance to taking the journey, which sometimes seizes one, and which is usually set down to the score of nervousness. So I tried to explain mine; which, as the time drew near, rose to a complete

dread of it, to my no small annoyance, for I had a contempt for omens and presentiments; and zealously, but vainly, I tried to pooh! pooh! myself out of it.

The morning broke, dull, wet, oppressive, with apparently half a score thunder-storms in reserve for my especial use; and at six o'clock I jumped up from an uneasy dream, in which I was struggling with some nondescript wild beast, to find I had only half an hour left to make my toilet and get to the station. Of course, everything went wrong; strings slipped into knots, buttons flew; never was there such confusion. I could not be quick, I was in such a hurry. Hastily swallowing a cup of tea (part of which, to crown my mishaps, went the wrong way), I ran off; and must own that, important as was my business, I felt half sorry, as I entered the booking-office, to find myself in time: for a secret hope had possessed me that I might prove too late; a hope that had expanded into certainty as I heard the hour at which I expected the train to start announced from half a dozen steeples ere I was half way to the station. I reached it; found the time had been altered; so got my ticket; "snapped" at the clerk who furnished it (this relieved me a little), and sprang into a carriage, which tempted me as containing only one occupant; and the huge mass slowly took its noisy way from under, acres surely, of glazed roof, and speedily left it behind.

The rain ceased as we got into the open country, a fine breeze sprang up, which blew away my fidgets, and I began internally to laugh at myself for having been such a fool; not forgetting to congratulate my better self on its having triumphed over the nervous fears that had beset me. It really became almost pleasant. A mail-train, so that I was secure from the plague of frequent stoppages, and their consequent fresh starts. An exhilarating atmosphere: the dark clouds that had spoken of thunder when I rose, now betraying no such obstreperous intentions, but quietly taking themselves off as fast as they could. The weight on my spirits removed;—yes, I began to be susceptible of a modified sort of enjoyment; and in the gaiety of my heart, I told my fellow-traveller that it was a fine day: a remark to which he vouchsafed me no answer, save such might be called the turning on me a pair of eyes that looked vastly like live coals. They almost made me start; but I considered it was no business of mine; the gentleman's eyes were his own, and I doubted not that mine, owing to a short, sleepless night, were as much too dull as his were too bright: so I whisked my pocket-kerchief across them, by way of polishing them a little, took out a newspaper, sank into a cosy corner, and prepared to read, or sleep, as the case may be. In the very drowsiest part of a long speech, I was just going off into the most luxurious slumber imaginable, when I was roused by the restlessness of my companion; who, as I waked up thoroughly, seemed labouring under some strong and inexplicable excitement. He looked agitated, changed his seat frequently, moved his limbs impatiently, borrowed my paper, and in a trice returned it with some unintelligible observation; then

peered anxiously out of the window, through which he thrust himself so far, as to induce me to volunteer a caution, which he received pleasantly, stared at the wheels, as though he were calculating their revolutions, and then resumed his seat.

His perturbation was manifest. I could not imagine what possessed the man; but at length, noticing the agitated manner with which he often glanced through the window, as though to see whether we were followed, I determined that he must be some gentlemanly rogue, to whom speedy flight was indispensable; and that his anxiety and excessive disturbance arose from fear of pursuit: a fear that to me seemed one of those vain ones peculiar to the wicked, for we were then nearly at the ultimatum of railway speed, and did not expect to stop before reaching our destination, still at a considerable distance. His whole manner and appearance confirmed this view of the case; I presumed his evil conscience had conjured up a "special engine" at our heels; and after indulging in a few appropriate moral reflections (to myself, of course), I resumed my paper.

The next minute he was opposite to me. I heard a light movement, raised my head—a strong knife, such as is used in pruning trees, was open in his hand; and, with eyes verily scintillating, his startling address, in a tone, the coolness of which strangely contrasted with its import, was—"I'm going to kill you!" The horrible truth flashed upon me at once: he was insane, and I alone with him, shut out from all possibility of human help! Terror gave me calmness: fixing my eye upon him, so as to command his movements, and perhaps control him, I answered quietly and firmly, "No, you are not." It was well I was prepared. That moment he sprang on me, and the death-struggle began. I grappled with him, and attempted to secure his right arm; while again and again, as I strained every nerve to accomplish this purpose, did that accursed blade glitter before my eyes; for my antagonist was my superior in muscle and weight, and armed in addition with the demoniacal strength of madness, now expressed in every lineament of his inflamed and distorted countenance. What a sight was that, not *super*-human face! Loudly and hoarsely I called for help:—but we were rushing along thirty miles in the hour, and my cries were drowned amid the roar of wheels and steam. How horrible were my sensations! Cooped up thus, to be mangled and murdered by a madman, with means of rescue within a few feet of me, and yet that help, that communication with my fellows that would have saved me, as utterly unattainable, as though we were in a desert. I quivered, as turning aside thrust after thrust, dealt with exhaustless and frenzied violence, I doubted not that the next must find its way to my heart. My strength was rapidly failing: not so that of my murderer. I struggled desperately, as alone the fear of such a death could enable a man to do; and, my hands gashed and bleeding, at last wrenched the knife from his hold, and flung it through the window. Then I first seemed to breathe! But not yet was I safe. With redoubled rage he threw himself at my throat, crush-

ing it as with iron fingers ; and as I felt his whole frame heave and labour with the violence of the attack, for one dreadful moment I gave up all for lost. But, surely then, some unseen Power strengthened me. Half strangled, I flung the whole weight of my body upon him, got him down, and planting my knee on his breast, by main strength held him, spite of his frantic efforts to writhe himself from under me. My hands were bitten, and torn in his convulsive rage, but I felt not—heeded it not—life was at stake, and hardly I fought for it. The bitterness of death was upon me, and awfully clear and distinct, in that mortal struggle, were the past and the future: the human, sinful past, and the dread, unknown, avenging, *eternal* future. How were the joys and sorrows of years compressed into that one backward glance ; and how utterly insignificant did they appear as the light of life seemed fading from them. Fearfully calm and collected was my mind, while my body felt as though dissolving with the terrible strain to which all its powers were subjected. And yet, consumed as I was with mental and physical agony, I well remember my sensation of *bliss*, for such it was, when the cool breeze for a single moment blew upon my flushed and streaming brow, which felt as though at the mouth of a furnace !

But this could not last long. My limbs shook, and were fast relaxing their gripe, a mist swam before my eyes, my recollection wavered, when—thank heaven ! I became sensible of a diminution of our speed. Fresh strength inspired me. I dashed my prisoner down as he again attempted to free himself. Then the welcome sound of letting off the steam—the engine stopped, the door opened—and I was saved !

My companion was quickly secured, and presently identified as a lunatic who had escaped from confinement. To it he was again consigned ; and I, from that day to this, have never entered a railway carriage with only *one* passenger in it !

Such is a simple recital of my adventure, which I have not sought to heighten by any arts of narration. It is, indeed, utterly beyond my power to convey any adequate idea of that horrible encounter. Its most faithful transcript has been found in many a night-mare and fearful dream, with which it has furnished the drear hours of night.*

* The above is no mere fiction. It occurred on one of the English railways some years ago, and the facts were communicated to a member of the writer's family by the gentleman whose life was thus strangely perilled. It, and another somewhat similar case, may perhaps induce others to avoid a railway journey with only one strange fellow-traveller.

A JOURNEY FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO ST. PETER'S.

FROM the number of times I have seen such facts stated with great particularity and emphasis, as an important preliminary of narration, I am inclined to believe that the reader will be particularly interested in hearing that the weather was cold and dark on the Friday morning, when it was my painful duty to get up before dawn to set off from Florence for Rome.

Anywhere but in England and America, which are the only two unslovenly countries I have travelled in, it is so awful and tremendous an effort to start anything like early in the morning that they always wake you up in the middle of the night that you may have several hours to think about it.

I made many inquiries overnight about the real time, that I might not come too early nor too late, but in time. It is no use struggling with destiny and lying diligence officials. They got me out of my bed two hours sooner than there was any occasion. The blank day dawned upon the office, waiting-room, luggage-store, and coach-house, which all seemed united in one vast fire-lit den, where numerous persons, much bundled in travelling wraps and in various degrees of anxiety about luggage, were assembled to smoke, and wonder, and fret, and make inquiries when the diligence would start.

About seven we trundled leisurely away to the railway station, where it took us an hour to get our luggage on its truck, and start for Geneva by the eight o'clock train. And to this end they insisted on my getting up at five o'clock in the morning, on seeing the diligence perched at the office, and hoisted at the station, when I might perfectly well have got up at seven and come to my railway carriage in a cab after breakfast.

But there is no reason why I should make the reader share my troubles and un comforts, except as far as he wants to be aware of the real un comforts, and angers, and heart-burnings of travel. They say tyranny breeds tyranny, and I believe it; for the greatest tyranny I have experienced in my life has been from locomotive functionaries, and nothing has ever so much made me envy Tiberius and Nero as the desire of punishing to my heart's content some of these worthies dressed in a little brief authority.

A little justice in one's cause greatly sweetens revenge, which is the most luxurious kind of cruelty; and if I were a wicked tyrant in want of amusement, I should wish for no better than to travel through Italy in disguise, and cause every landlord, vinturier, and custom-house officer, who cheated, extorted, or insulted me, to be whipped as much as he deserved.

There certainly is something very charming in the idea of an insolent oppressor suddenly being converted into a shrinking

victim under the lash. A crisp and vigorous revulsion of contrast which must make it pleasant to see the wretches beaten. I think the tyrants of old must have found it difficult, among all the careful servility of their dependents, to get angry enough to take much pleasure in the cruel things they did.

Their wholesale murders were like Nero's fly-killing—a mere amusement of ill-tempered leisure; not a skilful usurpation of, God's most terrible attribute—"Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord." In order to enjoy tyranny, you must be just as far as you can see justice. Your crime and your condemnation should only be in your exercising a function at all, for which all mortal men are incompetent.

Still there must be a great pleasure in unlimited wilfulness. Haroun al Raschid is the only man in history who understood how to be a king. But the Arabian Nights are not precisely history, nor is Bagdad precisely Rome.

The train rattled along the banks of the Arno, skirting under picturesque villages on the hill-brows, running through hoary olive groves and wintry vineyards, with bare gnarled trunks like hibernating serpents which the cold had stiffened in writhing agony. About five hours brought us to Sienna, a picturesque old city on the brow of a hill, with turrets, and spires, and battlements, which reminded me a little of Toledo.

But as it does not resemble Toledo very much, and it would be a roundabout manner of describing Sienna to tell you what Toledo is like, I will leave you to build both these cities in your imaginations, at random with the ramparts, and spires, and turrets, and hill-tops I have supplied you with, as children of architectural tastes build on the carpet with their wooden bricks.

Our diligence was dismounted from its truck, and we were driven to the office, where we were informed that we had an hour-and-a-half to dine and see the cathedral, and that the conveyance would call for us at the Albergo d'Inghilterra. We were committed to the charge of a very rapid boy of about eleven years, who hurried us off our legs, especially me, who was encumbered with my heavy Spanish cloak, for it had come on raining, which did not however prevent its being exceedingly hot.

After walking a considerable way up and down steep and sloppy streets, we came to a broad and noble flight of steps, and went in under a magnificently gigantic archway into the cathedral precinct, which appears to have been begun on too grand a scale to be finished. Though unfinished, there is a good deal of it. The outside is sculptured in parti-coloured marbles, black and red, and white and yellow. There is a fine tall tower, something like the Giralda at Seville, only of black and white marble.

The inside is richly ornamented—mosaic floor, azure roof, golden-starred frescoes by Rafael and Pinturicchio when they were young. Their portraits appear in most of them, and they seem to be mere boys—one wondering how they managed to get the job, which however they executed very respectably for their age.

When we came out it was raining torrents ;—the broad flight of steps was converted into a cataract, and the streets into rivers. My shoes, which had been wet the day before, and overbaked during the night on the top of my bed-room stove, in which I had piled up all the remainder of my basket of wood, now fairly broke up. I never suffered so complete a shoe-wreck.

They were an old pair, originally of white leather, made in Seville. They had ridden and walked by the side of my weary and stumbling pony over a thousand miles of the rough roads of Spain. They had lost their original buff colour in the bogs and turf of a short cut of a hundred miles more of some of the roughest mountains of Inverness-shire, after which they were blacked by mistake.

Their long and eventful course of service on my wandering feet terminated in Sienna. Here I bought a rough strong pair of russet boots, and taking the silver buttons out of the mangled remains, I left them in the shoemaker's shop almost safe, I think, from any future profanation by unworthy feet, unwearable and unmendable.

We dined badly and in a hurry. My *compagnon de voyage*, who had been presented to me the night before at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel du Nord, was a mild and amiable young Piedmontese doctor, who had studied in Paris. He was unfortunately very voluble and dull, and preferred saying the immense number of common place things he had to say in bad French, instead of bad Italian or good Piedmontese, which were the other languages he had at his command. I therefore took the earliest opportunity of going to sleep, and let him turn his conversational profuseness upon the conductor.

Our lot had been cast in the *banquette*, and as the night was moist and windy and cold, and the *banquette* is expressly calculated to scoop up as much of the weather as it can hold, we none of us passed our night very agreeably. I perhaps came off the best, rolled in the heavy folds of my cape, and bandaged as to my head and shoulders in a large plaid.

It grew colder and colder till we topped the ridge of some Apennine spur at Radicofani. Here we stopped to drink some *café au lait*, and I recruited my wasted stock of caloric by dancing a violent hornpipe in the hotel kitchen before the blazing chimney. The people of course thought me mad, but were not much surprised, seeing that I was an Englishman.

Day broke upon us as we came down on the great lake of Bolsena, which I took for the sea at first, only that it had no ships upon it, and did not look blue enough for the Mediterranean. It was market day at Viterbo, and the crowds of picturesque peasants had a cast of the Andalusian character of costume, but more shabby and vagabondish. Cloaks and *fajas* and blue breeches, and stout leather leggings, not so shapely, nor embroidered like the *majo botine*.

Soon we were on the long levels of the Campagna, with no mountains, except a peak or two here and there in the distance, which, as they appeared, were made subjects of appeal to the con-

ductor by a diluvian traveller in the *coupe*, who always wanted to know whether it was not Soracte.

The Campagna di Roma is a dry brown plain, with very little appearance of industry in the inhabitants or fertility in the soil. Here and there are languid farms and shabby villages, but it mostly affords, I should think, somewhat indifferent pasture to great herds of cattle and goats.

I was in hopes we might get to Rome by sunset, and had indistinct hopes of seeing St. Peter's and the Colosseum, and the temples of the Forum and the Tarpeian Rock, and the Castle of St. Angelo all grouped on seven convenient hills, with the ancient river flowing among their bases—the whole lit with the golden glory of a real Italian sunset, and reflected in the yellow ripples.

This, I suppose, is the idea most people bring to Rome, to be dashed to pieces in the Corso. The sun set, however, before St. Peter's dome had arisen, and it was dark when, descending a slope, we saw the dim lights of Rome sprinkled in the distance. Rome! It is a great word; and he who sees those dim lights lying beneath him for the first time and says to himself, "That is Rome," cannot fail to awaken in his breast many grand and shadowy memories of the past, for the substance of which the curious reader is referred to Goldsmith's Abridgment.

The gaunt shadows of the Forum kept us amused for a while, till we plunged through a lofty archway, and trundled along a hollow sounding bridge, over whose parapets we could see the stars reflected in Tiber's rolling ripples. A mile or two of straight road, lined with a gradually thickening suburb—there is a light at the end of it; that light hangs at the Porta del Popolo, the gate by which we shall enter Rome.

The light grows nearer; another minute, and our wheels and hoofs echo beneath the vault—we emerge in the vast Piazza del Popolo on the other side, and stop to give up our passports.

We are in Rome! Where is the Colosseum, where is the Vatican, where is St. Peter's, where are the temples and columns? This is all very well in its way; a great round handsomely paved place, with a fountain in the centre, and terraced gardens, and great hotels, and lofty abutting ends of diverging streets,—it would be an excellent entrance for Brussels or Birmingham, but it is shockingly modern for Rome.

One feels that Rome ought to be entered by a low, heavy, frowning Etruscan portal, surmounted by the she-wolf and Romulus and Remus, done from the life by a sculptor of the period, the whole thing looking like a cross between the entrance to an Egyptian tomb and Temple Bar. Or at any rate, if you could not have a gateway of the regal or republican period, the least that could be decently offered to welcome a distinguished foreigner on his arrival would be a triumphal arch of Titus or Trajan, flanked by a ruined temple or two.

Not in the least; we cross the great yawning Piazza, and enter a long straight street of lofty houses, which might be the Rue de la Paix.

There was only a formal examination of our luggage at the diligence office. Indeed, from the general behaviour of the police and *douane* on the road, I have no hesitation in saying that the Pope is a gentleman, which I say with the more enthusiasm, because I have since experienced a remarkable contrast in the armed mendicancy of similar officials in the kingdom of Naples, so that I regret not to be able to make out the same certificate in favour of Ferdinand the Second.

My dull doctor recommended the Albergo Cesarj, and as I knew no other I went there, though I neither valued his recommendation nor his company greatly. On our way, walking behind our luggage-barrow, at one side of a crooked piazza, we came upon a solemn grey façade of fine worn columns, with a broad, deep, simple pediment, casting a great shade behind the moonlit shafts.

Here was a ghost of the old Rome of Goldsmith's Abridgment (which I had forgotten all about in common modern metropolitan cares for lodging and supper), stalking in upon me round the corner to startle me unawares.

While I was gazing with a sort of awe-struck shudder on the first real old temple of an exploded but unforgotten race of gods, the first real confirmation in solid granite I had ever seen of a once living belief in those quaint fables we used to read in Keightley's Mythology and Lempriere's Dictionary, the doctor had already made inquiries of the porter, and the porter had informed him that it was the Pantheon—a piece of intelligence which was given and received with as much indifference as if it had been the Royal Exchange.

But, good heavens! am I going to pretend to do the enthusiastic? Though it takes a sentence or two to explain to you, it was only a gleam of moonlight enthusiasm and a look over my shoulder without stopping, and I trudged away after my portmanteau and towards my supper like the rest of the company.

We came to the Albergo Cesarj—I stood guard over the luggage while the doctor went up to get rooms, the porter carrying some of his things, which he caused to be deposited in the best room he could find, leaving me to put up with a very bad one, very high up, for it was carnival time and Rome very full. Now I think fair play is a jewel, and if he had been a gentleman he would have tossed up for choice of apartments; therefore I hope the reader will not think it very discreditable on my part, that (when I unexpectedly turned out a greater swill in Rome than he might have thought from my multifarious smuggling style of get-up in travelling), I snubbed him a little, which he took patiently, and did not encourage his acquaintance enough to allow it to be at all troublesome to me.

I am sorry I was so little generous, for he was an inoffensive animal, and a little forlorn in Rome; but I someway felt ungrateful to destiny for sending me so uninteresting a travelling companion, and I felt a sort of brooding fear lest he might stick to me for good and go on to Naples in the same diligence. I was reserved for another fate, and Apollo subsequently relieved me of him without my finding out exactly when. This evening, how-

ever, we dined together at a nasty little restaurant over the way, and retired early, neither of us having slept much the night before on the spur of the Apennine.

Next morning, as I went out early to look for other apartments and showed a vigorous intention of shifting my quarters, refusing to listen to any suggestions of the apologetic waiter about other rooms which had miraculously become vacant in the course of the night, Senor Cesarj, the master of the Hotel and representative of the Cæsars, waylaid me on the stairs as I came down with my luggage. He was a polite, tall, stately man, who with a profusion of regrets that I had not been lodged to my liking, and assurances that it would grieve his heart deeply if I went away displeased, entreated me to inspect a commodious bed-room and sitting-room on the first floor at a wonderfully reduced figure. The room turned out better and cheaper than anything I had found in my morning's investigation, so I settled in No. Otto, Albergo Cesarj, for good.

This matter being concluded I arrayed myself in all the crumpled splendour and respectability of a frock coat made in St. James-street, laying aside those loud-patterned tweed shooting jackets and long waistcoats and broadgauge stripe trousers, with which an Englishman delights to insult parts of the world where he does not stay long enough to feel the inconvenience of so doing. I had taken a warm bath to clear me of the dust and fever of travel on my undress expedition for lodgings, likewise causing myself to be shaved, so that now I could walk out from my hotel in a cleanly, ornate, and tranquil condition of mind and body, to get my breakfast and make acquaintance with Rome.

A new city is like a new language, a mixture of Babel and Chaos, and both would remain so much longer than they do if it were not for the grammar and the map. By the way, I have made up my mind for the future to get and keep a map of every great town I pass during the rest of my life, and have the collection framed and set up in my study to keep my cosmopolitan recollections fresh. Some ingenious critic may perhaps sarcastically remark that I might as well have a library, to watch the style of pictorial decoration, composed entirely of grammars.

The Corso, which is the Piccadilly of Rome, runs from the Porta del Popolo at the corner where you enter the city to the Capitoline Hill. It is lined with lofty palaces, sprinkled at receding intervals of its margin with rather ugly churches. The shops and cafés are French and third-rate. At one of the latter I got a lumpy and jelly cup of chocolate, and falling hungrily upon a sugar-glazed sort of bun of *brioche* species, my teeth struck up some masses of fat ham with which the cake was interlarded along with currants and raisins—I was greatly shocked. "How is Rome fallen from her pride of luxury and civilization," I cried, "that a contryman of Caractacus should come to visit the metropolis of the world in the nineteenth century, and they should offer him a sweet bun with bits of fat ham in it."

The next street, after the Corso, is the Via Condotti, connecting

it with the Piazza di Spagna, which, as everybody knows (except such persons as read *Magazine Travels* for information about threadbare countries), is the overflowing reservoir of distinguished foreigners in Rome. That Piazza is full of great hotels, where they can be as expensively housed and more execrably fed and waited upon than in any other capital of Europe.

This being the case, the Via de' Condotti has filled itself with shops of jewelry and cameos and curiosities to catch their eyes as they pass through it many times a day, and it seems the most thriving street in Rome; the English, of course, call it Conduit-street, for short.

Opposite the end of this street which debouches in the narrower end of the Piazza is a curious old fountain in the form of a water-logged boat, beyond which rises a broad and lofty flight of steps to the lower end of the Pincian hill where it slopes down the Via Sistina to the valley which divides it from the Quirinal. The steps are a favourite haunt of lame beggars, who can move at a wonderful speed in pursuit of charity on all fours. There are also the models, artificially picturesque vagabonds, carefully dirtied like a brand new picture by one of the old masters and even battered and torn in the right places.

At the top is an obelisque, at the foot of which, if you turn back, you can see over the roofs of the city below, when beyond the Tiber, undiminished by distance, rises the enormous dome of St. Peter's. It looks, as indeed it is, much larger than St. Paul's in the distance, but it is an uglier shape. There is a boldness in the setting on of the cupola, whose base seems too small for what it stands on, leaving a projecting edge, which with the cupola and the cross and ball makes in the distance an outline like a snub-nosed Chinese Janu with an erected pigtail.

I had a packet of letters to deliver in the Via Sistina, a very large packet of congratulatory letters, to a young lady on her marriage, which I was charged to convey to her sister. I continued my way along the Via Sistina, which, like the young lady above mentioned, shortly changed its name for Via Felice.

It descends upon the Piazza Barbarini, where a twin-tailed bronze Triton sits astride a gigantic pair of cockleshells, holding with brawny arms a spiral shell to his upturned mouth, and with puffed-out cheeks making a great pretence of mythological marine trumpeting; but all that comes of it is a small spilling of water from the centre of his couch.

The dripping bivalve he bestrides is supported beneath by the curly twisted tails of four dolphins, whose open mouths seem drinking at the fountain basin below. Mantled among the tortuous tails and surmounted by a papal tiara is a scutcheon bearing three fat bees—the blazon of the Barbarini formerly, whose palace, now full of French Dragoons, is next door.

Passing along the Via dei Quattrofontane, I now ascended the Quirinal hill, where there is a Papal palace, and a finely situated Piazza on the brow of the hill. Here are fine statues of a couple

of Colossal Greek Warriors, each leading a disproportionately little pony, which is evidently more for ornament than use, for if either of the warriors were suddenly to take it into their heads that after holding these prancing little steeds for twenty or thirty centuries, they are entitled to a ride, their feet would certainly touch the pedestal on either side. These pedestals state in large letters that the statues they support are the work of Phidias and Praxiteles. The one by Phidias seems to have stood as model for that *flattering likeness of Arthur Duke of Wellington*, which the ladies of England set up near Hyde Park Corner; only the marble by Phidias seems to me so much more grand and godlike and ethereally elastic than that heavy man of metal by the ladies of England, whom they have moreover encumbered with that round verdigrised caferole, that I think they can scarcely be the same heroes, though they certainly have a family likeness.

At Monte Cavallo I descended from the higher levels, whose brow extends between the Pincian and Viminal hills, and fell upon the fountain of Trevi, one of the most splendid fountains of Rome, which is certainly the most fountains city I have seen.

The Fontana Trevi is a great oblong building which looks like a palace, and fills one side of the small piazza in which it stands. Above are handsome rows of windows, looking quite unconscious of the *turpiter in piscem* sort of arrangement in the lower story. The bottom of the palace slopes forward in a terrace-flight of rock work, beautifully imitating nature. Not like our dirty figments of rock-work made of little fragments stuccoed together, but huge blocks so cunningly joined, that the broad solid masses they form would never be suspected of having been put together.

The rough surface, however, which seems moulded by the hand of nature in Titanic times, is wreathed and festooned with lilies and aquatic weeds, standing out in bold relief from the stone on which they are carved. Crowding the dark mass of dripping rock are an immense company of white marble Nereids and Tritons, with spouting dolphins and flowing urns, making the whole terrace-flight one broad gush and splash.

In the centre of the group stands Neptune on his car. He is very large, and seems to be performing a sort of pirouette expressive of the gurgitous character of his divinity.

THE LAST YEARS OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.*

BY F. A. MIGNET.

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ON his departure from Burgos, Charles the Fifth was accompanied by the Constable of Castile, who escorted him, with a guard of honour, as far as Valladolid. The whole road was thronged by the nobles and people who had come out to see their sovereign for the last time. He spent the night successively at Celada, Palenzuela, Torquemada, Dueñas, and Cabezon. At the last-mentioned place he found his grandson, Don Carlos, with whom he supped and had a great deal of conversation. This young prince, by the vehemence of his desires, the passionate haughtiness of his character, and an impatience to obey, which was fated ere long to change into an ambition to command, already gave indications of those qualities which afterwards led him to so premature and tragical an end. He could condescend to no respectfulness of demeanour, and bow to no forms of etiquette. He gave the name of brother to his father, and that of father to his grandfather. He found it impossible to stand before them for any time with bare head, and cap in hand. He gave signs of the most alarming ferocity of disposition, and took delight in roasting alive the hares and other animals which he had caught while hunting. When he had learned that the children sprung from his father's recent marriage to the Queen of England would inherit not only that kingdom, but also the Netherlands, he said boldly that he would take care to prevent them, and would fight them for it. He coveted everything he saw. Happening to catch sight of a small portable chafing-dish, which was used every evening during the journey, to warm the Emperor's bedroom, in the chimneyless land of Spain, he longed ardently to possess it, and asked his grandfather for it, who replied, "You shall have it when I am dead."

His preceptor, Don Honorato Juan, strove to moderate this impetuosity by study, which had no attraction for him, and vainly explained to him Cicero's treatise *De Officiis*, to which the warlike child greatly preferred violent exercises or stories of battles. He eagerly questioned his grandfather about his various campaigns and enterprizes. The Emperor related them to him in detail, and he listened with extraordinary attention. When the Emperor came to narrate his flight from Innspruck before the Emperor Maximilian, his grandson told him he was satisfied with all that he had heard up to that point, but that, if he had been in such a position, he would never have fled. The Emperor stated

* Continued from p. 95, vol. xxxiv.

hat the want of money, the absence of his troops, and the state of his health had compelled him to do so. "Never mind," said Don Carlos, "I would never have fled." "But," continued the Emperor, "if a great number of your pages had tried to take you prisoner, and you had found yourself alone, would you not have been forced to fly in order to escape from them?" "No," repeated the young prince angrily, "I would not have fled on any account." The Emperor laughed a great deal at this sally, and seemed delighted by it. But he was less pleased by other manifestations of character; and we are told that, alarmed at the manners and inclinations of the presumptive heir to the Spanish monarchy, he said to his sister, Eleanor, "It seems to me that he is very restless; his countenance and temper do not please me, and I do not know what he may become in time."

Very early the next morning, the Secretary of State, Vasquez, came to Cabezon to receive his orders, and informed him, in a long interview which he had with him, of the position of affairs since his departure from the Netherlands. The Emperor did not start until after dinner for Valladolid, which he entered in the evening. He was received very quietly in the palace by his daughter, who, as he had himself ordained, was awaiting him, surrounded by her ladies, in the royal chamber. The Constable and Admiral of Castile, the Dukes of Nagera, Sesa, and Magueda, the Count of Benavente, the Marquis of Astorga, and other *grandees*, all the prelates who were at court at the time, the members of the different councils of state, the *corregidor* of the town, and the members of the *ayuntamiento*, came in turns to kiss his hands. But he expressed a wish that a solemn reception should be given to the Queens his sisters, who followed him at the distance of a day's journey, and arrived on the following day.

He spent fourteen days at Valladolid, and then resumed his journey to Estremadura. On the 4th of November, after having eaten in public, he separated with extreme tenderness from his daughter the Regent of Spain, from the Prince his grandson, and from the Queens his sisters, and left Valladolid at about half-past three o'clock, without permitting any of the *grandees*, prelates, gentlemen, councillors, or court-officers who rode out with him to accompany him any farther than the *Puerta del Campo*. He took with him only a small escort of cavalry and forty halberdiers, who, under the orders of their lieutenant, were to follow him as far as the village of Xarandilla, in that valley at the head of which rose the monastery of Yuste. On the 5th, he entered Medina del Campo, and lodged in the house of a famous money-broker, named Rodrigo de Dueñas. This person, wishing to make a display of his wealth, and doubtless thinking he would thereby render himself more agreeable to the Emperor, placed a *brasero* of massive gold in his room, and, instead of charcoal, filled it with the finest Ceylon cinnamon. This ostentation displeased Charles the Fifth, who did not like the smell of the cinnamon; so he not only refused to admit the sumptuous money-broker of the fairs of Medina to kiss his hand, but ordered that, to lower his pride, he

should be paid for everything that he had furnished. On the 6th, when the Emperor reached Horcajo de las Torres, he said to his servants, "Thanks to our Lord, henceforward I shall have no more visits or receptions." He travelled on by short stages for five days, sleeping on the 7th at Peñaranda de Bracamonte, on the 8th at Alaraz, on the 9th at Gallejos de Solmeron, and the 10th at Barco de Avila; on the evening of the 11th he arrived at Tornavacas, near the Rio Xerte, in the Sierra de Gredos, which separated him from the Vera of Plasencia. Here he amused himself by seeing the villagers fishing by torchlight for some excellent trout, which he afterwards ate for his supper.

On the morning of the 12th, having carefully examined the locality, he determined to cross the mountains, instead of travelling round by their base. It would have taken him four days to descend the valley of the Xerte as far as Plasencia, and then to return again up the Vera; whereas, in a single day, he could go from Tornavacas to Xarandilla by traversing a narrow and steep pass which opened through the mountains to the left of the river and village of Xerte, and which was called the Puerto Novo. He resolved to proceed from the one valley into the other by this rough track, which has ever since retained the name of the Emperor's Pass. The transit was neither convenient nor easy for him, in his weak and gouty condition. The road, if road it could be called, ran across the beds of torrents which fell impetuously from the peaks and hollows of the Sierra which extended towards the west. A number of precipitous crags had been laid bare by the waters, and forests of large chestnut trees covered the hill-sides, and rose proudly towards the sun. At every step dangerous chasms and steep ascents occurred. The Emperor boldly risked the journey. A number of the inhabitants of the valley preceded him with pickaxes and spades to render the road a little less impracticable. Another party joyfully took it in turn to carry him in his litter or in a chair, according as the difficulties of the passage became more or less great. Quixada, pike in hand, walked by his side, and never left him, though it devolved upon him to direct all the labours and movements of the march. When the Emperor had reached the summit of the pass, from which the Vera of Plasencia is clearly visible, he gazed at it for some time in silence, and then turning his eyes northwards, towards the gorge which he had just traversed, he said, "This is the last pass I shall ever go through, except that of death."

The descent of the gorge was less difficult than the ascent had been, and the Emperor arrived in very good time at Xarandilla, at the castle of the Count of Oropesa, in which he took up his abode until the residence which had been built for him at Yuste should be ready to receive him. That very evening he ate some eels, which his daughter had sent him; his health and temper were equally good. Quixada and Gaztelù wrote to Valladolid:—"The Emperor has a good colour; he eats and drinks perfectly well. . . The apartment which he occupies pleases him greatly; it is connected with his bedroom by a sheltered corridor on which the

sun shines all the day. The Emperor spends most of his time there, and enjoys an extensive view, agreeably diversified with fruit-trees and grass-plots; he has below him a garden from which ascends and may be smelt the perfume of orange-trees, citrons, and other flowers. The Emperor is very well satisfied, and for some days will not go to reside at the monastery."

Notwithstanding the fineness of the weather, the mountain, on the side of which the monastery of Yuste was built, appeared from a distance to be entirely enveloped in fogs. The servants of Charles the Fifth, when they saw from Xarandilla the convent, about which the people of the neighbourhood gave a very unfavourable report, surrounded by mist and vapour, did not believe that his residence there would be either as agreeable or as healthful as he had supposed when in Flanders. "Although we have had," wrote Gaztelù, "several very fine days, and even hot days on account of the brilliancy of the sun, never have the fogs left the place on which the monastery is built. It is not possible for that side of the hill not to be damp; even here storms are frequent and rains abundant. All this is unsuited to the indispositions of his Majesty. Eventually we expect that he will be unable to reside there."

The autumn rains soon came on, which the Emperor had already encountered in his journey through the Asturias, and which fell there abundantly and incessantly. "It rains dreadfully," wrote Quixada and Gaztelù, on the 18th of November, "and when the water ceases to fall, such thick fogs arise, that you cannot see any one at twelve paces' distance." The Emperor soon began to feel the influence of a temperature so unfavourable to his infirmities. He was obliged to have recourse to his travelling-stove to warm his room, and to wear a long waistcoat of taffeta, stuffed with eider-down, which was at once light and warm. It was made upon the model of two eider-down coverlids, lined with silk, which he had received from his daughter at Barco de Avila, and with which he had been so much delighted, that he had requested a dressing-gown and jacket of the same material.

The rain did not cease. The attendants of Charles the Fifth became low-spirited and discouraged; the village in which he had established himself with his suite was poor and ill-supplied with provisions; meat was very scarce, the bread was bad, and nothing was really good but the chestnuts. The trout which were caught for the Emperor's table on fast-days were exceedingly small, and Quixada requested Vasquez not to forget to send a supply of rich fish by the couriers who went every week from Valladolid to Lisbon, and who henceforward received orders to pass through Xarandilla. Quixada was in despair for his master, when he saw what sort of a place he had chosen for his abode. "I tell you," he wrote to Vasquez, on the 20th of November, "that more rain falls here in a single hour than at Valladolid in a whole day. It is a damp place; above or below there is always fog, and on the mountains plenty of snow. . . . The people of this village say that the monastery is still more humid, and for my own part, I say that,

if it is equally so, his Majesty will find himself very badly off there. It appears that there is no cultivable land round about it, and that there are much fewer orange and citron trees than we were led to suppose. . . . Those who have been to see the place, return very much discontented with it. His Majesty was to have gone thither yesterday, but it rained so heavily, that he was not able." Returning to this subject in his letter of the 23rd, Quixada gave a frightful description of the monastery, according to the accounts of those who had visited it, and added, that he would not believe the Emperor would settle there until he saw him fixed in that abode. "The place," he said, "is not at all suited to his Majesty, who seeks coolness during the summer, and warmth in winter. That which is most prejudicial to his health is cold and dampness." When any representations on this subject were made to the Emperor, he imperturbably replied, "That he had always observed, in every part of Spain, that it became cold and rainy in the winter-time."

At length, the weather having cleared up a little, the Emperor paid a visit to the monastery on the 25th of November. He found it much better than report had stated, and expressed himself very well contented with its arrangements. He had previously sent for the Prior-general, Fray Juan de Ortega, to Xarandilla; and although he had at first appeared disposed to settle there with only seventeen attendants, he now gave orders that chambers should be prepared for twenty servants and twenty masters. His sister, the Queen of Hungary, who had been alarmed by the accounts sent to Valladolid of the unsuitableness of such a residence to the dilapidated health of the Emperor, wrote to entreat him not to proceed to Yuste. But Charles the Fifth, applying to the monastery the proverb which Spanish imagination had derived from the Cid's encounter with the lion, jocosely replied: "*No es el leon tan bravo como le pintan*—the lion is not so terrible as he is painted."

He did not, however, remove thither at once; the internal arrangements which were being made at Yuste, and his own indispositions, which again made their appearance, detained him for nearly three months at Xarandilla. There he was visited successively by the Count of Oropeza, and his brother, Don Francesco de Toledo, the Duke of Escalona, the Count of Olivares, Don Fadrique de Zuñiga, Marquis de Mirabel, Don Alonzo de Baeza, and a number of other illustrious personages, who were desirous of bidding their old master a last farewell. Two visits by which he was more particularly delighted, were those of the Commendador-mayor of Alcantara, Don Luis de Avila y Zuñiga, who had fought by his side in the last wars of Germany, and related their history in brilliant and dignified narrative, and of his old friend, the reverend Father Francisco Borja. The latter was then building, for the Society of Jesus, a college in the neighbouring town of Plasencia, from whence he came several times to see the Emperor, with whom he had long conversations on religious topics.

At length, every necessary preparation having been made for

his reception, Charles the Fifth left the Castle of Xarandilla, and removed to the monastery. On the afternoon of the 3rd of February, 1557, he took leave of those servants who were not to accompany him into his retirement, of the Count de Reuss, of M. D'Aubremont, and of more than ninety Flemings, Burgundians, and Italians, who had escorted him from Brussels to Xarandilla. In addition to the salaries due to them, they had each received from him presents in testimony of his satisfaction and as mementoes of his friendship. On the very threshold of his apartment, he then bade them a last adieu, and dismissed them with kind and affectionate words. The emotion was universal. All his old servants were deeply affected, and most of them burst into tears. Their grief at separating for ever from their master was equalled only by the melancholy of those who were to accompany him into his solitary retreat.

At about three o'clock he entered his litter. On horseback, at his side, were the Count of Oropesa, M. de Lachaulx, and the Majordomo, Luis Quixada. Behind them came the rest of his servants. When the *cortège* began its march, the halberdiers, who had formed his guard, threw their halberds on the ground, as if arms employed in the service of so great an Emperor, would be degraded by being put to any other use. At five o'clock in the evening, Charles the Fifth arrived at Yuste. The monks were waiting for him in the church, which they had illuminated, and the bells of which were ringing loud peals. The monks advanced to meet the Emperor, with a crucifix at their head, and chaunting the *Te Deum*. They were transported with joy, says an eyewitness, "to see a thing they never would have believed." Charles the Fifth dismounted from his litter, and was carried in a chair to the foot of the great altar. After the solemn prayers had ended, the monks were admitted to kiss his hand. On leaving the church, he visited the whole of the monastery, and then retired to his own residence, of which he took possession that very evening, and where he was henceforward to live and die.

On the 3rd of February, 1577, Charles the Fifth took up his residence at Yuste. The habitation which he had had built for his reception was situated to the south of the monastery, and commanded an extensive view over the Vera of Plasencia. It consisted of eight rooms of equal dimensions, each being twenty feet long by twenty-five broad. These rooms, four of which were on the ground-floor, and four on the first story, rose amphitheatrically on the steep acclivity of the hill, and the upper chambers were on a level with the cloisters of the convent. Their position rendered them light and warm, and they were moreover furnished, contrary to the usages of the country, with fire-places of ample size. A covered corridor or porch led, from east to west, to two terraces, which the Emperor afterwards converted into gardens. He adorned them with odoriferous flowers, planted them with orange and almond trees, and placed in each of them a fountain, which was supplied with water from the snowy tops of the adjacent

mountains. Another corridor, which traversed the lower part of the house, led on both sides to the garden of the monastery, which was well furnished with fruit trees and flowering shrubs, and from which the branches of the lemon and orange trees, rising to the windows of the imperial residence, diffused their beautiful blossoms and their delicious perfume.

The apartments occupied by Charles the Fifth were on the first floor. His own room communicated with the church of the convent by means of a window from which the high altar could be plainly seen. This window was doubly closed by a glazed sash and a wooden door, and afforded the Emperor an opportunity of hearing mass from his bed, when ill, and of assisting in divine service without mingling with the monks; to whom, however, he had easy access through an underground gallery which led into the choir of the church, as well as by the covered corridor which opened into the convent garden. Though not so luxurious as a palace, his residence was destitute of none of those conveniences which princes were then beginning to appreciate. The walls of the rooms were covered with Flanders tapestry; his own apartment was hung with fine black cloth, in token that he had not left off mourning since the death of his mother; and the floors were covered with Turkey and Alcaraz carpets. His bed-chamber was marked by none of that cloistral nakedness attributed to it by Sandoval. It contained two beds, one rather larger than the other, and both furnished with an extraordinary profusion of mattresses, pillows, and coverlids, for the use of the Emperor. There were also twelve chairs of walnut-wood, artistically carved and ornamented with gilt nails; six folding seats, with cloth coverings; six handsome arm-chairs covered with black velvet; and two easy chairs for the special use of Charles the Fifth himself. The first of these was supplied with six cushions and a footstool; the second was equally well padded, and furnished with projecting arms by which it might be carried from one place to another, as the Emperor loved to sit in the sun on the terrace garden, and frequently would dine there in the open air when the weather was fine and his health good.

The taste for painting, music, and the ingenious arts of mechanism which had distinguished him on the throne, accompanied him to Yuste. Titian was his favourite painter, and several pictures by that great master adorned the walls of his apartments. The largest and most magnificent of them was a composition on the subject of the Trinity, which Charles had ordered of Titian several years before abdicating the throne. Other sacred pictures by the same great artist, and by a painter named Maestro Miguel, decorated the rooms: and in addition to these, he had several portraits of himself and his beloved Empress, and of the other members of his family, on canvas and panel, as well as other medallions and miniatures.

He had also brought with him to Yuste several reliquaries, in which he had the greatest confidence, as they were said to contain fragments of the wood of the true cross; and he preserved, with

pious care, the crucifix which the expiring Empress had held in her hands, and which both himself and his son were to hold in their hands in their dying moments. Other objects of a very different character, relating to his favourite pursuits of horology, mechanics, astronomy, and geography, had also been brought to divert his mind and amuse his leisure. The clever mechanic, Juanello Torriano, assisted by an ordinary artisan Juan Balin, had constructed for the Emperor four large and beautiful clocks, and these, with a number of smaller horologes, were now placed in the various rooms of the imperial residence. A sun-dial, a variety of mathematical and astronomical instruments, and a collection of maps and charts, enabled him to pursue, in his retirement, the studies to which he had always been strongly addicted, but which other occupations had hitherto prevented him from pursuing to any great extent.

His library consisted of a few books of science, history, Christian philosophy, and religious practice. The "Almagest," or great astronomical composition of Ptolemy, which was then the standard authority on the subject; the "Imperial Astronomer of Santa Cruz;" Cæsar's "Commentaries;" the "History of Spain," by Florian de Ocampo; several copies of Boethius "De Consolatione;" the "Commentaries on the Wars of Germany," by the Grand Commander of Alcantara; the poetical romance of the "Chevalier Delibéré;" the "Meditations of St. Augustine;" two other books of pious meditations; the works of Dr. Constantine de la Fuente and Father Pedro de Soto on "Christian Doctrine;" the "Summary of Christian Mysteries," by Tileman; two breviaries, a missal, and two illuminated psalters; a collection of prayers from the Bible, and the commentary of Fray Tomas de Portocarrero, on the thirty-first Psalm: these were the habitual subjects of his perusal.

Charles the Fifth kept his own papers in a large portfolio of black velvet, which, at his death, was sent under seal to his daughter, the Regent of Spain. This portfolio was always in his room, together with all sorts of jewels, and knick-knacks delicately wrought in silver, gold, and enamel, the most precious of which were doubtless those to which the credulity of the age attributed curative virtues. Charles the Fifth possessed a great quantity of these medical talismans; he had stones incrusting with gold, to stop effusions of blood; two bracelets, and two rings of bone and gold, to cure hæmorrhoids; a blue stone, set in a golden claw, to preserve from gout; nine rings from England against cramp; a philosopher's stone, which had been given him by a certain Dr. Beltran; and several bezoar-stones from the East, which were sovereign remedies for various diseases. With all these marvellous specifics, he ought surely to have got rid of every malady; but not even the prescriptions of his physician Mathys, or the compounds of his apothecary Oberistraten, could keep him in anything like a healthy state.

RUSSIA, ITS COURT AND CABINET.

ARE we really going to reverse 1812, to shake hands with Jaques Bonhomme, with whom we have been fighting since Crecy, if not since Hastings? And open altogether a new enmity and rivalry with a foe at the other side of the world, a country with which, though we once fought in conjunction, we as yet know but little, and which knows us still less.

The most durable things in history are, after all, national enmities. Dynasties rise, fall, and succeed each other; liberty flourishes or fades; countries are now warlike, now commercial; their taste is at one time for turbulence, and at another for servility. There are pious ages and profane ages, as every literature attests. One thing alone seldom or never varies. And that is national enmity. When did the English begin to hate and to fight the French? Since ever there were English or French, and that is at least six centuries ago.

The old rule of the world seems to have been, that we should hate our neighbours. And Christians as we call ourselves, we followed the rule. But now the progress of things has at least brought the one wholesome conviction, that it is inconvenient to hate our neighbours, or to war with them. Fifty or seventy years ago a war with France was generally pleasant to think of. People liked the idea. But who is there now that is not shocked at the idea of cannonading Boulogne, as Nelson did, or throwing shells into Havre, we paying all Europe to attack the French, whilst the Emperor threatened all Europe with the rod if it took our merchandise or received our vessels?

The world shrinks from the idea of quarrelling with one's neighbour. But as enemies must exist, and national hate must have an object, we must seek them as far as possible. This necessity for having an enemy at all is unfortunate. But there is at least some gain in having one at a distance. We can harm each other less, and the opportunities for whetting mutual hate by contact, must be less. If, however, the respective means of irritation and annoyance be lessened, the complete knowledge of each other, which best removes prejudices, and explains away causes of difference, becomes far more difficult. Let us remedy this, as far as we ourselves are concerned, by studying the Russians, and knowing what is their power, what are their peculiarities, and whether the causes, which have placed the two nations in antagonism, can be removed, or softened, or explained.

And, first of all, let us not blink the true and serious part of the case. People go about saying that the cause of quarrel does not concern us; that it touches Austria far more; and that France, who stirs up the quarrel by fostering the Latin Church in Jeru-

salem, ought to be the principal in the quarrel, and England but the accessory. Let us not fall into error, thus, at the very commencement, by supposing that the real cause of quarrel is about who shall have the keys of the Holy Sepulchre, or whether the Hospodars of Bucharest or Jassy own the Czar or Sultan for Suzerain. The real object of dispute is at present the empire of the East, and the first place in the East. England and Russia alone aspire to that. England does so reluctantly, and unconsciously, perhaps. But still the power, whose flag floats at Peshawur and in Pegu, in the islands of Borneo and Canton—this is the power which the Russians look on as their rival, and with whom principally they seem to desire, at the present moment, to try a fall. England, in fact, pretends to dispute with Russia the empire of Asia, and the paramount influence in Europe. She has a double reason for rivalry. Austria has nothing whatever to do with the East or with Asia. France has little. Her quarrel with Russia, then, is of much smaller dimensions and narrower scope than ours.

The struggle that is now commencing, and of which the present century will not see the end, is, thus, for no less than the supremacy over two quarters of the globe. A great many are already appalled by the seriousness and risk of such a struggle, and the presenting them in naked truth is calculated to appal still more. But enter upon it or not, it is best to know fully what we avoid, or what we enter upon. Our statesmen, indeed, who are most intimately acquainted with the resources of the country, and the machinery of the Government, are more alarmed, and more reluctant to war, than any others. They will avoid it if they can. They may, but will their successors? Or will the nation, which is one of great spirit and great resources, and whose commonalty are just the soldiers to march boldly to an assault, even over the bodies of leaders who had refused to head them.

The Russians have, unfortunately, a dogma, which not only exists in the brains of their statesmen, but which forms part of the pride and fanaticism of their people. They believe they are destined to subdue the earth, and to impose upon it the verities of their religion. The Turks set out with that idea many centuries ago, and went a great way with it. The Czar is fortunately dragged after the belief, instead of leading it, as the Caliph did. But still the impulse is not less formidable from being a popular, instead of being a political, one.

The existence of this popular superstition, acted on and encouraged by the moment, is not the only point of similarity between the Russians and the Turks. Persons generally make the mistake of considering Russia as a country which has for centuries been immersed in tyranny and barbarism, and that, as England and France first acquired the elements of freedom and civilization, Germany came next in that race, whilst Russia is, or will be, last to enter upon the same career. Now, the fact is, that as far as political freedom, and as commercial institutions and social gradations are concerned, the Sclavon people of the east of

Europe were as far advanced as the people of the west. They had independent princes, the population of each district tilled the soil in common, and were free. All were, in fact, what the Cossacks alone are now. It is no more than two hundred and fifty years ago since the peasants were made serfs. It is infinitely later since the Boyards, or nobles, were deprived of all power. And it is not very much more than a century ago since Peter the Great completed the existing despotism. The present despotic power, or autocracy, of the Czar is thus not an old institution, indigenous in the land, and natural to the population. It is rather an exception to all the rest of Slavonian history and nature. It more strongly resembles the semi-military, semi-religious despotism, to which Mahomet fashioned the tribes of Arabia, than any natural result of Russian or Slavon character and development. The political and social enslavement of the Russians only dates from 1600, and whilst, since that period, the rest of Europe was progressing to liberty, Russia was retrograding so far, that it was only a decree of Alexander that prevented the establishment of a Russian slave-trade by a decree, ordaining, that no men, women, or children should be sold, unless along with the land on which they lived.

It is one of the strongest arguments used by our Manchester party for not interfering with, or resisting the designs of, Russia, that the present despotism of that country is temporary and immaterial, and likely to give way to other systems of government, under which division of empire and relaxation of tyranny may take place. But, unfortunately for such arguments as these, the Russian Empire is held together by that identity of race and creed, which is fully capable of surviving even despotism, and which, making a Russian and Slavonian population on the Bosphorus sympathize with each other, could as fully act on Russian and Finnish populations on the Baltic.

Peter the Great may be considered as the true founder of the present Russian system. The enslavement of the peasantry had reached its completion before his time. But he reduced the aristocracy to an equal state of subservience with respect to the crown. The tendency of a Slavonian population is to be industrious, to till, to sow, and to reap, and to respect a local lord. To political considerations of a high kind a Slavon with difficulty raises his mind. The educated classes alone can do this. An aristocracy of Boyards is not for extending empire, but for dominating their locality, which forms the natural state of the Slavons. Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia, are fair examples. But Peter the Great established institutions and laws which undermined the independence of the Boyards. He decreed that no *noblesse* should exist or descend, unaccompanied with serving the state in either a civil or a military capacity. The son of a peasant became noble by high place, and was entitled, indeed, to wear hereditary honours. But all titles of *noblesse* were abolished at the third generation for them, who did not repeat and renew

them by serving the Czar, and rising to high position at his Court or under his Government.

This was the principle of aristocracy in the Greek Empire, so different from that in the old Latin republic, where aristocracy was formed by achievements, and kept by wealth and by birth: it is equally distinguished from the principle of feudal aristocracy which prevailed in Western Europe, where birth, founded on a first fortunate chance, became everything, securing wealth to the heir, and endeavouring also to train, by early education and ideas, the young noble in those habits of honour and courage, which depend on pride and self-respect. The Russian aristocracy since Peter, like the Turkish, depends, on the contrary, not on birth, but on employ—on the faculty of pleasing superiors—commanding inferiors, and being an adroit and successful accomplisher of political designs.

The attempt of Peter the Great to imitate the Greek Empire, and make his magnates dependent on the will of the sovereign, will never succeed. The Greek Emperor and the Turkish Sultan carried on such a system no doubt, but it was by ruining landed property, or allowing it to be ruined, so that there was no secure succession in it, nothing that the fiscal power could not grasp. When high families are thus reduced to invest their chief wealth in movables or jewels, of course it becomes a thing for despotism to decapitate and despoil. But in Russia there is the land, and there are the serfs to cultivate it. The one is not ravaged and allowed to lie desolate and unproductive as in Turkey, nor are the serfs swept off the land by war, or by famine. The element of aristocracy therefore remains in Russia, and will finally triumph over all the efforts of despotism to crush it.

Peter the Great was looked upon as a great man. The Russians worship him as the founder of their empire. Certainly it was a feeble and a poor one before his reign, and it has been a growing and a powerful one since. Instead of being the prey of its neighbours, Russia has preyed upon them since his time. The truth unfortunately is, that the best state in which a nation can be for conquest, is despotism. Rome and Athens may give the lie to this for ancient times; but for modern ones it holds irrefragably good. If France has rounded her territory and reached her full frontier, she owes it to Louis the Fourteenth, as she might have owed more to the despotism of Napoleon. What has become of Germany as a great empire? and of Poland for want of a compact and full submitting to a despotism? Russia has equally profited by a despotism that has given consistency, policy, fixedness of purpose, a standing army, and a permanent government when all other and freer nations have wanted them.

With the exception, however, of his one great act, the establishment of complete despotism, Peter the Great has engaged his country in so many paths of contention and aggrandizement, that the very multiplying of them endangers them all. Thus, instead of leaving Russia an Asiatic power, Peter made it a European one. He removed the seat of empire from Moscow to St. Petersburg, approximating the seat of government to German

provinces and German institutions, that has since indeed caused Russia to become mistress of Poland, and to weigh with overwhelming force upon Germany, but which, in both instances, has placed Russia in a position of antagonism to central Europe. This must lead to a war,—a war in which Russia cannot prevail over the development, the enlightenment, the courage, and the numbers of Western Europe, and in which it must succumb.

The same mania of Peter to Europeanize Russia led him to shave the beards of his Moudjiks, to create a fleet, to decree that there should be towns, though there was no middle class to fill them, and although the peasants and agriculturists had neither the wants nor the surplus which go to supply and feed a true middle class. Peter thought he could accomplish all these things by ukases. Instead of accomplishing them by his decrees, he rendered the accomplishment more difficult by his tyrannical institutions, which certainly have retarded the internal improvement and development of the country.

Argue with a Turk about his harem habits, and exclaim against the seraglio system, and he will not fail to adduce, on one side, the regular succession of sultanic descendants from Othman, claiming indisputable allegiance by birth, and seldom wanting in either spirit or intelligence. On the other side, he will point to you the mad and immoral princes, that have held the Russian throne: Anne, with her favourite Biren, Peter the Third, and Catharine. Russia was reduced to obey a mere woman, a German, a Holstein-Gottorp, with all the defects of womankind exaggerated in her. If a Russian be listening to the argument, he will observe that as Catharine the Second procured for Russia the possession of Lithuania and the Crimea, two of its most important conquests, there is no Russian that will not hail Catharine by the endearing name of *Mateuschka*, or mother.

The Emperor Paul, who was he? A madman in brain, a Finn in feature. There, to be sure, followed, born of a beautiful princess of Wurtemberg, two great princes, brothers, Alexander and Nicholas. But what will ensure to Russia a succession of princes possessed of their ascendancy, constancy, and prudence?

Catharine the Second was the Louis the Fourteenth of Russia. She was for it its best prince, made her empire respected and elevated, notwithstanding her own voluptuousness, and created a court, in the splendour and power, the dissipation and the luxury of which the Russian noble was caught and shorn of his independence.

It was in the mad brain of Paul, not mad on this occasion, that germed the idea that Russia might admit a partner in the great and final aim of dominating the world. The star of Napoleon, his victories, his superiority, compelled Russia to abandon the idea that she could ever lord it over Western Europe. But by abandoning Europe to the modern Charlemagne, or at least the half of Europe, Russia might more certainly succeed in the retention of her power eastward. This dream of Paul, his son

Alexander long withstood and disbelieved. German in his leanings, his reading, he could not permit Austria as well as Prussia to be trodden under foot by France. Even Austerlitz did not reconcile him to the thought—Friedland and Tilsit did.

The greatest escape that ever Europe had was at Tilsit. The powerful emperors who met on that memorable raft, personally pleased each other. Alexander was affectionate and romantic, open to personal predilection; Napoleon, like a true son of the South, incapable of any such feeling, was insincere. He only wanted to make use of Alexander, gain temporary power—for his armies had, for the first time, been roughly handled. He flattered Alexander, by holding out to him the prospect that he would give up to him the empire of the East, or at least share it. Had Napoleon been sincere, the friendship and alliance of Alexander would have endured, and the world would finally have been divided between the two. What made the world escape a yoke at that time was the grain of insincerity which made part of Napoleon's character. The Corsican could not be a true and frank friend and ally. By that little grain of character, Europe was saved, Napoleon lost, and France reduced to a state in which it can never again pretend or hope to share the world with Russia.

There could not be two characters more different than those of Alexander and Nicholas. The former received a most cultivated education, under the directions of his grandmother Catharine, and, of course, a German and foreign education. He was taught philosophy—a dangerous thing for an autocrat, who had so much reality to look to, and so little time to dream. Nicholas at the same time, being a third son, received no education at all. He was left as Nature made him, that is, a Russian. Alexander's early dreams, his youthful friendship with Czartoriski, and the schemes which he loved to devise with that amiable and patriotic man for the liberties of Poland, and even of Russia, are well known. Although his Autocratic system of government obliged and bound him to suspicion and tyranny, still he always had generous ideas and liberal leanings, whilst the Russians did not forgive what was good in him, and which made them look on him as a foreigner. The invasion of Russia by Napoleon was the most fortunate occurrence for Alexander. It piqued his pride, gave him confidence to resist, and forced him to become a hero. It reunited him to his people, who did not forgive his failure, with such excellent opportunities, to push the empire to the Danube. When we consider that Napoleon gave Wallachia and Moldavia to Russia at Tilsit, the marvel is, not that it grasped at the principalities now, but that it had withheld from devouring them so long.

Nicholas has none of the disadvantages of an over-refined education. He is a genuine descendant of Peter. He thinks liberty heresy, and despotism a part of the religion which his country is destined to establish. He affects Greek orthodoxy with almost fanaticism, whilst Alexander seemed to think Roman Catholicism and even Protestantism something quite as good. Unable to

mount the throne without sweeping down whole regiments of the soldiers, who clamoured for Constantine, with grape, he seemed to have gathered from that fated field a severity which marks all his acts. Never was a severer man, and even his kindness to his family is marked by considerable severity of manner. The only one of his family who can venture to be familiar with him, or to brave his choler in small things, is the Grand Duchess, wife of the heir to the throne. She alone can take liberties with Nicholas, or keep him waiting, and turn away his anger by cajolery.

The birth and fortune of this princess are well-known. One of the princesses of Hesse-Darmstadt, she was, though avowedly the daughter of the Duchess, not considered or treated as the daughter of the reigning Duke. When the heir to the Imperial throne of Russia, therefore, visited Darmstadt, and other German palaces, in search of a wife, she remained clothed in simple white, and apart, somewhat like a Cinderella, whilst her sisters in all the splendour of jewellery and brocade, were presented to the Russian prince. He asked who was the Cinderella in simple white, and being told, he proposed for her, and married her without a remonstrance from Nicholas.

The visit of the two brothers with the Duchess of Oldenburg will be well remembered in England, whither she came with the allied sovereigns in 1815. It is well known Russia was much annoyed at the prospect of the marriage between the Prince of Orange, and the Princess Charlotte. No sooner did the Duchess of Oldenburg arrive in London, than she set all her Russian knowledge of intrigue to work to break off the match. The task was not difficult, for the Prince of Orange showed all the *nonchalance* that was then the fashion in English high life, whilst the Princess Charlotte, naturally prone and easily inspired by her mother to thwart whatever appeared to be a plan of her father, was quite ready to fall into the hands of the designing. The Duchess of Oldenburg achieved her victory, at all events, and married the Prince of Orange, thus linking Holland to Russia, instead of to England. And Amsterdam has ever since been a most useful bank to the Czar, whilst the Czar, at the critical period of 1831, did nothing whatever for the House of Orange. Poland, to be sure, gave him something to look to at home.

Whilst engaged in sketching the portraits of the Russian court, let us not forget him who is at present the man most looked to, if not the most influential, in the Russian administration. Count Nesselrode, the veteran of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, is of German origin, his family is of Westphalia, and his present title is that of Count of the Holy Roman empire. He is said to have been born at sea, off Lisbon, on board an English vessel. His parents were then in the service of Russia. His family, and, we believe, the Count himself, is still a Lutheran. He first entered the navy, and quitted it for the dragoons. His physiognomy struck the Emperor Paul, as that of one more formed for diplomacy than arms, and he was sent as Chief Clerk to the

Foreign Office, where the genuine Russians were found not sufficiently apt or alert. Nesselrode then married the Countess Gourief, daughter of the Finance Minister, a rich and profitable match, which facilitated his rise. Count Nesselrode, chiefly trusted by Alexander in his negotiation with the other powers of Europe, has been long considered the head of the German party, of which the principle is to advance the influence of Russia, and extend its territory westward without pursuing any active or conquering policy towards Turkey. He is thus reproached for having concluded the Treaty of the 15th of July, which was considered an abandonment of Russia's hereditary policy towards Turkey. From Nesselrode still proceeds that language of plausibility, which represents Russia as utterly and honourably disinterested in its dealings with Turkey, and disdaining either to crush her, or despoil her of territories. It is not unamusing to observe the truly aggressive and even insolent nature and ideas of Nicholas clothed in the soft and plausible language of Nesselrode, which excuses and conceals and almost contradicts them.

The Minister supposed to be the most opposed to Count Nesselrode is Prince Menschikoff, Minister of Marine, and Admiral. He has always had the character of being sarcastic and insolent, and though descended from the noblesse of a German province, he has nevertheless identified himself with the old Russian party. It was a Prince Menschikoff, who presented the Czar Peter with Catharine, at the time one of his serfs. Menschikoff was at the time governor of Courland. The present Prince is said not to be a personal favourite with Nicholas, who dislikes his freedom of tongue. But Menschikoff has always paid assiduous court to Tschernicheff and Orloff, who have been the personal favourites, as well as ministers, of Nicholas. Both these men proved their attachment to the Emperor on the trying day of the military insurrection at St. Petersburg. Orloff was made police minister. Tschernicheff is war minister. He served in the campaigns of 1811 and 1812, and maintains the respect of the army, to which he represents the imperial will and predilections. The great blot on the character of Tschernicheff is the inveteracy with which he followed up the trial and execution of Count Tschernicheff, the head of his family, implicated in the great conspiracy. Tschernicheff was to have the confiscated property of the head of his house. He was asked in the Council of State by what law this transfer of property took place. By the law, observed a councillor present, by which the clothes of a man hanged falls by right to the executioner.

The only troublesome man in Russia, that assumed the attitude, or professed the opinions, analogous to those of Kollowrat and Stadion in Austria, was Kisseleff. These Austrian statesmen found fault with the government of Metternich, as retrograde, or at least as stationary and illiberal. Count Kisseleff avowed the same opinion of the administration at St. Petersburg. He was minister of the public domains, and in this office he attempted to follow out some of the liberal aims and designs of Alexander. He was for

extending to all Russia those edicts for the emancipation of the serfs, that Alexander issued with respect to the Baltic and semi-German provinces. The result of Count Kisseleff professing such opinions, was his quitting the cabinet, to occupy the post of Russian minister in Paris, a climate more suited to his principles.

The opinion of Nesselrode and of the Russian statesmen of his party with respect to the affair of Constantinople and the East are sufficiently manifest in the state papers, which have been issued from his pen. They repose on a belief that the provinces of at least Turkey or Europe, as well as the litoral of the Black Sea must fall into the hands of Russia without an effort on her part, and by the mere and natural decadence of the Ottoman. All required, then, is to prevent other powers interfering. So strongly impressed was Nesselrode with the necessity of being passive in the affairs of the East, that when Vicovich, that famous agent, who laboured so zealously to excite aversion for the English in all the countries between the Caspian and the Indus, returned and had his first interview with Nesselrode, his reception was such, that Vicovich went home, and hanged himself immediately.

Nesselrode's principles, which once fully harmonized with those of Nicholas, were, that the greatest dangers which menaced Russia were likely to proceed from the spirit of revolution, and of revolutionized countries. Such was the political task which Nesselrode proposed to himself as a Russian statesman. In 1828 and 1829, Nicholas, secure of France, flung off for the first time Nesselrode's policy, and plunged into a war with Turkey, in which the Emperor showed a lack of military ability, and from which he extricated himself successfully, more by a happy chance than by decided superiority in arms. The events of 1830 followed, and Nesselrode recovered his sway. The first event which subsequently shook Nesselrode's ascendancy and the high opinion of his wisdom, was the successful insurrection in Hungary. He was against intervening, and it appears that even the old Russian party was against intervening. They preferred seeing Hungary assert its independence of Austria, deeming that it could not for all that ever be successful or establish a democratic government,—that the aristocracy would recover their sway, and Russia be as influential as Austria in Hungary. The Emperor Nicholas would not listen to these Machiavelic ideas. The first duty he acknowledged was to suppress revolution, and to formally demand that his troops should enter Hungary. For this very reason, as it was a decision of his personal will, the Emperor removed to Warsaw, and watched with keen anxiety the progress of the war. He used to receive personally, and question closely, the weekly couriers that were sent by his generals, and when he found that they could not answer his questions with any intelligence or pertinence, he ordered that officers and aides-de-camp should be employed as couriers, that he might question them, and see that their accounts tallied with his generals' dispatches.

The success of the Hungarian campaign and its great results having rendered the Czar more predominant in the councils of Aus-

tria and, of course, of Europe, had the effect of making Nicholas far more absolute and far more confident in his own judgment than in any of his ministers, and more reliant upon quick judgment than upon old experience. Count Pahlen once remonstrating with Nicholas because he would employ him in civil administration, he who had always been a military man, and knew no other science, "Never mind," said the Czar, "I never studied politics till I became Emperor, and you see I manage very well."

The personal management of political relations by the Emperor leads to this result, that the most serious consequences are often found to arise from an expression, or a jest, or a man, to whom or to which the Emperor may take a personal dislike. Nicholas, for example, entertained a great aversion to Radowitz, the favourite of the King of Prussia. When Russia interfered to thwart the scheme of Prussia to erect a German Confederation, independent of Austria, Radowitz, who was Foreign Minister at Berlin, made use in one of his despatches to Warsaw of the expression of *wir werden nicht dulden*, "We will not suffer interference of this kind." The Emperor Nicholas no sooner read this phrase than he burst into a fit of cholera, declaring the expression an insult, and stormed in a manner so contrary to his usual habits, that it was represented to the King of Prussia that he must either sacrifice Radowitz or lose the friendship and forbearance of Nicholas. Radowitz was dismissed. The Russians point him out, and repeat, *nicht dulden*.

Nicholas had a similar prejudice to Lord Stratford, who, for his name more than for any other reason, he refused to receive as the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. That he had no objection to a man for being either liberal or ill tempered, there is sufficient proof in his cordial reception of Lord Durham, who used to swear by the disinterested political character of Nicholas. Another personage who was an object of extreme personal dislike to Nicholas—a dislike that very much influenced the policy of Russia on many occasions—was Louis Philippe. It is believed that on his accession, Louis Philippe sent the Duke of Montemart to St. Petersburg, with the assurance that he only accepted the throne to keep it for the legitimate heir. The utter falsity of such a promise, so gratuitously made at the time, rose always up to preclude any amicable relationship between Russia and the chief of the house of Orleans, as long as he was on the throne.

There is at the present moment especially no part of the character and sentiments of the Emperor Nicholas more interesting to examine and to solve, were that possible, than his feelings towards the Bonaparte family. Alexander's tenderness for Bonaparte was great, and he ever entertained a kind of remorse for the part which he played in the dethronement of the family in 1814 and 1815. His visits to Josephine, at Malmaison, were remarkable, and the act of Nicholas in giving his daughter to the son of Eugene Beauharnais was certainly very unaccountable; this prince, however, is now no more. And Nicholas, although he observed the tone of cold civility towards Napoleon the Third, is

still, it is now generally believed, favourable to the hopes of the Orleans family. All the organs of the family at least are Russian, whilst the Bonapartist prints are both anti-Russian and anti-Austrian.

There is an opinion prevalent at present, and made considerable use of, which would insinuate that there is a secret accord between France and Russia, and that the chief of the former country is not to be depended on in case of an open rupture. We cannot but think the report as false as it is foul. The French prince and people, with the exception of the Orleanists, are sincere in the defence of the Porte; but as on the other hand there is every reason to suspect that Russia and Austria understand each other, and that in revenge for the joint rebuffs and enmity that the Porte showed them in the protection of Kossuth, they have determined each to have a slice of Turkey. If that be really the case, it is to be feared that the defence or independence of Turkey or Greece becomes improbable, for England and France have neither troops, loans, nor armaments, to dispatch the force that would be required for the defence of even Roumelia.

The design of Nicholas is sufficiently manifest to all acquainted with his previous provisions. That design is to place the crown of Turkey upon the head of his second son, the Grand Duke Constantine Nikelvitch. He is considered to be the most clever and petulant of the family, and to have received an education adapted to the very end of his ruling over Greeks, and wearing an oriental crown. Nicholas himself, indeed, affects to inherit the kingdom of the Eastern empire. He wears the Grecian helmet on great days, instead of the European general's hat and feathers. Many of our readers must have seen his fat person at the review of the Guards in Windsor Great Park, belted up, and but ill covered with a scanty green jacket, whilst his large head was crowned with an enormous brazen helmet. Thus accoutred, and riding between the Duke of Wellington and Prince Albert, both men of a middle size, Nicholas looked like a giant in a fable, and accoutred much as the author of Tom Thumb would accoutre him. It was thus that he came chivalrously to lay his sword at the Queen's feet, and his army at her disposal, in case of an attack from France. The offer was well meant and nobly inspired, although it was difficult to reply to it without a smile.

The origin of the present movement of diplomatists and armies is, in many people's opinion, occasioned merely by the fact, that the Grand Duke Constantine is of an age to be provided for, and that, moreover, he and the Cesarevitch do not very cordially agree. If Constantine is ever to get the throne of the East, with Constantinople for his residence, of course he must owe it to Russian armies. Any ill will on the part of Nicholas's successor would completely mar such a scheme. And the Emperor Nicholas is therefore obliged to set about it, and accomplish it in his lifetime. There is a story of young Constantine, who is in the Russian navy, and in command of a ship, having one day caught

his elder brother on board of the ship, and put him under arrest there, saying that on board at least he was superior.

Why should not a younger branch of the Roumanoffs reign at Constantinople, as well as a younger branch of the Bourbons reign at Madrid? Why not the Balkan be as effectual a barrier as the Pyrenees to divide three kingdoms? All Europe leagued to punish and prevent Louis the Fourteenth establishing his grandson on the throne of Spain, although that prince was asked for, and defended by the Spanish people and *noblesse*. Long war ensued, war, in which Louis the Fourteenth was not always successful, but still his grandson kept possession of the Spanish throne. Why may not Constantine equally succeed? Such are the historical and domestic calculations of the Court of St. Petersburg.

As it is good to hear what the Russians say, as well as what they are, we will mention another of their modes of argument, put forth lately in print. In what, ask they, are our demands and advance upon Turkey different from those of England upon Burmah? The cause, or the pretext, of the English having invaded that country, is so small and insignificant, that it is difficult even to state. It was some insult offered to some British vessel at Rangoon, nothing equal to the oppression put upon the Russian and Greek religionists at Jerusalem. If we, Russians, have marched into Moldavia and Wallachia, the English have occupied Pegu, which they insist on keeping, whilst Russia, as yet, has offered to evacuate Moldavia and Wallachia, if her just demands were acceded to. It is said, the Peguities cannot be abandoned. Why should the partisans of Russia in the principalities either be forsaken? If the King of Ava will not consent to lose Pegu, the English threaten to march on Ava. Is the Russian threat to march upon Constantinople more arrogant or apologetic?

The Russians altogether leave out of the argument the fact that English possession of either Pegu or Ava will not augment her strength—much the contrary—or render her more formidable to her neighbours, whereas Russian possession of Constantinople, either *per se* or by the sovereignty of a Roumanoff prince, closes the Black Sea against the world, augments one-hundredfold the existing strength of Russia, giving her formidable means for further extension.

It is to be feared that, with the numerous advantages that Russia possesses, it will be impossible to withstand her. As to the Turks, they fight with one hand tied, that is, with only one half the population to recruit from; whilst Russia's aim is to gain rich provinces in which to plant soldiers. The political as well as military quarrel between Russia and Turkey is, that the provinces they are contending for, are the richest for thousands of miles around, clustering on both sides of the fertile Danube, whilst, as the country recedes from that river north or south, the amount of population and fertility largely decreases. When Turkey held these provinces, she used them as a garden, an estate, as a pro-

vision field. They were bound to keep the fortress provisioned, and to amass their stores, which were distributed in every fort of the Balkan. The principalities were thus for centuries the military magazine of the Turks. No wonder that the Russians seek to get hold of them.

The Russian army is the most dangerous army that can be encountered of a winter's day. Cold converts soldiers into mere automatons and machines, to give fire and to stand fire. On such occasions the Russians are superior to any. But in summer climes and weather, where the soldier is free of his limbs and actions, where so much depends upon light troops, or even upon heavy troops moving and attacking, destroying what they disperse, or rallying themselves after they have dispersed; in all these manœuvres a Frenchman is far superior to a Russian. Yet Napoleon brought his Frenchmen to combat Russians in times and climes where the Russians were necessarily superior, and had thus thrown away his natural advantages.

The Russians never fight so ill as they do in Turkey or in the south. The Turks had in general the best of it in the last campaign. If there were enough of Turks, and sufficient provision for them, they would soon be better soldiers than the Russians. The Turks have greater incentives than the French had in 1792. Each soldier is sure of becoming an officer, and of rising, if he displays courage, skill, and command; the Russian soldier knows that he never can be but what he is, a serf in uniform. The Russian, though ready to sacrifice his life with a kind of passive courage, has not that active impulse, which makes a first-rate soldier. The Emperor Nicholas is admitted to have amazingly improved all the collateral services of the army, the commissariat, the equipment; but his increased severity has not improved the Russian soldier, who never showed more backwardness than in the Hungarian campaign. Indeed, the general opinion is, that whenever Russian troops shall again meet German troops in conflict, the superior spirit of the latter will be manifest. But the Turks have an undisciplined and raw infantry, soldiers young, and officers untaught, an army in fact that should go through the schooling and the life of a campaign in order to become an efficient one. The one hundred, or the one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers in the pay of the Sultan, do not form an army sufficiently numerous to go through such an ordeal.

If the Russians do not fight well in southern climes, neither do they fight well in mountains, which disturb their ranks and their habitudes. It was thought that the Russian soldier, being accustomed to a cold climate, would prove invincible, especially under Suwarof amongst the snows and glaciers of Switzerland. But Massena and his little agile Frenchmen beat Suwarof and his grenadiers at Zurich, because the Russians were unaccustomed to mountain warfare. Tyrolese regiments would have been better. Whether this is sufficient to explain the prolonged resistance of the Circassians I know not, for this resistance remains still an enigma, which no one even tries to explain. We have heard that

the Tartars and other Mahometan tribes, in this part of Russia, now of course forming the greater part of the force employed against the Circassians, are reluctant to achieve a victory over them, and that the mountaineers are thus not only able to resist the Russians, but are able to gain frequent victories over the want of zeal of Mahometans in the service of Russia.

There is one school of tacticians in Russia, who recommend to the Emperor to abandon or defer the idea of a military advance over the Danube and the Balkan to the conquest of the Ottoman Empire. They say, that European powers will interfere to defeat such an advance, and that even if they are too late, the maritime powers can always render Constantinople an insecure position. For even if fleets be prevented from penetrating the Dardanelles, troops can be landed at a spot westward of the Chersonese and the new capital menaced or molested. They recommend as preferable the invasion of Asia Minor, partly through the isthmus and by Erivan, partly from the Crimea direct to the opposite shore. No European power, they allege, could here intervene or intercept. The scattered tribes and scant population of Asia Minor would make small resistance. The country does not contain a single fortress, and the Turkish metropolis thus cut off from all aid in men or in means from the provinces in Asia, would expire of helplessness and inanition, without the trouble or risk of a combat.

Asia Minor, however, would not confer a capital and a crown on the Grand Duke Constantine. Whilst a long, and desultory war with the different tribes, amidst their mountainous and fastnesses, would prove a Circassia multiplied by a figure something like a thousand. To render the communication sure between the Crimea and the opposite coast, between Sebastopol and Trebizond, it would be necessary to close the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, and that could only be done by taking possession of Constantinople. As to the land communication between Turkey and eastern Asia by the Caucasus and Armenia, nature has placed two great barriers between Europe and Asia by this route. There is the barrier of lofty mountains, peopled by warlike tribes, and there is the barrier of the steppes, peopled by Nomade and Tartar tribes, quite as little to be depended on. Russia is striving her utmost at this moment to form a series of fixed abodes, agricultural population, and civilized habits, thereby to bridge over the steppes for the purpose of war and trade. Her progress, however, in this task is slow, and the result uncertain. All here is loose, and floating over the whole breadth of the Asiatic continent, and, as Kohl tells us, "a calf born at the foot of the great Chinese wall might cat his way along till he arrived a well-fattened ox on the banks of the Dniester."

Having thus explained and expatiated on Russia as a power, upon its imperial family, its court, its cabinet, as also upon its popular tendencies and military renown, let us say something upon the different lights in which leading politicians in England regard Russia, her ambitious projects, and those important territories which are the objects of her ambition.

The British ministry is known to contain all kinds and diversities of opinion on this subject; so that the great diversity of views which exist have led to more discussion within the Cabinet than without. In fact silence has been imposed upon parliament, chiefly because it was known that ministers were not agreed, and that debates could not take place in both houses without leading to great discrepancies in ministerial speeches—discrepancies that must necessarily produce a dissolution of the ministry.

The premier, Lord Aberdeen, is known to entertain the idea that Louis Philippe and M. Guizot entertained, that Turkey is a body in a state of dissolution to which no more than galvanic life could be given. To enter upon a war to prevent such a natural course of things as the annihilation of Turkey by Russia, would, in Lord Aberdeen's opinion, be madness; madness, first of all, because our interference would not prevent the catastrophe, and secondly, because our doing so would avert Russia from aiding any farther in the preserving the independence of Belgium from France. We should then, in all probability, see Russia in possession of Constantinople, and France in possession of Antwerp, without its being possible to attempt the recovery of either by arms. If, then, a choice is to be made, Lord Aberdeen would prefer the independence of Antwerp, not despairing at the same time of coming to some accord with Russia as to the existence of Constantinople as a free city, or the capital of an independent state.

In opposition to Lord Aberdeen in the Cabinet is known to stand Lord Palmerston, who thinks that when wrong is perpetrated and danger threatens, it is better to face it, and not be deterred by fear and contingencies. *Fais ce que tu dois, adviens qui pourra*, is his lordship's motto. If Russia be strenuously resisted and compelled to retire behind the Pruth, the German powers will take courage to assert their independence, and their concert is quite sufficient to assure the *status quo* in the west of Europe. By shirking war now, or even the approach to it, it would not be avoided, but rather rendered certain at no distant time. All the other well-known arguments follow for preventing the Russians from ever becoming masters of the keys, either of the Black Sea or the Baltic. The Sound and the Bosphorus must both be kept open.

In the first division of the Cabinet on these matters, Lord Clarendon, though a Whig, with Lord Granville and Lord Lansdowne, are said to have coincided with the opinion of Lord Aberdeen, whilst several of those who entered the Cabinet with Lord Aberdeen, such as Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Newcastle, seemed to think the policy of their chief pusillanimous. As Lord John Russell rallied to Lord Palmerston, the spirited portion of the Cabinet is said to have carried the first resolution for supporting Turkey, and advising her to resist. In subsequent divisions, such as that as to whether the fleet should enter the Dardanelles on learning the passage of the Pruth, on this it is considered that the Aberdeen opinion prevailed. And if this recommendation to forbear was based on what is generally credited, viz. that Austria

promised, in case of English and French forbearance, to bring the difference to a termination, then, perhaps, the public will be contented with it and applaud it.

Whilst on this point of the question, a very remarkable fact is to be noticed, which is, that the Tory party have universally taken the side of national spirit, and have recommended resistance to Russia. Lord Derby spoke strongly, the veteran Lord Lyndhurst even more strongly, and all the organs of the party have thundered against Nicholas, as the writers of the same party might have done against Napoleon forty years ago. We make no comment whatever upon this circumstance, but merely note it as a remarkable fact. In case of the question of peace or war with Russia being formally brought before Parliament, it would seem that the Derby Tories and the Palmerston Whigs would divide against the Aberdeen Tories and the Manchester Radicals, as strange a division of parties and opinions, as ever could have been expected of a British Parliament in the year 1853.

However singular and indicative of a great change in opinion and in the relative positions and tendencies of parties in England, there is another symptom shown by the armed force and by the government of another country, which marks a still greater change. A ship of war, belonging to the United States, is said to have entered the Dardanelles, and obtained permission to accompany the Turkish fleet into the Black Sea. Another captain of the same nation has claimed a noted follower of Kossuth as an American citizen. This man had been seized by the Austrian police at Smyrna. The American threatened to fire into the Austrian, if he attempted to carry the prisoner away. The fact is, our brethren of the United States are English, in despite of themselves, and adopt the English feeling in the affairs of Turkey, with their usual warmth and exaggeration. All we can say is, that it is nobly felt and nobly done of them, and shows that when the Americans do again interfere in the affairs of Europe, which they are evidently most anxious to do, they will decidedly be for the right side, that is, for the side of liberty and humanity.

But to return to Russia. Her great, her only claim to advance and to invade is, that she does so in the cause and for the furtherance of civilization. The cross is on her banner, and the subjects of the empire she attacks welcomes it not as converts, but as ancient and long-oppressed votaries. But such pretexts are not true. The Christian provinces into which the Russians now march are already independent. They have their native princes, councils, armies, taxes, professions. Servia has in her present organization, a great many of the elements of civilization, which its occupation by either Russia or Austria would stifle. Both these powers, instead of progressing in civilization of late years, have, on the contrary, retrograded. And they have really no one benefit to confer. The Bulgarians, though they pay tribute to the Porte, are not serfs. The ills they complain of under the *régime* of Turkey might be easily remedied. But decidedly worse, because irrevocable ills would follow their subjugation to Russia.

A Russian of the lowest peasant-class is, in many respects, a slave. If he gets permission to quit his country abode for a town, his time and his gains still belong to his master. There is thus a strong line of demarcation drawn between the peasant and the townsman. Whilst the townsmen amongst themselves are equally fettered by the existence of guilds and restrictive laws, a serf or peasant cannot be a priest, cannot receive education, cannot rise in life. Every impediment in short, to that greatest of all impulses, viz. the facility for one of the lower classes to push amongst the higher, is forbidden in Russia. Every man, not merely politically, but socially and industrially, has a strait-waistcoat on. To force such a system upon the Serbs or the Roumans, would be not emancipating, but degrading them.

The strongest case, however, is that of the clergy. It is in the name and in the behalf of the Patriarch and the Greek clergy, that Russia has advanced her present pretensions. The effect of an invasion or conquest of Turkey by Russia would be to assimilate the Greek clergy to the Russian. Now, at present the Greek clergy is free, it is governed by a synod, which elects a Patriarch, and with the Patriarch appoints the clergy, and Christian church property is reserved to the church by the Sultan's decrees.

The Church and Churchmen are in a very different position in Russia. The arbitrary act of Peter confiscated the greater part of the Church property to the state, and subjected the synod to a civil officer, called a general procurator, named by the Emperor. The Russian Patriarch is nothing. The Czar is the real head of the national Church, and her present procurator, General Protassof, rules the synod as much in ecclesiastical dogmas as in appointments and fiscal matters. When the Emperor and Protassof insisted on promoting Saint Stanislaus to be a saint of the Greek Church, the Greek upper clergy remonstrated, and declared that they knew not the saint. Protassof replied, that Stanislaus was a Polish saint, highly esteemed in Poland, and that as Poland and Russia were to be united, the first Polish saint should be received as a Greek one. The Patriarch replied that this might be good policy, but it was neither orthodox nor sound tradition. And Stanislaus was, we fear, a Roman Catholic saint, which rendered him odious in the eyes of the Greeks. Protassof, however, carried his saint.

Another point of imperial policy towards the Russian Church, has been to restrict the education of the clergy. The clergy of the Greek Church, when young, after first undergoing a primary education, separate, some to enter the universities of the higher and monastic clergy, some to follow the lower schools, where they fit themselves to become popes or curates. The latter may marry, and their education has been always limited. But the higher and monastic clergy had ever a high range of education, and some of the monasteries were seats of learning. The jealousy of the Czars, pursuing the narrow policy of Peter, has stopped all this. Any high or troublesome amount of learning is denied

them. What then, it may be asked, have the Greek clergy of Turkey to gain by being assimilated to that of Russia, and placed under the same yoke? The monks of Mount Athos are ignorant, because they are poor, but no law and no tyrant prevents them making use of their libraries if they please to do so. The Greek Church has the elements of much that is politically valuable. It would work admirably with free and constitutional government. But if the Greek Church should be passed through the iron rollers of the Russian state machine, it loses every quality of an independent, enlightened, and civilizing church.

These reasons, and a great many more, relative to the different classes of a population, would make it a matter of great regret, if the Greeks of Turkey were not allowed to emancipate themselves, and to form an independent state, and church and empire, apart from Russia. The yoke of Turkey is now so light, and so easily humanized, if not broken, that there is really no need of two hundred thousand fiery Russians to effect it. Diplomacy may ordain all the reforms and all the emancipation desirable. Let us hope that it will undertake the task courageously, and that the Russians, who have yet much to do to civilize their own empire, as indeed Count Nesselrode admits, will confine themselves therein, and leave the Greeks and Slavons, of more southern regions, to pursue a more free and more liberal course, without being on that account less good Christians or less orderly and industrious men.

 CHARADE.

WHEN my suit I so tenderly pressed,
 Oh! how, in your cruel reply,
 Could a word so unkind be expressed,
 As my first, to your slave till I die!

Do I game, do I drink, or give way
 In thought, word, or deed that you know,
 To my second's all powerful sway?
 Believe me, my charmer, oh no!

I'm my whole, I confess in despair,
 Then, friends, a kind lesson impart,
 You, who know how to court any fair,
 Give me a few hints in the art!

M. A. B.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

THESE two important considerations are just now suspended in a scale, which the slightest pressure may incline on either side. All eyes are turned towards the East, anxiously watching the solution of a question which Russia has wantonly raised, and France and England must determine. Pamphlets and prophecies are multiplied hourly, while many sanguine speculators indulge in fanciful theories. The improving nations of the world are little disposed to war, but the two leading powers of western Europe are equally disinclined to succumb to the dictates of undue ambition. We are sincere advocates for peace, but we should be sorry to see an opportunity lost for teaching tyranny a lesson, which may not present itself again under so many favourable contingencies. The time has long passed since the Turk was a bug-bear, and Christendom was called on to unite against his onward progress of blight and barbarism. From a devastator he has become a protector and promoter of liberal institutions. The many races under his sway are generally happy and contented, and have no desire to change masters. The barrier and bulwark of civilization must be established in another direction, and against a different enemy.

“Within half a century, Europe will be either republican or Cossack.” So said the Imperial exile at St. Helena. The former prediction appeared to be near its accomplishment in 1848 and 1849. Time, the rectifier, has dissipated the alarm. Let us hope that the second and more formidable danger will prove to be equally visionary. The Russian manifestoes and alleged grievances are flimsy sophistries, as transparent as were ever yet used by shallow diplomacy to insult common understanding. In reason and truth, they are on a par with the bulletins of Napoleon the First, in which he justified the invasion of unoffending states on the plea of self-defence. The Emperor Nicholas has marched his hordes into Moldavia and Wallachia, with every preparation this time, for permanent residence; he calls on the subjects of the Sultan to transfer their allegiance to him, which in utter helplessness they are compelled to do. Unhappy is the destiny of a small state, the geographical position of which is placed between two powerful ones, who are perpetually fighting, like the Kilkenny cats, of whom it is said that they swallowed each other, until nothing was left but the tail of the largest.

This appears to be the agreeable predicament of modern Moldavia and Wallachia, who are told they are *independent dependencies* of Turkey, under the additional protection of Russia, with their rights and privileges guaranteed by a double army of occupation. They lie, nevertheless, as events have shown, completely

at the mercy of the northern bear, whenever he feels inclined to growl, and elevates his huge paws, as a preliminary to a fraternal hug. They are almost as pleasantly situated, and life and property are nearly as high a premium, and as safe an investment as they were in our own border lands under the old feudal times, when the Douglas and the Percy were disposed to exercise their rival chivalry, or a penniless chieftain found it necessary to replenish his larder or stock his establishment. If Russia robs Turkey, either avowedly or by implication, the Sultan looks to the Hospodar for an indemnity. If Turkey offends Russia, or discourages her trade, and commerce flags in the Black Sea, the Czar invites the Hospodar to square accounts, and make up the deficiency; and so his exchequer is exhausted together with his patience, and thus two of the most fertile countries in Europe have become little better than waste commons, or debatable lands to be devastated and plundered according to the caprice of their neighbours.

A tax-collector is an unpopular official. We eye him with dislike, and grumble internally when he favours us with a morning call to gather in a moderate assessment. But how should we feel if these visitations came periodically in the shape of a pulk of Cossacks, innocent of conventional etiquette, and unused to the incumbrance of forms, who break into your house, instead of knocking at the door, screaming, like the daughter of the horse-leech, "Give, give!" And this is done, according to Russian argument, not as an indication of war, but as a declaration of peace. The seeming paradox is better to read of than to illustrate practically; but while we sympathise with those who are obliged to endure its application, we are not sufficiently grateful for our own immunity. To be able to protect yourself is far preferable to being protected. The latter state is a sort of transitional existence, an intermediate purgatory or limbo, with no apparent escape. Rome was the giant protector of the ancient world, which Russia, aspires to be in the nineteenth century. Rome, by degrees, absorbed and swallowed up her confiding allies, as Saturn devoured his own children. Russia studies the example with profit, and acts on the same undeviating principle. America is more straightforward and honest. Her word is *annexation* at once, without subterfuge or mystery. Russia, within the last seventy years, *protected* half the territories which are now amalgamated with her unwieldy empire. Her last *protégée* is Austria, a kindred despotism in the decrepitude of old age. She ardently desires to make the Sultan the next, but Turkey is rising in renovated vigour, and neither inclined to fall into the trap, to be terrified by menaces, nor cajoled by soft words. For the sake of the best interests of humanity in general, and for our own advantage in particular, we trust she may escape from this devouring maelstrom. Had Charles of Sweden won Pultava, the whole aspect of European politics would have changed, and the present crisis could never have arrived. It has risen progressively from the catastrophe of that decisive day, and unless the overwhelming

current be now checked, and restrained within healthy limits, it will sweep on like an avalanche, until resistance becomes impossible.

Even after the consequences of Pultava had fully developed themselves, and Poland had been erased from the list of nations, an opportunity arose which seemed to be created for the purpose. Then was committed by a profound statesman and mighty warrior, the greatest political error of modern times, always excepting Navarino, that most "untoward" of events. This was the non-establishment of the ancient kingdom of Sobieski, which Napoleon had often meditated, and should undoubtedly have carried out, with increased strength in 1812, instead of marching his hundreds of thousands through the deserts and steppes of Russia to the fallacious conquest of the capital. He alleged that his chief difficulty lay in the Austrian alliance, and from motives of delicacy he could not dismember the dominions of his father-in-law. In this objection he was scarcely sincere, as Austria could easily have been indemnified in some other quarter. A monarch, with all continental Europe at his feet, could patch, carve, and re-mould her sovereignties according to his pleasure. Yet he suffered the wily diplomacy of the Czar to outmanœuvre him by making peace with Turkey, at the most critical moment, and to entice Sweden, whom he had already offended and estranged, into the general coalition. He thus uncovered both his flanks, and violated the very rules, for the neglect of which he so severely censured Charles the Twelfth, in his subsequent strictures on a similar campaign. The restoration of Poland would have checked and humiliated the ambition of Russia, more permanently than the march to Moscow, even had the result of that gigantic operation been less fatal to the temporary victor. Civilized Europe would have obtained a great central outpost, strong in itself, and impassable through the sustaining powers by which it could be re-inforced on the approach of danger. Such a favourable crisis is not likely to occur again, and it would now be too late to reap the advantage, for the national spirit of a gallant people has been tamed by vassalage, and smothered under *protection*.

"The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk," are very little known, and have not often been subjects of inquiry. A particular interest attaches to them at this moment, and the appearance of a work on the subject was both opportune and desirable. Such a work has lately appeared, comprising travels undertaken in 1850 and 1851,* by a competent authority, many years diplomatically employed in the East; who writes without prejudice or preconceived bias, is evidently well acquainted with his subject, reflects judiciously, draws sound conclusions, and enlivens his more instructive pages, by an engaging, vivacious style, and the introduction of appropriate anecdotes, and historical memoranda. We have rarely met with an equal amount of valuable information so

* "The frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk; comprising Travels in the Regions of the Lower Danube, in 1850 and 1851." By a British Resident of Twenty Years in the East. In two volumes, 8vo. London, 1853.

agreeably communicated. The general result of the author's impressions is conveyed in the short summary with which he concludes.

"This is not the first time that I had obtained some insight into Turkish affairs, and the result of my previous observations having been far from favourable, no one could have undertaken the study of their actual state with a stronger presentiment that little good could be found on this occasion to record; but I cannot draw a fair and impartial comparison between the conduct of the three Emperors, the Kaiser, the Czar, and the Sultan, with regard to the Danubian provinces and the Slavonian populations, without admitting that I found more to praise in that of the last than I had expected."

In the provinces of the Austrian Empire, foreigners are treated with neglect or insolence, and a petty system of *espionage*, which pervades every department of an unpopular government, conscious of its own internal weakness. Every one appears afraid to speak on public matters or passing events, as if his nearest listener might be an official spy disguised to entrap him. As a specimen, the author, having been seen in conversation, at Carlovacz, in Croatia, with a suspicious-looking individual who accosted him casually, was forthwith summoned to the Town Hall, and rudely cross-examined by the police-authorities. They were seated, with their hats on their heads, and neither uncovered themselves nor offered him a chair. He had taken off his own hat on entering the room, with the usual urbanity of civilized manners, but finding how he was received, assumed it again with an emphatic gesture. The following conversation ensued:—

"Have you a passport?" asked one of them, without making the slightest attempt at civility. I handed him the document alluded to as being the best answer to his question.

"Is this *your* name written here?" he continued.—'Yes.'

"And where is your profession?"—'Nowhere.'

"Why not?"—'Because I have none.' The two worthies then whispered to each other for some time, occasionally casting an offensive glance at me, as I stood before them, and then resumed their examination of my passport, which, being in English, it was evident they could not read.

"What does this mean?" inquired one of them, looking up at last, and pointing to the term 'Esquire,' which was inscribed after my name.—'Esquire,' said I, 'is rendered in German by the word *schildknapp*, or *écuyer* when the French term is borrowed.'

"To whom are you *écuyer*?"—'To no one.'

"Why is it in your passport in that case?"—'Because it is the practice in England to bestow that title on gentlemen who have no other.' Again they exchanged a few hurried sentences in an under tone.

"Then you are a gentleman?" asked the elder of the two, with an ironical expression of countenance.—'I hope so,' I replied, 'Have you anything to say to the contrary?'

"I have only to say there is something wrong in all this,' retorted the official."

Whereupon the passport of the traveller was minutely inspected, and no irregularity being observable, the whole affair appeared so mysterious, and so fraught with danger to the state, that he was peremptorily ordered to quit Carlovacz on the following morning. Not long after in a steamer on the Kulpa, passing along the country called the Military Frontier, he met a Magyar officer, who spoke freely on the Hungarian cause and its future prospects.

“ He said that the oppressive sway of the foreign usurpers would evidently be overthrown, and that the hopes of his countrymen were centred on England, for she would at last be convinced that the Hungarians are deserving of active assistance.

“ ‘ What assistance can you expect from England ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘ An intervention in our favour,’ replied he.

“ ‘ And do you think that a foreign country can easily interfere between a legitimate sovereign and his subjects ? ’

“ ‘ You interfered between the Greeks and the Turks. Without the battle of Navarino (that unlucky Navarino is always and most justly thrown in our teeth), Greece would never have been free. Why should Hungary not inspire the same sympathy ? ’

“ ‘ You did inspire sympathy, and a strong feeling in your favour was very general in England, during your late struggle with Austria.’

“ ‘ You would be very inconsistent if you were indifferent to our fate, and to our cause, and we only desire what you possess and glory in. Institutions similar to those of England is all we ask, and, please God, we shall obtain them before we are much older.’ ”

From this individual instance, a fair opinion may be formed of the aggregate wishes and expectations of Hungary, which, sooner or later, will be realized, and are perhaps nearer consummation than their masters imagine. They are not the only people who ardently desire the institutions of England, without exactly comprehending, or being fitted to adopt them. They have a general idea that they are improving, equitable, and enlightened, and lead to riches and happiness. There can be no doubt that the erection of a powerful independent kingdom in that part of Europe, would accord with the best interests of Great Britain, and advance the cause of humanity. But the same obstacles exist which oppose the regeneration of Italy, long groaning as deeply under the rod of the oppressor. The jealousies of different states, and the absence of one paramount feeling of combined nationality. Hungary, with Transylvania and Croatia, is nearly as extensive in square miles as Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of 15,000,000, divided into many races, who differ in manners and character, as in origin, and agree only in mutual dislike and mistrust. The Magyars are 5,000,000; the Slavonians 6,000,000; the Germans, Jews, and Gipsies, upwards of 1,600,000; and the descendants of Trajan's Dacian colonies, now called Wallacks or Roumans, amounting to nearly 3,000,000 more. The most important class, the principal movers in the late insurrection, are thus described :—

“ The Magyars are the nobles of Hungary, while the Slavonians and Roumans are their yeomen. The former is one of the most vigorous races of Europe, and, except the nobility of Poland and that of Great Britain, it is the only aristocracy which has not merited and earned the contempt of their respective fellow-countrymen. If it still possesses some of the vices of the feudal age, it has also retained many of the virtues of that era of chivalry. The patriotism of the Magyars is heroic, and they abhor treachery and bad faith, while their turbulence and strong passions are capable of ultimately settling down to active energy and salutary vigour; and in the meantime these qualities render their spirit of nationality preeminently enthusiastic, and indomitably tenacious. Their political opinions are essentially liberal. In number, they surpass every other existing patrician order as their privileges were granted to each individual who killed a Turk in battle; a class of pauper nobles was

thus created, but in moral character the poorest of them is as proud and independent as the rich princely families of Esterhazy, Batthyani, Grassalkovits, and Palfi."

When Austria was on the verge of losing Hungary, and her ill-consolidated empire appeared to be crumbling to pieces, she called in the aid of another congenial despot, who sprang eagerly forward to exercise once more his favourite character of protector-general of absolutism in distress. The immediate result forms a theme of deep interest for political speculators, and is well worth the profound consideration of those who believe in the long-winded harangues of Kossuth, and his brother demagogues, with the advantages of unqualified democracy. History shows us that the most vociferous patriotism is often the desire of personal aggrandisement, under another name. On this point our author observes:—

"In how many States of Europe have deluded mobs been misled by political enthusiasts, and votaries of ambition, who succeed in pulling to pieces what they have no power of re-organizing, and who plunge them into ultra-democracy only to see them afterwards brought by a military dictatorship to a less free condition than they had been in under the legitimate rule which they had overthrown? Æsop was right in his fable of King Log and King Stork. History has proved it in Julius Cæsar, in Oliver Cromwell, in Napoleon Bonaparte, in Radetzky, in Filangieri, and in Haynau. If Hungary has not yet arrived at the full realization of that destiny, it is because she is right in one great point, that of claiming an independent, and national administration, though wrong in having degenerated from the purity of her ancient constitutional principles to the corrupt chimæras of republicanism."

Formerly the House of Hapsburg reckoned on the Hungarians as the most loyal and devoted of their subjects. The personal attachment to, and enthusiasm for the reigning family, actuated by which, the diet exclaimed unanimously on the breaking out of the Seven Years' War, and the invasion of Silesia, by Frederic the Great, "We will die for our Sovereign, Maria Teresa," is now extinct, never to be revived, or changed into corresponding antipathy. But for the intervention of Russia, they would certainly have entered Vienna as conquerors and liberators, and even after the intervention of that colossal power, treachery came in, and was necessary to complete their overthrow. Kossuth having become unpopular, in the natural course of revolutionary fickleness, resigned his authority into the hands of Georgey, hitherto a successful leader, and apparently an unpurchasable patriot.

"Georgey accepted the Dictatorship, and surrendered to the Russians unconditionally; at least, without making any ostensible conditions. Thirty thousand men laid down their arms, with 144 pieces of cannon, and 8,000 horses. Georgey summoned the other Hungarian chiefs to surrender at discretion. They all did so, excepting Bem, Guyon, and Klapka. The two former attempted still to resist; but on the approach of the Russian army under General Luders, their soldiers refused to fight, and they were obliged to take to flight by crossing the Turkish frontier with Kossuth. Terms were then offered to Klapka who held Comorn, and he made an advantageous capitulation. Such was the end of the war, but not of the tragedy; Haynau soon appeared in another light—executions, and the most unheard-of cruelties commenced; and of the Magyar chiefs who had not become voluntary exiles, only one man

remained unscathed;—that man was Arthur Georgey, who is now living in a town in Austria, on a pension from the Emperor."

And yet there are two opinions in Hungary on the subject of Georgey's conduct. He is not without defenders who deny his treachery, but it appears too palpable and too plainly proved for reasonable doubt. At Orsova the author was again annoyed by a repetition of the paltry annoyances of Carlovacz, occasioned by the discovery of some sketches of castles and fortresses in his baggage, what induced the authorities to suppose that he was at least a military spy, heralding a projected invasion of Austria on the part of England. He quitted the dominions of the Emperor Francis Joseph with feelings of undisguised satisfaction, and entered those of the Sultan, where he experienced very different treatment, being everywhere received with kindness, deference, and attention, without suspicion, and with liberal hospitality. At Widin, on the Danube, a very prominent frontier post of the Ottoman Empire, the state of politics, and the designs of foreign powers, draw from him some observations which may be studied with advantage by those blind diplomatists who still believe, or affect to put faith in Russian moderation. He says:—

"The steam-boat agent of the Danube company is also Vice-consul of Austria. Russia has her secret emissaries; but England has no one to watch the intrigues of these two powers in this quarter which is so important to Turkey, and consequently interesting to Great Britain. A mistaken system of economy may sometimes prove prejudicial to the general policy of a cabinet which thus deprives itself, from the most laudable motives no doubt, of information which might guide it in critical circumstances. Here was an insurrection, for instance, which Russia and Austria made much of, and England possesses no means of gaining accurate intelligence about it. All the trade of Upper Bulgaria comes to Widin, Ionian subjects are much engaged in it, as well as in the general navigation of the Danube, for which this town is one of the principal stations, and for want of a British consular flag to protect them, they seek patronage from Austria; and not only do these evils arise from the wish to save a few hundreds per annum, but the general tendency of one of the richest and most influential provinces in European Turkey, is consequently ignored by our Government, which should know it and guide it also; for I am free to say, that in Downing Street there is not the most remote idea of the existence of a comprehensive establishment for the Russianizing of Bulgaria, and yet the Foreign Office can well appreciate the deep importance of such a fact. It is by education that this deep-laid scheme is in a course of active execution; no less than twenty-one schools have been instituted of late in the different towns for this purpose, the teachers have all come from Kiew in Russia. Hatred to the Sultan and attachment to the Czar are assiduously taught; and their catechism in the Slavonian tongue, which was translated to me, is more political than religious, *while it openly alludes to the incorporation of Bulgaria in the Russian Empire.*"

While the Russians have already seized Moldavia and Wallachia, as the first instalment of their peace indemnity, the Austrians have a keen eye towards Bosnia and Servia, which they are preparing to pounce on, as their share of the anticipated dismemberment. But it behoves Austria to step warily, lest she should become, sooner than she expects, what her own astute Metternich said, classic Italy already is,—*an historical expression.*

Moldavia and Wallachia are very rich, productive countries, abounding in extensive plains, equally available for pasturage

or agriculture, in vast forests of valuable timber, and in innumerable herds of cattle. The population is about three millions and a half, composed of discordant materials, and comprising more Jews and Gipsies than are to be found anywhere else in Europe. The former are much the same in character (with the exception of greater ignorance and more filthy habits) as in other countries. The latter, who are slaves in Wallachia, and number in that province alone twenty-five thousand, are more wild and primitive, more savage and vicious than we can form any conception of, from what we know of their brethren in our own country. This singular community migrated from the East, most probably first from India, and not from Egypt, more than four centuries and a half ago.

“In the west of Europe,” says the Author, “they have lost many of the customs and characteristics of their race; but in the Danubian provinces they seem still to be almost what they were in the 15th century. They are strong, well-built, handsome, and very swarthy; excellent musicians, thieves by nature and by profession, averse to agriculture, given to chicanery; fond of poisoning cattle, and of begging for the carcases on which they feed; and capable of selling a stolen horse, mule, or donkey, to its owner, after changing its colour. Their dress is generally worn without change until it falls off their persons in rags too much tattered to be kept together any longer. They are great talkers, passionate, violent, and incorrigible drunkards. So cruel is their disposition, that they take the greatest delight in performing the functions of public executioners, and that revolting office is generally held by them. In 1782 even a case of cannibalism was proved against them; it was minutely investigated by a commission sent by the Government for that purpose; and forty-five of them were executed at Kameza and Esabrag, after confessing their crime, and specifying that sons had killed and eaten their fathers, that eighty four travellers had been waylaid and devoured by them in the course of a few years, and that on one occasion, at a marriage-feast, three of the guests had been put to death, and cooked for the entertainment of the remainder.”

To complete this fascinating portrait, it may be added, that in religion they are as loose as in morals, and have no belief in a future state, or in anything beyond material philosophy. A more prepossessing section of the population of Wallachia is described in a colony of Saxons, five hundred thousand in number, descendants of those originally removed from the north of Germany by Charlemagne, or more probably of the early followers of Luther, who fled from the first persecutions. They enjoy certain privileges and immunities, obtained by the services of their fathers in the wars of Hungary against the Turks, and the towns they inhabit are exempt from general taxation. The Sekui, or Secklers, also are a very peculiar race, originating in the colony planted by Trajan after the conquest of Dacia. They are principally shepherds, but make good soldiers when enlisted into the Austrian Hussars. In their national garb, they are clothed in skins, and being innocent of linen, anoint themselves with mutton fat.

Moldo-Wallachia, under good government, in a more defined position, and with improving institutions, might easily support five times the present population. Railroads are scarcely necessary for rapidity of intercourse, the present rate of travelling being something like twelve or fourteen miles an hour in light vehicles,

that seldom overturn, and are drawn by teams of five, six, and eight horses, that never tire. It is true, the driver does not often look behind him to see if the carriage and fare are still attached to the cattle, and sometimes they are left on the road to get on as well as they may by another conveyance. Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, is a modern city of not more than a century and a half in growth, comprising a circuit of twelve English miles, and rather an inadequate population of one hundred thousand. Jassy, the metropolis of Moldavia, is smaller, and numbers only fifty thousand inhabitants, but appears to be, on the whole, a gayer and more desirable residence. It is built on the site of a Roman military station, the head-quarters of the nineteenth legion, called *Jassiensis*, and contains churches and other buildings of considerable antiquity. In both these cities morals are rather at a low ebb, education lower still, while gambling and card-playing are universally in the ascendant.

At Jassy, as in many other places, they have a passion for being buried with pomp and show, and a gorgeous funeral procession compensates for many sufferings and privations during the pilgrimage of life. The following passage describes one which the author witnessed.

“When I was looking out of the window of my hotel one fine day, a funeral passed. It was a splendid affair, with hearse and mourning coaches, and above all, a numerous band of music, playing in front. I thought there must be a dead general at least in the coffin; but on inquiry, I found that there were only the remains of a rather poor tailor's wife to be buried, and I was told that magnificent obsequies were generally promised to the dying, as a consolation in the pains of death; one old gentleman in the last stage of cholera, when that dreadful scourge visited Jassy, having died happy when he was told how many drums and trumpets should precede his corpse to its last resting-place.”

It is truly lamentable to ascertain that the mouths of the Danube, being entirely abandoned to Russian influence and regulation, and subject to her vexatious quarantine laws, are becoming almost useless for trading purposes, as far as we are concerned. Unless this is looked to in time, one of the most valuable commercial estuaries in the world will be completely nullified. A long exposition of the present and future mischief, which our supineness is creating, and of which those who look on our active prosperity with jealousy and envy are taking every advantage, closes the first volume, and we recommend all who feel an interest in the subject to peruse what is there written with full attention. The higher classes in the frontier provinces, and the parties connected with the government, are, or affect to be, favourably inclined to the Russian predominance. But they are probably less sincere than the masses, who infinitely prefer the Sultan for their master, and have enough penetration to see and think that the Western powers of Europe will sooner or later adopt a decided course which shall settle the question in favour of the latter. It is quite certain, that Turkey, single-handed, cannot now compete with Russia, and would soon be overwhelmed and driven across the Bosphorus if left alone and deserted by her allies. But at the

same time, the power of Russia is more overwhelming on paper than in reality. Her sixty millions are scattered over an immense territory, and her huge armies move slowly under an inefficient commissariat, and a defective system of discipline. The reminiscences of the campaigns of 1828 and 1829 contain nothing very brilliant for the annals of Russia, and few reasons for the Turks to despair in another contest, when they are better prepared, more united, and supported by powerful allies. The example and persevering success of the hardy mountaineers of Circassia is not lost upon them, neither are they ignorant of the fact that this inflated enemy, after many years of protracted warfare, and a countless expenditure of blood and treasure, holds little in that country beyond the ground their armies stand on. They know as well as does the Emperor Nicholas, that the treaty of Adrianople was as welcome to Diebitsch, the Balkan-passer, as to themselves; and that, by a great political mistake, the Sultan Mahmoud hastily concluded peace, at the very time when he could have continued the war with better prospects than before. They are also fully aware that the Russians sacrificed one hundred and fifty thousand men in that same war, and that in the pursuit of the French on their evacuation of Moscow in 1812, they suffered nearly as much numerical loss as did the retreating army, which was buried in the snow. Russia is, in fact, like the spectre of the Hartz mountains—a Patagonian shadow in the distance, without solid substance when closely examined. The unhappy and anomalous condition of the frontier lands may be estimated clearly from the following passage.

“The State of Wallachia is at present a curious subject of study to an observer. A native prince governs between two supporters, the Ottoman and Muscovite commissioners, each of whom is backed by his army of occupation. The former of the two represents the prince's sovereign and protector, that sovereignty and protection being based on a special deed, by which the payment of an annual tribute is also stipulated, and having been exercised undisputed since the year 1460, when it was signed; and the latter of the two is the accredited agent of a foreign power, which has guaranteed to the principality the enjoyment of its established rights, and which by the law of nations can acquire no privileges by that act, because it was not a contracting party, but merely gave security for the obligations contracted by another. These are their respective positions according to legal title; but, as matters stand, they are widely different, for the influence of the guaranteeing power is predominant in the councils of the native prince over that of his sovereign.”

This is much more intelligible than the special pleading of Count Nesselrode in his late official documents; and this plainly shows that the present invasion of the provinces, followed by loyal addresses of devotion to the Emperor immediately tendered by the Hospodars, are evidences of a preconceived plan to concentrate large and sufficient forces in a convenient neighbourhood for decisive operations on the Turkish side of the Danube. If the Russian autocrat now draws back, it will be because he is convinced of what he doubted until now, the perfect co-operation of France and England, and their determination to clip his wings, if he gives them the opportunity by attempting too lofty a flight. Or it may be, as some people say, that his usually sound reason is

affected by religious fanaticism ; or that there exist internal causes of pressure within his domestic government, of which at present we know little, but which may unfold themselves in the progress of events. Russia is altogether a mystery, but a very dangerous one, which requires to be as closely watched as the course of an epidemic disease, or the track of a comet.

The behaviour of the two armies of occupation in the frontier provinces, furnishes a contrast greatly in favour of the troops of the Sultan. The Turks respect property, pay for what they receive, and even afford the hospitality which forms a principle of their religion, to the families with whom they live. The Russian soldiers on the contrary, maltreat and rob their involuntary hosts, and being badly paid, worse fed, and plundered by their own officers, their ill conduct is encouraged by the latter, while the respectable demeanour of the Osmanlis is promoted by the example and instruction of their superiors. The author of these volumes saw the contingents of both armies at Bucharest, and the impressions they respectively made on him are well conveyed in the subjoined passages.

“ The best hospital that I saw at Bucharest, was that of the Turkish army of occupation. In cleanliness and ventilation it surpassed anything of the kind that has as yet come under my notice ; and it was so well ordered in every respect, that there are few regimental surgeons of my acquaintance in Her Majesty’s Service, who would not derive advantage from the study of its arrangements.”

This is a high encomium of a very important department of military organization, and for which we were not prepared. The same opinion is expressed again when speaking of the camp of Omir Pasha at Travnik, in Bosnia.

“ The soldiers’ tents were most comfortable ; there were ten men in each, and in spite of the constant rain their health was good, as out of 8,000 men, only 200 were in hospital, and many of these were wounded. The officers, however, thought this a large number, so careful are they of their soldiers, and there had been even a court of inquiry to ascertain whether the sickness arose from want of comfort. One man in forty would not be a cause of alarm in our hospitals on active service, and I doubt very much if they are ever kept so well as the one I saw at Travnik.”

To return to the two armies.

“ I had also an opportunity of seeing the Turkish troops reviewed. There was a regiment of dragoons, six battalions of infantry, and a field battery of six guns. The cavalry was of the lightest description, and the horses seemed to be too highly fed, and too spirited, to admit of great regularity in their movements. But to counterbalance these defects, they displayed a degree of quickness of evolution, which would astonish our lancers with their tall chargers. The infantry was steady and manœuvred well, but the men were most remarkably young ; their average age could hardly exceed twenty-three, and their height about five-feet eight ; they formed line three deep, and were rather old-fashioned in their manual exercise ; but their file-firing of blank cartridge was excellent ; and in general their greatest merit seemed to be rapidity rather than precision. The artillery are beyond all praise. A better *matériel* could not exist, and it would be impossible to handle it more perfectly. I went to see the barracks. The men, as well as the horses, are too-well fed ; their dinner was as tempting—as the sort of overgrown gentleman’s stables in which I saw the cavalry chargers and artillery horses, were neat and airy. The soldiers’

rooms had neither tables nor benches, and the beds being arranged along the floors, they looked very different from our barracks, but they were quite as comfortable, according to the Oriental ideas of comfort. The officers with the greatest urbanity showed me everything, and took me into their rooms to smoke long pipes and drink thimblefuls of coffee."

Assuredly our Turkish friends have not been asleep, or entirely occupied in smoking opium during the last twenty years. Amongst their military improvements our author should not have forgotten a light compact costume, not very unlike that of the Western armies. Let us now see what he says of the Russians.

"The Russian troops had frequent field-days on the plain of Colintina. I was present on several occasions when their regiment of lancers, eight battalions of infantry, and a park of artillery, were brigaded. They went admirably through that most difficult of all manœuvres, advancing in line; but they were all old soldiers; their cavalry horses were lean, large, and heavy-looking brutes. The lancers made a poor show, the artillery better, but wretchedly slow; the infantry pleased me very much until they commenced their light drill, when I could hardly believe my eyes. No one seemed to be aware of the first principles of skirmishing, from the general down to the private, for battalion after battalion was allowed to go on in the same way, without a single remark; the two ranks of each file made no attempts to cover each other in advancing and retreating; in fact, they generally moved together; they fired, and stood to be fired at, instead of discharging their shot when they were about to move; and then they halted to load, and that anywhere. Our Rifle Brigade would make short work of such skirmishers; every one of them would be picked off as soon as extended."

We guess too, as brother Jonathan says, the Chasseurs de Vincennes with their Minié rifles, would astonish them not a little.

"The Russian soldiers are not nearly so well clothed as those of the Turkish regular army; their heavy green coats are so much more cumbersome than the light jacket; their cross-belts are longer, and not so well put on, the pouch being thus apt to rattle about when they are at double time; and the helmets, though better for defence, are clumsy, and much more fatiguing to wear than the fez. . . . I saw the barracks of a Russian regiment too, but it was when I expected it the least, for I thought I was visiting the Wallachian university. The fact was, that the College of Sant Sava, library, museum, and all, had been converted into a receptacle for a portion of the unwelcome army of occupation, instead of continuing to be the temple of learning; and the students and professors had given place to the soldier-slaves of the Czar. Such a den of filth I never saw; an offensive odour of melted tallow candles, used as sauce for sour black bread, in the absence of their much-loved train-oil; and damp straw strewn about for the miserable-looking, cowed, half-famished animals to sleep upon. No wonder that the mortality among them was so great."

The true place to see a Russian soldier is in his barrack-room or bivouac, when divested of his accoutrements and external panoply of war. Buttoned up, padded on the breast and shoulders, and pinched in the waist, as he stands on parade, he looks smart and formidable enough; but follow him to his quarters, as Sir William Napier says, and when he steps out of his case, you look on an emaciated individual without thews or muscles, with whom a British grenadier would rather divide his ration, than think him worthy to be spitted on his bayonet. The average are as here described, although of course there are picked corps as in other services, and tall regiments of guards. There is, even in Madame Tussaud's exhibition, a fac-simile of a Russian drum-major, eight feet high at the least, compared to whom, Shaw the

life-guardsmen was a mere pigmy, and whose skeleton when he dies, would be an excellent companion for that of O'Brien, the celebrated Irish giant, at the College of Surgeons.

Without including the corn and cattle, which are already abundant, and might be indefinitely increased by industry, multiplied population, and a better-defined political condition, the frontier provinces abound in natural and mineral wealth, far beyond what is generally known or supposed. The salt mines of the Carpathian mountains are worked with intervals from Poland to the Danube. Those of Okna in little Wallachia, which the author visited, have long been celebrated, and produce a revenue of fifteen millions of piastres. These mines are reached by shafts, with staircases, 240 feet in depth. When at the bottom, you may walk several miles underground through streets of rock salt, whose only population consists of convicts by whom they are worked, and their escort of militia, by whom the labourers are watched. At the corners, the names of the streets are painted on wooden sign-posts; a long line of lamps gives a glittering appearance to the crystallized walls, and conveys a delusion that you are in a town by night, with rows of shop-windows on either side. In Wallachia, and more especially in the adjoining states of Servia and Bosnia, the author traversed many primæval forests of the finest timber, available for the purposes of ship-building to an incalculable extent, and unsurpassed in the world either for size, quality, or abundance. The Danube, one of the most important rivers in the world, flows through these fertile lands, offering to their produce unequalled means of transit; but Russia frowns at the mouth with undivided influence, with quarantine restrictions, and expensive custom-house impediments, which are fast tending to throw the whole trade under her immediate and indisputable management. The clearing of the bar at Sulina would be a mighty advantage to other nations. The convention between Austria and Russia has expired, and the subject should be taken into serious consideration by Great Britain in particular, to whom it is of paramount importance. Of Servia and Bosnia, much interesting information is given in these volumes, as also of the late insurrections and military movements by which they were suppressed. The wild plan of forming an Illyrian kingdom, which some agitators have conceived, comprising these provinces with many others, is not likely ever to be carried into effect; and less from mere political obstacles than from the heterogeneous elements of which they are compounded, which are little likely ever to come to an understanding or agree on a single united system of government. Again, the absence of nationality is not to be remedied.

In Turkey, many ancient prejudices and customs are giving way before the advance of knowledge, and the spread of intercourse with the people of the Western world; but they still muffle up their females as tenaciously as ever, and consider it utter profanation that they should be gazed on by the eyes of male strangers. A little episode of this nature happened accidentally to the author at a Khan in Bosnia, and with his observations thereupon we must close our extracts.

"In the morning I sat at my window while our horses were being prepared. Long lines of horses and mules, laden with cotton, grain, and other commodities were passing, as there is a great deal of traffic on this road. I heard the sound of horses' feet in the court, and pitied the travellers, who must have been out in so rainy a night. My door was suddenly opened, and a young Turkish lady of great beauty made her appearance with her veil removed, and looking at her dress as she entered, which was evidently wet through. Behind her came the khandji (inn-keeper), carrying a very pretty little boy, about two years old, richly dressed, and crying piteously—from cold in all probability. I got up immediately and motioned to the fire, while I moved towards the door. She looked up, blushed deeply when she saw a man, and retreated, covering her face with her veil; leaving me just time enough to remark that her eyes were black, and as fine as her features and complexion. The *Khandji* was much disconcerted by her having opened my door by mistake, and hurried her along the passage, and down a back stair to the harem, while a well-armed servant who followed them, showed his teeth, as he looked into my room with the aggravating grin of a lion rampant, because his master's wife had involuntarily shown me her face forsooth!

"What an inconvenient prejudice it must be, for a woman to think herself disgraced by being seen; and how often in the daily course of her life must incidents arise, which become, in consequence, the sources of annoyance. It is not modesty—it is not apprehensive virtue; and if it be meant as precaution, it is, at best, unreasonable; for experience has proved that it wards off no evil from veiled youth, and old age has none to fear. The latter class, moreover, is by far the most particular in this way; perhaps from a wish to enjoy the advantage of a doubt whether the face beneath the *yashmak* be young or old, pretty or ugly. . . . In the lower ranks, this prejudice must be a most irksome burden; as the muffled head and enveloped figure can hardly be a comfortable condition for out-door labour. In Bosnia, however, it is modified in favour of unmarried women, and the veil and the loose green *šerédjé*, which I often saw in the fields, are worn only by matrons. When I went out to mount my horse at the door of the Khan on the river Bosna, I saw the Turkish lady on horseback, and completely shrouded from head to foot, coming from the courtyard. When the servant mounted, the child was placed on a small pillow in front of him, and off they set at a rapid amble."

Having examined all that he desired to notice in the advanced districts, the author rapidly traversed Bulgaria and Roumelia, crossed the range of the Balkan at the Zulu pass, and taking the road through Sophia and Adrianople (at which latter ancient capital of European Turkey he paused a day to look at the bazaar of Ali Pasha and the Mosque of Sultan Selim), he reached Constantinople alone in the middle of the night, and had some difficulty in obtaining admittance at that untimely hour into the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* at Pera, where the remainder of his party had long expected him. He promises another narrative of a subsequent journey, which the pleasure and useful information we have derived from the first, incline us to look forward to with eager anticipation. Everything connected with Turkey and her dependencies, her present state, and probable future, are subjects of interest which recent circumstances have much enhanced, and in which, as Englishmen, we are almost as directly concerned, as if they formed integral portions of the empire of our own sovereign. Correct information is more easily obtained than it was, and there are clear heads and able pens on the spot, capable of recording facts and delivering opinions which may be safely relied on as correct, and appealed to as authority.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THERE are different theories of greatness, and there are different standards of excellence. Judged by the one, it may be denied that Philip Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was a great man. Judged by the other, it is indisputable that he was, *par excellence*, the finest gentleman of his own or any other age. Men may question his principles, doubt his wisdom, deny his wit, but no one is hardy enough to say a word against his manners.

We have a theory—not, however, peculiarly our own—on this same subject of greatness. There are, doubtless, some qualities greater than others. Philosophy is greater than wit. Poetry is better than slaughter. But philosophers and wits, poets and soldiers, may all be great men after their kind. Whosoever in anything of good repute excels all his fellows, fairly entitles himself to be esteemed a great man. Now, there are few of our readers who have not been from their boyhood upwards familiar with the name of Chesterfield. Little boys addicted to such evil habits as biting their nails, scratching their heads, laughing at wrong times, and calling people uncomplimentary names, have been reminded for nearly a century of the living exhortations, and threatened with the posthumous anger of this incarnation of good breeding. And these little boys have, for the most part, grown up, knowing at least this much of the Earl, and inquiring nothing further about him. It has seemed incomprehensible to ordinary understandings that so very fine a gentleman could be anything *but* a fine gentleman, a courtier, a man of fashion, an idle loungeur, lying late a-bed, sipping chocolate with an air, and rising to no higher effort of activity than a game at loo or a flirtation with a fine lady. But Lord Chesterfield was much more than a man of fashion and a man of wit—he was a diplomatist, a statesman, a parliamentary debater; he wrote well and he spoke well; he spoke *so* well, indeed, that Horace Walpole declared that the finest speech he ever heard was one of Lord Chesterfield's; and, more than all, he governed Ireland, as Lord Lieutenant, with so much conciliatory firmness, so much vigorous moderation, that Lord Mahon says of him, and says truthfully, that “he left nothing undone, nor for others to do.”

Philip Dormer Stanhope was born in the year 1694. Neglected by his parents, but assiduously tended by his maternal grandmother, who performed their duties and filled their place, he grew up, with no great promise of after-celebrity, passed through his university career with credit, and was pushed into the House of Commons, by family interest, before he had attained the legitimate age. Pleasure, however, attracted him more than business; and it was not until the death of his father, in 1726, gave him a seat in

the House of Lords, that he applied himself with assiduity to the discharge of the duties of public life. He soon attained distinction as an orator; but it was as a diplomatist that he first really took a part in the active duties of official life. His ready tact, his keen insight into humanity, his courteous manners, his knowledge of modern languages—all eminently fitted him for the business of diplomacy. He was twice despatched as ambassador to Holland, and on both occasions acquitted himself with remarkable address. He was afterwards appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and it is recorded to his honour that he entered upon the duties of his new office with a full determination not to tread in the path of those predecessors who had treated the office as a sumptuous sinecure, and lounged through it without a thought of the people. He governed Ireland upon principles of humanity and justice, and it is said, that his name is still held there "in honoured remembrance."

This was no small thing. If Chesterfield had done nothing else, his Irish vice-royalty would have entitled him to a niche in history. But he was invited to leave Ireland, and to accept the seals of Secretary of State. He consented, not without reluctance. The duties of the office he would have performed with advantage to the State, for he strove to bring about the peace, but he was thwarted by his colleagues, and imperfectly supported by the King, and his alliance with the royal favourite, through whom he hoped to influence the monarch, was not sufficient to protect him from defeat.

But public business did not suit him, he never liked it. With the King he was no great favourite; and a personal slight put upon him riveted his resolution to retire with dignity into private life. It has been said of him that his patriotism was somewhat lukewarm. But it would be well if some of those who esteem themselves patriots of a higher temperature, would ponder over such a passage as this in one of Chesterfield's letters—"Far from engaging in opposition, as resigning ministers too commonly do, I should"—he wrote to Mr. Dayrolles in 1748—"to the utmost of my power support the King and the Government, which I can do with more advantage to them and more honour to myself, when I do not receive £5000 a-year for doing it." The King, when he received his resignation, expressed a hope that the retiring minister would not betake himself to the ranks of the Opposition; but this the above passage clearly shows he had never intended to do. His Majesty, too, offered him a dukedom, but this he respectfully declined. From the period of his resignation he ceased to take any part in official affairs, but he was still an active member of the Upper House; and among the measures with which he was identified, were some of grave historical importance. In spite of much opposition, within and without the House, he carried the Bill for the reform of the Calendar, and gave us the "new Style," which ignorance and superstition in those days declared to be an impious proceeding, but of which among enlightened men, either in that age or in this, there have hardly been two opinions.

But although Chesterfield believed that he could retire without a pang from public life, and though he talked about his horse, his books, and his prints, as companions sufficient for his declining years, they were not enough for him. He wanted other excitement, and he endeavoured to solace his retirement with play. He had earnestly cautioned his son against gaming, but it was only amidst the turmoil of official life that he had been proof against its fascinations. From this he might have been rescued by a resumption of the old burdens of statesmanship, but for an hereditary infirmity, which grew upon him as he advanced in years, and unfitted him both for official and social intercourse. He became very deaf in his old age, and the "thousand infallible remedies" which he tried only left the affliction as they found it. There is but one human antidote to such an evil—it is to be found in a happy home. The domestic pleasures he had not cultivated, and his old age was very cheerless. He had but one child—the illegitimate son, Philip Stanhope, to whom his famous "Letters" were addressed, and he, after disappointing Chesterfield's expectations, was carried off in the prime of life. The aged peer survived him some five years—they were years of weariness and desolation. He adopted the heir to his title, but he could not secure the allegiance of a son; and he died in the year 1773, almost an octogenarian, with little to soothe the misery of the death-bed.

His works survive, and will long survive. In one of his letters to his son he says, with truth and prescience, "Buy good books and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best, if the Editors are not blockheads, for they may profit of the former." This is especially true of his own works. The last edition of Lord Chesterfield's writings is incomparably the best—indeed it is the only edition which fully represents what he was capable of doing. This, in another way, his portrait very fairly exhibits. The face is full of refinement—full of shrewdness. There is no great openness or sincerity in it, and these qualities were absent from Chesterfield's character. He was not, indeed, a truthful man. It is difficult, if not impossible, to gather the real nature of the man from his writings. He often, indeed, belied himself. But what a world of sagacity is there in that face—what a keen insight into human nature, what a knowledge of all human frailties! He seems to look you through and through, as if his business were to over-reach men and to cajole women; and that was very much what he meant when he said that his great object was to make every man like and every woman love him—for how are we so easily cheated as through the medium of the affections?

INTERMITTENT RHAPSODIES ON THE QUASHEE QUESTION.

BY JERMAN JUMBELL, THE UNINTELLIGIBLE PHILOSOPHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT must be two years ago since I was appointed by Mr. Bentley, at your kind (and may I add sagacious?) suggestion, Reviewer Extraordinary to the long-established and far-famed Miscellany. When I reflect on the scrupulous regularity with which I have drawn my very liberal salary, and my unscrupulous negligence of the duties which it was intended to reward, I feel humbled and penitent, and as this happens by an accident to be my birthday, (and I always make good resolutions on that anniversary,) I am determined for the future to be generally more respectable and industrious, and to discharge the duties of my *critical* station like—(I have no other simile at hand, and had therefore better say)—like an Englishman. Indeed I am astonished on looking through the back numbers of your Magazine, to find that my only official utterance dates as far back as March, 1852, when I called the attention of the reading world to two famous works of Jerman Jumbell and Israel Benoni. Since that period, I cannot say that I have been idle—for I have been thinking a great deal—but reading I found quite out of the question. By this I mean the perusal of contemporaneous works—for to the ancients I am as much attached as Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, and have just concluded a re-perusal of Aristophanes and Lucian—whom I have read through before,—I am afraid to say how many times. Well, I was thinking the other day (of all the places in the world to do so) in an omnibus, when I was suddenly attracted by the extraordinary title of a pamphlet which a stout and contemplative looking gentleman sitting next to me was reading. It was nothing more nor less that the following—“Intermittent Rhapsodies on the Quashee Question,” and the title-page went on to say, that this lucubration proceeded from the pen of no less a man than Jerman Jumbell, the Unintelligible Philosopher. Now the name of the author at once excited me; but the title of the tract set me quite beside myself. If there is a thing important now a-days, when cart-loads of new books are daily shot into the publishers’ houses—it is a good title. I have a friend who is writing a three volume novel—which, inasmuch as his last, christened with some taste and decency, did not enjoy a success proportionate to its merits—he declares he will call “Blood and Thunder.” A faithful band of friends are also meditating a new serial. It will in all probability fail—but if it has a chance, that chance is an eccentric name. If it appears at all—which is I think doubtful—it will be called “The Blasphemer.” As a nice quiet name for a magazine not devoted to the discussion

of theological questions, what could be better? But "Intermittent Rhapsodies on the Quashee Question!" I could not stand, or rather *sit* it no longer, and so out of the omnibus I jumped. I rushed into a very respectable bookseller's and asked for the pamphlet—he had it not. Into another's as respectable—nor had he. I tried a third, who seemed a smaller and a cheaper man—there it was. Out came my sixpence—for it is at a low price and meant for the million—and off with it I went.

- Perusal No. 1. A general feeling of confusion the result.
2. Sceptical symptoms—with questions of what's Jumbell about? Will this do? Can't be quite sane, can he?
 3. A careful steady re-perusal—consequence—emotions of violent indignation bordering on disgust, tædium and nausea—ejaculations of "humbug! hosh! twaddle! nonsense! insanity!"

Having got into this state (*facit indignatio versum*), I could no longer restrain myself. I seized my slips, mended my pen, put on my spectacles, and began a censorious criticism of a solemn kind. This I ultimately destroyed, and as I have nothing else to send you, you have my free leave to print this letter. I do not hesitate to say that in these rhapsodies the unintelligible philosopher has surpassed himself. They are more obscure, more grandiloquent, more grotesque, more extraordinary, to sum the matter up, more absurd, than any of his former eccentric lucubrations. A short sketch of the treatise I will, my dear Sir, endeavour to give you, by translating Mr. Jumbell into English, which, I can assure you, is, to begin with, no easy task. By a piece of humour, even for him unusually heavy, he represents himself as having obtained, in some unintelligible manner, the report of a speech on the Abolition of Slavery question, which was delivered, I don't care by whom, and don't know where. Suffice it, that, as regards style, Jumbell himself *loquitur*, and that he defends Negro, or, as he would call it, Nigger, Slavery, right manfully. Whether he possesses wide acres in Quashee-land or not we do not know, but he speaks with a bitterness and sincerity which savours of actual loss to be attributed to broad-brimmed, Brutus-headed, sentimentalistic philanthropy; and the indolent habits of flat-nosed, smirking, good-natured, pumpkin-eating Sambo.

As usual, the philosopher points out all the difficulties of the case strongly enough, but suggests no help whatever. Flattest truisms he puts forth exultingly with much pomp of period, and fertile felicity of illustration, not without the adscititious aid of alliteration, but remedy for the disease none. This pamphlet will never raise the price of sugar, or teach the West Indian proprietors how to cultivate it more cheaply. It will not make Cato or Bacchus dig cane-holes more industriously, or Apollo get up early to plant yams. Amaryllis will still be negligent in her care of the ducks and turkeys, and Cleopatra omit to sew buttons on the ma-

nager's shirt. The only effect that the treatise can possibly have, is to make Mr. J. Jumbell popular in the Southern States of America. Legree, Haley, and the rest of that respectable fraternity, will doubtless send him a piece of plate; and as a design, may I be permitted to suggest the figure of a black tied across a sugar-cask (this was the way in the good old times), a stalwart driver standing over him with a heavy cow-skin in his uplifted hand, a few bloodhounds in the background, and as a motto I think nothing could be better than "Am I not a man—but a nigger?"

I, however, promised to give you a short English version of Mr. Jumbell's Germanesque lucubration. This I find impossible. Who can analyse a series of rhapsodies containing no argument whatever, and chiefly depending for their humour on the constant repetition of the word "pumpkin?" I must therefore content myself with making a few comments. It must have been the Uncle Tom mania, which drove the philosopher to reprint his Quashee pamphlet. He is at heart, I think, somewhat of a misanthrope; *vox populi, vox diaboli* is his version of the proverb. He professes to be the sworn foe of cant, and seems to confound this with public opinion.

The high-priest of paradox and the apostle of novelty and contradiction, a notion has only to be prevalent for Jerman Jumbell to consider it erroneous. The few have sometimes been right. The many are, therefore, *always* wrong. This is his dialectic. He thinks that "those dear blacks" have created a sentimental stir, while we have distressed needle-women here—that those dear blacks are sitting, not under their vines and fig-trees, but squatting in their negro-huts, or lounging in their allotments, eating pumpkins, sucking sugar-cane, and drinking rum—and that they should, therefore, be driven, even by the time-honoured cow-skin, to till the ground in the sweat of their black brows. I feel very loath to seriously confute the philosopher. I have neither leisure nor inclination just now, and feel in this warm weather almost as indolent as Quashee himself. Were I to undertake such a task, I have, perhaps, one advantage over Mr. Jumbell, which is, that I really know something of the question. I have property in the West Indies—I resided there for years. I have been also in the Slave States of America. I have suffered severely from the fall in West India property—but I do not, therefore, think it either logical or sensible, or humane or decent, to take the Jumbell view of colonial matters. "The unintelligible" forgets that no great social or political change can take place without some class-suffering. He forgets, also, that the West Indians were a privileged class—that some years ago they lived in selfish splendour at English watering-places—absentee landlords—their black peasantry, meanwhile, being overworked to supply magnificence and minister to vulgar ostentation. He forgets that from the sighs and groans of poor Cuffy and Cudgoe were wrung the riches which decked a Demerara heiress, glistening in Bath and Cheltenham ball-rooms, or enabled a Jamaica fast man to drive four-in-

hand at Oxford. Now Cudgoe is taking it easy—liberty is a novelty and leisure a luxury. Cudgoe likes to sit still, scratch himself, and eat pumpkins, but there is no fear of his continuing to do this long. He has a taste for civilisation—aye, even, for culture. Splendour of dress is a great weakness of his. I have often seen him at church with a very dandy white hat over his black face, and neck-ties of variegated colours. Rings and smart pins for his neck-kerchief are the delight of Cuffy. To gain these vanities I have known him perform nearly two days' work in one—if you set him his task and paid him for it. The fact is, Mr. Jumbell appears to think, with Aristotle, that slavery is a defensible system, and that the slave is ὄργανον ἐμψυχον, a mere "live instrument;" and appears, also, to hold with Montesquieu, of the "Nigger," that "*these creatures are all over black, and with such a flat nose that they are scarcely to be pitied.*" It is hardly to be believed that God, who is a wise being, should place a soul, especially a good soul, in such a black ugly body."

Horace says that Homer sometimes sleeps, and I think you will agree with me, that even Montesquieu sometimes talks nonsense. Looking at Sambo physiologically, he undoubtedly belongs to an inferior race. He has not the intellect or the beauty of the Caucasian—but by what law, divine or human, has it been laid down, that men are to be persecuted because they are not intellectual or beautiful? I would rather hope, though this rule has been but seldom acted on, that to help the weak, was one of the principles of the moral government of the world. At any rate the Africans are neither stupid nor ugly enough to justify the conduct of their oppressors. The race has produced some men whom not even the Germanesque Philosopher would despise. As Mrs. Stowe writes in Uncle Tom's Cabin, "We have Pennington among clergymen, Douglas and Ward among editors." Christophe will scarcely be forgotten in History, and have we not been visited here in England by men—runaway slaves—who have created much enthusiasm by their eloquence? And it might be perhaps not wholly absurd to remember, that the Africans are not, like most slaves, a conquered race, who have fallen into the hands of their invaders—but that their case is peculiar—that since the Spaniards by their cruelties exterminated the Aboriginal inhabitants of the West India islands, there has been a league among the nations of Europe to keep the blacks under the yoke—to sow dissensions among them—excite them to internecine warfare—and then carry them away captive by the organised system of the accursed slave-trade.

I defy Mr. Jumbell, even with loudest horse-cachinnations, to deride the cause of conscience and of right, and to laugh down the heroism of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Brougham, Denman, Buxton, Lushington, and Macaulay—those great good men, to whom Providence "consigned the clientship of tortured Africa." But I find I grow angry and declamatory, and, therefore, cautioning your readers against the rhapsodies,

Remain yours, &c., &c.,

A WEST INDIAN AND AN ABOLITIONIST.



Portrait of a Man

ASPEN COURT,
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,
AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SUPPER AFTER THE OPERA.

It may be a question, though one which will certainly not be discussed here, whether a young gentleman, so attached as we have endeavoured to represent Mr. Bernard Carlyon, had any particular business at Mrs. Forester's supper. And perhaps that handsome woman's assurance that he would not be compelled to sit *tête à tête* with her, for that there would be some pleasant girls in the party, will be held, by engaged and other selfish people, to be almost an aggravation of his offence in accepting the invitation. There can be no sort of doubt, that Carlyon, having replied to Lilian's affectionate letter by the evening post, should have concluded his secretary's labours, and, after a quiet repast, should have betaken himself to the solitude of his chambers, meditated on Lilian's beauty and other merits, on his own good fortune in having secured her heart, and on plans for hastening their union. And as it was Saturday, and there would be no early mail next morning, he might have written another very long letter, and perhaps a poem, to be sent in a parcel to Lynfield by one of the Sunday trains. And so, with his waking mind full of Lilian, he should have retired to his couch in order to dream of her. That, or something very like it, is, one knows, what the more trustful girl would wish, and what the more exacting girl would demand, and a really good young man would have rejoiced to carry out so pleasing a programme. But how few good young men there are! Let us hope that the teaching of this history will increase the number.

Bernard, however, having an opera stall for that night, did not conceive that he should be doing any treason to Lilian by occupying it. Of course, it was as easy to think of her amid the caressing tones of the love music in the *Sonnambula*, as in a solitary silent room in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But he had scarcely taken his seat when Mrs. Forester, who had a pit-box near the orchestra, made him out and signalled him. There was nothing to be done but to go round to her. She was looking exceedingly well, her fully, but not too fully, developed form appeared to much advantage in evening dress—is there any harm in putting it in another way, and confessing that her large white shoulders and rounded arms were pleasant to behold? Goethe says that no one

who really cultivates his faculties will allow a day to pass in which he does not listen to some fine music, gaze on a good painting, and talk to a beautiful woman—and that is by no means the worst counsel that ever came from Germany. And then besides herself Mrs. Forester's box contained a younger lady, *décolletée* like her friend, and with nearly as much excuse, and possessing a face whose attraction lay rather in its intelligence than its regularity of feature. By daylight you might have found a good many faults in that little girl's appearance, but she managed her black curls, her long black eyelashes, and her very good teeth, and her flexible figure, with a sort of piquant restlessness which lured the eye to follow her movements, against the advice of the judgment. She was obviously ready to be saucy and intimate on the slightest provocation; but if you desisted from talking to her, and if you retired and watched her with that calm artistic regard—the only way, I hope, in which you ever notice such matters—the eye and the lip did not tell you, I think, that the poor girl was happy.

"Stay with us," said Mrs. Forester, with one of her most sunshiny smiles, as Bernard, having acquitted himself of the usual profundities about the badness of the house, and the goodness of the singers, and the ugliness of the people to whom the royal box had been lent that night, and so forth, began to consider whether he should depart. "Don't go away. I listen to music sometimes, but Miss Maynard never does, so you may talk as much as you please."

"How can you say so?" replied Miss Maynard, shaking up her curls as she looked into Carlyon's face with a steady gaze, and then shaking them again as she affected to look down for a second. The movements were nothing, but they were high art, for the action left on his eye a picturesque impression of an animated countenance, which his memory daguerretyped at once and for the future. Curlpapers and a nightcap, if there be such things in the world, would not efface that first glancing, sketchy recollection—"How can you say so, when I have hardly uttered a word since the opera began?"

"Well, now utter a good many. Any political news, Mr. Carlyon? Of course you will not tell me, but it is good practice for a rising diplomatist to be questioned by idle people."

"I know of none," said Bernard, "except that it is very doubtful whether Lumley will have this place next year."

"Take that chair. Mr. Selwyn told me last night that you were a learned authority on music. Is that so, and are you a believer in any one particular school, and intolerant of all others? Because nobody will give you credit for understanding Beethoven unless you scoff at Bellini."

"I shall be very happy to scoff with you in any direction you please," said Carlyon; "but it seems very possible to appreciate both *Fidelio* and this thing."

"I tell you, no. No man can serve two *maestri*. Music is the next thing to love. Can a man love two women at once? Answer that," said Mrs. Forester, leaning a little forward, and looking up

into Bernard's eyes, as if she were earnestly asking for a piece of information.

"Without answering for the expansiveness of other people's affections," replied he, "I am inclined to think that I could not."

"Did you ever try?" jerked in Miss Maynard, with another toss of the black curls.

"The answer is on his tongue," said Mrs. Forester; "but he thinks that having known you for about five minutes only, you may imagine it premature. He will not hesitate when he is a little better acquainted with you, Mary, to say whatever comes into his head—or heart. He was going to declare that he never felt more temptation to try than at this moment."

"Nobody who liked you could possibly like me," retorted Mary Maynard, with some haste.

"Me, my dear child! I was not so presumptuous," said Mrs. Forester, carefully keeping out of her tone the contempt that was most assuredly at her heart. "But Mr. Carlyon is an engaged man—at least, so Lord Rookbury says."

"Oh, how capital!" said Miss Maynard, brightening up with a great show of delight. "Now we shall be the best of friends. I like engaged men, because they cannot misinterpret any nonsense one talks. I am so glad you are engaged, Mr. Carlyon. Tell me all about the young lady, won't you?"

Bernard was a little puzzled. If he had met this unhesitating Mary Maynard in a different atmosphere, he would have had a harder thought for her. In fact, if he had flirted with her on the staircase at some party eastward of the Eden of civilization, he would merely have called her a fast girl, and given her some more champagne. But how she should come to be the *protégée* of Mrs. Forester, who went to Rotherhithe House, and who was confidential with a Minister. And then, again, why had that old Earl been talking to Mrs. Forester about him? However, one must speak, and not think, with two women in an opera-box; and so Bernard, resolving to comprehend the matter as he might, caught up Miss Maynard's edifying tone, and between them they managed to get through a good deal of exceeding nonsense before the evening was over. Mrs. Forester took but little share in the chatter, but when she did interpose it was to lend it a little increase of earnestness, and, rather adroitly, to interest the speakers in one another. And when Amisa was made happy, she said—

"If you young people do not care about the ballet, we will go home—you are engaged to me, Mr. Carlyon, you know."

His arm was, of course, Mrs. Forester's, as they went to the carriage, but as he handed Miss Maynard in, she not only took his hand, but pressed it with evident intention. Nothing but gratitude, of course, for his having amused her so well. But she never spoke once on their way to Park Street.

Mrs. Forester's house was small, but perfect in its way, and proving a taste which somewhat vindicated her in Bernard's eyes from certain suspicions that came across him. The supper-room was delightful. It was sufficiently but softly lighted, and the

ample and luxurious chairs and couches indicated that the suppers there were not things to hurry over or run away from. The table was laid for six, but from a note which Bernard did not see given to the lady, but which must have been given her or she could not have had it, she read with a slight expression of regret that two sister Falkners had been prevented from coming.

"Dear girls, both," she said, "and I am very sorry you do not meet them. I asked Lord Rookbury to come in, too, but he sent round word that he must go out of town. So we are sadly reduced, and you must amuse our sadness, Mr. Bernard Carlyon."

He did his best. We will have no hypocrisy. That young man was beginning to feel somewhat elated with his removal into a pleasanter sphere of life than that in which he had passed previous years. He was scenting the aroma of aristocratic society. He had lately been the guest of an Earl, had been introduced to Rotherhithe House, had been made the secretary to a Minister, and was now admitted to the intimacy of one of the most beautiful women at the West End—the idea, snobbish or not, is written down deliberately. It is certain that he ought to have been more of a philosopher, that he ought to have remembered that all men are equal, and that it can make no difference in a lady's merits whether she resides in Whitehall or Whitechapel. But I never pretended to depict a perfect young man—whom should I ask to sit to me? I repeat, that the social influences had begun to tell upon Bernard Carlyon—that he felt he was exalted to a better level than heretofore, and he was stimulated to seem to deserve the position he was acquiring, and to acclimatize himself therein. And, therefore, when Mrs. Forester desired him to amuse her, and the *piquante* Mary Maynard, this young man resolved to do his best to that end. It is possible that the tone of the new world into which he had been taken was not to be caught in an instant, and that the keen and practised eye of Mrs. Forester might remark somewhat too much of effort, and too evident a desire to please; but if so, she kept her criticism to herself, and gave the frankest smile, and the silveriest laugh to the wit of the young secretary. He played his part well, whipped the trifle, called talk, with an adroit hand, and finding that the slightest dash of foreign flavour was not unwelcome to the taste of Mrs. Forester, he availed himself of certain Parisian recollections which, if indiscreet, he managed discreetly enough, and which were quietly appreciated by Lucy Forester, and, it must be said, still more evidently relished by Mary Maynard. And the little supper being perfectly served, and Mrs. Forester's wine being so exquisite, that Carlyon wondered who could attend to it for her, the party became exceedingly radiant as the Sabbath came in. Mrs. Forester lay back in her delightful chair, and resting her classic head upon a soft little cushion, listened with the most charming smile, and retorted without taking the trouble to move her eyes from the lamp, while that strange Mary Maynard, under some pretence or other, had curled herself up in a corner of the couch on which Bernard was, and sat in a sort of Oriental

attitude which had many advantages, not the least being that it enabled Carlyon to observe that her foot was exceedingly pretty.

"We have laughed enough," said Mrs. Forester. "Now let us talk some metaphysics."

"That we may laugh the more," said Bernard. "But who knows any? I am afraid mine are forgotten."

"I thought it was an amusement for two, not three," said Mary Maynard. "At least I have noticed that it always ends in whispering, which seems absurd among three people. But I want you," she added to Bernard, "to tell me something about that lady whom Lord Rookbury mentioned—I am very curious to know what sort of a person would enchant you."

Bernard's heart—or was it his conscience?—gave him the least twitch, as he endeavoured to answer with the falsehood which ordinary civility seemed to require.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Maynard, with a little pout. "I expected a better answer from you. I am certain that I resemble her in not one single respect." A truth which Bernard admitted to himself, not exactly with dissatisfaction. "But I will describe her to you," continued the young lady. "Shall I?"

"One would like to know how accurate Lord Rookbury is."

"But my description has nothing to do with Lord Rookbury. I believe that he told Lucy nothing about her. I judge from your own character, which I have been reading all the evening."

"Had I known that, you should have had a more amusing page," replied Bernard. "But will you tell me what you have read?"

"Some of it. You are very proud — therefore you have chosen a lady who will do you honour. So she is beautiful, and graceful, and accomplished. You are very worldly yourself, but you ridicule worldly people; I suppose, therefore, that she is something religious, and pious, and all that. I can hardly tell about her appearance, but she is fair, because Mrs. Forester is so, while I am dark, and you have been looking at her almost all night, and scarcely ever at me. And I think she is tall, for a reason which I shall not tell you."

"All wrong, Mary," said Mrs. Forester, to Bernard's surprise: "I mean all except the grace and beauty, of course."

"I do not believe it," replied Miss Maynard, almost vehemently. "What is the reason he has hardly looked at me? Don't tell me!" And her tone was growing so serious, that Bernard decidedly looked at her this time, and privately wondered whether he could have filled her wineglass once too often.

"Is her foot prettier than Mary's?" asked Mrs. Forester, laughing.

"O, foot!" said the singular girl, immediately pulling it under her drapery, but, almost immediately afterwards reproducing it, with a half-smile.

At this moment a slip of paper was brought in to Mrs. Forester. She rose at once.

"Take care of him, Mary," said she, in a curious tone, as she left the room. As the door closed, Bernard turned to his attractive companion, and found she was gazing wistfully at him, with something like preparations for a cry. What hard creatures men are! His thoughts immediately recurred to the wineglass.

"I know you think me very strange," said she, after a pause which he had hardly known how to break. And the symptoms of an outbreak became more and more evident. But she struggled with her impulse for a moment.

"Don't make a common-place civil answer," she said, "or I shall have no patience with you. I know your thoughts. You are sitting there despising me as hard as you can. Don't tell me!"—a phrase which the young lady seemed to affect. "Presently you will go away, and as you light your cigar in the street you will smile and say, 'Queer girl that—something wrong.' And to-morrow you will sit down and write to Miss, and tell your dearest love that you went out to supper, and met the oddest sort of girl, with her dress off her shoulders, and black hair, not altogether ugly, but cracked, you believe; and then you will make a sketch of me for Miss's amusement, and assure her that she has no cause for jealousy. I know—don't—tell—me!" And she almost gasped. Bernard compassionately took her hand (a very soft and warm one), and she looked up quite piteously.

"Say you will not write that in your letter," said Mary, in the most earnest and petitioning way.

"I should never have thought of writing anything like it," said Carlyon kindly. "What makes you think so?"

"O, I don't know," said Mary, kneeling upon the couch. "But I am so wretched!"

A single silver sound was just audible, as if a small table-bell had been struck, outside the room.

"If I could tell you everything," said she, still kneeling; "but that is impossible now. I wonder whether I shall ever see you again."

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Bernard, not exactly knowing what else to say.

"O, I do, I do, so much!" she replied, sobbing. "Will you promise it, will you pledge yourself to it. There, I am sure you will, and—and—"

It was so evident that she meant to be kissed, by way of confirmation of the promise, that there was really no appeal; and, though of course, Bernard, under existing circumstances, most reluctantly approached her lips, he did touch them. And whether she had bent too far forward in her kneeling position, or however else it might happen, but a cloud of black curls fell upon his cheek, and Mary Maynard into his arms. He could hardly look up for a moment or so, but as her curls fell back from his face, he did, and met another gaze.

"Which is the white Hermitage, young Carlyon?" said Mr. Heywood. "Ah! this, I think," he added, quietly filling his glass.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE."

MR. CHEQUERBENT'S peace was easily made for him by Bernard, the rather that the old Mole, as Paul very improperly termed his employer, had just received instructions to institute certain Chancery proceedings, of great costliness, on behalf of one of Paul's country relatives. But there were some other people less placable than the head of the firm of Molesworth and Penkridge, and one morning, early, Mr. Paul Chequerbent, throwing aside the streaming curtains of his shower-bath, stepped out to confront a jolly-looking man, who had somehow slid into the bedroom while Paul was concealed within that temple of health, and who, good-naturedly enough, invited him to dress at his leisure, and to come and breakfast at the house of a common friend. To show that he could take no denial, he opened the door, and admitted another gentleman, of somewhat less pleasing countenance, whom he requested to witness the invitation. Paul felt rather staggered, but he had been expecting the blow for a long time; and, as the classic authority whence we derive so much consolation in our afflictions sonorously observes: *Meditatio futurorum malorum lenit eorum adventus*. And it might have fallen at a worse time, for he had some sovereigns in his pocket, and Angela had gone off to play a short engagement in the country. So he handed his cigar-case to the minister of law, dressed, and in due course found himself breaking his eggs at the very table whereon his friend, Mr. Bliber, had written Carlyon the letter contained in our last chapter but one. As soon as his arrival at the Hotel Jerusalem had been notified to the proprietors of similar retreats, several of them waited upon him with documents to which his attention would be requisite before he could return to his home. *Bref*, Paul had been taken in execution for a tailor's bill of fifty-five pounds, and detainers to the amount of a couple of hundred more were lodged.

His first impulse, of course, was to pronounce a series of grave invectives against the law of imprisonment for debt, the absurdity of which he demonstrated with great clearness to the grinning Jew-boy who attended upon him, and to the unhappy small clerk of whom Bliber wrote, who still lingered in the expensive sponging-house, in the hope, daily growing fainter, that his poor little wife might be able to scrape together money enough for his release. To them Paul laid it down in the most convincing manner that liberty was the birthright of man, and that his fellow-man had no right to take it away, except for crime; and, also, that incarceration was ridiculous as well as unjust, because it prevented a man exerting himself to pay his creditors. If walls have ears, those of a sponging-house must be dreadfully bored with these two arguments, which are regarded in sheriffs' official circles as part of the form through which an imprisoned debtor is bound to go. But Mr. Chequerbent having relieved his mind by this

protest against the system which made him the guest of Mr. Aarons, speedily became more practical, and, sending for that individual, took him into council. Mr. Aarons gave him tolerably straightforward advice.

"It's no good talking about what you will do, or what you won't do, until you see what you can do, you know. Don't be in a hurry. You can be pleasant enough here for a day or two, while you see how things is to go. Take a bit of paper and write down every shilling you owe in the world, from this here tailor down to last week's washing, and then see whereabouts you are. What time will you dine? There 'll be a jynt at three, but you can have what you like."

So Paul made out a statement of his affairs, in a way he had never done before, and was astonished to find what a goodly muster-roll of creditors he could produce, and more astonished than pleased to find how little he had to show for money which would have to be paid one day or other. And he actually calculated his allowance, and the extra sums he had received from his guardian, and having spent all this, and adding his bills to it, he found that he was living very uncomfortably at the rate of about seven hundred a-year. Mentioning this discovery to the small clerk, the latter began to cry, and said that he had been as happy as the day was long on one hundred and forty, with his little wife and two little rooms; but that was all over now; their furniture must be sold, and she must go back to her mother.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Paul earnestly, "that a fellow can keep a wife for one hundred and forty pounds a year! Why, it has cost me a deuced deal more than that for dinners only, during the last year!"

"A hundred and forty pounds a year is seven shillings and sevenpence-farthing a-day, sir, as you know, or about two pounds thirteen and sixpence a-week."

"No, I 'll be hanged if I know anything of the kind," said Paul, "or how you find it out, but I 'll take your word for it. But I suppose two people might manage on it. Let's see. Breakfasts, coffee, ham, and eggs, we 'll say. Well, they charge two shillings at a moderate hotel; I suppose it could be done at home for eighteen-pence. By Jove! that's only one, though. Well, a woman don't eat so much as a man — say half-a-crown for two. Lunch, a shilling. Then dinner. Well, you can dine decently enough at a slap-bang for eighteen-pence, that's three shillings, and I suppose you couldn't do it cheaper at home: making in all — what did I say? — yes, that's six and six. And then supper — by Jove! there's only one and a penny for supper! You must starve your wife, sir; there's no other way of doing it."

"God bless me, sir!" said the little clerk, quite alarmed "you've taken and eaten up all the money. Where's the rent and the coals, and my clothes, and my wife's, and the money to be put away against her confinement?"

"O, do people put away money for those things?" said Paul

who began to think there were some matters he had not considered in his earlier life.

"And then there's the charwoman that comes to do the rough work, she must be paid, and as for any little excursion on Sunday—"

"That's wicked," said Paul, "and I shall decidedly tax that off your bill."

"If you knew the good it did us both, sir, when I have been wearing out my eyes over accounts all the week, and my wife has seen nothing but a dirty red brick wall, and I have had the noise of wheels in my ears, and she the clatter and screaming of the court near our house, which, besides, is not drained as it ought to be, or the lodgers would not look quite so white—to get into a Parliamentary train on a Sunday morning, and for a few pence to be placed among quiet green trees in God's fresh air, and so get up strength and spirits for another week's work—but I shall never do it any more," sobbed the poor little man, quite despondingly.

"But I am damned if you shan't!" exclaimed Paul, who was easily moved, and now felt outrageous on considering his companion's hardships. "I shall stick your debt in among mine, it's no great matter when one's about it, and we'll get out together." But the small clerk shook his head, and looked up with a watery and incredulous smile at such an unbusiness-like suggestion.

"By Jove!" continued Mr. Chequerbent, "it is a hard matter, and no mistake, when such a little money serves to make two people happy, that they should not have it. There's something wrong in this world, and that's all about it. The Coming Man hasn't come, and he keeps us waiting in a most disgusting manner. Perhaps I'm the Coming Man myself, and don't know it. Any how, I'll be the Coming Man for you, and mark my words, if I don't. And here's the Coming Woman. I'll go and smoke in the cage, and leave you to yourselves." And bowing respectfully to the rather pretty little meek-eyed wife, who came in at that moment, and dutifully tried to get up a smile for her husband's consolation, though she had clearly no smiling stuff in her thoughts, Paul went out into a yard, around and over which were iron bars, like those of the Zoological Society's bear-cages, and began to establish pantomime relations with such servant-maids as appeared at the windows "giving" upon the den of wild Christians. He varied these amusements by efforts for the conversion of the Jew boy in attendance, asking him the lowest sum for which he would eat a plate of boiled pork, and go to the play on Friday night, with other facetiousness of the same original description. He grew weary, however, as the day wore on, and, perhaps, for the first time in his life felt a decided conviction that he was deliberately losing valuable time. So he sent for his friend Carlyon, in whom he reposed great confidence. Bernard lost no time in obeying the summons.

"You don't look as if you were sorry to see me here," said Paul, shaking hands with Bernard.

"I'm not, old fellow," replied Carlyon, "setting aside the present annoyance, because I think your visit here will get you into the right groove for the future. Now, have you any plan for yourself?"

"I have prepared a statement of my liabilities," said Paul, with affected pompousness, "which I beg to place in your hands."

"A very good sign," said the other. "I give you credit for at once taking the bull by the horns. What's the total? Oh, come. Five hundred and fifty odd, eh? I fancied it would be more—you've everything down, I hope."

"Everything but the money you sent me to Southend the other day, to take me and the ladies out of pawn."

"Ah! well, that may stand," said Bernard, laughing. "I've a lien on the ladies, you know, and I have a strong notion that you'll want to pay me off, some of these days, as regards one of them. Mrs. Bong, of course I mean. But now, what do you propose?"

"There are but two courses open, I take it," said Paul. "I must pay these fellows, or wipe them out. Now, the first I can't take, and the second—"

"You shan't take. Let us try a third. Can you manage any money at all?"

"I have been considering that interesting problem. I think that by dint of several piteous letters, deploring the error of my past ways, stating that my eyes are now open, and engaging that if delivered from this slough of despond I would, with the help of Providence, pursue a new life in future, such letters being powdered with a good many quotations from the Prayer-book—you could stick them in for me, old fellow,—and perhaps blotted with some water, to be regarded in the light of my tears—or would that be too strong?—I could get two aunts and one godmother to come out with a hundred a-piece. But though they are good souls, and all that, they would insist on going regularly to work, and seeing that the tin was duly applied."

"So much the better. You write your letters, and, if you like, I will go and see your friends, and prove to them that it's all right."

"Just so; you are a brick; and you are so grave and plausible that they will conceive a great respect for you. I always joked myself out of their good graces."

"Never joke with dull people; a joke's lost if it's not understood, and a friend if it's misunderstood. Wait for a safe audience, and, in the meantime, talk about the weather, and the advantage of railways in promoting communication. But now, look here. If you get your three hundred, that is only about half of your debts, and if one aunt should refuse to melt, you are in a mess. I see that a number of these creditors are West-enders, who charge prices calculated on long credit, bad debts, splendid shop-fronts, and heavy rents. There is no particular reason for your paying for either. The course I advise is that you should send some fellow round to all these men and make them an offer.

Pay all the little ones in full, and the others something more like what is fair. If you do not know a man who would do it well I can introduce one to you."

"Who's that, Carlyon?"

"A man named Kether, a Jew, who will do your work capitally."

"I don't like Jews."

"Why not?"

"Well, because they are sure to cheat you."

"There are, down on this paper, from thirty to forty names of men who want to cheat you, and I don't see that one of them is a Jew's name. Is Jones, the man here who has run you up so awfully for costs, a Jew?"

"No, not he. He goes to an Ebenezer three times every Sunday, and whips his children like fun if they laugh when walking home—one of them told me so, poor little beast. But I don't like Jews." ●

"I do; and I fancy I know a good deal more about them than you do. An intellectual Jew is the best thinking-machine one sees in motion: he mixes the subtlety of the East with the energy of the West—what can stand against the union?"

"Nothing," said Paul, "and that's just what I say. You are certain to be done."

"No," replied Carlyon. "The Jew, by dint of the two qualities I speak of, usually succeeds against men who have but one, and has therefore acquired a bad name. Defeat is not scrupulous in its abuse of success. But I repeat, that with a large acquaintance among Jews and Christians, I have no right to say that the Jews play the various games of life less fairly than the Christians, though, from the simple result of natural qualifications, the Jews more often win. I am not talking, of course, of the debased part of the nation, which is just as vile, though not quite so brutal, as the lowest class of Christians. I speak of the upper and middle orders. I would sooner confide a trust, involving difficulty, to a Jew of character, than to almost any other man."

"That's your heathenish respect for the head, without regard to the heart," said Mr. Chequerbent.

"You are wrong again, Paulus Æmilius," said his friend. "Head never wins in the long run, without heart, and it is because the quick, warm Oriental heart is always enlisted in the struggle, that the Hebrew triumphs over your mere shrewd man of business. However, I don't want to convert you to Judaism, but only to my particular child of Judah, Leon Kether; and if your prejudices are not too strong, I will at once go and try to find him."

"Leon—didn't he rule a wife and have a wife?" said Paul. "I wish I had followed his example in the latter particular, and then I should not have been here. Though, by the way, there's a poor fellow in the coffee-room whom marriage has not kept out of good." And he briefly, but after his own fashion, told Carlyon the clerk's tale.

"Just so. He will be ruined," said Bernard quietly. "He will go over to prison, and, being rather a feeble creature, will be speedily demoralized, and finally be discharged as a pauper under the Act. For the rest of his life he will be a shabby, sneaking, needy wretch, and his wife, who is unluckily pretty, will soon weary of such a companion, and find another or so. Two people, who, if they were a little cared for, would plod on, contented and respected, will become rogue and the other thing. Now, if that man were a Jew, he would be taken in hand by four or five other Jews, who would lift him out of his scrape, taking special good care of themselves, too, and he would be kept on his little legs—it is the way with the Jews, and not altogether an unwise or an inhuman one."

"Where did you pick up all your knowledge of them, I wonder, Carlyon? It seems to me that you have been into some queer corners in your time."

"Perhaps I have," said Bernard, "and now I will see in what queer corner I can find Leon Kether."

In a short time Bernard returned, bringing Mr. Kether with him. The Hebrew was a small, compact, active man, dressed with scrupulous neatness, but without ornament of any kind. His features were strong, but the Jewish type was not very obvious, nor were Paul's prejudices against the nation called into violent action by anything markedly Hebraic in the manner of his new acquaintance, which was easy and gentlemanlike. Kether, however, having speedily made out Paul, evidently regarded him as a child put into his hands for protection, and during the discussion on Mr. Chequerbent's affairs, invariably turned to Bernard for a decision on any questionable point.

"I have no doubt I shall be able to manage most of these people," said Mr. Kether. "I shall regularly prepare a schedule of your liabilities for the Insolvent Court, and call upon the various persons as if to ascertain whether you have stated their debts accurately, preparatory to your passing. Then, you see, they will be inclined to look at any middle course as clear gain to themselves, which, indeed, it will be."

"And anytime hereafter, you know," said Carlyon, "when you are rich, you can reward their moderation by paying them their additional charges for their carved shop fronts, and for their bad debts. It is a comfort to you to know that."

"A great consolation," said Paul. "Indeed, such a payment is the one thing to which I look forward with rapture."

"You have not much in the acceptance way here, I see," said Mr. Leon Kether. "Is there any other paper of yours out. Let us have everything. No blank stamps in friends' hands—no old ones unreturned when the new ones were sent? Recollect. Nothing like sweeping clean."

"I don't remember anything but what I've set down," said Paul; "but I will go over the ground again this afternoon."

"Strange thing how careless men are in such matters," said Kether. "I have just finished a business arising out of a man's

hear folly about a stamp. I'll tell you what it was—it may be a warning to you. There's a client of mine, a retired colonel in the army, living down on a small estate of his in Staffordshire—we must n't mention names, so we'll call him Green, which he was," observed Mr. Kether gravely. "Well, sir, Colonel Green had a comfortable little income, which he always spent, and more, and one day wanting money very much indeed for some great let off or another, and not liking to come to me, he answers one of these anonymous advertisements to "noblemen and gentlemen, who may have whatever sums they like on good security," regular swindle-traps. He determined to be very clever, so he ran up to town to see the parties himself. He was received by an elderly, silver-haired man, with a white cravat, who looked a good deal like a banker, and whose manner was very perfect. The Colonel stated his wants, which amounted to six hundred pounds. The other said that the Colonel's position in society, and his being a landed proprietor, made the transaction matter of course, and took out his cheque book, at which old Green's eyes began to twinkle, and he felt his waistcoat pocket swell out with new notes and sovereigns. The banker paused, and then said, 'Colonel Green, if you are not in any hurry for this money, and there is time to get a regular security prepared, you may have it at the market price; but if you happen to require it at once, you will have to pay high.' I needn't tell you that the Colonel *did* happen to want it that very day, and that he was ready to pay whatever was asked. He was therefore required to give a bill for six hundred at three months, and for this he was to receive five hundred."

"The lenders taking one hundred for interest," said Paul.

"Your arithmetic is accuracy itself," said Mr. Kether. "The bill was given, and the cheque-book came out again, when it was discovered that it was so near four o'clock that the Colonel could not get to the banking-house, which happened to be a Lombard-street one (a curious practice some people have of preferring bankers at a distance), in time to cash it. He wanted to be off to Staffordshire that night. 'Sorry for that,' said the silver-haired man, musing. 'I'll tell you what, I have some money here, I fear not much,' and he opened a drawer. 'I have here only about fifty pounds—but what's the second-class fare to your place?' 'Sixteen and sixpence,' says the Colonel, wondering what he meant. 'Twice sixteen and six is one thirteen,' says the banker; 'cab from here a shilling, back the same, that's one fifteen. If you like to take this fifty pounds and go away to-night, and to pay the one fifteen besides, my clerk shall get the money as soon as the bank opens in the morning, and be with you by one o'clock with it. Let me see—he will have to bring you, after taking off this fifty and the railway fare, four forty-eight five—is it not so?' 'Just so,' says the Colonel: 'that will do very well.' 'Don't give the clerk anything except a little bread and cheese, perhaps,' says the banker. 'Very well, poor fellow,' says the Colonel, quite humane. And off he goes."

"And no clerk came, of course," said Paul.

"You under estimate the talent of the parties, Sir," replied Leon Kether. "He came by a still earlier train than that appointed only he did not bring the money, but said that in drawing the bill a wrong stamp had been used, which made it informal, so he had been packed off to get a new one, but that another clerk was actually on his way with the money. He got the new bill from Green, but could not give up the first one, not having it with him, however, being on a wrong stamp, that, he said, was, of course, no use to anybody. Away he went, and there, naturally, ended all the Colonel's transactions with the silver-haired man, who could never be heard of any more, and who by a curious coincidence, gave up his offices the very day after the Colonel had seen him. Well, here were bills for twelve hundred pounds somewhere. Old Green never told me anything of this until the last minute, or I might have managed better, but three months and three days afterwards, he comes to me with a penitent face, discloses his folly, and also two writs, each for six hundred pounds, with which he had that day been served, the plaintiff being one Abrahams, of whom he had never heard before. Now, all this sort of swindle happens every day, and though I hope the story will warn you, Mr. Chequerbent, such stories never warn anybody else. People always think theirs is to be the exceptional case, and that the thieves *they* deal with, will, for once, be honest."

"But what was the end?" asked Paul; "did the old party pay the twelve hundred, less the fifty?"

"No, he could not, and, if he could, I would not have let him. I was determined to root out the swindle, and I went to work at once. I took an old bailiff, who knows every rascal in London, into my service, and he was not long in ascertaining that our friend Abrahams was a mere man of straw, and kept a marine store down Ratcliffe Highway, with a big black doll hanging out at the door. Quite clear *he* could have given no consideration for such bills. But, to make matters safe, my bailiff got hold of a son of Abrahams—Shadrach, I think his name was—a horrible little fellow, with a face all seamed with the small-pox, and with such a lisp that it was a wonder he ever got a word out at all. This young gentleman had quarrelled with his father, and was ready, on being paid for his trouble, to swear anything likely to upset the old man's case. I only wanted the fact, and got it. I gave battle, and, on the trial, old Abrahams distinctly swore to having given twelve hundred pounds, less discount, for the bills, while young Abrahams as distinctly swore that his father had not twelve hundred pence in the wide world. The jury looked at probabilities, and we gained the day."

"Bravo," said Paul, "I like to hear of victory going with justice."

"The sentiment is good, but premature," said Mr. Leon Kether, "as we were a long way from victory. Abrahams' backers moved for a new trial, and brought a whole gang of witnesses to swear that Shadrach was an undutiful boy and a sad liar, for that his affectionate parent was a man of wealth, and had three thousand

pounds at a certain bank. But we got a clerk from that bank, and he floored the case by proving that no such person as Abrahams kept an account there. After other dodges, and much fighting, the new trial was refused, and the plaintiffs were beaten down again, and I determined to let them know it. I got execution against them for the whole amount of costs, which had run up tremendously, and which came to about three hundred and sixty pounds. I should tell you that I wanted a very important affidavit from Master Shadrach, as to facts, and this was made. But before it could be used, the excellent Shadrach contrived to steal it from my clerk, and then he came to my office, and demanded fifty pounds before he would give it up, for he knew how much I needed it. 'Well,' I said, 'fifty pounds is a good deal, but we'll talk about it; come in—have you got it with you?'—'No,' says he. 'Lie,' says I to myself, as he came into my inner room. I locked the door. 'You undutiful scoundrel,' says I, 'you've stolen my document, and it's in your pocket, now I will throw you down on this floor and strangle you, if you don't give it up.' He ran round and round my room like a frightened cat, trying the door, and rushing into a washing closet, but it was of no use, and then he ran to the window, but luckily I'm on a two-pair. Then he began to cry, and as I took hold of his neckcloth he produced the paper, and begged me to give him something. 'When your father's in gaol,' said I, for I knew what would happen. I put my execution into the officer's hands, but old Abrahams could not be found—he had disappeared."

"Like the silver-haired man," said Paul. "How pleasant to be able to vanish from the scene as soon as it becomes disagreeable; I wish I could have done it this morning."

"Much better as it is," said Bernard; "but you caught your plaintiff, Kether?"

"Well, Master Shadrach kept hanging about my staircase, looking wistfully at me every day, and at last I said to him, 'What will you sell your father for, you scoundrel, for you know where he is?'—'Ha! ha! Sell my father,' says he, 'very good, very funny, Mr. Kether.'—'Sell him or get out,' says I. He got out that day, but the next morning he came, and declared that he would not for all the world hurt a hair of the old man's head, but that in the end the money must come out of the pocket of a brother-in-law, whom Mr. Shadrach, who had a gift for hating, hated venomously. So he agreed to hand over his father to my bailiffs, for twenty pounds, to be paid the day of capture. It was no business of mine how he managed it, but I heard that the way was this. The old Abrahams was hiding in a house at Chelsea, and the young one forged a note to his father from the brother-in-law, inviting the ancient rascal to come and spend the Sabbath with him, and armed with this, took the officer to the house at Chelsea. Nothing was known of such a person as Abrahams until the forged note was produced, and then Shadrach and the officer were shown into his bedroom. I am told that Shadrach's pretended indignation, on discovering that he had

been duped into consigning his father to prison, was fine acting. He tore his hair, and swore hideously. The old man was taken off to the Fleet, and Shadrach, by way of completing the farce, went to the brother-in-law, and vituperated him furiously for writing the very note Shadrach had forged, and for thus betraying the poor old man. Then he came to me for his money, and got it, and I had got old Abrahams for three hundred and sixty pounds. Then for a month, I had pretended friends of Abrahams coming to me every day to beg me to let him out on easier terms than my claim. He was very old, he was very poor, they could raise a little—a very little—would I kill the poor old man by confining him in a dungeon, and so on. I had one answer for them all—‘He dies in gaol, or I’m paid in full. Where’s the three thousand pounds you swore to?’ So first they offered me twenty pounds, and then fifty, and then a hundred, and so forth, but I would’ not take off one farthing, and at last, when the old fellow had been in gaol for a month, and they saw I was determined, a most respectable tailor called on me, and paid me every shilling.”

Mr. Kether speedily took leave, promising immediate attention to Paul’s affairs, and Bernard followed him, after advising Paul to keep up his spirits, as he was now likely to set himself right with the world, and to go on pleasantly for the future. And he sent him in a number of books of a class suited to Mr. Chequerbent’s literary taste, which was not severe. And even when Paul heard himself locked into his bed-room, for fear he should make any nocturnal effort to depart from the custody into which he had fallen, he only laughed, and if his studies had led him among the older poets, he would probably have quoted the line which gives a title to our chapter, but as it was, he contented himself with apprizing the person outside, that he was to mind and let him out if the house caught fire. And then he went to sleep and dreamed of Angela Livingstone.

LUTHER IN CHINA.

ONE might dogmatize, and say a great many fine and sweeping things about Asia, if, unfortunately, China did not make a part of it. One could say of it, that it knew nothing but despotism, and never could invent anything but despotism, because it could never give security to property, or, indeed, never could discover or admit any kind of property save land, and the precious metals or jewels. Wealth therefore was impossible, except by enslaving, and being possessed of the labour of men. Whereas the true, fructifying, and interminable wealth, is that which employs man, without enslaving him, and advancing the artizan his yearly provend, without taking his freedom as a guarantee. This last social feat has never been performed by any Asiatics, at least to any extent or universality, save by the Chinese.

There is scarcely a valuable principle such as we consider exclusively European, which the Chinese have not invented before any Europeans thought of it. They discovered movable letters to print with, they discovered gunpowder, the compass, decimal arithmetic. They subjected the military to civil authority, and whilst admitting wealth to descend from father to son, they ordained that power and authority should not so descend, with the grand exception of the royal or imperial family. Revelation was not vouchsafed to them. But, independent of such a boon, Confucius made the best attempt, that ever was made by man, to erect a national and rational religion. It was their singular fate, however, to invent these things, and go with them, as it were, a first stage. But more than this they could not go. They could push none to its most active use and perfection. All great ideas budded with them, even anterior to the time they did with us, but they did not grow above a certain stature. They remained dwarf.

The boldest original thing that the Chinese have achieved, and which, as a national law, they founded so strongly, that even their Tartar conquerors could not subvert it, was the rule that all places, and authority, and public emolument, should be given to those who answered best at a public examination, without any regard to birth, power, or propinquity. This is a principle which the English Parliament has just thought fit to apply or to try in the year 1853, and, singular to say, it is with regard to the East that England has resolved to try it. A certain proportion of places in India is to be given to the best answerers at a public examination. Every one has still in his ears or in his mind the clever attack upon this principle by Lord Ellenborough, in the debate on the India Bill, with the eloquent answer given to that attack by Mr. Macaulay in the Commons.

The Chinese have been practising this law for a great many centuries, with many marvellous and marked results. One of

these results, is the uniting of the vast empire, which by no other instrumentality is so powerfully held together. No man of any talent or authority remains in his own town or village. If he obtains office, he may be sent to the Great Wall, or to the sea of Canton—possibly to both of these extremities of the empire in succession. There are, consequently, no authorities or magnates, with local authority or hereditary, or even propertied influence. The great become so in the first instance by their talents, and, secondly, by their holding a place in a vast national hierarchy, which, like a huge network, binds the immense empire together.

The great secret of the Tartar or Mantchoo subjugation of the Chinese, or, rather, the secret of the latter's submitting to it, not only at first, but during such a lapse of time, is no doubt that the Tartar princes adopted Chinese laws and habits of administration and of advancement to office. They compelled the Chinese to alter their costume, and shave all of their head, save the only lock, which is the cherished symbol of Turk and Tartar. But they did not extend their tyranny to more serious things. Thus the Tartars introduced their own religion, that of Buddhism, with the Llama of Thibet for its chief. But they did not force their religion down the throats of the people, although they favoured in some measure the priests and establishments of Buddhism. The Mantchoos, indeed, monopolized to themselves chiefly that profession, which the Chinese themselves despised, the military. And they had the good sense, at the same time that they did this, to leave in force the old Chinese regulation and law, which renders a military functionary always subordinate to a civil one. Such tolerance and obsequiousness as this, shown by the victors to the vanquished, have enabled the latter to maintain their ascendancy for two hundred years, that is, from the year 1644 to our time.

We were wrong in saying that the Tartars or Mantchoos introduced Buddhism into China. This was, in truth, the work of Koubla Khan, the Great Mogul, who, about the year 1300, adjoined China to the empire which he had raised in Central Asia. He was called in by the Chinese against the eastern Tartars, whom he completely succeeded in subduing, but whose remains grew silently into the Mantchoos, under which name they, at a later period, recovered their supremacy. The Moguls did not retain this ascendancy above sixty years. The Chinese Emperors of the Ming dynasty, and of a purely native race, drove out the Moguls, and reigned for nearly three centuries.

It is very remarkable that the revolution which rendered the Mantchoos masters of the Chinese and their empire, was, like the one at present in operation, not so much the result of a great battle, or of a campaign, as a gradually winning over of the inhabitants. This the Mantchoos began by taking possession of the provinces of Honan, from whence they extended their power, year after year, killing all the Chinese Mandarins that fell into their power, but sparing the common people, and even exempting them from tribute. So that, in fact, it was a replacing of one

government, and one set of functionaries by another, whilst the people who gained by the change, looked on and did not interfere. It is very singular to find this great revolution, or conquest, as it is falsely called, taking place in 1643 precisely in the same manner, under the same circumstances, and by the same tactics which the insurgents of 1859 employ. The last prince of the Ming dynasty, when certain of defeat, slew his only daughter, and then hanged himself.

So long-lived have been the Tartar princes, one cause of the duration of their dynasty and power, that only six sovereigns have occupied the Chinese throne from 1643 to 1850. Kanghi, the second of that dynasty, and the great hunter, reigned in 1689, and was succeeded in 1736 by Yong-Touang. He undertook to reduce the rebellious mountaineers, called the Miao-Tse, who have raised and carried to success the present insurrection. Yong-Touang boasted to have conquered them, but the extent of his conquest is to be doubted, from the admitted fact of his never having been able to make them consent to adopt the Tartar tail. Kien-Long, who succeeded Yong-Touang, reigned sixty years. He was the Emperor who received Lord Macartney in 1793. His son, Kia-kin, who gave himself up to gluttony and dissoluteness, was the Emperor who made the difficulty of receiving Lord Amherst. Kia-kin left the throne, in 1820, to his second son, Tao-Kouang, who had earned this preference by liberating his father from a band of insurgents, who had got possession of the palace, and who intended his dethronement. It was with Tao-Kouang that England had its opium quarrel. His son, Hien-foung, succeeded at nineteen years of age to the throne in 1850.

The length of time during which this Tartar dynasty has reigned almost undisturbed, is inexplicable, on the supposition of the government being a closely centralized and oppressive tyranny. The Chinese or the Tartar *régime* is not this. It is not like the autocracy of Russia, or the sovereignty of France, a system which makes all revenue flow to a great centre, and all authority emanate from thence. The provinces have, indeed, at the head of their administration a chief chosen by the emperor from out the higher rank of functionaries, but his government is very much under fixed rules, and with a view to local, not imperial interests. Thus it is not the custom, as in France and Russia, to transmit to the capital the provincial revenues, and to have a great finance department, which first absorbs, and then distributes revenue and expenditure. The taxes raised in a province are spent in a province, all, save a surplus which, part in money, part in kind, is sent to Peking; it is variously estimated, but it is not enormous. It is more the emperor's civil list and court expenses, than anything resembling an imperial revenue. There is a certain Tartar force at Peking paid no doubt out of such revenues. But the Chinese army seems no more centralized than the finances. The force at Peking suffices for the tranquillity of the people, but when there is a need of troops in the southern or in the remote provinces, they are

raised on the spot by the viceroy or governor, and their pay and expenses levied by local taxation, as has been seen several times at Canton. With such a system, China cannot be other than extremely weak and inefficient as a military power.

The truth is, that for a long lapse of centuries, the only frontier on which China was menaced by a foreign foe, and on which it required its sole means of defence, was the frontier of Tartary. The mode, in which a great Chinese Emperor hoped to provide for this defence, without continually raising and keeping up a formidable military force, is well known and celebrated, as the Great Wall. But a great wall, inspiring a government or a dominant race with the idea that they can dispense with soldiers, with military experience, science and virtues, has proved in general a source of weakness, not of strength. And at length the Chinese, not being able to keep out the plundering Tartars, were obliged to get Tartars and Moguls to do this for them. But those intrusted with such a duty invariably become the masters of those who so trust them. And the Tartars became the imperial and the military, if not altogether the dominant race in the empire. To fulfil his duty of defending the empire, the Tartar monarch resided in the north, at Peking, however barren the region, and however strange that the metropolis of a great empire should be situated at one of its extremities. Even to the last, the great Tartar monarchs spent their summers in Tartary, beyond the Great Wall, engaged in the great hunts, which form the fashion of their race. By these means the emperors kept themselves, and the Tartars attendant on their persons, warlike and formidable, awing at the same time as well as conciliating the pastoral tribes, which so long menaced the power, and plundered the agricultural wealth of China.

Whatever the Chinese may have suffered in pride, and in power, and in supremacy, by their obedience to Tartar princes, and subjected to a capital at the most remote and barbarous point of the empire, they were repaid by the security and repose thus procured, and by their being rid of all enemies, and of all fighting necessities and disbursements. Such, even so late as the close of the last century, was the tacit agreement and arrangement between Tartars and Chinese. But since that period, immense changes have been taking place, not on one side of China, but all around its frontiers.

First of all the Russian empire has immensely increased, and not only increased, but organized its authority. The Czar has extended his power over the most remote of the Tartar tribes, or, at least, he has extended his power over so many of them, as to fix and separate them, and prevent a renewal, unless at Russian suggestion, and under Russian auspices, of any of those great movements of the pastoral tribes, one of which, not many centuries back, subdued all Asia, not excepting India. China, although thus menaced by a more formidable conqueror at some distant time, has been released from any annual ravages, or immediate fears. The Emperor has not for a long time felt the necessity, or undergone the fatigue of a summer's expedition into

Tartary. The last time such an idea was entertained, it was abandoned on account of the expense, and this was publicly announced in a proclamation. In other words, the Emperor no longer kept up that old border army which he used to march across Independent Tartary, and which, awing the wild tribes there, was also disposable for crushing any rebellion or resistance of the Chinese themselves.

Whilst Russia has thus made itself indirectly felt on the northern frontier of China, the naval power of England has made itself felt on the southern coast. The Chinese there came to the discovery that the Tartar army they had hitherto so dearly paid for undertaking the national defence were not capable of it,—especially not capable of it against a naval enemy. And the result has been to inspire the Chinese with a contempt and disgust, unfelt before, for their Tartar governments and generals. It is probable, too, that the English invasion and final influence at Hong Kong and Canton has wrought a greater change in Chinese ideas, by the new course and impulse given to industry and trade, than even by the demolition of the batteries of Canton. No article of religious creed was more strongly observed or acted on than the one which we have heard nearer home, viz. that China should suffice for itself, and that the trade between its northern and its southern provinces, its inland and its maritime, was quite sufficient for Chinese prosperity. The Chinese have had reasons for entertaining the quite contrary opinion. The merchants, labourers, tea-growers, and artisans have tasted of the profit of foreign trade, from which to a respect for Europeans and a contempt for Tartars is no great stride.

It should not here be forgotten, that at the time of the last Tartar or Mantchoo conquest, there were two chief points and regions, in which the old Chinese spirit continued to hold out, and persisted in carrying on war upon the Tartars. One was the sea-coast, the islands, and the mountain population. These betook themselves to their junks, turned pirates, and ravaged the coasts of China. Kochinga, a famous chief, maintained himself for a long time in Formosa. And the Tartar Emperor could find no better way of reducing them than ordering the coasts to be laid waste all round for the space of three miles from the sea, such fortified towns as could resist the pirates being alone excepted.

In the same spirit of resistance to the Mantchoos were the mountain tribes of the Miao-tse, a tribe inhabiting the province of Kouang-si. This province is the Switzerland of China, consisting of a mass of mountains of great height, including valleys, which grow cinnamon and rice. These mountaineers defied all the attempts of the Tartar princes to reduce them, and they have equally repelled every attempt of the bonze or Buddhist priest to introduce the idol worship. In the same spirit they refused to shave their hair, leaving the one lock or *queue*, which is the Tartar fashion, and which their conquerors imposed upon the rest of the Chinese.

However apparently submissive to the government of Peking was

the province and population of Canton, and the townsman class altogether, nevertheless there was found a great number of secret societies, of which the great bond and aim were hatred to the Mantchoos, their rule, and their religion. Sir John Davis had told all that he could learn respecting their societies, especially that of the Trinity. The distinguishing mark of these societies being attachment to old and Chinese habits and interests, there was necessarily a communication established between them and the mountaineers of the Miao-tse, who derived education and instruction from their emissaries. The province of Canton, though frequently taxed to furnish funds and soldiers for an attack on the Miao-tse, refused to furnish either with alacrity, and their ill-will was alone sufficient to neutralize all such attempts, when made by the governor of the southern provinces.

In 1832 there arose a simultaneous insurrection in Formosa and in the Kouang-si. The cap, the distinguishing feature of the Chinese costume, was scrupulously the same in Formosa and in the Kouang-si, being a kind of red turban fastened by metal pins. The government of Peking acknowledged the identity of the two insurrections; even in one of its proclamations it stigmatizes the rebels of the Kouang-si as a set of pirates from Fokien, who had taken refuge in those mountains.

It was not, however, until the year 1850 that the insurrection of the Miao-tse assumed a formidable aspect. It was not till then that its commander entertained the bold thought of pushing the conquest over the whole of the empire; nor were they till then fully assured how largely they might count on the support of the population and of the secret societies in the accomplishment of that bold attempt.

Whatever doubt may have at first existed as to the insurrection being based upon Christian and Christian Protestant principles, none can remain, since the receipt by Dr. Neumann, the celebrated Professor of the University of Munich, of numerous letters, documents, credos, and proclamations, completely establishing the fact. Not a doubt now exists, that it was Gutzlaff who dropped the seed, which has so unexpectedly grown into the present movement. Gutzlaff knew enough of the secret societies of China, and of that of the Trinity, to see that they wanted some belief more vivifying than the moral precepts of Confucius to animate the Chinese against the Tartar idolators. He therefore founded at Canton a club called the Chinese Union. The idea of it was to make the Chinese acquainted with the religious, social and political opinions of Europe, and to present these, not as the missionaries did, in opposition to Confucius as well as to Buddhism, but rather in alliance with Confucius against the idolatrous religions of Tao and Fo.

Confucius was, after all, but a moralist, which Christianity is not called upon to discuss or contradict. It is very remarkable that all the efforts of Roman Catholic missionaries, and especially of the Jesuits to establish their religion amongst the Chinese, should have failed, notwithstanding the pains and the wealth

spent in the attempt. And yet a merely social club, founded by a linguist, in a corner of Canton, teaching Protestant tenets without authority or effort, has spread like wildfire through the country, and brought the great empire at the eastern extremity of Asia into an identity of sentiment with the English race at the other extremity of Europe.

It is a great pity—pity at least in one sense—that Gutzlaff was not born in a fabulous age. What splendid legends and stories might then have been told of the great Apostle of China! Unfortunately, we know all about Gutzlaff, who was born a Pomeranian. The Chinese insist that his father was a Chinese, and a native of Fokien, who migrated to Hamburg. And they pleaded Gutzlaff's dark hair and swarthy yellow complexion as a proof. Gutzlaff had come to China, it was said, as a Protestant missionary, which he did not find lucrative, and that he joined with it some of the attributes of Wordsworth's heroes. In other words, he travelled over those countries as a pedlar. At all events, he was made interpreter to the English embassy or mission, his inestimable character and experience having been at last appreciated.

But to return to the present insurrection, which first began to assume a serious and aggressive aspect in 1850, partly in consequence of a prophecy that the Manchoo Empire was to terminate at a certain epoch of the Chinese calendar, which answered to the first of February, 1851, of ours. The province of the Kouang-si, in which are the mountains and mountaineers of the Miao-tse, is contiguous with that of the Kouang-ton or Canton. There was in general but one viceroy for both, his duty with respect to the mountaineers of the Kouang-si being merely to keep them from invading the low grounds. The insurgents of the hills were near enough to perceive that the English had the better of the imperialists, and that these, notwithstanding all the force they could muster, were compelled to sign an ignominious peace. Accordingly, in 1850, the mountaineers advanced from the mountains to the nearest districts of the Kouang-ton, took several important towns, and defied the imperial governor.

However retrograde and out of the world may be the court of Peking, the same phenomena may be observed there, that are seen to take place at Constantinople or St. Petersburg, or even in London itself. There exist at Peking, as at other such places, two parties, one for acting with all the energy and barbarism of Tartar spirit, defying foreign enemies, crushing domestic ones, scrupulously following old ways and traditions, and trusting to the sabre, the axe and the gun. The other, on the contrary, are fond of satisfying home demands, and negotiating about foreign menaces. The one would always bluster and fight, the other continually temporise and compromise. The late emperor, Tao-Kouang, generally preferred the mild and moderate party, and chiefly placed his trust in a prime minister belonging to that opinion. In his dealing with the English, however, Tao-Kouang alternately employed men of both parties; at one time the violent Lin, at another the conciliatory Keshen.

In the beginning of 1850 Tao-Kouang paid the debt of nature, and was succeeded by his son, Hien-foung. The opinion of the young prince was gradually formed, that Houtchanga, the mild and liberal minister of his father, was far too gentle, too conciliatory, that he had let the English off too easy, had allowed the rebellion of the Miao-tse to grow, and that such fierce and decided governors as Lin were what the state of the empire required. Accordingly, an imperial edict announced to the empire that the party, which had sacrificed the national honour, in badly fighting and weakly treating with the foreigners, was dismissed.

Lin was restored to power; and this time was ordered to raise an army and proceed with it to the reduction of the Miao-tse. Lin, however, died upon the march, before he could encounter the enemy; and from that time to this the Court of Peking has named a succession of governors and commanders, some more mild and conciliatory, with the aim of levying money from the people of Canton, and winning the adherence of the provinces, others of the ferocious party, celebrated for cutting off heads and decimating a population. Every one of these generals and armies the insurgents managed to defeat, extending their power and their possession of fortified towns and provinces in two directions, one southward toward the sea, the other north of the mountains which skirt the province of Canton. It has been in following the like directions, and in traversing as conquerors the province of Hounan, that they have at length arrived in the vicinity of Nankin.

It has taken three years and a half to make the progress from these mountains. We have seen from their late capture of Amoy, how their progress has been made. They have shown by their mode of treating and administering a province seized, that they disturbed no property, interfered with no industry, did not increase taxation, for they were content with feeding themselves and their fighting-men, without reserving any sum to be sent to the capital. The sums destined for Peking, they stopped. The towns in the vicinity of a province so treated, saw the advantage of joining the insurrection, and so it has gradually spread, by contagion, as it were, and by itself, without much fighting, a very little of which is always immensely exaggerated in Chinese accounts.

At the commencement of the insurrection, the Miao-tse set up one Tiente or Tientuk, a young man, who, according to some, was descended from the last Chinese dynasty of the Ming. It would appear, however, from the expedition which our governor sent, or conducted up the Yellow River, and from the conversation which the envoys of that expedition had with the chiefs of the insurrection at Nankin, that there is no talk amongst them of Tiente. No great reliance, indeed, can be placed upon the information derived from this expedition, whose interpreter could evidently not understand the spokesman of the insurgents. Thus it struck the interpreter, that there was difficulty of coming to an understanding with the insurgents, because of a difference of etiquette, whilst others, who were present, seem to doubt if any such difference existed. The interpreter represents the insur-

gents as making no mention of Tiente, but as referring every authority to Thae-ping-tien. But this is the name of a place; there is a town near Nankin of that name, and it might thus be head-quarters. Or the word means some new empire. Altogether this expedition in search of information has left people worse informed than they were before, except in the important points that the insurgents destroyed all the idols, massacred all the Tartars, and showed themselves inclined to be on excellent terms with the English, that is, provided they were Protestants. For our religion with them seemed of more importance than what nation we might be of.

With respect, however, to the small mention of Tiente, and the substitution for him of the Thae-ping-tien, it is known that the rebel or insurgent army was one of many chiefs, each of whom ruled over localities and over separate divisions of the country, so that the insurgent power would seem to partake more of the nature of a federation than a centralised empire. The insurrection at present, and the empire which it has established, may, perhaps, be governed by a council, and some of those democratic, or liberal ideas in politics, which have been so generally united with Protestantism in Europe, may have come to modify the political, as well as the religious ideas of the conquering innovators, who have the fate of China in their hands. On this subject it is probable that the documents in Dr. Neumann's hands will throw considerable light.

In the meantime, we have little doubt of the success of the insurrection south of the Yellow River. And this implies the submission of Peking, unless the conjecture should prove true of the rebels having dispensed with the personal supremacy of an Emperor. Peking, its court, its army, and its multitudes of *employés*, are, we know, fed from the south. And the chief use of the Grand Canal of China was to convey this sustenance to the northern capital, in return for which the northern provinces sent little. The capture of Nankin, and the stoppage of the supplies up the Grand Canal, must starve Peking, and disgust its population of parasites and hangers-on with the fortunes of a dynasty that could not defend itself, or preserve its hold over the empire.

There is another possibility, that a vigorous effort of Russia will be made to sustain the old Chinese Empire and *régime* against what is now evident to be the Protestantism and Anglicanism of the South. It will be said that Russia cannot march armies to such a distance. No doubt her Cossacks and her battering trains cannot reach the Great Wall. But the influence of the Czar with the Tartar tribes and with the nomad population of the Steppes is such, that zealous injunctions from Russia might pour down upon China hordes sufficiently numerous and warlike to repel any invasion of the North by the South. It is very fortunate that neither the English nor Americans have lent the insurgents any succour. Such interference might have afforded both pretext and incentive for Russia to excite a civil war between the two regions of China, a civil war by which she might ultimately profit.

THE LAST YEARS OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.*

BY F. A. MIGNET,

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THE gold and silver plate which Charles the Fifth had brought to the monastery of Yuste was of the richest character, and it was appropriated with profusion to the various wants of his person and household. The plates and dishes for his table, the various articles used in his toilette—ewers, basins, and jugs of all sizes, utensils of every kind, furniture of different sorts for the kitchen, cellar, pantry, pharmacy, &c., were all in silver, and weighed more than fifteen hundred marks.

Far from being limited and insufficient, as Sandoval and Robertson have represented it, the household of Charles the Fifth included servants whose numbers were as extensive, and whose functions as varied as his wants could possibly have been. It was composed of fifty persons, some of whom resided in the monastery itself, and others in the neighbouring village of Quacos. At their head was Colonel Luis Mendez Quixada, who, as major-domo, held the supreme command of the Emperor's household, and who, for thirty-five years, had rarely been absent from his master's side. After him, classing them according to the amount of salary they received, came the secretary, Gaztelu, and the physician, Mathys, each of whom had 750 florins, or £200 a year; and then William de Morin with a salary of 400 florins, as chamberlain and keeper of the wardrobe. The service of the imperial chamber was entrusted to four *ayudas de camara* of the first class, named William van Male, Charles Pubest, Ogre Bodant, and Mathias Doujart, with salaries of 300 florins each; and to four *barberos*, or chamberlains of the second class, named Nicolas Bermguen, William Vick Eislort, Dirck and Gabriel de Suet, each of whom had 250 florins a year. The clever watchmaker, Juanello, was paid 325 florins annually, and his assistant, Balin, received a stipend of 200 florins. The other servants of Charles the Fifth, nearly all of whom were Belgians or Burgundians, were an apothecary and his assistant, a pantler and his assistant, two bakers, a butler and cellarman, a brewer and cooper, two cooks, and two scullions, a pastry-cook, two fruiterers, a poulterer, a purveyor of game, a gardener, a wax-chandler, three porters, two silversmiths, a jewel-keeper, and two laundresses. The gross amount of their wages was about ten thousand florins.

The life of Charles the Fifth in the Monastery of Yuste was entirely separated from that of the monks, with whom he came rarely into contact. He had chosen among them his confessor,

* Continued from p. 189, vol. xxxiv.

Fray Juan Regla ; his reader, Fray Bernardino de Salmas, and his three preachers, Fray Francisco de Villalba, afterwards chaplain to Philip the Second, Fray Juan de Acoleras, afterwards Bishop of the Canary Islands, and Fray Juan de Santandres. With the assistance of these worthy ecclesiastics, he led a very religious life. Every day he caused four masses to be said for the souls of his father, mother, wife, and himself ; at the last of these he always assisted, either in a seat which had been prepared for him in the choir of the church, or from the window of his bed-room, where he never failed to place himself to hear vespers.

The distribution of the Emperor's day at Yuste was very regular, though its order was frequently interrupted by politics and business. As soon as he woke, it was his custom to eat something, as his stomach could never remain empty. This habit was so imperious, that neither illness nor his religious duties prevented him from indulging it. Even on the days on which he communicated, contrary to Catholic rites, he did not receive the consecrated host fasting ; as a special bull of Pope Julius III. had authorized him to dispense with this rule in 1554. As soon as his door was opened his confessor, Juan Regla entered his room, though he was often preceded by Juanello ; and Charles prayed with the former and worked with the latter. At ten o'clock, his *ayudas de camera* and *barberos* dressed him. When his health permitted, he then went to church, or posted himself at the window of his room, to hear mass, always with profound attention and extreme devotion. When dinner-time arrived, he liked to cut up his food when his hands were well enough to do so : and meanwhile, Van Male or Dr. Mathys, both of whom were very learned, read to him or conversed with him on some interesting subject in history or science. Dinner over, Juan Regla returned, and usually read to him some passage from St. Bernard, or St. Augustine, or St. Jerome, which was followed by a pious conversation. The Emperor then took a short siesta. At three o'clock, on Wednesdays and Fridays, he went to hear a sermon from one or other of his three preachers, or if he were unable to attend, which very frequently happened, Juan Regla had to give him a summary of it. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, were devoted to pious readings by Dr. Bernardino de Salinas.

His residence at Yuste was infinitely pleasing to the Emperor. He there enjoyed, with the utmost calmness, the unaccustomed pleasure of repose and improved health. But the qualities which made it delightful to him, threw his servants into despair. "The solitude of this house and the desolateness of this country," wrote Quixada, "are as great as his Majesty could have desired for so many years. It is the most desolate and melancholy life that ever was seen. No one could endure it, except those who give up their property and abandon the world in order to become monks."

During all the summer of 1577, excepting those indispositions over which repose, climate and skill could not triumph, the health of the Emperor was much better than it had been for many years. The wound in his finger, which had closed for a short time, and

in treating which he made use of a decoction of Brazil wood and sarsaparilla, opened afresh ; nor could he succeed in getting rid of his hæmorrhoids, the cure of which he attempted during the hot season by means of certain herbs which had been recommended and indicated to him by the physician, Andrea Molé. He perseveringly took his pills and his purgative wine of senna, more from habit and as a precautionary measure than as a remedy. He was not more sober than he had been at Xarandilla ; and he continued to receive presents and delicacies of all kinds from Valladolid and even from Flanders, which he consumed with great relish and appetite. The pleasant and bracing temperature of Estremadura at this season of the year had so far restored his strength, that he was able to get a little sporting. "His Majesty," wrote Gaztelu on the 5th of June, "asked for a gun and shot two pigeons, without needing the assistance of any one to rise from his chair, or to hold his gun." He took it into his head, three days afterwards, to dine in the refectory of the convent with the monks. He was served at a separate table by the good friars, who sent him the best dishes their kitchen could produce, which were carved for him by Van Male ; but it would not appear that he was greatly tempted by the viands, for he made a poor meal, and left several dishes untouched. In order not to grieve the monks, who were astonished at his abrupt departure, he told them "to keep the dishes he had left for him," and announced his intention of dining with them again. He never trespassed a second time, however, on their hospitality.

The monastery of Yuste, once so inanimate and solitary, had become a centre of movement and activity. Couriers were continually arriving and departing. All the news was carefully sent thither to the Emperor, whose advice or commands were sought on almost every affair of importance. He was made the arbiter of disputes, and the judge of difficult and delicate cases. He was constantly applied to for favours and assistance of every kind. Widows of veteran soldiers who had fought with him in Africa, Italy, Flanders, and Germany, were incessantly presenting themselves before him, to solicit some temporary aid, others pensions, and others letters of recommendation to the King, his son, or the Regent, his daughter ; and he never sent them away unsatisfied.

But it was in regard to the important affairs of the monarchy that his advice was particularly sought. He had paid the most anxious attention to those which determined the military proceedings of his son in Italy and Flanders ; and his intervention had been so active and evident, that it was believed that he was ready to leave the monastery, in order to march to the assistance of Philip, and penetrate into France through Navarre, at the head of the Spanish troops. This report, which his daughter had circulated, in order probably to oblige the King of France to direct a portion of his troops towards the Pyrenean frontier, and thus to evacuate Picardy, obtained very general belief. Charles the Fifth did not positively deny it, even to his immediate servants ; and this fact has apparently given rise to the supposition that he

repented of having entered the monastery, because he intended to leave it. The Grand Commander of Alcantara, Don Luis de Avila, who often went from Plasencia, to visit his old master the Emperor, at Yuste, wrote to Vasquez, on the 13th of August, in these words: "I left Fray Carlos in profound peace, and trusting in his renewed strength. He thinks he would be strong enough to quit the convent. Since my visit, a change may have taken place; but there is nothing that I could not expect from the love which he bears his son, from his good courage, and from his old habits, as he was brought up in war, just as they say the salamander lives in fire. The letter of the Princess, addressed to this city, and in which it is announced that the Emperor now proposes to leave Yuste, and to invade Navarre, has set every one here on the alert. In truth, I think there will not remain any man unwilling to go with him. May it please our Lord God that, if this bravado, as the Italians say, is to be executed, it may be so speedily; because it is not in our power to delay the flight of time, and Navarre is not Estremadura, where the winter sets in late."

The Emperor really did not intend, and was quite unable, to undertake this military expedition. When Quixada returned, a few days after, from a short visit to Villagarcia, he wrote to Vasquez, that Charles the Fifth was more vigorous than when he left him, but that his colour was not so good; and he added: "As to what the people say in the streets, about the Emperor's departure from hence, I have not perceived anything fresh about this matter since my return; I rather found him in perfect tranquillity, and apparently quite settled. If anything serious has been said about it, he might do it solely with a view to the public benefit, and no more. Besides, it would be next to an impossibility."

Charles the Fifth was then amusing himself with completing his establishment in the monastery, and rendering it more agreeable. He was arranging the gardens and fish-ponds on his terraces. In this he spent all the time that was left him by his pious exercises and political correspondence. In addition to the great interest at stake in Italy and on the side of France, Charles had not ceased his interference in the interminable affairs of the King of Navarre and the Infante of Portugal. Escurra, after having solicited from him, at Burgos and Xarandilla, the cession of Spanish Lombardy to Antoine de Bourbon, who was willing, on those terms, to become the ally of Spain and the enemy of France, had come to renew this negotiation at Yuste. He had visited the monastery in April and in July. At his second visit, he was accompanied by a private secretary of the King of Navarre, named Bourdeaux, and the conditions of both the alliance and the cession had been discussed in the presence of King Gomez, who was appointed by the Emperor to communicate them to the Council of State at Valladolid. Placing little confidence in Antoine de Bourbon, whom he supposed to be in league with Henry the Second, the Emperor required that he should first of all yield up the fortresses of French Navarre and Bearn, and give his wife and son as hostages.

The negotiations did not end here, and, a short time afterwards, Don Gabriel de la Cueva, son of the Duke of Albuquerque, to whom Antoine de Bourbon had again applied, came to Valladolid with that prince's propositions, which the Spanish government directed him to submit to the Emperor. "There is nothing to be done for the moment," replied Charles the Fifth, "except to keep up the negotiation without conceding anything."

Whilst he was thus delaying hostilities on the side of Navarre, he opposed everything that might have led to a rupture with Portugal. The Court of Lisbon, which Henry the Second strongly desired to involve in the war against Spain, was giving signs of ill-will. It was incessantly postponing the return of the Infanta Donna Maria to Queen Eleanor, when King John the Third died rather suddenly, on the 11th of June. His death almost led to a conflict of authority between his widow, Queen Catherine, and his daughter-in-law, the Princess Donna Juana; one of whom was the grandmother, and the other the mother of the new King, Dom Sebastian, then scarcely three years old. John the Third had left the administration of his States and the guardianship of his grandson to Catherine, the youngest of the four sisters of Charles the Fifth. But Donna Juana, as mother of the royal minor, aspired to that guardianship and that administration. She sent Don Fadrique Henriquez de Gusman from Valladolid to Lisbon to assert her claims; and directed him to go to Yuste on his way, to receive the orders of the Emperor.

Charles the Fifth, who had celebrated a funeral service in the monastery in honour of his brother-in-law, John the Third, admitted Don Fadrique Henriquez to an audience on the 3rd of July, at the same time as the ordinary ambassador from Spain to Portugal, Don Juan de Mendoza de Ribera. He told them both how they must hasten the coming of the Infanta. He authoritatively suppressed the written instructions which his daughter had given to Don Fadrique, and substituted others, as noble as they were politic, in their stead. He announced this substitution to his daughter on the 5th of July, in these terms:—

"My daughter, I have heard read the instructions which you gave to Don Fadrique Henriquez as to what he had to do in Portugal. It appeared to me impossible that he should treat on your part either with the Queen my sister, or with the other personages to whom you have given him letters, regarding the government of the kingdom during the minority of the King your son, any more than with regard to the formation of his household, and to the servants who will be attached to it. Therefore I have forbidden him to do so: it might produce inconvenience at this time, and would not be seemly. The instructions which I have given him, and of which I send you a copy, direct him how he must act. Besides, he will have plenty of time before him. It is well, in such cases and among brothers, to act with much circumspection in every particular; and with much greater reason, should you thus act towards a Queen whose daughter you are."

Don Fadrique Henriquez received the written instructions of

the Emperor, and left Yuste, bearing letters of condolence to all the royal family of Portugal. He proceeded to Lisbon to execute the orders, not of Donna Juanna, but of Charles the Fifth, who addressed Queen Catherine as his sister with all the tender affection of a brother, as the widow of John the Third, with the lofty consolations of a Christian who has retired from the world, and feels himself more near to death than his fellows, and as the Regent of Portugal, with the prudent insinuations of a consummate negotiator. His intervention between the grandmother and mother of Dom Sebastian was very opportune, for it prevented the pretensions of the one from coming into collision with the powers of the other. Queen Catherine retained both the regency of Portugal and the guardianship of the young King, and resigned neither charge until more than four years after the death of Charles the Fifth. As the temporary mission of Don Fadrique Henriquez had produced no result, the Emperor himself accredited to the Court of Lisbon, as his ambassador, Don Juan de Mendoza de Ribera, in order that he might hold the first place, and that the ambassador of the King of France might not be tempted to dispute with him for precedence. Mendoza urged vigorously the return, so long delayed and so impatiently expected, of the Infanta Donna Maria to her mother Queen Eleanor; who, accompanied by her inseparable companion, the Queen of Hungary, came into Estremadura to meet her.

The two sisters, united by destiny and affection, were rejoiced to find this opportunity of visiting their brother, the Emperor, whom they loved extremely, and who had always treated them with as much confidence as tenderness. Eleanor, then fifty-nine years of age, was his senior by fifteen months, kind, gentle, and submissive, void of ambition, and, almost without a will of her own, she had been the flexible instrument of the policy of her grandfather and of her brother, who had placed her successively on the thrones of Portugal and France. The widow of two kings—of Emmanuel the Fortunate, whom Ferdinand the Catholic had given her as her first husband, and of the brilliant but unfaithful Francis I., whom Charles the Fifth had caused her to espouse after the battle of Pavia, and at the conclusion of the treaty of Madrid,—she had now joined her sister with the resolution never to leave her, declaring that she would follow her whithersoever she might go, and would associate her in all the resolutions she might adopt.

The same devotedness which Queen Eleanor felt towards the Queen of Hungary was felt by the Queen of Hungary for the Emperor Charles the Fifth. She had consecrated herself for a quarter of a century to the service of that brother, whom she called "her all in this world after God," and whose vigour of mind and loftiness of character she shared in no small degree. Clear-sighted, resolute, high-spirited, indefatigable, skilled in government, and experienced even in war, prudent in business, full of resources in difficulties, acting firmly and with manly courage in danger, never allowing herself to be surprised or cast down by circumstances, she had ruled the Netherlands with rare ability.

At his abdication, Charles the Fifth was anxious to secure to his son the assistance of such great experience ; but Queen Mary had persistently refused to retain her post, saying that she was desirous of repose and that "she did not care, in her old age, to recommence governing under a young king ; for a woman of fifty, after twenty-four years of service, ought to be satisfied, for the rest of her life, with one God and one master." She therefore besought her brother to allow her the gratification of accompanying him into Spain, in order to bring her sister nearer to her daughter, and to be able to reside in greater proximity to himself.

The two Queens, who had accompanied the Emperor on his journey from the Netherlands as far as Valladolid, left that city on the 18th of September to rejoin their brother, from whom they had been separated for ten months. They travelled by short stages to Estremadura, where the country-house of the Count of Oropesa had been prepared to receive them ; and they arrived at Yuste on the 28th. The Emperor was extremely delighted at seeing them again. They found him fully occupied by the great events which were occurring in France, and seeking amusement in the arrangement of his house and the cultivation of his garden. A letter written the evening after their arrival contains this passage : "Her Majesty is anxious to know what has happened, and what course her son has taken after having finished his enterprise. He thinks that the weather alone can have prevented his receiving this news. The Emperor delights in taking pastime in the construction of a covered garden on the high terrace, in the midst of which he has had a fountain placed ; and he has planted its sides and all around with many orange-trees and flowers. He projects doing the same thing on the lower terrace, where he is also preparing an oratory."

Charles the Fifth was also busy with the plan of another building in which he intended to lodge his son when Philip II. should return to Spain, and visit him at Yuste. The Queens, his sisters, to whom he did not offer accommodation in his own house, remained for two months at Xarandilla. They frequently went to the monastery to enjoy the society and conversation of their brother ; and, in order to be near him, lodged frequently at Quacos. During all this autumn the Emperor's health was excellent, his heart was satisfied, and his temper joyful. But the cold of the ensuing winter and the political mistakes of Philip II. and the Duke of Alba in France and Italy, brought back his infirmities with increased violence and permanence, and left him, as we shall see, as discontented in mind as enfeebled in body.

THE WEIRD MAN.

THERE sat an aged man,
 And by him a fair youth ;
 Their eager glances ran
 Over the book of truth,
 Which in the old stained window lay,
 Whilst on it streamed the light, in many a coloured ray.

The old man's hair was white
 As snow on mountains high ;
 The young man's hair was bright,
 And hung luxuriantly,
 Clustering around an open forehead, where
 The proudly-swelling veins his mounting life-blood bare.

And he was like his son,
 As evening is to morn,
 When his bright circuit run,
 And of his fierceness shorn,
 The summer's sun sets in the purpled skies,
 And steeps the grey mist's veil with soft and fading dyes.

The old man's ashen brow
 Glowed brightly, and his eye,
 So still and sunk, but now
 Was flashing eagerly.
 He turned upon the youth a gaze which fathers know ;
 He read him burning words ; his voice was calm and low.

“ A thing was brought in secret to my ear,
 In thoughts from visions of the silent night,
 When deep sleep falleth upon men—a fear
 And trembling came upon me ; at the sight
 My bones all shook and my hair stood upright.
 A spirit passèd then before my face,
 Before my eyes it stood, but not in light ;
 A voice spoke in deep silence, and my gaze
 Was on an image then, but I no form could trace.

“ Shall man than his Creator be more pure ?
 Than God shall mortal man be deemed more just ?
 Whose present light not angels can endure,
 Who in those seraph servants puts no trust ;
 How much in those who dwell in clay, there must
 Be less of honour ? who are crushed and die
 Before the moth, who framèd are of dust,
 Who hourly fall, as morn and evening fly,
 And pass unnoticed hence into eternity.”

That youthful eye was fixed
 Upon the old man's face ;
 How many thoughts were mixed
 In its impassioned gaze !

As one who hears an angel's voice, he hung
 With reverence and joy upon his father's tongue.

" Yes, so it is," he murmured ; for at first
 His calm voice faltered ; from his eye there burst
 The unresisted tear ; but warming now,
 He dashed the gathering darkness from his brow,
 (As trembling fingers sweep at first the strings
 Of some wild harp with fear ; but soon it flings,
 In bolder strains, its melody around,
 The minstrel's spirit kindling at the sound,)
 And spoke in firmer tone,—“ Yes, it is so,
 For I, alas ! have proved it, and I know
 Its secret wisdom ; I, of old, like you,
 Rejoiced in young life's freshness, and the dew
 Sparkled as bright around my morning way,
 Its thousand spangles painted with the ray
 Of Hope's gay sun ; and my young spirit's thirst
 For knowledge was as strong, when on me burst
 The sight of all its riches ; in my dreams
 Danced with linked hands glad forms in cloudless beams :
 And they have melted from me—melted all ;
 Some voice unheard by me still seemed to call
 Them one by one away ; and I was left
 In life's grey truth of that glad band bereft.
 Thick darkness fell around me, and there came
 Strange shapes instead, of blackness and of flame,
 Which forced upon my loathing, shrinking eye,
 Thirsting for rest, their hateful company.
 But it was long before my spirit bowed
 To His high will, at whose command the crowd
 Of foul distempered phantoms passed away,
 And left me calm and happy ; though the day
 Was somewhat spent with me. Since ; evening light
 Has gathered mildly round me, and the night
 Seen often near me, in my waking trance,
 Looks on me with a gentle countenance.
 Life has passed strangely with me ;—once I knew
 But joy and rapture in it ; then it grew
 Into a fearful dream, which passed not soon ;
 At last it melted from me, and my noon
 Saw a fresh spring with gayest blossoms ; then
 Came on the calm old age of peaceful men.
 What ? thou would'st have me tell it thee ? and why
 Should I gainsay that earnest asking eye ?
 For thou perchance wouldst pause and learn of me
 This boasting pageant's unreality.

" Well, I was what thou art, and in me glowed
 High thoughts and longings ; hidden science showed
 Her veiled form to me, and I followed where
 She led my eager steps ; earth, sea, and air
 Had wonders for me, and I loved them all ;
 There was in them a voice of power to call
 My hidden spirit forth ; and thus my name
 Grew common in men's ears and dear to fame.
 Then gathered round me other spirits, who
 Thirsted to learn from me whate'er I knew
 Of Nature's secret things ; their flattering nursed
 What had been but a spark, until it burst
 Into a deadly flame, and poisoned all
 My bosom's purity ;—it was the fall
 Of poisoned air upon the fruitful earth.
 What was it ? sayest thou ; 't was ambition's birth
 Within my tainted heart ; the thirst for power
 Which grew upon me ; from that evil hour
 I loved not wisdom purely, for her store
 Of various treasure gladdened me no more
 For its own richness, but because they might
 Be steps by which to climb fair fortune's height.
 The giddy height men gaze upon. I heard
 My name oft whispered now, as one who feared
 No secret wisdom, and I let it pass,
 As what might help my rising fame : alas !
 I little knew what was before me then,
 But I was pleased ; for, as I walked, old men
 With secret touch would stir each other's side,
 And the quick turning eye would mark my stride.
 The merry child who gambolled at the door,
 Its eager mother caught, and quickly bore
 Clear from my path, lest evil eye should smite
 Its innocent freshness ; or unholy blight
 Fall from my passing shadow on its head.
 Men came to me in trouble, for they said
 That wisdom dwelt with me, and inly thought
 That from man's enemy my skill I bought,
 Which was but built upon observance fine,
 Of tangled threads they brought me to untwine.

But dearly did I pay to quit the cost
 Of that false fame ; for I had wholly lost
 The innocent joy true wisdom can bestow,
 The eager search, the thrilling bosom's glow,
 When truth reveals herself, long sought in vain,
 And prized more highly for the search's pain.
 Yet there were times in which, tho' deeply stained,
 By love of praise, my better mind regained
 Much of its early freshness : evening's hour
 Breathed softly o'er my soul with healing power ;

When in its balmy stillness I could stray
And wander from men's busy haunts away.

There was a little wood hard by the town;
The earliest flowers bloomed there—and lighting down,
To rest from weary flight his drooping wing,
There first the melting nightingale would sing
His song of joyous rapture: much I loved,
When evening's whispering breath just gently moved
Amongst the rustling leaves, to wander there,
And catch the melody of sighing air—

Or listen in the pauses of the breeze,
To the glad stream which sung amongst the trees.
It was so still sometimes, that I could hear
The small birds gliding past; or, hovering near,
The rapid beating of the hawk-moth's wing,
Sporting at large in flowery revelling.

There I had wandered on a summer's night,
And silently I watched in fading light,
The harmless things who gambolled gaily there,
The rabbit, the small field-mouse, and the hare—
How, in the dusky light, they ventured near—
Then starting wildly off with sudden fear,
Fled with pranced ears from my too curious gaze,
Lost in the falling dew's bewildering haze,
I sat amongst God's creatures in the wood
And my glad spirit bounded at their good.

Long time I lingered there—the evening star
Lighted no more the weary traveller—
The evening breezes, too, had died away:
And the dew sparkled bright on every spray,
'T was such a quiet night, so calm and clear,
That on the silent air I just could hear
The far-off chime of the cathedral tower
Sullenly chaunting forth the midnight hour.
I turned to quit the wood, and as I passed,
Along the moss-grown path, a sudden blast,
Of cold night-air swept o'er me from on high,
The tall trees answered with a mournful sigh,
And—why I know not, for I was not prone,
Bewildering fancy's baseless power to own,—
A chill crept o'er my spirit, and there rose,
Upon my mind, dim shapeless forms, of woes,
Haunting my onward path—I turned to take,
One straining, lingering, look—as men forsake
Scenes dear to childhood's sports. How still it lay!
The gust had passed; and, save some wild leaf's play,
Just lightly whispering to the parting breeze,
Steeped in calm moonlight slept the silent trees.

My ruffled spirit owned the soothing power,
 Of healing nature, in that quiet hour.
 The storm was hushed—yet still broke on the shore,
 The swelling wave. I could not as before,
 Feed calmly on glad thoughts; for memory stirred
 Sadly within me. Whispers I had heard,
 And dark hints dropped for me of danger near,
 My mounting spirit proudly scorning fear,
 Had put them from me all; as things of nought.
 Now, like old griefs new woke, their presence wrought
 Strange feelings in me—doubtful questions rose
 What was this peril? Who these secret foes?

The town lay stretched before me; it was hushed
 In weary silentness. By day had rushed,
 Upon the listening ear the rising flood
 Of mingled sounds. How voiceless now it stood.
 The light mist crept around it, on whose waves
 White moonlight lay, as on a tide which laves
 Some rocky coast. Whilst high above its power,
 Rose, like dark isles, each steeple, dome, and tower.

Oh! what a world of life was gathered there,
 Within the glancing of an eye. Despair
 Tossing on restless couch. Hope gaily bright,
 Crowding with painted joys the dreamy sight;
 Heart-eating care's sad vigil, nightly kept,
 O'er the poor bed where crowded children slept—
 Slept fearfully—and dreamed of hunger's pain,
 To wake with morning light and weep again;
 The heavy sleep of pampered luxury;
 And the pale miser's half-closed wakeful eye;
 Each filled with his own thoughts, as if there were
 No hope but his and, besides his, no care.

So angels look upon this busy world,
 Hovering aloft on peaceful wing unfurled,
 And weep to see our low hearts pant and strive,
 Each in his little sphere so fearfully alive.

Just where I stood, the free and sandy soil,
 Was channelled out, by busy workmen's toil,
 For the town's use: and passing years had seen,
 Rude columns rise and arches stretch between—
 A labyrinth of caverns; many a time,
 The secret haunt of misery and crime.

There was a rustling in the caves: the light of day
 Just entered them at best. The feeble ray
 Of the pale moon their threshold scarcely crossed,
 And in deep gloom the gazing eye was lost.

It was the sound of feet: dim shadows pour
 Forth from that darkness, in a moment more,
 Close at my side they stood: their panting breath
 Fell on my cheek. A fierce and sudden death
 Seemed surely mine; for nought against that band
 Availed the strife of one unarmed hand.
 It lasted scarce a moment—I was bound;
 With ready skill my struggling voice was drowned;
 And I was hurried forcibly away,
 I knew not where. Across my brows there lay
 A close-drawn mantle—yet it seemed at last,
 That through the silent city's streets we passed.
 And now along some cloistered aisle we went,
 Whose heavy wall a whispering echo sent
 After our passing feet; the chilly breath
 Of the damp air clung like the dews of death.

And now we paused—a secret signal made,
 The heavy gates reluctantly obeyed—
 The portal past, and left the outward air,
 Through corridors and passages they bear
 My unresisting weight; and now they stopped;
 My pinioned arms released, the mantle dropped,
 And passing quickly through the closing door,
 They vanished from my sight. Upon the floor
 Of a small cell I lay: strong shuddering pressed
 Upon my sickening heart; for I had guessed,
 Too fatally aright, the deadly aim
 Of this strange seizure. Whispered rumours came
 Abroad upon the air, from time to time,
 E'en from those secret cells of blood and crime.
 Men spoke beneath their breath, and trembled, too,
 As girls, who talk by night of goblins, do,
 Of unknown changes; of the torturer's arts,
 Of Reason lost through pain; of broken hearts.
 And men had learned to tremble, but to hear
 The dread tribunal named. Suspicious fear
 Was severing man from man. Few dared to speak
 To their own bosom friend: for, but to break
 The iron silence of the soul—a breath,
 A whispered thought, might lead to bonds and death.

And each suspected each; for none knew where
 Those deadly spies were planted; e'en the air,
 The very common air of Heaven appeared
 Sworn of their council; and so all men feared
 His friend, his innocent children, his own wife—
 E'en they might rob him unawares of life.

Men looked at one another, and there grew
 A gloom upon their brows; and o'er the hue

Of ruddy health a sudden paleness stole,
As dark suspicion fluttered o'er the soul.

And was I there, indeed? or was it all
A night-mare of the soul?—the unreal fall
Of dark-faced visions o'er me? No, I moved
My waking limbs, alas! and sadly proved
That it was real all; and yet I lay
Half-tranced in wild tumultuous thoughts till day.
Soon as the struggling light would serve to tell
The scant proportions of my narrow cell,
My restless eye with idle earnestness
Ran o'er and o'er the room as meaning less
To see, than to be busy. Weary days
It strayed around, with an unmeaning gaze,
All seeing, noting nothing. There was nought
To fill its sense, or waken one glad thought.

Ah! who can deem aright, who has not tried,
Of the wild torturing fancies which abide
In such a dull enforced solitude!
Still, lonely musings I had ever wooed
With an unusual ardour; the full store
Of rich companionship, which Nature's lore
Flings prodigal around us, I had loved
With an exulting love; and it had proved
My weary spirit's best refreshment, by the hour
To watch the small birds play; a leaf, or flower,
Or the bright glancing grass upon the green,
Gave me sweet communings with things unseen.
But here were none of these; here nothing brought
Or change or leisure to the weary thought,
Which never rested, but would wander still
O'er the same aching sense of hopeless ill.
The barren walls which girded me about,
The very sighing of the wind shut out,
No wandering ray of sunny light could pass,
The dim, stained surface of the distant glass.
No rest stole on my sense, from eye or ear
It was the passionate sameness of despair.

There was an horrid stillness which possessed
The stagnant air; my thirsty ears had blessed
The smallest echo, which had wafted round
To their dull sense, the fellowship of sound.
If but a door had creaked, enough to give
Audible proof that some one else did live;
If nature's common music I had heard,
The fluttering wing—the clear note of some bird;
Or if it were but some small lisping child,
Whose tongue, half tutored, often wandered wild,

In babblings without sense ; I still had blest
 Aught that had broken in on that dead rest ;
 Which to have answered me again would try,
 And when I spoke, have spoken in reply.
 How oft did I before with thankless ear,
 The joyful sounds of living voices hear ;
 The market's frequent buzz,—the seller's shout,—
 The idle laughter of the rabble rout ?
 How oft did I, nor knew my blessing, share
 The various concert of the common air,
 The insect's hum, the wild bird's in the tree,
 Rejoicing nature's ceaseless jubilee !

Now—as the weary wanderer in the waste,
 Reaching with fainting steps some spring at last
 O'er the cool wave, where silver bubbles play,
 Bends down with fever'd lips, as he would stay
 Chained to that common blessing—I had found,
 As angel songs, the luxury of sound.
 And I had prized, oh, far beyond all choice,
 The natural music of another's voice.
 No form of man I saw, save those who bore
 And set my daily food within the door.
 To those in dungeons, I have heard it said,
 That e'en the surly gaoler's heavy tread,
 Becomes a welcome sound ; for in his face,
 Hard tho' it be, yet something they can trace,
 Of that which lonely men still love to see,
 The common form of their humanity.
 It was not so with me, they were so still,
 They grew a visible portion of my ill.
 As they drew near I heard no footsteps fall,
 They glided in, like shadows on the wall ;
 Most silently the door rolled back ; and then
 Beside me stood these likenesses of men ;
 Fiends, in man's shape, I deemed, and loathed the sight,—
 Their silence said, that sound had perished quite.
 They mocked my madness ; like still forms in sleep,
 Whose bodiless presence o'er the senses creep.
 At first I spoke to them, in humble guise,
 I knew not then, man could for man devise
 Such lasting anguish. But one passing word
 I prayed for—bootless toil !—no muscle stirred ;
 Vainly I knelt before them ; raved in vain ;
 With passionless eye they gazed upon my pain.
 My very stamping foot returned no sound,
 And my voice faltered, echoeless and drowned.
 At first I raised it oft, then less and less,
 It made me tremble at its hollowness.
 My shapeless fancies its strange sound increased,
 And silence was more silent when it ceased.

Not very long I deemed I should endure
 These bitter sorrows ; madness soon would cure
 The waking agony of thought, and shed
 Its moody vision o'er my soul instead.
 And then my tortured spirit shrank from this,
 As the worst form of helpless wretchedness.
 To be that abject outcast, fearful thing,
 Foaming in fury, sunk in drivelling ;
 It were too dreadful—worse than death would seem
 The idiot's laughter, or the maniac's scream.
 Another day I deemed I could not bear ;
 Days, weeks, and months passed on and I was there.
 My restless thoughts still ran their aching round,
 My eye still dead to sight, my ear to sound.
 My spirit struggled on ; they deemed me grown
 Senseless and dull, life's mounting spirit flown.
 And so it was : for when my torturers came
 At last to take me thence, no sudden flame
 Of joy lit up, or wonder ; but I went
 Stupidly forth. Along low aisles was bent
 In gloomy twilight our long winding way.
 Once, far before, I thought I saw the day,
 Too bright to look upon. No word they spoke,
 No muttered sound of life the silence broke ;
 Only our muffled feet, just whispered low,
 Like to a light bird's tread on yielding snow.
 A still door opened on a lofty hall,
 My long-imprisoned eye scarce saw it all,
 So large it was—or else it seemed to be—
 As things look large in childhood's memory.
 Within it sat grave forms of reverend men,
 And groups were standing round. Some held the pen,
 As to note down what passed ; the table bore
 Strange shapes of cunning artifice ; and more
 Lay here and there about. My glancing eye
 Shrunk sickened from the sight—I scarce knew why—
 Through all my limbs a chilling shudder went,
 As my heart whispered—"Torture's Instrument."
 Another moment, and I stood before
 The steady gaze of the Inquisitor.
 My giddy senses reeled ; the room swam round ;
 On my full ears then woke a dull sweet sound,
 Of many water's falling ; then it seems
 Like angel's voices I had heard in dreams ;
 Through every nerve the sense of pleasure ran,
 I heard soft music—'t was the voice of man.

Few were his words, suppressed his tone,
 And to unpractised eyes it seemed
 That very human kindness shone
 In that smooth face, and that there gleamed

A mild and softened radiance in his eye,
The painted veil aye worn by demon cruelty.

He spoke—so soft a voice, it scarcely stirred
The floating air, or woke its pulses fine;
Felt by a natural instinct, and not heard,
It stole upon the sense, as liquids join
And intertwine their several substances,
That the eye cannot trace the very change it sees.

And many a one, in fear or danger's hour
Would turn to such a man, of pity sure,
As children fly to trees, when dark clouds lour—
T' were safer far their perils to endure—
Yet something in that placid look there burned,
From which an innocent child with natural loathing turned.

What is that deep philosophy which glows
In the young heart,—o'er which have never breathed
The gales of earthly care? which nothing knows
Of soul-abasing shame, for whom the hours are wreathed.
With roses ever sweet, that from the brink
Of such a cold abyss with shuddering cry they shrink.

“ Brother, it has been,” said he,
“ By many whispered, that there be
In thy glowing bosom hid,
Secrets by the church forbid;
That by thee oft practised are,
Underneath a lurid star,
Magic rites which have the power
In that dark unholy hour,
With sinful men in league to bind
The enemy of human kind.”

He ceased. Yet when he ceased I scarce could know,
So soft his voice, so passionless and low.

As one who strives from restless sleep to wake,
And yet is held in his uneasy trance
By viewless bonds—I vainly strove to make
Some answer to that waiting countenance,
Whose still eye froze my spirit, as the snake
Benumbs the fluttering bird within the tangled brake.

I spoke at last. I know not what I said,
The stifling stillness weighed upon my brain,
My struggling breath was choked, and through my head
Rolled the dull throbbings of deep-seated pain.
A misty veil before my eyes was spread,
Until that silvery voice awoke me, and it fled.

“ Sinful brother! we have heard
 In every hesitating word
 Which that ready tongue hath spoke,
 Seen, in every glance which broke
 From thy timid restless eye,
 Proofs of deep iniquity.
 Sinful brother, speak, confess
 All thy hidden wickedness.”

Again the weight of that dead silence lay
 Upon my heart like lead, and nothing could I say.

“ Of its dark burden let his soul be eased.”
 ’T was all he said. The speechless figures seized
 Upon my yielding limbs; a giddy trance
 Stole o’er my fainting senses, and I knew
 Nought of what followed, till I saw the glance
 Of that calm eye fixed on me; heavy dew
 As that of death burst forth upon my brow;
 With sudden start I strove to move; but now
 The deadly work of torture was begun.
 In every vein keen thrills of anguish run,
 Strains each racked muscle. Vain were it to try
 To paint that dream of hellish agony.
 It lasted until ebbing life
 Feebly prolonged the doubtful strife.

It was not pity’s voice which stole
 Upon that seeming gentle soul.
 But, lest the languid pulse quite cease,
 And death their tortured prey release,
 With eyes which drunk my agonies, the band
 Withdrew reluctantly their demon hand.
 I woke again within my narrow cell,
 Borne thither senseless by those fiends of hell,
 And left alone. I stirred my throbbing limbs
 As I first woke. But oh my head still swims
 To think of that first waking; how there shot
 Anguish through every vein, so fiercely hot,
 Pulses of living fire they seemed to be,
 Waking each stiffened joint to agony.
 And so I moved no more, but, save a groan,
 Lay mute and motionless as things of stone.
 But it was constant torture thus to keep
 A forced and aching stillness, balmy sleep
 Ne’er visited my eyelids; if, perchance,
 Through utter weariness I slept, a trance
 Of hideous, hateful visions, haunted me,
 And then I moved and woke fresh misery.
 There never fell upon my fevered brow
 The blessed dews of rest; I know not how

Life lingered on within this wasted frame,
And I had welcomed death, as one who came
Bearing most friendly greeting; I had wooed
Unrighteously his presence, if I could.
They forced upon me, after bitter strife,
The loathed food which kept up loathed life.
How long this lasted, sooth, I cannot say,
'Twas long enough to turn to thin and grey
Hair bright and full as thine; 't was long enough
(Short seas are long when winds are foul and rough)
Deep wrinkles on my wasted brow to write,—
It seems an endless, weary, sleepless night.

Then rang despair his sullen chime,
Then was no calendar of time;
There were no days or nights to me,
It is a blank to memory:
Dim twilight of the soul it seems,
It passed as passes time in dreams,
From prayer, from joy, from changes free,
Unmarked, unknown, uneasily.

There came a change at last, my gaolers knew
How stupidly I lay; in time they grew
To deem my spirit broken, and my mind
So worn and shaken that they ne'er should find
Or fear or danger from me; and just then
There were so many miserable men
Doomed at that feast to face the fiery strife,
In very truth they wanted not my life.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE BIBLE LANDS.

IF we lay open the map of the ancient world, with a view to study those districts which abound the most in interest and instruction, we shall fix our eyes first on Syria and Palestine, the land of promise and the adjacent countries. Comparatively small in extent, and of little political importance as the nations are now divided, they are pre-eminently celebrated in the remote antiquity of their historical associations, and in the sacred annals by which they are commemorated, as in the miraculous events of which from the earliest ages they have been the selected theatre. Whilst we anxiously desire to penetrate the shroud of mystery, to realize or dissipate the endless surmises with which tradition, invention, or actual examination has invested the subject, we reflect also with some surprise, that very few travellers have been attracted to these regions, and that the accounts they have given us are in various instances meagre and discordant. The Dead Sea, and its valley in particular, was always considered as under an enduring malediction, still desolate and pestilential, uninhabited and unproductive, bearing neither life in its waters, nor cultivation on its lands, so that no European could traverse those gloomy shores, and return to tell of the wonders he might have discovered. The recent fate of Costigan and Molyneux appeared to establish the fact, and was well calculated to deter emulation. Jerusalem, it is true, has been frequently visited, and is now become as easy of access as Paris, Vienna, or Naples. But many of the most venerable monuments in the Holy city have been incorrectly described, erroneously appropriated, confounded as to their chronology, or passed over altogether. One authority appears good until superseded by another, who claims to have investigated the matter with superior accuracy, and sets forth a process of inferential reasoning founded on fresh data, in opposition to all pre-established theories. In some instances, however, the researches of subsequent travellers have verified the labours of earlier pioneers, who were mistrusted because they were first in the field, and startled sober readers by a few marvellous details. This has been remarkably illustrated in the case of the much injured Bruce, who was long classed as a fabulist in the style of Marco Polo or Sir John Mandeville, but is now found to have borne true and authentic record of what he actually saw and encountered. Like honest Tom Coryate of earlier date,* he travelled alone, and had no qualified companions to corroborate or gainsay his statements. Critics indulging in the repose of an arm-chair, and whose travels

* Coryate's Travels were published in 1611. He was a great pedestrian, and walked nine hundred miles with one pair of shoes, which he hung up on his return home, as a votive offering, in the parish church of his native place, Odcombe, in Somersetshire.

were bounded by the four walls of a library, said loudly that he drew on his invention for his assumed facts, and had never seen the places of which he gave drawings and descriptions. They compared him to Falstaff, who finding himself left alive with the dead Percy, and without witnesses, claims the merit of having killed him. "Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me," says the gasconading knight, and on this logical reasoning, laughs at the fear of detection. The application is ingenious and plausible, the charge easily made, and readily believed, to be finally tested by time and a comparison of subsequent evidences. In the meanwhile, the adventurous and conscientious traveller must make up his mind to be suspected and questioned, consoling himself with the reflection that if he has told the truth, "*magna est veritas et prevalebit*," and that current envy and detraction, on the part of his contemporaries, constitute "the rough brake that virtue must go through."

An exploring peregrination in Phœnicia, Galilee, Judæa, and the Biblical lands of Canaan and Moab, is no light undertaking, and scarcely to be carried to a successful issue without a combination of many attributes, not often united. It requires energy of mind and health of body, activity and perseverance, constitutional equanimity and command of temper, clear judgment in appreciating the characters and habits of the people you are likely to encounter, a readiness of resource in unexpected danger or difficulty, and above all, an ample command of money; for the circulating medium will be found as necessary in the deserts of Arabia, as on the Loudon Exchange, or the Parisian Bourse. The hospitality and protection of the wandering tribes must be bought on terms settled and defined beforehand; to which is invariably added a *backshish*, or extorted gratuity, by way of supplement, often exceeding in amount the value of the original contract. The expense may be set down as a more formidable obstacle than the natural difficulties of the country, the almost impracticable roads, and the semi-barbarous dispositions of the inhabitants. Few individuals will be either able or inclined to encounter this without assistance from the government of the nation to which they belong, and thus we can scarcely look forward to a rapid succession of travellers, notwithstanding the curiosity which will be excited by the extraordinary discoveries we are about to notice. The patriarchal simplicity of the Arabs, like everything else connected with their primitive race, has long faded into a tradition, and the confiding wanderer who trusts to it without ample means of self-protection, or a bargain duly sworn on the Koran by the high contracting parties, will find himself in an awkward dilemma. When faith is once solemnly pledged and interchanged, every tribe becomes your body-guard against their predatory neighbours, as effectually as a division of Metropolitan police; but until the subsidy is clearly arranged, you may as safely commit yourself with a horde of Calabrian banditti.

That we live in an age of miracles is a fact too well established to require investigation or comment. The apparently interminable

mineral wealth of California and Australia, will soon perceptibly change the entire nature of commercial intercourse, and establish a new scale in the value of property. The labours of Layard and Botta, exhibited to the world in the disinterred city and palaces of Nineveh and Khorsabad, gigantic as they have been in progress and effect, are perhaps but preludes to future and more extended operations, which may still further illustrate and establish the truth of early history. Up to this period, they are beyond all doubt the most astonishing results which have ever been attained by human energy, and afford full evidences of a civilization, of which, until now, we knew little beyond vague and undefined conjecture. The ruined cities of central America, discovered by Stephens, have given rise to many surmises and problems as to their origin and incalculable antiquity, which are not likely to unite in a single solution. M. de Saulcy, a French savant and member of the Institute, traversed in 1850 and 1851, the hitherto most unfrequented portions of the Bible Lands, accompanied by intelligent and scientific associates, who returned with him to attest the truth of his statements, and were equally with himself eye-witnesses of what he describes. His travels have lately been published in Paris, in two volumes, with an accurate map of the shores of the Dead Sea, which he most minutely and laboriously examined, and with many plans and drawings of the strange edifices and extensive vestiges of early and extinguished races, dominations, and influences, now for the first time brought under public notice. An English translation has appeared almost simultaneously with the original.* This work has excited an unprecedented sensation in France, and the Emperor Napoleon presented the author with a truly imperial present as a mark of his approbation. The matters treated of, are even more stupendous, and carry the reader back to a more remote period than those comprised within the volumes of Layard, Botta, and Stephens. He is introduced to the still existing and clearly defined remains of cities which were great and flourishing in the days of the early patriarch Abraham, at least three thousand seven hundred and fifty years ago.

The pyramids of Egypt are less ancient by several centuries. The first and smallest are supposed by Josephus and other eminent historians to have been compulsorily erected by the Israelites, not long before the Exodus, which the most correct chronology fixes at having commenced B.C. 1491. The remains of the condemned cities of the plain, so long supposed (but in opposition to Scriptural authority) to have been submerged under the salt bituminous lake, then first created for the purpose, are now found to be still palpable to the human eye, extending over a large tract of ground, and in the exact positions where they might be looked for. Everything connected with these awful relics prove (as might have been expected) the accuracy of the Mosaic account, and the truth of the

* "Narrative of a Journey round the Dead Sea and in the Bible Lands in 1850 and 1851." By F. de Saulcy, Member of the French Institute. Edited, with notes, by Count Edward de Warren. London, 1853.

inspired records. The author has been already assailed by hot and bitter controversialists who dispute his facts, and deny his inferences, but he stands fearlessly on both, supported by a train of clear analogical reasoning, which will force its way and establish its ground, in spite of prejudice and opposition. It is vexatious enough to be accused of invention when dealing with truth, and to be set down as a wild enthusiast instead of an enquiring philosopher; but time rectifies errors, clears up obscurities, and harmonizes apparent contradictions. There is also this additional advantage in opposition, that the closest scrutiny develops the soundest conclusions. Until very lately, the best established facts of geology, now admitted by all, were treated as idle chimeras, and laughed at by shallow, hasty readers, who had never considered or examined the subject. Mrs. Malaprop says that "in marriage, it is safest to begin with a little aversion." So in literature, it is well to be soundly attacked at the outset, as hostility elicits a legion of defences, and sustaining arguments, which otherwise might never have been called into action. M. de Saulcy was induced to travel by a severe domestic calamity, which made him desirous to detach himself for a time from familiar scenes and painful reminiscences. While preparing for the journey he says in his preface,

"I reflected that it would be no advantage to science, were we to tread again the beaten paths already traced by hundreds of other tourists; and that the object of my own travelling would be completely lost if I did not attempt to visit countries still unexplored. Such being my intention, there was only one course open to us. The Dead Sea and its valley has of late years given rise to many surmises amongst the learned of all nations. All that was told of that wonderful lake—though, from innate incredulity, I thought much of it was mixed up with poetical exaggeration—all that was repeated of the perils awaiting the traveller who might be bold enough to venture on these mysterious shores, strongly stimulated my curiosity. Mystery and danger sufficed to fix my resolution, and I determined to proceed at once to Jerusalem. From thence I proposed to undertake an expedition, the difficulties of which I thought were likely to prove less formidable, on a nearer approach, than they appeared at a distance. I solicited, and easily obtained, from the Minister of Public Instruction in France, permission to travel, at my own expense, with the title of *Chargé d'une mission scientifique en Orient*; and accordingly left Paris on the 28th of September, 1850."

M. de Saulcy was accompanied by his son, an intimate friend, the Abbé Michon, and three French gentlemen, Messrs. Belly, Loysel, and Delessert, who placed themselves under his direction. At Jerusalem they were joined by M. Gustave de Rothschild, who, with their dragomans, cook, and other attendants completed the European section of the party. Having visited Constantinople and the Morea, they arrived at Beyrout on the 7th Dec., and thence commenced immediately the interesting tour of which we have now such ample details. M. de Saulcy was disappointed on the outset by not obtaining permission from the Turkish government to carry off one of the reputed Assyrian *bas reliefs* at the Nahr-el-Kelb, in the neighbourhood of Beyrout, which he earnestly desired to deposit in the Louvre. He derived ample consolation, however, from ascertaining by actual examination, that those *bas*

reliefs were not in existence, and never had existed at the place where careless or credulous voyagers have supposed they had been seen; and by obtaining in their stead, for the national museum, the veritable coverlid of King David's sarcophagus, and some specimens of original sculpture from the land of Moab.

It sounds strange to English ears and readers, that it should be necessary to ask permission from the constituted authorities to travel anywhere at your own expense; yet this seems to be the rule in France, and is almost as unintelligible to us as the nature of a republic appeared to be to the wandering children of the desert, when M. de Saulcy undertook to explain it to them. "How!" said they, incredulously, "a country without a sultan! Who ever heard of such a thing! You cannot get on without a sultan and must have one!" And so they have, as the travellers found on their return; one who understands his business as well as if he had served a long apprenticeship to it, and governs on the wise principle laid down by Duke Hildebrod of Alsatia, who tells his loving subjects, "Freedom of speech you all shall have—provided you don't make too free."

In the Eastern lands, where nothing varies or advances from century to century, where the habits and manners of the people are unchanged, and uninfluenced by the fluctuating fashions of Europe, much value may be extracted from tradition, and a close study of the analogy between ancient and modern names. Accordingly M. de Saulcy never fails to appeal strongly, and often successfully, to these evidences when seeking to establish an historical incident or locality. He is avowedly an enthusiast, but a reasoning one, of mathematical mind, not satisfied without convincing proof; and although enthusiasm sometimes misleads, nothing great or important is likely ever to be achieved where this exciting stimulant is wanting. Our traveller is also deeply imbued with the fervour of religious conviction, and while he carries his compass in one hand to lay down correctly a map of the country he passes through, he has the Bible open in the other, to verify at every step the ancient relics he falls in with, by a reference to the highest and most unanswerable authority. His feelings on entering the chamber of the Annunciation at Nazareth (hewn out of the solid rock) are thus emphatically described:—

"I pity from my inmost soul, the man who can find himself in such a place without feeling a strong and deep emotion; his insensibility must be affected. If some travellers are unhappily inclined to boast that they have stood there unmoved, I class them with those vain-glorious sceptics who think they lower their dignity, unless they treat with ridicule all that exceeds their limited comprehension. Such, however, is usually the error of youth. He who, at twenty, scoffs at religious belief, is very likely at a later period to fall into an opposite extreme, and to exceed in faith as once he did in incredulity. For myself, I avow, without hesitation, that upon entering this venerable cave, I was moved to tears. Some years ago perhaps I might have been ashamed to acknowledge this, but I have lived long enough to alter my opinions, and I deem myself most fortunate in the change. No doubt, in many people's eyes, I am rendering myself ridiculous by this confession, but on such a subject I care little for the judgment of the world. I had a strong desire to carry away with me some small particles detached from the walls of the holy cave. I succeeded in obtain-

ing them, and have divided them between my good mother and several other friends. They are simple enough of heart to prefer this humble *souvenir* to the most precious jewels which I could have collected in my travels."

The travellers pressed on to Jerusalem, being anxious to witness the festival of the nativity, at Bethlehem, which object they accomplished, and departed for the Dead Sea on the 6th of January, 1851, escorted by a trusty band of Thâsmaras, engaged as their body-guard, during the adventurous expedition. They slept at the convent of Mar-Saba, examined the ancient and extensive caves of the Essenians in that remarkable locality, and on the following day, descending from the mountains of Canaan by a perilous and almost perpendicular path, where they were in danger of breaking their necks at every step, encamped on the shore at a convenient spot, and in the immediate neighbourhood of an abundant spring. Their first impression of the mysterious water with which so many terrible legends had long been connected, was anything but repulsive. From the summit of the high land where it met their view, this strange and unfrequented sea, which all writers describe as presenting the most dismal aspect, appeared to them like a splendid lake, glittering in the sunshine, with its blue waves gently breaking on the sands of the softest beach. A nearer approach dissipated much of the pleasing illusion but satisfied them at the same time, that truth had been sadly perverted by fanciful exaggeration.

"Are we now to be convinced," says M. de Saulcy, "that no living thing can exist on the shores of the Dead Sea, as has been so often repeated? We ascertain the contrary fact the very moment we touch the shore. A flock of wild-ducks rises before us and settles on the water out of gun-shot, where they begin sporting and diving with perfect unconcern. As we advance, beautiful insects show themselves on the gravelly beach; rooks are flying among the rent cliffs of the steep hills which border the lake. Where, then, are those poisonous vapours which carry death to all who venture to approach them? Where? In the writings of the poets who have emphatically described what they have never seen. We are not five minutes treading the shores of the Dead Sea, and already, all that has been said of it appears as mere creations of the fancy. Let us then proceed fearlessly forward, for if anything is to be dreaded here, certainly it is not the pestilential influence of the finest and most imposing lake in the world."

A little farther on he says,

"Whilst we have been following the beach, our Bedouins have gone in quest of pieces of bitumen and sulphur, which the lake often casts upon its shores. They have picked up a good many, but what they most rejoice in showing me, is a small dead fish, which they discovered on the sand. At first we are inclined to attribute one more error to the writers who have said so much concerning the Dead Sea. This fish, picked up at a distance of several leagues from any river, has also quite the outward appearance of a sea-fish. Are we to conclude from this, that creatures of this kind really live in the lake? Our Bedouins alone can decide the point. We question them one after the other, and from their answers, perfectly coincident, we feel convinced that no fish indigenously belongs to these waters, saturated with salt. The floods of the Jordan and of the Arnon, frequently carry away the fish that have ventured too near the mouths of those rivers in pursuit of some smaller fry, and waft them with their prey into the sea; but no sooner do they enter the waters of the lake than they feel as if poisoned, and, unable to escape, die in a short time. Their bodies then float, and the slightest breeze throws them on the shore."

On the 9th of January, M. de Sauley encamped on a delightful spot, at a short distance from the sea-shore, at Ayn-Djedy, the Scriptural En-gedi, the ruins of which are still distinctly recognisable. The descent to this place is most difficult and dangerous, but the party accomplished it without accident. The apples said to resolve into ashes, were here found to be another of the marvellous inventions so long attributed to this mysterious region. The following account appears to settle the point by a very simple explanation:—

“ I find myself surrounded by a grove of trees, beautiful and inviting as fancy can imagine. I gaze for the first time on an unknown vegetation. Gum-trees, asclepias (swallow-wort), solanums (night-shade), marsh-mallows, and nuts, constitute a magnificent oasis, in which a multitude of small birds are warbling harmoniously. The spring is close by, the water is rather warm, but limpid and delicious to the taste. You see on all sides inviting fruits, which you cannot gather without pricking your fingers. This is the orange of Sodom (the *Bertoukan-Sodom* of the Bedouins), or fruit of the *Asclepias procera*. It resembles a middle-sized citron. When not ripe, the green pulp, which is nothing but a thin husk intended to protect the seed, is easily fretted by the mere touch of the hand when gathered carelessly, and then it emits drops of a thick milky juice. When ripe, it opens easily under the slightest pressure, and then a quantity of small black flat seeds appear, surmounted by a silky coating of the purest white. The composition of this fruit has no doubt produced the fable of the Apples of Sodom mentioned by Josephus, which, with the most attractive exterior, dissolved, when handled, into dust and ashes. Another fruit may likewise claim the honour of being the apple of the Dead Sea, so often commemorated by writers who have never visited the country. This is the produce of a large thorny night-shade, with pink flowers, the *Solanum Melongena*. The fruit is quite round, and as it ripens, changes in colour from yellowish-green to golden yellow. The size is that of a small red apple. It is more agreeable to look at than to gather. When quite ripe, a slight pressure of the fingers squeezes out thousands of small black grains, very like poppy seeds; and these the imagination of poets has also converted into ashes.”

On the 11th, they ascended the rock of Masada (or Sebbeh, as it is now called) to investigate the remains of the fortress constructed by Herod, and celebrated by Josephus as the last stronghold of Jewish independence against the Roman invasion. Here Eleazar immolated himself and garrison, with their women and children to the number of nine hundred and sixty, to escape captivity and the treatment of slaves. Two women and five children, who had concealed themselves in a subterranean aqueduct, and were unsought for, or unheeded in the agony of the moment, were discovered by the Roman conquerors when they entered the fortress, and saw the long files of human bodies, lying amongst the extinguished flames, in which their stores and treasures had been consumed. The historian stigmatises this devoted band by the title of *Sicarii*, or assassins, when, in fact, their deed was one of exalted, although fanatical heroism, of which human courage affords but few parallels. This remarkable spot has been seldom visited. Messrs. Robinson and Smith saw it from the heights of Ayn-Djedy, in 1838, and, trusting to the reports of the Arabs, have given an accurate description, without personal knowledge. Five years later, Wolcott, an American

missionary, and Tipping an English painter, scaled the difficult ascent and verified the conjectural statements of Messrs. Robinson and Smith. In 1848, Captain Lynch, the officer commanding the American expedition, which had come down the Jordan, in boats constructed for the purpose, and were circumnavigating the Dead Sea, detached a party to the rock of Masada, who, three years later, were followed by M. de Saulcy and his companions. The combined reports agree in all essential particulars. But the French explorers, in addition, ascertained the existence of the siege works and lines of circumvallation erected by the Roman general, Silva, throughout their whole extent, and which have never been molested, or injured, during more than seventeen centuries, except by the slow and noiseless destroyer, time. M. de Saulcy gives a drawing of the entrance-gate of the Jewish fortress, well preserved, of beautiful workmanship, and showing, perhaps, the earliest specimen of the pointed arch which has been brought to light. The invention of this form of arch is thus carried back to the epoch of Herod the Great, or, at the latest, to that of Titus, and the destruction of Masada, or something like one thousand years before the date to which its invention is usually assigned. Mr. Wolcott, in a letter published by Dr. Robinson in the "Biblical Cabinet," expresses his opinion that all the remains still visible at Masada are of the same period, that is, of the epoch of King Herod, but he considers the gate leading into the town as a *modern ruin*; a conclusion as impossible as it is extraordinary, since nothing can be clearer than that no buildings whatever have been erected on this insulated rock since the time of the Roman conquest. As M. de Saulcy justly remarks, the presence of a modern ruin in Masada would certainly be a more astounding fact than the existence of the original arch in the days of Herod. But the most sagacious observers sometimes adopt inconsistent opinions, which they write hastily, and publish without correction. The statement of some travellers, that neither human beings nor animals can attempt to swim in the Dead Sea, without turning over on one side, owing to the density of the water, occasioned by the presence of a great admixture of sulphur, and bituminous components, is confidently stated both by Captain Lynch and M. de Saulcy to be a palpable mistake, refuted by several experiments. The American commander, when coasting the shore in his boat, with other officers, described a lofty round pillar on the eastern side of the salt mountain of Usdum (Sdoun or Sodom), standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. This naturally excited their great astonishment, and they immediately pulled in to examine it. They found it to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. A prop or buttress connected it with the mountain in the rear. This pillar they evidently determined to be the same described by Josephus, who expresses his belief of its being the identical one into which Lot's wife was transformed, and of which he says, "I have seen it, and it remains to this day." Clemens Romanus, a con-

temporary of Josephus, mentions it also, as does Irenæus, a century later, with a fanciful explanation of how it came to last so long uninjured. Reland relates a tradition (which has often been used also in application to the wood of the true cross), namely, that as fast as any part of this pillar was washed away, it was supernaturally renewed. The apocryphal book called the "Wisdom of Solomon," speaks of the pillar (ch. x. v. 7), in the passage relating to the destruction of the five cities of the plain, "Of whose wickedness, even to this day, the waste land that smoketh is a testimony, and plants bearing fruit that never come to ripeness: and a standing pillar of salt is a monument of an unbelieving soul." This book is supposed by the best Biblical authorities to have been written by a Hellenistic Jew, but whether before or after Christ is still a point in dispute. Whiston, in a note to his translation of Josephus, written more than one hundred years ago, says of the pillar of salt, "Whether the account that some modern travellers give be true, that it is still standing, I do not know. Its remote situation at the utmost southern point of the Sea of Sodom, in the wild and dangerous deserts of Arabia, makes it exceedingly difficult for inquisitive travellers to examine the place; and for common reports of country people at a distance, they are not very satisfactory. In the meantime, I have no opinion of Le Clerc's dissertation or hypothesis about this question, which can only be determined by *eye-witnesses*." He then adds, justly enough, "When Christian princes, so called, lay aside their foolish and unchristian wars and quarrels, and send a body of fit persons to travel over the East, and bring us faithful accounts of all ancient monuments, and procure us copies of all ancient records, at present lost among us, we may hope for full satisfaction in such inquiries, but hardly before." This seems now to be in process of consummation. Captain Lynch and his companions are living eye-witnesses of what they first described, and M. de Saulcy, and his party, examined after them. Yet there is a material difference of opinion between the two authorities. It seems strange that this intelligent American officer should have believed that the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was transformed, is still standing on the spot where the transformation took place, while he holds to the conviction that the condemned cities lie buried under the waters over which his boats passed. A simple argument will show that the conclusion is not only incompatible, but even impossible. Sodom and Zoar were in close proximity to each other, and on the plain. Lot was escaping from the one city to the other, and not flying to the mountain, when his wife disobeyed the Divine command, and turned to look back. The pillar of salt into which she was transformed, must, therefore, have been equally on the plain, and in the direct line between the two cities. If it is still standing high and dry on the land, then must the plain be above water also, and the vestiges of the cities, with their exact localities, are to be sought for there, and not under the waves of the Dead Sea. This is the more logical solution of M. de Saulcy, which he estab-

lishes by irrefragable argument, and even more unanswerably by the positive discovery of most extensive ruins, attested by many witnesses besides himself. The following passages with regard to the conjectural pillar, appear to us to decide the question as to that particular point—

“The *Djebel-Esdoum* (or Salt mountain of Sodom) presents a compact mass of rock-salt, the height of which varies, but never exceeds one hundred yards. It is of a greyish colour, but the upper layers are tinged with green and red. The whole of the hill side presents numerous fissures hollowed by the winter torrents, and the constant crumbling of the soil. At many points appear vast pyramidal columns of salt, one of which has no doubt been taken by Captain Lynch for the famous pillar into which Lot's wife was transformed at the time of the destruction of Sodom. All the disconnected masses, and those which still adhere to the mountain, have their surfaces deeply furrowed and indented by the rains. And lastly, wherever the rock leans over, its lower part is hung with stalactites of salt. As to the pillar mentioned by Captain Lynch, it resembles anything you please excepting the hill of Sodom. Is it possible to explain the death of Lot's wife? I am inclined to believe so, and this would be my solution. At the moment when the huge mountain was heaved up volcanically, there must have been throughout its whole extent tremendous falls of detached masses, similar to those we have observed at every step. Lot's wife having loitered behind, either through fright or curiosity, was most likely crushed by one of these descending fragments, and when Lot and his children turned round to look towards the place where she had stopped, they saw nothing but the salt rock which covered her body. The catastrophe may be explained in many ways, but having visited the spot, I hold to the opinion I have now advanced, without seeking, however, to impose it on others.”

Further on he returns to the subject.

“Soon after mid-day we remount our horses, and proceed, coasting again the foot of the salt mountain, or *Djebel-Esdoum*. We retrace our steps in front of the cave where we halted a few days before to breakfast, and we find the entrance nearly blocked up by huge masses of salt that have rolled down to the foot of the mountain, having been detached by the late rains. Similar masses present themselves to us throughout nearly the whole extent of the mountain, and these new crumbings give a strange appearance to the steep rocks. When looking at some of these needles of salt *recently insulated* (they were not there when the travellers first passed), I am not surprised that Captain Lynch should have taken one of them for what he has called the salt pillar into which Lot's wife was transformed. I regret much that he did not happen to examine the salt mountain on two different occasions, and in the rainy season, he would then have found a hundred Lot's wives instead of one.”

The spot where Captain Lynch saw the pillar he describes, by no means accords with the position laid down in M. de Saulcy's map as containing the approximate ruins of Sodom and Zoar, but is considerably to the south-east, and not situated between the two localities. De Saulcy in his two distinct journeys, inspected and closely examined (as his route laid down on the map demonstrates) the entire circuit of the shores of the Dead Sea, with the exception of that portion on the eastern side, which lies between the Arnon and the mouth of the Jordan (the land of the Amorites), and where no important discoveries were expected. With more difficulty and danger than he experienced anywhere else, he traversed the high plains of Moab, and penetrated to Karak, the modern capital, which on the same site has succeeded the biblical Kir-hasareth, Kir-moab, and Charak-môba. He had good reason

to congratulate himself as much on his visit to a very inaccessible and unfrequented spot, abounding in remote antiquities, as on his safe escape from a den of robbers and cut-throats, where he and his party were in hourly expectation of being surrounded, overpowered, and murdered. Captain Lynch experienced similar treatment, from which he extricated himself with boldness and address. Burckhardt, Irby and Mangles, appear to have passed through without obstruction or threatened violence; but they travelled not ostensibly as Christians or Europeans, or with any parade of arms, escort, or property. Throughout the land on every side are evidences of the most terrific volcanic agencies, exercised at far distant periods of the world's history, mountains rent and calcined, yawning craters, extinct beds of lava, and huge, dislocated ejections, covering the ground in frowning desolation. The consequences of the Divine wrath have never been removed or mitigated. There is nothing un-orthodox in supposing, while the conclusion is perfectly in accordance with natural phenomena, and the existing state of the deserted land, that the fire and brimstone which rained down from heaven over the condemned cities of the plain, was first thrown up from the bowels of the circumjacent mountains, and descended again in one wide, overwhelming vortex, as, more than two thousand years later, Pompeii and Herculaneum were engulfed under the vomitings of Vesuvius. A glance at M. de Saulcy's map will show where he found and traversed in their entire extent, the still existing ruins of the cities of the Pentapolis; Zeboim to the east, Sodom and Zoar, in close proximity to the south, Admah to the westward, and Gomorrah not far from the northern point of the salt lake. We have been so long accustomed to think and speak of Sodom and Gomorrah, in conjunction, that it appears difficult at first to persuade ourselves that a distance of seventy miles in a direct line separated these two cities; but nothing in Scriptural authority contradicts this, while there are the ruins to attest the fact, and those who are determined to dispute their identity and position, must do so by more convincing arguments than those which M. de Saulcy has set forth in support of his own hypothesis. The subject deserves and requires to be examined, coolly and dispassionately, casting aside all preconceived prejudices and convictions, and with ample time for study and reflection. The author, expecting from conversation that his book will be attacked, his statements impugned, and his inferences disputed, anticipates the arguments in opposition by a train of logical reasoning, and an appeal to authorities not easily refuted, placing in the van every Scriptural passage which bears upon the subject, reinforced by the opinions of the most celebrated and trustworthy of the profane writers of antiquity, in chronological succession. He says,

“ It has been often urged that the towns that fell under the Divine wrath were destroyed by fire from heaven in the first instance, then submerged under the Dead Sea, which was formed suddenly, so as to drown the valley of Siddim, and the vestiges of the cities formerly standing in that valley. Such is in substance what has been objected to the position I maintain of having discovered

on the spot the still perfectly distinguishable remains of the cities of the Pentapolis. Upon what basis rests the interpretation produced against my opinion? In what book, in what narrative has the catastrophe of the Pentapolis been so described as to allow for a moment the supposition that these cities were overwhelmed under the lake? Is it in the Holy Bible? Is it in the works of the ancient writers? Neither in the one nor the other. I cannot guess what dreaming commentator has originated the fable I have analyzed in a short inquiry; and this fable, precisely because it is the more preternatural and inexplicable, has been hitherto received and adopted without examination. From the date of this invention many travellers in Palestine have eagerly repeated the same imaginary legends, without choosing (no easy undertaking) to ascertain by personal examination the truth of the facts, the narrative of which they were perpetuating on the faith of those writers who had preceded them. Thus statements utterly at variance with the truth, by a long chain of hereditary assertions equally valueless, become at last so firmly established, and so generally received as authorities, that my travelling companions and myself have, on our return, been set down as impostors, or at the best as incompetent observers, unable to examine correctly the nature and peculiar features of any given ground.

"I ventured to assert that it is not possible to find in the sacred or profane writings of antiquity a single passage from which it might be inferred that the Dead Sea arose suddenly at the time of the catastrophe of the Pentapolis. I go still further, and repeat even more positively, that all these early authorities unanimously establish that the towns fallen under the curse of the Almighty were never overwhelmed under the waters of the lake. But mere assertions are nothing; let the question rest upon a comparison of evidences."

He then proceeds in order with the Scriptural extracts, every one of which, of course, cohere and bear out his chain of argument; and descending thence to the classical authorities, he finds unquestionably that Josephus, Strabo, and Tacitus, distinctly and directly say that the ruins of the cities were still in existence when they wrote of them. How then, when, and where, did the strange delusion arise, that they were buried under the waters of the Dead Sea? Apparently from some of the Mohammedan writers of the Middle Ages, and of little account or veracity. The opinion, we suspect, can never again have weight or currency in opposition to the physical and rational evidence by which it is at length conclusively refuted. The accurate Reland, writing nearly a century and a half ago, correctly guessed that the towns of the Pentapolis must have been situated on the shores of the Dead Sea, and that their ruins might and ought to be still found there. What this judicious critic surmised, without issuing from his study, the energy of a recent traveller has proved to be true. Irby and Mangles, followed by Robinson and others, have endeavoured to establish that the ruins situated in the proximity of El-Mezraah, on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, are those of Zoar, while M. de Saulcy, by much superior reasoning, shows them to be those of Zeboim, still called Sebâan by the Arabs. There is nothing to prove that all the doomed cities were on the same western shore of the lake Asphaltites, although it is quite certain that Zoar and Sodom were there; neither can we suppose that the eastern part of the plain was uninhabited or escaped the general catastrophe. On the subject of Zeboim, our author says,

"I have mentioned in my Itinerary the ruins, beginning at the Talâa-Sebâan, and extending over several consecutive ranges of flat high country, situated at

the foot of the mountains of Moab, and from the mouth of the Oued-ed-Drâa, as far as the shores of the Dead Sea : I distinctly recognize in these stupendous ruins the remains of the Zeboiim that perished in the common catastrophe of the Pentapolis. A town so considerable, and the existence of which is attested by the ruins in question, cannot possibly have existed *unobserved* through the centuries whose detailed history has been handed down to us. Several terrific craters—three at least—surround the site which I lay down for Zeboiim, and they must have accomplished instantaneously the destruction of the guilty city; the explosions proceeding from three directions at the same time must have reduced it to atoms at once."

According to the ruins examined by M. de Saulcy, Zoar was a very small city (so it is represented in the Bible), while Zeboiim, Admah, Sodom, and Gomorrah appear to have been very large ones. The latter still extends over a space equal in length to a league and a half, or something more than four English miles. A very remarkable building, called by the natives the Kharbet-el-Yahoud, is minutely detailed, and unhesitatingly referred back to the period of Sodom and Gomorrah, as forming, in all probability, a part of the remains of the last-named city. These ruins are above ground, and sufficiently apparent in their complete extent.

"To the front face, running north-north-east, and thirty-six yards long, are attached three square pavilions, measuring six yards on each side, one at each extremity, and the third in the middle of the wall, which extends a little beyond the pavilion on the right. On the right flank of this last pavilion another line of wall begins, twenty-two yards in extent, and running perpendicular to the front face. Of these twenty-two yards, the first six form the flank of the pavilion just mentioned, and the last five, the left front of a similar pavilion, the outer wall of which stretches again a few yards beyond the wall perpendicular to the principal front. The left extremity of this principal front joins the end of another long wall, sixty-eight yards in extent, but turned more to the east than the first, or as near as possible north-east. The left wall of the square pavilion on the left, is twenty-one yards long, and also perpendicular to the front face. This left-hand wall is broken for a space of five yards, then it appears again with an additional extent of fourteen yards. With this last portion are connected two other pavilions extending six yards on each side, with an interval of two yards between each. The walls along this new front stretch to the left, parallel to each other, for a length of sixteen yards, the last six of which are divided from the remainder by two additional walls, also parallel and again divided by an interval of six yards. These two last walls have a total length of twenty yards, the last six forming an additional pavilion measuring six yards on each side."

"It seems likely that the seven distinct pavilions which I have just described, were dwelling-rooms or habitations attached to vast enclosures, the original use of which it is very difficult to guess at the present day. Were these enclosures sacred ones? or were they merely parks in which cattle could be collected at night? This is a point impossible to determine, and I shall not even venture on the discussion. I shall merely remark, that in a building most probably used for religious purposes, and which I discovered some time after in the middle of the ruins of Hazor, and likewise in the temple of Mount Gerizim, I found pavilions similar in every respect to those, disposed in exactly the like manner, at the angles and in the centre of each front of the square face forming the sacred enclosure."

Two points are equally worthy of notice in this passage. The singular character of the building described, and the laborious measurement, and patience, with which the describer has investigated its details. In this, unprejudiced readers will recognize at once a strong indication of truth and authenticity, with a desire

to represent these startling discoveries exactly as they are. Dr. Robinson saw the same ruins from a distance, and not deeming them worthy of delay, slightly noticed them as of trifling importance. By selecting a different road, and keeping closer to the beach than did the French travellers who succeeded him, he passed by far to his left, and without notice, the remains of the immense primitive city of Gomorrah, and thus gave up to M. de Saulcy the good fortune of being the first to point them out to geographers and archæologists. These vestiges still bear the significant and strongly analogous name of Kharbet-Goumran, or Oumran.

"Let us begin," says our learned investigator, "by pointing out the very strange, if merely fortuitous analogy between this name and that of the Gomorrah destroyed by fire from heaven, along with the other condemned cities. My own conviction is, without the slightest hesitation, that the ruins called by the Arabs, Kharbet-el-Yahoud, Kharbet-Fechkah, and Kharbet-Goumran which form a continuous mass, extending, without interruption, over a space of more than six thousand yards, are, in reality, the ruins of the Scriptural Gomorrah. If this point is disputed—a controversy for which I am fully prepared—I beg my gainsayers will be so obliging as to tell me what city, unless it be one contemporaneous with Gomorrah, if not Gomorrah itself, can have existed on the shore of the Dead Sea, at a more recent period, without its being possible to find the slightest notice of it, in either the sacred or profane writings. Until they can give me better information respecting these ruins, I must resolutely maintain my own opinion, and reply to my opponents, 'There are the ruins of Gomorrah; go and verify them on the spot, if you think it possible to maintain a different opinion from that which I now set forth.'"

We must yet insert another and a very striking passage, before we quit that section of these attractive volumes which treats of the cities of the plain and the Dead Sea. It describes a scene in the wonderful operations of nature, which few travellers are fortunate enough to witness.

"As we were laboriously pursuing our way between the Djebel-Esdoum and the sea, a storm that had come down from the mountains of Canaan, burst exactly over the Asphaltic lake, at about the meridian of Masada and the peninsula of El-Lisan. Dark grey clouds had united the sea and sky, concealing in utter darkness all the northern part of this deep valley. Suddenly a splendid rainbow, of dazzling brightness and richly variegated colours, appeared to form a gigantic archway, thrown by the hand of the Almighty between the two opposite shores of the Dead Sea. The reader may fancy how much we were moved by the magnificence of this natural phenomenon, but it was nothing compared with what was reserved for us towards the end of the same day. When we began ascending the first acclivities of the Ouad-*ez-Zouera*, large black clouds, driven by the easterly wind, passing above our heads, and over the Djebel-Esdoum, rushed down upon the Dead Sea, in the direction of the Rhor-Safieh, then rising again along the flank of the mountains of Moab, soon cleared the view, and allowed us to contemplate the expanse of water, resembling a vast motionless sheet of molten lead. By degrees, as the storm hurried towards the east, the western sky became again pure and radiant; then, for a moment, the setting sun darted above the mountains of Canaan his fiery rays, which seemed almost to cover the summit of the land of Moab with the flames of an enormous conflagration, while the bases of those imposing mountains remained as black as ink. Above, was the dark, lowering sky; below, the sea, like a metallic sheet of dull leaden grey; around us, the silence of the desert and utter desolation. Afar off, in the west, a bright, cloudless sky, shining over a blessed land, whilst we seemed to be flying from a country condemned for ever. It is impossible to describe this scene, which to be fully understood and felt, must have been witnessed. Our Bedouins,

themselves, participated in the sensations by which we were completely mastered. "Chouf, ia-sidy," they exclaimed to me, "Chouf! Allah yedrob Eddoum." (See, sir, see! Allah is smiting Sodom!) And they were right. The tremendous spectacle which was witnessed by Lot, from nearly the same spot where we were now standing, must have borne a striking resemblance to the magnificent repetition with which we had just been favoured by the same presiding Providence."

M. de Saulcy encountered in the plains of Moab, many vestiges of ancient roads, marked and bounded on either side by upright stones fixed on end, plainly perceptible and in many places in good preservation for a considerable extent. He considers these as no other than the ancient ways mentioned in the Book of Numbers (chap. xxi. 21, 22). "And Israel sent messengers unto Sihon, King of the Amorites, saying, let me pass through thy land: we will not turn into the fields, or into the vineyards; we will not drink the waters of the well, but we will go along by the king's highway, until we be past thy borders." The American officers sent by Captain Lynch to Masada, fell in beyond the Ouad-es-Seyal, with a road of exactly the same description, and M. de Saulcy himself found another at Djembeh, a locality presenting very evident signs of a town, contemporaneous with the remotest biblical periods, and situated between Zoar and Hebron, in the land of Canaan.

The French travellers having completed their tour of the Dead Sea and the land of Moab, returned to Jerusalem for the first time on the 8th of February, 1851. A long dissertation is introduced on the exact topography of the Mount Pisgah of Scripture where Moses died, and from whence he beheld the promised land which he was not permitted to reach. M. de Saulcy not being able to satisfy himself on the subject, or to connect entirely to his own conviction, all the conflicting testimonies, declares that he feels compelled to leave the question unresolved and doubtful. His editor and friend, the Count de Warren, in some ingenious notes, differs from him on this point, and considers that he is over scrupulous, raising in this instance difficulties where none exist, and departing somewhat from his usually clear style of analogical reasoning. We also are inclined to adopt the latter opinion, and look upon this passage as less satisfactory and conclusive than any other in the entire work. It leads to nothing and ends where it began, reminding us, in spite of the serious nature of the subject, of the episode in *Hudibras*, of which it is said that it "begins, but breaks off in the middle." A question of this nature discussed and not decided, is as unsatisfactory as a theorem in geometry proposed but not demonstrated.

During three successive sojourns at Jerusalem, M. de Saulcy employed himself in a diligent examination of the ancient walls, as also of the most remarkable monuments still remaining within the enclosure and in the immediate environs of the Holy City. Some of these he has discovered and described for the first time, while others he has appropriated in opposition to the ideas of preceding travellers. Amongst the former must be placed foremost the "Monolithic monument of Siloam," of which an engraving

ing is given, and which he supposes to be a *Sacellum*, or chapel, erected by Solomon for his wife, the daughter of Pharaoh, that she might there worship according to the rites of her fathers. In the walls, he has detected the portions still existing of the original constructions of Solomon, and shows how they are distinguishable from posterior additions and alterations. The Qbour-el-Molouk, or Tombs of the Kings, as they are still called (and which are unquestionably identical with the *Σπήλαια Βασιλικά* of Josephus), by a chain of elaborate argument, always founded on Scriptural evidence, supported by tradition, he maintains to be the sepulchres erected by David and the monarchs of his dynasty. On depositing in the Louvre the lid of King David's sarcophagus, and stating what it was and whence it was obtained, he was loudly assailed by a brother savant, who denied the authenticity of the relic, as well as of the monument itself in which it was found. To this he replied in a pamphlet, anticipating the line of evidence now recapitulated in the collected volumes, and drawn up with too much clearness and consistency to be shaken or set aside by clamour or prejudice.

"The name," he observes (Tomb of the Kings), "is still the same, whether you address yourself for the purpose of inquiry to the Jews, Mohammedans, or Christians of the country. But is this denomination really correct? A very important subject to investigate. Before we examine the question, let us remark, that no traveller who treads on Judaic land, can deny or undervalue the importance of *oral tradition*. If you consult it, in regard to the Holy Scriptures, you will find, in a very short time, that you are bound to respect it as you would an authentic volume: for, throughout the whole extent of country, every step you advance will convince you, that the Biblical traditions are imperishable. Here, nothing alters connected with the Bible—nothing is changed—not even a name. The memory of human transactions alone has been lost. For instance, the terrible catastrophes of which Jerusalem was successively the theatre, are almost forgotten in the lapse of time; but if inquiry is made concerning any fact, even of secondary importance, connected with the original history of the Jewish nation, this fact seems of recent occurrence, so vivid and precise is the tradition by which it has been preserved and handed down from age to age. The vaults of the Qbour-el-Molouk have been already often described, but, unfortunately, with too much precipitation—and, we might almost say, entirely in a cursory manner. This is the only reason why, up to the present hour, the origin of this splendid monument has never been satisfactorily admitted."

M. de Saulcy gives a minute ground-plan of these extensive sepulchres, and here, as in many other cases, a very simple and self-evident argument seems to bear almost conclusively on the question. What private family were able to meet the expense of this gigantic construction, which could only have been undertaken by a royal dynasty? Our author winds up his pamphlet with a sentence of concluding advice, and a suggestive hint, which critics in general who indulge in contradiction, and form opinions without experiment, may consider with advantage. "In conclusion," he says, "before speaking as I have done of the tombs of the kings, I have taken the trouble of visiting and studying them carefully. I do not wish to deprive the Academy of the presence of my learned *confrère*, by inviting him to verify on the spot the criticisms he has addressed to me, but I shall merely request him to read

over with attention the *texts* I have quoted, and I feel convinced he will admit that they possess some value." Literary disputants who, in the pride or licence of contradiction, denounce a theory or conclusion, without proposing another or a better in its place, are of no more value in the community than a physician who feels your pulse, shakes his head, tells you you are very ill, but is unable to propose a cure. They would do well to remember and practise the invitation of Horace, who says,

'If a better system's thine,
Impart it freely, or make use of mine.'*"

From Jerusalem M. de Saulcy and his companions proceeded to Sebastieh, built on the site of the ancient Samaria, and there, on Mount Gerizim, discovered and examined most minutely the extensive remains of the temple erected by Sanballat under permission from Alexander the Great, B.C. 332, the ground plan of which faces the title page of the first volume. The enterprising traveller justly congratulates himself upon having been the first to give an accurate survey of the Samaritan temple, the acquisition of which alone he considers a sufficient reward for the laborious journey he had undertaken. From Sebastieh they proceeded on to Nazareth and Kafr-Kenna, which he identifies with the Cana of Scripture, where the first miracle of our Saviour was performed. A small church of very modern structure is still standing there, and the duty is attended by a priest of the Greek persuasion. This church contains, roughly fitted into a stone-bench, two enormous stone vases, which the priest exhibits as being two of the six water-pots used in the miracle. M. de Saulcy declares that these two vases, which Dr. Clarke saw and calls *fragments of water-jugs*, are perfectly entire and of very ancient workmanship. He does not pretend to assert that they are the genuine implements of the miracle, but maintains that they are as old as the period at which it took place.

Crossing the plain of Hattin, celebrated as the scene of the last disastrous battle between the Christians and Saracens, in which the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem was finally overthrown, they reached Tiberias, now Tabarieh, on the lake of Genesareth, where they found comfortable quarters, but were unmercifully fleeced at the hotel of M. Weisemann, a little fat German Jew, with a placid smile and most benevolent countenance. From Tiberias they crossed the Lebanon to Damascus, and being led out of the direct route by the pertinacious obstinacy of their dragoman, became indebted to him for a discovery almost as stupendous as that of the condemned cities,—the ruins of Hazor, the early capital of Canaan, before the conquest of the Israelites, the abode of Jabin and Sisera, first burnt by Joshua, and definitively reduced to its present state by Nebuchadrezzar. The ruins are most extensive, indicating a city of enormous size, while the materials with which it was built are incredibly gigantic.

* "——— Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

"I confess," says M. de Saulcy, "that when on the spot, a thought struck me, that a place constructed with materials of such enormous proportions, could only have been the abode of an extinct race, resembling that of the Anakims, the Emims, and the Rephaims, which we find expressly mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. The Abbé Michon, who was riding by my side, went even further than I did in this supposition, such was his astonishment at the size of these marvellous remains. He had also noticed a certain fact, that wherever there were hollows, ditches, or trenches of any kind along the ground, the blocks became numerous, and, as it were, thrown upon each other, as if they had been carried away by rushing waters. This sufficed to suggest to him the idea, that the ruins we had just discovered, might probably have belonged to an antediluvian city. Let me at once declare, that I by no means adopt this hypothesis; on the contrary, I firmly believe, that this is the ancient capital of the Canaanites, a metropolis built long before the days of Moses, and destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. This pedigree, in my opinion, is sufficiently remote. Besides, if I find in the nature of these ruins a reason for assigning to them, at the least, the period of Nebuchadnezzar, as the final limit of their existence, I see no absolute cause for determining the opposite limit, I mean that of their first origin, which the reader may refer back as far as he pleases, within the historical times, without much chance of falling into an error."

In the neighbourhood of Banias, which occupies the site of the ancient Paneas, afterwards Cæsarea-Philippi, and Neronias, M. de Saulcy, investigated ruins which he identifies as the biblical city of Dan, and the site of the temple where Jeroboam had placed one of his golden calves, and also of the temple of the Golden Calf mentioned by Josephus. Crossing the Anti-Libanus he reached Damascus, which has been so often described, that it affords little novelty. The "Pearl of the East" is beautifully situated, and exhibits a striking contrast in the outward meanness and interior splendour of the principal habitations. This city, one of the most ancient in the world, contains at present but few monuments of the earlier periods, but M. de Saulcy is of opinion that if diggings on an extensive scale could be undertaken, many would be unearthed. The plain to the east, looking towards Tadmor in the Desert, has seldom been visited, and promises to the adventurous explorer, a mine of treasures in archæological discovery. Our traveller bestowed a most careful survey on the celebrated temples of Baälbec, respecting which he furnishes many new particulars, and clears away the errors of former writers. Some of the huge masses of stone employed in these stupendous edifices, present dimensions which are almost incredible, and reduce the single blocks of Stonehenge and Carnac to mere pebbles in comparison. Let us fancy a course of sixty yards in length, formed by three stones alone, along the principal face of the great temple of the Sun. Several of these are still lying in the adjacent quarry, finished, and their edges as sharp and square as if the stone-cutters had just left them. One was measured, and found to be twenty yards in length, and four in height and breadth. On this specimen of Cyclopean architecture the author remarks,—

"It becomes curious to calculate the power that would be required to set this mass in motion. It contains five hundred cubic yards, and as the stone is a calcareous compound, exceedingly hard and compact, each cubic yard must

weigh at least six thousand pounds, which causes the entire weight of the block to be three million pounds. It would consequently require an engine of twenty thousand horse-power to set it in motion; or the constant and simultaneous effort of nearly forty thousand men to carry it a single yard in each second of time."

And yet these enormous masses were transported to a distance of a thousand yards and placed on the top of other masses nearly as prodigious, at a height exceeding thirty feet from the ground, and joined together with the most minute and delicate precision. It is useless to attempt an estimate of the mechanical powers employed, which are utterly beyond comprehension.

Having returned to Beyrout, and in a last excursion to the Nahr-el-Kelb detected the fallacy of the reputed Assyrian *bas reliefs*, M. de Saulcy and his companions embarked on board the "Caire" steamer on the 5th of April, and anchored at Marseilles on the 16th of the same month. Their adventurous journey had occupied nearly seven months, and all predicted dangers and difficulties had been prosperously surmounted. The extent of ground over which they had travelled was small when compared with the discoveries they had accomplished and the numerous points of historical inquiry, previously wrapt in obscurity, but now definitively elucidated. Every page of these volumes abounds in interest, incident, and most valuable information, and will amply repay the reader for the time occupied in perusing them. In many respects this work may be considered a truthful commentary on the sacred authorities, and it will be difficult to dispute with sound reason, that the author has either exaggerated his facts or mistaken his inferences.

CHAKA—KING OF THE ZULUS.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

Most people have a notion that the time of the utter and absolute—the ferocious, and the blood-ravenous tyrannies, has been long over. They flatter themselves that even amid uncivilized people the monstrosities of Nero or Tiberius would be at a discount, and that neither an Attila nor an Alaric could now-a-days appear upon the earth more than a mastodon or a megatherion. Those who hold any such opinion, however, are very much mistaken. From no hitherto unheard-of and isolated region of the earth does a Marco-Polo-like traveller arrive with an unbelievable story of a numerous, and powerful, and, in their way, intelligent nation, submitting to be slaughtered by hundreds and thousands at the simple caprice of one blood-mad individual amongst them—but from a province of Africa, easily accessible, the shores and some portion of the interior of which have been surveyed—from a district, in fact, bordering upon our own colony of Natal, in south-eastern Africa, there arrived, some years ago—although it fell unheeded—the story of a monarch and a reign, of the character slightly indicated in the above sentences. And this is no old chronicle. The kingdom of the Zulus, and the Zulucratic system, as it has been aptly called, are both things of the present century. Two books, at least, have been written—one by a missionary officer, Captain Gardiner, the other by a trading adventurer, Nathaniel Isaacs, in which the story of Chaka, and of Chaka's successor, Dungaana, has been told; and various colonial documents of official authority substantiate the account from point to point. The power and the cruelty of Chaka reached their climax about 1827, when a catastrophe took place which, had it been generally known, would have shocked the civilized world. But only a few, perhaps half a dozen, white men were scattered through the country, at the time, without the means of any communication with their countrymen for lengthened periods, and the funeral rites of Umnante passed unheeded by the world.

Probably about the beginning of the present century, a Kaffir tribe made its way from the sea-coast inwardly, to a range of country lying to the north-east of Natal, where it settled, exterminating the races whom it found in possession, and spreading terror at the name of Zulu—the denomination both of the chief and the tribe. The wars of these people were, from their earliest days, wars of extermination—their domestic system one of relentless despotism. As the king possessed unbridled powers of life and death over his subjects, so did each head of a family over his wives and concubines, of which he kept as many as he could, or as he chose. It was reserved, however, for Chaka to carry these laws out in their utmost severity, and to enact others which

doubled the horrors of the system of his ancestors—actually imposing the punishment of death upon such violators of his courtly etiquette as happened accidentally to cough, sneeze, spit, or make any unseemly noise before his delicately-nerved majesty. Chaka was descended from the founder of the tribe Zulu, and the members of the family were equally renowned for cruelty and desperate courage—but to both these qualities, in their greatest extreme, Chaka united boundless ambition, and, for his position, a remarkable degree of military genius. It may, therefore, be imagined, that Essenzingercona, the father of Chaka, looked with great alarm upon the progress of his hopeful son. And as it was the old law of the Zulus, as soon as the reigning monarch gave symptoms of age—as soon, indeed, as the first grey hairs, or the first wrinkles began to appear—that the heir-apparent should murder his nearest relative with all his friends of the same standing, and, after more or less fighting, seize upon the throne—it may be imagined that Essenzingercona looked with more than usual terror on the energetic Chaka, and proceeded to take measures for reversing the usual constitutional arrangement. Chaka, having good spies abroad, fled with a younger brother to a neighbouring tribe, by whom they were hospitably received, and with whom they remained until the death of the old king, and the accession of another of Chaka's brothers. The new monarch, Chaka determined to defeat, and assert his own claim to the throne. His friends and patrons, the Umtatwas tribe, equipped an army to help him, and the forces in their war-dresses—of tigers' tails round their necks, otter-skin caps, and bullocks' tails round their limbs—each with a shield of bullock's hide stiffened, and calculated for carrying, suspended on inside brackets, half a dozen or more assegais—moved against each other. Chaka and his Umtatwas were signally beaten by the Zulus, who had been well disciplined by his father, and the whole party retired in disgrace. The ambitious temper of Chaka, however, soon set him on other schemes. Pretending to be sick, and then having it reported that he was dead, his brother proceeded penitently to the capital city, or kraal of Zulu, and made a humble apology for his rebellion, which was accepted, and he was once more taken into favour, and admitted into the close intimacy of the king. The hypocrite soon found means to communicate with Chaka, and Chaka was soon hovering about the court in disguise. The conspirators watched their time. The forgiven brother struck the king when he was in the bath, and gave the signal. Instantly Chaka rushed to his aid, and the business was speedily accomplished—the principal murderer immediately proclaiming his right to the throne. For this purpose, Chaka had certain advantages of birth. The event happened during a storm, and the people believed that all sorts of signs, symbols, and portents had accompanied it. Besides, there were some untoward, or anomalous circumstances—or such in Zulu eyes—all of which combined, induced the people to believe that a child had been born of supernatural qualities, and to pay it particular honours. As Chaka

grew up, he soon acquired wit enough to encourage this idea, and behaved so as to foster it in the minds of all about him. He now experienced its benefit, and asserting his spiritual as well as his temporal claims, found numerous adherents. To murder as many as he could catch of his brother's particular friends and councillors was Chaka's first proceeding, both to secure himself the more, and to impress the nation with a sense of the energetic policy which was his full intention. His next exploit—possibly by way of showing his gratitude to the tribe who had so kindly sheltered his brother and himself, and shed their blood for the recovery of his throne—was to attack them, to exterminate more than one half of the race, and to force the rest to join his people and acknowledge his power. Tribe after tribe then fell beneath his arms in rapid succession, until Chaka had obtained what in Europe would have been an independent territory. All the plunder, of course, was his. The wealth of cattle—the Zulu's treasure, the young women, whom he could sell, and whose progeny he could sell for cattle, the wild beast furs, the elephant, and finer still, the hippopotamus, ivory—from all these things Chaka heaped up enormous treasures, and built five or six palaces, in each of which he kept as many hundred concubines, who, it was remarked, never produced any progeny other than girls, Chaka assigning as the reason the superstitious circumstances connected with his own birth. A more practical view may be probably suggested by the incredulous.

Chaka having now to govern, for him, an immense empire, set himself steadily to discipline his army. His system partook of several ingenious principles, physical and moral. In the first place, he impressed it upon his fighting men, that if they valued their lives, their only chance was to take those of their enemies. That if they ran away, they would be killed to a far greater certainty than if they stood and fought boldly. That every regiment which as a general body was worsted, should suffer death in its totality, and that if any soldier lost his assegai, he should be stabbed by his comrades. The consequences of this system of *morale* was of course to make men, whether they had courage or no, fight like demons for the mere preservation of their own lives. Chaka had so ordered it that a chance was all they had, and that chance could only be attained, by standing their ground, and using their assegais like maniacs. Before the days of Chaka, these weapons, which are very sharply ground, and very finely poised, were used as javelins, and as such frequently lost, being indeed sometimes carried off in the bodies of the persons wounded. Chaka, with his usual acuteness, investigated this subject, and after trying actual experiments with his own troops, partly armed with one assegai to use as a spear, partly with a dozen to use as javelins, he found that the one carried spear was far superior to the twelve darts, so that, for the future, all the Zulu soldiers were armed only with spears, shields, and knob-kerries, a weapon like a life-preserver, and used for close combat. With these troops so disciplined and moralized—or rather demoralized, Chaka had no need to fear any enemy: but he went

further still. Besides his ordinary soldiers, Chaka organized a special body of "warriors," who were what Napoleon would have called regiments of *élite*. These men were trained from their youth to think of nothing, and practise nothing but fighting and bloodshed. They were not allowed to marry, or to contract any female acquaintance, for fear of their becoming involved in anything like human ties. They were daily exercised in every pursuit likely to increase strength and activity, and were fed on nothing but beef, under the idea of its making them more brutal and ferocious.

These men were trained to an obedience which made them machinery. A look from the King, and a warrior ran his comrade through the back; a word and a sign when his majesty walked abroad, and a father was obliged to massacre his son, or a son his father, the perpetrator being himself destroyed if he showed the slightest sign of feeling or flinching. When any friend of the King died, the people were summoned to weep round the palace, and if any were unable to squeeze out a tear, the "warriors" rushed upon them, and either with knob kerries or assegais—both, by the way, the Dutch names for the weapons—murdered them.

The country at large was ruled upon the same universal principle of death, death, death! Lying, on any evidence or no evidence, was death. Theft, the same. Speaking ill of the King, the same, with many other still smaller offences, and the pleasure of the King, as a matter of course. Each large kraal had a chief or indoona. If this man offended the King, not only he, but the whole kraal suffered, save, indeed, those who could find refuge in the woods or the swamps. An accusation of sorcery was speedy death in Zulu. As every disease was held to be the effect of a charm applied by an "Umturgartie," or evil-wisher, and every death other than from violence was esteemed unnatural, the "Imyangars," or discoverers of charms and their employers, had often enough to do. These wretches resembled our own witch-finders of days gone by, in the respect that they accused of sorcery precisely anybody they liked, or anybody they might be bribed to. Their mode of proceeding, however, was different, consisting in smelling all around the locality supposed to be infected. This smelling process was carried on, and is indeed yet carried on, through a series of the most frantic jumpings, howlings, and contortions of the hands, face, and limbs, which increase in vehemence as the Imyangar declares that the scent gets warmer, and all the kraal rings to the responsive yelling of the assembled inhabitants; until gradually working himself up to a frenzy, the witch-catcher, perspiring at every pore, with flashing eyes and foaming mouth, and limbs reeling from mingled excitement and fatigue, swoops upon some unfortunate being, whom he selects and denounces as a sorcerer. Instantly, and without requiring the least tittle of proof, the crowd close round the denounced person, and in a moment he has paid the forfeit of his supposed offences.

Nearly the same power was possessed by the husbands over

their wives. The household was a minor Zulucracy ; women have come to English, Dutch, and Portuguese settlers in Natal and Zulu, and entreated them to save their lives, as their husbands had appointed them to come to a certain place at a certain hour for the purpose of being murdered. A handful of snuff, or a roll of tobacco, or a few beads, however, generally settled the matter ; but as soon as a wife becomes too old to bear further progeny, her fate is sealed. It is sometimes the same, too, with the old men ; Chaka actually held an old man massacre, in which a miserable quantity of blood was shed, and the locality of which is still called "old man's picking place." Chaka justified himself for this to an English traveller by insisting on the uselessness of supporting people who were too weak and old, not only to fight, but to work. Both extremes of the age of the male, seem in Zulu in nearly equal danger, as male children are often made away with, the parents preferring to rear the females, from whom, by the time they attain the age of fourteen, they can accumulate great herds of cattle by selling the young ladies for from six to ten cows a piece, for slaves or wives ; *c'est égal*.

It is a curious fact that Chaka, amid all his murderings, was a great encourager of *fêtes* and popular amusements—of which singing and dancing were the principal features. Great gatherings of the people for these purposes, from time to time, took place. Chaka himself was the poet, and shouted out the songs, clad in his dancing-dress, in which he afterwards capered a series of *pas seuls* amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the spectators. It is true that any one who did not applaud would have stood a fair chance of an assegai through his body, but this only made the assemblage the more admiringly demonstrative. Chaka was very particular in composing new songs every year—the grand annual occasion being what we may call the harvest-home — the first fruits of the season being brought to the palace, where the king performed some ridiculous ceremonies, running and leaping about, and then, after eating a mouthful of the new corn, tossing a calabash among the people as a signal that they might eat also. To eat before was death.

Like other great potentates, Chaka maintained a system of *espionnage*, particularly in the army, of the disaffection of which he was naturally highly jealous. When a marauding expedition was sent forth, it was a common practice to tell the chiefs of the different divisions of the warriors, different stories as to their route, reuniting them at one point, known only to the commander-in-chief. The supposed supernatural powers of Chaka, however, were, after all, his main resource and his main safeguard. He concocted a diary of the periodical visions which he received from the spirit of Umbeah, an old Zulu chief greatly renowned for his wisdom, and always insisted that he governed Zulu through the wisdom of the said Umbeah. All this the nation implicitly credited. In fact, it was the only religion they had to believe, and when the king announced a vision of Umbeah, a vast multi-

tude assembled round the palace, and he told them whatever cock-and-bullism he chose to invent.

These ghost-stories he supported by schemes of mystification very cunningly made up. For example, a woman came to the palace and reported that the night before a lion had entered her hut and taken her husband from her side, without apparently doing him any further injury. Chaka, upon this, ordered great search to be made for this good-natured lion, and sent forth his best hunters to capture it. Neither lion nor man, however, were found until about three months afterwards, when the man suddenly made his appearance in the midst of Chaka's warriors upon a festival-day, and being brought before the sovereign, told a long story of how he had been conveyed under ground to a region where there were plenty of cows and beautiful girls, and where the good Zulus who fell bravely in battle went, and where he had seen Umbeah, who charged him to communicate to the people that all that Chaka had told them concerning his visions was quite true, and that they were in future to believe everything Chaka said. The king, after pretending great edification at this statement, had the man taken with signal honours to his palace, where he remained, until proceeding one day into the woods, he never returned. Chaka gave out that he was carried off by a leopard, and amused his warriors by sending them to hunt down all the beasts of the kind in the vicinity.

We now approach the period in 1827 of the massacre on the occasion of the death of Umnanty. This woman had been the wife of Chaka's father, Essenzingercona, and was Chaka's mother. Her husband had sent her away for infidelity, and for some time she had lived in adultery, but ultimately retired into solitude, in which she died. After the event had been announced to Chaka, he did not speak for a week, but lay silent at the door of his palace. He then roused himself, entered it, and sent for two or three of his eldest counsellors and most trusted indoonas. After long deliberation, orders were issued for a general mourning-match; those who did not make their appearance, or who could not weep, were to suffer death. Upon these grounds commenced as atrocious a massacre as was ever recorded in history. The "warriors" went in bands around the country, burning the kraals and slaughtering their inhabitants for disobeying the king's commands—commands which the poor wretches had never heard of—Chaka's real object being the institution of a species of holocaust for his mother's manes, and those who came to mourn fared by hundreds like those who nominally disobeyed the summons. Crowds, too, were led up to the grave and slaughtered around it, while ten young virgins were burned alive to join Umnanty as her handmaids in the land of Umbeah. Every night during the continuance of the massacre, which lasted, to a greater or less degree, for a fortnight, Chaka danced and sung before the people as part of the ceremonial paid to his mother's spirit.

After this glut of blood and desolation, there seems to have been a pause of satiety in Chaka's career, and the murders com-

mitted were only those which the tyrant believed necessary for his own preservation, the indoonas and counsellors, who had influence with the people. At the same time he endeavoured to cultivate, as much as possible, the friendship of the English and Dutch traders, and was particularly pleased when presents were sent him, as it was considered politic to do by the Cape Government. Red cloth always delighted him, and one magnificent red cloak, which, however, was described by an English spectator as mere scarlet serge, he made an attendant wear and walk before him in it, so that he might contemplate all its beauties. Chaka was dreadfully alarmed the first time he saw his face in a mirror, and was with difficulty assured that it was simply a reflection like those in water. On understanding this, he ordered the glass to be brought out in public, and vapoured and danced before it. The Zulus were struck dumb at this exhibition of the courage of their king in venturing to confront his own spirit, and his reputation increased accordingly.

But the mirror began to reveal to Chaka disagreeable truths. Grey bristles began to mingle in the fantastic *coiffure* of a Zulu monarch with the black, and he, who had taken so many lives, now began to tremble for his own, gradually working himself into a state of nervous terror which haunted his very soul. He had still several brothers living, for the male offspring of his father had been something astonishing, and two of these, Dingaan and Unslumgarni, excited his particular apprehensions. Still he continued, by observing all sorts of precautions, to hope for the best. He had heard from an English trader of hair-dye, and he became frantically eager to procure it, offering in secret great amounts in cattle for this precious agent, which he conceived to be a charm. Unfortunately Chaka, however, failed in all his endeavours to procure the blackening liquid. There appears to have been some mistake constantly made about it, and the primitive perruquiers of the Cape Colony deluged the monarch with oils, pomatum, and all sorts of specifics for making the hair grow, but not for making it black, until at length Chaka got so much out of humour upon the subject, and on others, that he began to resume his old blood-shedding propensities. His fate was now soon decided on. One day, sitting before his palace, admiring his herds of cattle being driven in review before him, a man who had been his own servant, and who had been loitering about with a spear such as cattle were killed with, suddenly stepped up to the king and threatened him with the weapon, while the two brothers, Dangaan and Unslumgarni, came behind and stabbed him. The unhappy wretch fell, then rose, made some attempt to run, and was again pierced through by the servant, on which he fell again and expired, muttering something about being allowed to live to be his brother's servant.

So died, then, the greatest shedder of blood in wantonness of whom we really have any record, since the dawn of civilization. What horrors of the same sort may exist in the unexplored districts of Central Africa we know not; but from all we do know of

the fierce character of the general southern races of Africa, the Kaffirs in all their modifications, the Bushmen, and the strange diminutive tribe, the Earthmen, now dying away—from the atrocities also which we are but too well aware were perpetrated upon our own unfortunate soldiers whom the Kaffirs captured, we may conceive almost any amount of cruelty and recklessness of life. The rule of Chaka over the Zulus was no doubt an exceptional case. He was a man of almost superhuman courage, energy, ferocity, and wantonness of life. The thirst for blood, indeed, seems to have been an hereditary propensity in the family, which, in the case of Chaka, developed into an intense monomania by the force and energy of his general mental characteristics, produced this monstrous character, whose career we have just sketched, and which, however it may horrify, may be depended on as being strictly and literally true.

We may add that Dangaan succeeded Chaka, and turned out a modified edition of his brother. He was also murdered, but not by any of his own family. The present king, Panda, is still a brother of this seemingly inexhaustible household. He has, however, altered all Chaka and Dangaan's barbarous laws, encourages trade, and has been, as yet, a faithful ally of the Natal Government.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

BY MRS MOODIE.

THERE are numbers of facetious and well-meaning people, who delight in practical jokes—who would think themselves highly insulted if you were to say one word against their favourite amusement. Yet a more pernicious or cruel method of entertainment can scarcely be imagined. All practical jokes have a malicious tendency; and it is hardly possible for a truly benevolent person to receive any pleasure from them. The laugh is always raised at the expense of another; and the feelings of those upon whom such jokes are perpetrated are never once taken into consideration, by the perpetrator. The more they are annoyed or wounded the greater the fun. Some of the most cruel things have been done under the cover of a joke; and some of the most dreadful accidents have occurred from the indulgence of this ill-natured propensity. It is my intention to illustrate this subject fairly, by giving instances of the grave and gay, the humorous and the terrible, that have come under my own observation, or have been told to me by persons whose veracity was unquestionable.

I will commence my task with a true, but very sad tale, which I had from the lips of a dear and venerated relative, who was unfortunately, and to his everlasting regret, an actor in the tragedy.

In the town in which my friend was born and brought up, and which has since merged into a portion of the vast metropolis of Britain, a few young gentlemen who had distinguished themselves at school, and were now engaged in acquiring various professions, formed themselves into a literary association, which met twice a week at the house of a friend.

This was, in fact, a sort of debating society, in which scientific subjects were given for discussion, on which papers were written, and speeches made, to illustrate more clearly the object in view, self-culture, and moral and intellectual improvement. No drinking or smoking was allowed in the club, and quarrelsome members were subject to a forfeit on the first offence, and expelled if they continued refractory.

As the society was instituted with a view to mutual benefit, and the members were all friends and schoolmates, their meetings were both harmonious and instructive.

In this society, said my old friend, I perfected myself in mathematics, and learned navigation and trigonometry, and this was chiefly to keep on an equal footing with my two friends, John and William W—, who both afterwards became admirals in the British navy. My brother, the two W—'s, and two fine lads of the name of Rosier, the sons of a widowed lady, and great favourites with us all, belonged to my class.

One night, our subject had been the belief in ghosts; that it had existed in all ages, and appeared to be sanctioned by the Saviour himself. "I am not a spirit." This led to a long discussion. Some of us allowed the possibility of supernatural agency, others turned it into ridicule, and rejected it as unworthy the belief of a rational creature. Edward, the elder of the two Rosiers, declared his scepticism in such decided terms, that John W—, who had frankly confessed his belief in ghosts, asked him abruptly, "How he would like to spend a night alone in a church?"

"I have not the least objection," was the prompt reply. "If I found it disagreeable, it would not be the ghosts that would trouble me."

"Edward," said my friend, "I think your courage would fail you, when it came to the trial; for independently of all superstitious dread, the loneliness of the place and hour, connected with other circumstances, of a mysterious and awful nature, that cling about an ancient religious edifice, would be enough to daunt a bolder spirit than yours. I am not a coward, as you all know; but I would not like to trust myself alone in such a place. It is not ghosts that I fear, but my imagination is so fertile it might conjure up phantoms still more terrific."

"Ah! we know how nervous you are, S—," said Edward, with a smile; "but try me, that is all I request, and if I turn coward, twit me with it ever after."

"And when will you make the experiment?" we all asked in a breath.

"To-morrow night, if you please."

"And in what church?"

“Old Lambeth.”

“You have made a bad choice,” said my friend. “It is a solemn awful place, and looks like the haunt of all the ghosts since the time of the Conquest.”

“It is my native church,” said he gravely. “I was baptized there, and I love the venerable pile.”

“Well, well, you shall have your own choice; but it would not be ours,” said his comrades. “And now for arrangements; how is it to be ordered?”

“I know the sexton,” said Edward; “he will give me the key. I shall choose the belfry for my watch. I don’t mean the chamber of the bell, but that portion of the church that is situated directly under it. You must allow me, gentlemen, a small table, a stool, a book, and four wax candles. The church is so large that I should be fancying all sorts of things without sufficient light. If danger exists, I should like to confront it like a man, and not be fighting with my own shadow in the dark. At three o’clock in the morning, I presume my watch will end, as you well know that all ghosts vanish with the crowing of the cock.”

There was something in this speech, said my old friend; that led me, and his brother, Henry Rosier, to suspect that our hero was not quite so brave as he wished us to think him. We exchanged glances. Henry smiled, and looked down, but we forbore to communicate our thoughts on the subject.

Every one present agreed to Edward’s request, and we promised to arrange everything according to his wishes. The table, the book—which, by the way, was Dr. Young’s “Night Thoughts”—and the candles, were to be ready by ten o’clock the following night, and he was to meet us in the porch of the old church, where we were to see him duly installed, and then take our leave.

Soon after, the meeting broke up, and the Rosiers had shaken hands with us to part for the night; for their path home lay in an opposite direction, when Henry lingered a moment behind, and whispered to me,

“Tom, we must play Ned a trick; I have got a famous plan in my head. You shall hear it to-morrow.”

Henry Rosier was a lively rattle-brained fellow. Clever enough, but too volatile to make the most of his talents. He was always up to all sorts of fun, and was the instigator of every mischievous prank in the town. There was not one of us on whom he had not played off some practical joke; but his wit and good-humour made him a favourite with all. His brother and Henry were the most attached of friends, though no two people could be more unlike in character. Edward was grave, serene, and thoughtful. His inclinations led him to the pulpit, and among his young associates, he went by the name of the parson. Henry had determined already on being a soldier, and considered it no small honour to the family, his father having died upon the battlefield.

Early the next morning Henry came to me, and after laugh-

ing very heartily, disclosed his plan; which appeared so innocent, that not only the two W—s, but my brother and myself, entered into it heart and soul.

"Ah! 'tis a glorious trick," he said, rubbing his hands; "and it cannot fail to give him a gluff. For, between ourselves, I don't think the fellow is so brave as he pretends to be—at any rate, this will put his courage to the proof—will frighten him out of his wits, and give us all a good laugh."

"But how will you manage it?" said I.

"Oh! the simplest way in the world. I will go to Jones the tallow-chandler and get him to cast us four large wax candles, leaving a hollow tube filled with gunpowder, just in the centre of the candle, at the distance which he supposes it will take for the candle to burn down to by the witching hour of night. When the flame reaches the gunpowder, the candles will be extinguished with a horrible explosion, and such an infernal smell of brimstone, that poor Ned will be forced to acknowledge that Old Nick himself puffed them out."

We all laughed at the whimsical idea, and complimented Henry on his ingenuity; while he, quite beside himself, clapped his hands and cut a thousand fantastic antics.

"It will be capital sport!" he cried. "We will all watch in the porch; I long to see the grave face that our dear philosopher will make, when whiz—whiz—whiz, out go all the candles. I think it will be his last night alone in a church."

At ten o'clock in the evening all was ready, and we accompanied Ned with lanterns, for it was a very dark October night, to the venerable old pile. The church loomed through the fog like the ghost of the vanished age that had witnessed its pristine glory. It was not without a feeling of superstitious awe, continued my friend, that I unlocked the massive door, and we found ourselves standing within the ancient place of worship.

Edmund stepped briskly forward, and placed his little table beneath the belfry, which commanded a view up the main aisle; and, lighting his treacherous candles, took his seat, and in a gay tone bade us all good-night.

"Edmund," said I, "give over this frolic. Perhaps you will repent your obstinacy when you find yourself all alone."

"You must think that I am troubled with a bad conscience," said he, "to be so much afraid of my own company. I assure you, on the contrary, that I feel quite happy, and wish you all heartily away."

We, laughing, withdrew, but only to the porch of the church, leaving the door ajar, so that we could watch him unseen, and enjoy his astonishment when the lights went out.

"The church clock struck eleven. Our friend Rosier continued calm and serene, without lifting his eyes from his book. Once or twice he rose from his seat, and took a turn round the church, with arms folded, and wrapped in a sort of devotional meditation, which gave a fine expression to his very interesting countenance.

“Ned is a hero!” said Henry in a whisper, “I did him injustice. But twelve o’clock will try his mettle.”

Edward sat down to his book again, and seemed so lost in its pages, which were new to him, that he did not again raise his head until the bell in the old turret above him commenced to toll the midnight hour. I thought his cheek looked paler than usual, but the night was very damp and cold, and the wind sobbed and howled its mysterious lullaby in the time-worn turrets of the old grey tower. He was evidently anxious to close his vigil, and he commenced counting the strokes of the bell,—“One—two—three.” His voice was drowned in a tumultuous hurricane of sound. Simultaneously the candles were whirled aloft in the air; and went out amid a thundering din, and a cloud of black smoke, which hid the watcher from our sight. We all burst into a roar of laughter, which was returned to us in hollow unearthly echoes from the long aisles of the building.

“Ned, my boy! how are you?—has the devil flown away with you?” cried Henry, unclosing the dark lantern and rushing into the church.

You may imagine our feelings, when we found the hero of the night lying insensible upon the pavement, and to all appearance dead.

One of the party ran for a coach; while Henry, almost beside himself, continued to chafe the hands and temples of his unconscious brother, and to call upon him in the most endearing manner to look up—to answer him—to tell him that he forgave him for his cruel joke.

With bitter tears of unfeigned sorrow and regret at the melancholy termination of our frolic, we lifted the body of Edward into the coach, and took him home to his afflicted mother.

Poor mother! I dare not picture her grief. For many years it was the most painful recollection of my life.

Edward Rosier recovered to existence, but his senses had deserted him for ever. That fine intellect, that had been the pride of his mother’s heart, and had endeared him to us all, was extinguished for ever, and her adored boy was a moping idiot for life.

This circumstance had such an effect upon the gay thoughtless Henry, that he was never after seen to smile. The consciousness of having planned the joke, preyed upon his mind and broke his heart. Before two years had passed away, those fine lads and their mother slept within the precincts of the old church which had been the theatre of this frightful tragedy.

A JOURNEY FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO ST. PETER'S.

RETURNING to my hotel, I was caught by my Piedmontese doctor, and taken, a little against my will, but not knowing where else, to dine at the *table d'hôte* of the Minerva, our own being only an *hotel garni*, where you may breakfast but cannot dine.

The Minerva is a celebrated *table d'hôte*, much frequented by artists, being a shade cheaper than the others. There was a large room crowded with hungry jaws much overgrown with beard. They kept us waiting a good while after the specified time before the soup was brought in; and then, though we were near the fountains of that prefatory balm to hungry stomachs, weary with waiting, which stood on a table behind us, they kept ladling out and sending it smoking away to distant parts of the room. After asking a considerable number of waiters to remember me now, if ever they expected me to remember them hereafter, I got at the end of five minutes, not a plate of soup, but a recommendation from a disinterested and philosophical waiter to be patient till soup came to me, for there were many people who wanted soup, but I should get it in time.

I felt much inclined to get up from table and lead off number one and three in his right and left eye, but I reflected that in the bitterness of his feelings he might sacrifice appearances, and stick me in the back with a carving knife before I got through my second course. So I said nothing, and got up and went away to dine at an hotel in the Via Condotti, where they charged fivepence more, but where the waiters were more accustomed to feed the hungry British lion. I was not sorry that my placid Piedmontese had patience to remain.

Next day I determined to make my way to St. Peter's, and plunged boldly into the intervening labyrinth. Asking my way diligently, I at last emerged upon the river, which I passed by a bridge closely lined with statues, opposite the Castle of St. Angelo, from which the bridge takes its name.

Everybody has seen prints of the Castle of St. Angelo, which looks like the round tower of Windsor Castle microscopically magnified, and crowned with a small village piled in a pyramidal group, with a winged archangel at the top.

On the other side of the river the road turns to the left, skirts the quay, turns in from it a little, and enters the great Piazza about a third of a mile long, at the end of which you see St. Peter's at full length, not looking so big as it is, because you fancy yourself much nearer than you are, but nevertheless, "quite calculated to strike one as a considerable heap of building," as I heard a lady, conjectured to be from Philadelphia, remark on the spot.

The end of the Piazza where you enter it is narrower than the other, and of irregular shape, with unsymmetrical buildings, seeming as if it had been intended to be pulled down and swept away. There are glittering fountains on either side of a tall obelisk in the middle. The end immediately in front of the cathedral is enclosed between two crescent colonnades, which, seen in the distance, bear to the main building about the proportion of a fender to a fire-place; but when you approach one of the pediment-topped portico extremities, you see that the columns are six feet in diameter, and fifty or sixty feet high. The circle they almost enclose is about one hundred and fifty yards across.

Perhaps the best way to get a good idea of the gigantic size of St. Peter's is to stand close to one of these horns of the crescent, and bearing in mind that it is the same size at the other end, to see how it curves away to almost nothing at the foot of that great mountain of architecture.

The pavement of the Piazza rises in long sloping steps to a platform before the portico. The portico is very large, and set on pillars twelve feet thick and a hundred feet high; but it does not look large enough, and there is a want of depth, the pillars standing close to the *façade*. While they were about it they might as well have made them twenty-four feet in diameter, and carried them up to the top of the *façade*, for they are of course built, there being no stones to be found a hundred feet long and twelve thick.

In fine, the outside of St. Peter's is very striking from its size, far more than from any beauty or grandeur of design; and the husband of the transatlantic lady, whom I met again on the platform, remarked he "should expect it might have been an expensive job to put up this monument; the Capitol at Washington is not a circumstance to it."

In the great corridor or cloister, which makes a sort of vestibule before the heavy oilskin doors which flap over the entrances of the temple, there are a quantity of pestiferous guides who wish to explain St. Peter's to you. It is a favourite superstition of mine to avoid being introduced to any person I hope to like, almost all the pleasant acquaintances I have made having been by fortuitous collision. But I have a still stronger objection to being introduced to any grand or sublime object in nature or art, by some garrulous showman, from whom you cannot help catching by contagion some of the hackneyed weariness and familiarity with which he tells you in the same words the same things he has been telling fifty thousand gaping foreigners for the last quarter of a century.

Therefore I declined to listen to their eager buzzings, and lifting up with a great muscular effort a corner of one of the ponderous lead and oilskin curtains, which are a most persuasive argument to prevent the public from leaving the doors open, squeezed myself in under it, and I stood within the greatest temple in Christendom.

I walked straightforward towards a pretty little altar which

stands in the centre, looking something like an old-fashioned bed with spiral posts. We all know that when you come to it, this altar is ninety feet high; but on entering St. Peter's all your ideas of feet and fathoms are confounded in one vague sense of indefinite vastness. But as you advance over acres of marble flagstones the great round gap of the dome opens wider and wider, till with a giddy wonder of uplifted eyes you stand within its magic circle. To stand beneath the dome looking up into that greatest of vaults which our pigmy race has set up beneath the heavens, was my first desire, and has always since been my principal pleasure in St. Peter's.

There is a sort of awful expansion of feeling within that great hollow, as if your soul was set in a huge exhausted receiver and swelled like a wizened apple by some drawing quality in space. It is quite a different sensation from what you feel under the starry dome of a summer eveningsky. There the expansion of the soul seems to radiate itself away into the infinite transparency of heaven; but here there is a sense of oppression, and a certain mixture of fear, though you cannot reasonably be much afraid of the dome tumbling down upon you, still less of your tumbling up into the dome. Still if you are an imaginative animal in any degree, to stand beneath the dome of St. Peter's will give you what the famous Mrs. Peggoty describes as "a turn," which I take to be a sort of metaphorical charming up of the sublime and awful elements in your nature, which the greater part of mankind delight in: taking a moral "turn" by way of keeping their soul in proper exercise, very much as they would benefit their body by taking a physical turn in the garden. I suppose something of this sort and a reflection or two as to how little after all man can do when you see his most magnificent uttermost, makes up the greater part of the preference which the largest temple in the world can possess beyond the smallest. A sublime and vast solemnity of architecture, a softened light that only half reveals the shadow, aisles receding far away into the dim forest of columns, where the distant music of the vesper hymn dies away in the whisper of the confessional, certainly has more influence to draw the human mind towards worship than a small sanded and white-washed methodist chapel.

There are certain puritans who want to have an inward spiritual grace double distilled, and for that purpose would reject all outward visible signs. These worthy people cry out "We want no assistance from outward senses. God is a spirit, and we worship him in spirit and in truth." But they forget that all the knowledge of God they have, came to their spirit through the medium of their senses, for they understand the Scripture only by their acquaintance with the outward world; and why should not the furniture of devotion be such as harmonizes best with prayer in a world which, it seems to me, we were sent into chiefly to learn to pray.

However, the nature of man adapts itself to all circumstances. In sects where there is the greatest parsimony of ornament, there is the greatest extravagance in words. I am convinced that there

is as much idolatry in groaning and grovelling before some florid phrase of erotic adoration as in kneeling before a beautiful picture or statue of the Virgin. There are love-feasts in some of the rustic sects where the faithful relate what they call "blessed experiences" or "sweet experiences," which are very analogous to what rigid Protestants would consider idolatrous pictures of saints, only that these passages are depicted in unctuous words instead of oil colours, are more coarsely daubed, and generally have the disadvantage of being passages from the life of a great sinner lately reformed, the relation of whose sins is listened to with great attention, and is usually much more objectionable than the subsequent repentance is likely to be edifying.

I walked round the building inside, to get a general idea of it; peeped into its collateral chapels, and took a passing stare at statues of Popes, venerable old giants with keys in their hands, and triple tiaras on their wrinkled brows, looking down benevolently from white marble monuments. One of these, by Canova, is guarded by the celebrated sleeping and waking lions; these formidable animals crouch at the feet of two female figures—a stout lady crowned with long spikes, and a more graceful maiden reclining with her head on her hand, supposed to be Faith and Hope, or any other Christian Graces the reader may prefer.

There is a monument of the last of the Stuarts set up by George IV. A pyramidal group of three small medallions hung up about a street door. It is rather a poor and flat slab of marble. George the Magnificent might have given rather handsomer relief to his poor relations after he was finally assured that they could not trouble him any more by occasionally asking him for a crown, nor do discredit to the family by coming on the parish.

I also saw a very stiff and ugly statue of Jupiter in black marble, stretching up his head and one hand as if struck with extreme astonishment at being taken for St. Peter, and having the greater part of his great toe kissed away by devout lips. After some reflection as to whether I should kiss this sacred and celebrated toe or not, I came to the conclusion that as this was my first visit to his mansion, it would only show a proper respect; so I observed some pious seafaring men to see how it was properly done, and ruling my behaviour accordingly, approached, put my forehead under the sandal, which projects conveniently from the pedestal, wiped the toe with my pocket handkerchief, kissed it, and having put my forehead under it again, made a bow and departed.

On my return I skirted the Tras-tevere bank of the river, till I came to the Ponte Sesto. The views of the river at this angle are picturesque on both sides. Up the stream you see St. Peter's dome soaring over gardens and palaces; downwards, the crowded little island of St. Bartholomew, between the two wings of bridges which connect it with the quaintly huddled company of tall, narrow, old-fashioned dwellings which overhang the water on either hand. Floating on the yellow ripples are some huge black monsters, with gaunt, mis-shapen water-wheels moving slowly

round as the stream flows beneath them, seeming like great grim water-spiders on the look-out for little boats.

Having re-crossed the Tiber, I had to be very troublesome to the citizens of Rome, in order to find my way to the end of the Corso. It began to rain while I was yet struggling in the meshes of the labyrinth, and it persevered in raining more or less for the rest of the afternoon.

This, however, was the first *corso* day of the Carnival, and a few of the most determined revellers, who had laid in their stock of bouquets and sugar-plums, and had ordered their carriage and costumes, were not to be dissuaded by the weather from making their appearance and trundling up and down in the wet to pelt and be pelted, whether by their fellow men or the elements. I am sorry to say that it seemed to me a very sloppy, damp, lugubrious sort of mirth, and if I were the Pope I would issue an edict against its taking place on wet days.

Melancholy drabbled mountebanks, throwing showers of pellets and clouds of lime at one another, with wet and whitened fingers like a plasterer's, or flinging up a mop of wet flowers at a balcony of moist beauties under umbrellas. Little boys picking up the bouquets which have missed their mark, and fallen into the river of mud, and throwing them, all muddy as they are, to print themselves in the manner of a rough woodcut on the whitest dress that offers itself to the little boy's notice. Little boys of a more commercial spirit, rescuing the dirty bouquet from the mud a second time, and carrying it to a neighbouring fountain to wash and sell again. French soldiers, armed with cabbages and cauliflowers and lettuce and endive instead of flowers, and presenting them with the politest grimaces to any half-drowned fair lady who came by in the carriages. Such was my first day's experience of the Carnival at Rome, and which, now even in fine weather they say, like everything that is, is not what it was.

I had no intention to be sulky and unsociable, and not to enjoy the Carnival as much as I could, but after giving this sort of amusement a fair trial for about an hour, I relinquished the glory of being rained upon in such a cause, carrying home as a trophy a clean bouquet of snowdrops and box leaves, which I caught in its fall, and of which I sent home a flower and a leaf to a certain young lady in my native land, about whom I do not intend to trouble the reader with any further information.

Do you want to know something about the society I found in Rome? I brought three letters of introduction, one to a starving prince of a great Papal family, in the gaunt and hungry splendour of an uncomfortably enormous palace. He was a high featured, noble looking man, with gentle and courtly manners, dressed like an English linendraper, in patterns of some years ago, when checks and stripes were timidly beginning to grow large,—a period when they were, perhaps, more obnoxious to the eye than after they subsequently lost themselves in their own immensity. The prince received me with distinguished politeness, asked tenderly after the dear friend who had charged me with a letter—returned my call

on a rainy day, as I sat shivering (over a wood engraving of my armorial bearings for a book plate, with which I amused my rainy days during the Carnival) in my cold apartment, which smokes violently when I have a fire lighted; and that is the beginning and end of my acquaintance with the Roman nobility.

My second letter was to a broken-down bald-headed diplomat, up a great many pair of stairs, who was nearly as civil, and did as much for me in the way of society.

The third was to a celebrated sculptor,—a very solemn gentleman, who seems to labour under the impression that his conversation ought to be as sublime as his chiselling. There is a certain statuesque, almost monumental impressiveness in his manners, which leads you at first to suppose he is telling you something very fine, which very seldom proves to be the case. His works, however, are as poetical as his words are prosy; and marble is a more lasting material than breath. He was good enough to show me his studio.

But Rome, at the Carnival time, draws your acquaintance unexpectedly together, so that you practically want no introductions. I met a stout and intelligent young physician, whom I had known at Cambridge, and at his house an excellent portrait painter, whom I had met at literary breakfast parties in town. Through him I became acquainted with all the artists who frequent the Lepri restaurant and the Café Greco over the way, where you dine and drink coffee in an atmosphere of freedom, art, smoke, and jokes, and laughter, with indifferent eatables and drinkables, and the most independent style of waiting, in a sublime muddle, which I preferred to the occasional exceptions when any of my countrymen and women were good enough to ask me to a lodging-house dinner, sent in from the cook-shop, which is the only method by which English hospitality can be faintly carried on in Rome.

A college friend turned up from the coffee plantation in Ceylon, which he had preferred to a fat family living. He had under his wing a youthful cousin, whose principal quality was being heir-apparent of a British peer. This merit, as much perhaps as the excellent company of my friend the coffee planter, drew enough of the flower of Albion's youth to their rooms for smoking and conversation and brandy and water, to prevent my forgetting what Albion's youth is like; so that I was not solitary during my moist Carnival.

Did not Cato say that man was a schoolboy to the end of his days? At any rate, he learnt Greek at eighty. It truly seems to me that this is a sad "lower-boy" sort of world, where one never can get much beyond the "fourth-form" drudgeries and indignities of *sapping* and *fagging*. What are the House of Commons, the Bar—even polite dining-out society—but institutions for making men sap up their lessons out of school, whether from blue-books, briefs, or the morning-papers, and say it off, as the case may be, for the benefit of Amphitryon, a jury, or Mr. Speaker.

If you run away from the turmoil and slavery of home, you merely fall into another form of discipline. You have a new

grammar and handbook to undergo; and oh! what a night-mare chaos of things you really must see! O Rome! Rome! thou giant heart and nucleus of all sight-seeing! who shall sit down on a rainy morning, and cast his eye over Murray's two hundred and thirty close-printed, double-columned account of what is to be seen in thee, and not feel his heart sink within him?

The author of these pages, who, understanding that the fastidious public are not fond of the too-frequent use of the personal pronoun, has made up his mind to supply its place with a revolving cycle of ingenious paraphrases, which have the double advantage of filling up more paper, and avoiding the appearance of egotism—finding his heart sink lower and lower, every time he looked into the Handbook at the description of Rome, or out of window at the everlasting shower-bath condition of Rome itself—grew at last rebellious and stubborn.

“Does a man travel to amuse himself, or to bore himself? that is the question!” he cried. “Why is every man to see everything unless he be such a man as—when, many oblivious years after his return, people in his native land shall talk about it—take a pleasure and pride in being able to say, ‘I saw it when I was in Rome.’” Let us travel in those countries where there are most sight-worthy things to be seen; ‘but let us live in peace when we are there, and allow the lottery-wheel of a calmly-revolving existence, pleasantly and unexpectedly, turn up those objects which it is our destiny to see. What we see thus, we shall enjoy. It may take us longer, and we may not see so many things after all, but such impressions as we do receive will be pleasurable instead of the contrary. Why should we gulp the wonders of the world like boys eating rolls and treacle against one another for half-a-crown at a country fair?”

So said the young gentleman who undertook some months ago to weave you a slender panoramic ribbon of his travels from Westminster to Rome, and who, like many greater and worthier men, not unfrequently, is found talking about his work when he ought to be doing it.

The rain fell as if it had been sent on purpose to put out the Carnival, and kept falling till a good deal of the city, which lies very low, in places, was flooded. From the ingenious construction of the drains, this beautiful Venetian phenomenon of watery streets does not require the river to overflow its banks. The water rises up out of the drains to exactly the level father Tiber may happen to adopt. The Pantheon stands on very low ground, and is flooded first of all. A small lake rises in the dip of the piazza, where the ground has kept its ancient level around the building. The grey old columns of the porticoes stand ankle-deep in it, with their shadows trembling and wriggling down, as if they felt cold in this wintry weather.

You have to go a good way round to a back-door, which does not look much like the door of a church, being, if I remember right, No. 10 in the street behind the Rotunda. It is opened by some lay helper of the under-sacristan, who leads you through

some dark passages and a candle-lit cell behind the high altar where the only priest not swamped out of the establishment is dozing his hours before a crucifix. You now emerge upon the high altar.

The vast rotunda, about fifty yards in diameter, is covered by a broad, unbroken sheet of water, twenty inches deep, on which you look from the high-altar steps, or still better, if you are active and venturesome, from the marble-balustrade altar rails, which rather interfere with your view from the steps, but may be reached by a slippery and perilous jump, or the sacristan's assistant will fish you up a floating-bench, and make a bridge for you.

When you are on the marble balustrade, and can look down on the whole sheet of water without any intervention, you will see one of the strangest effects in the world. You seem as if you were suspended inside an egg one hundred yards long, pierced with a little hole at both ends, both holes full of sky and sunshine. You feel as if you would fall through into the vast hollow below your feet, and out into the lower sky. This egg is belted with a double range of columns and altars, right-and-wrong-way up, set foot-to-foot. It is, in fact, the whole dome of the Pantheon, joined to its exact counterpart, turned upside-down in the floor, which the water converts into a complete mirror. The little hole at the top is nine yards wide, and, with the light, has let in the wind and rain ever since Agrippa built it, I believe, about thirty years before Christ; and this clear, blue, unglazed eye of Heaven is sole and sufficient light. There is a grand, simple, satisfactory roundness in the interior of the Pantheon, which makes it to my mind by far the best of domes. It is much broader in proportion to its height than any other. It seems to me that the cupola is half of a sphere which, if complete, would rest upon the earth; but, instead of the lower semi-sphere, it is continued with a cylinder of the same height and diameter.

One of the altars which gird the rotunda, is the chapel-tomb of Rafael. On the entablature of the altar is hung a palette, which, though the Guide-book says nothing, I hope was one he used. His bones lay behind the altar, and were raked up some time ago, and drawn and cast, after which they fell to pieces. It is the destiny of our bodies to mingle with dust, but there is something uncomfortable in the idea of being raked up and crumbled, after four hundred years, with a seasoning of fresh plaster-of-Paris. It seems to impair the respectability of old bones with a sort of botched-up, bran-new, restored-antique character. I had more sentiment for the possible palette, than the disturbed and begypsumed bone-dust.

NOTES ON FOREIGN LITERATURE.

IN commencing our notices of Foreign Literature, we cannot, of course, undertake to make up arrears, but must begin at once with some of the most recent publications.

One constituent of value, the political economists tell us, is limitation of supply; and in this point of view an Italian book may always take precedence of a French or German one of equal literary merit. "The Blind Girl of Sorrento" has, however, individual claims to notice. The plot is well wrought out, and the redundant crop of evil and misery often springing from the fatal root of a single crime forcibly exhibited. In the character of the ugly deformed hero, Gaetano, there is vigour and promise, but the fair Beatrice is but the regulation, lovely blind girl of the stage and the circulating library, and the Marchese Rionero, an amiable but twaddling "heavy father." On the whole, too, there is somewhat too much fondness for strong ingredients, and the colours are sometimes laid on in a style that reminds one of the celebrated painting of a Saracen's head, formerly to be seen at the venerable establishment on Snow Hill, the whole effect being rather grim than tragic.

Here is a passage not without merit, approaching rather too nearly the revolting, indeed, for our own taste, but not more so than appears to be considered admissible in modern fiction:—

"It was the accustomed hour of lecture at the lower anatomical hall in the Hospital of Incurables, and a numerous body of young students was assembled. These lecture halls have since been greatly improved, but at that time they were so damp, dirty, and fetid, that they reminded you of shambles. The bodies which form the subjects of the lectures are regarded as of greater or less importance, according to their freshness, or the degree of rarity of the disease that has occasioned death. Male subjects cost more than female, and, among the latter, the young more than the old.

"It was the body of a young woman that now lay extended on the marble table, while about fifty young men were scattered about in noisy groups on the benches talking, laughing, singing, and some, with perfect *sang-froid*, taking their luncheon on the same table. The professor had not yet arrived, and amorous stories and college anecdotes were hailed with shouts of merriment, and clamorous beating of sticks on the benches. Gaetano alone took no part in this ribaldry, but shrunk into a corner—his leg crossed, and leaning on it the elbow that supported his chin, kept his eyes fixed with a wild look upon the dead body. An old worn-out hat, with a mourning hat-band was on his head, and he was too deeply occupied with his own thoughts, to perceive that some of his companions a little way from him, were amusing themselves with his awkward appearance.

"A considerable part of the lecture hour passed, and, at length, it was announced, that the Professor would not come, as he had been taken ill.

"'He and the lecture may go to the devil,' cried one of the students, 'what business has he to keep us studious youths waiting?'

"'So much the better,' said a thin, squeaking, voice from one of the top-benches. 'I shall have time to go and see my *Louisella*.'

"'Au revoir, my little dear,' said a third, tapping the cheek of the dead body, 'You may go now; there 'll be no performance this morning.'—And so they

* *La "Cieca di Sorrento."* Genova. Giuseppe Rossi. 1858.

were noisily dispersing in various directions, when a deep, sonorous, voice made itself heard by all, causing universal surprise.

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ it said, ‘pray remain, I will take the Professor’s place;—the disease of which this woman died has been studied by me with the utmost attention through all its phases. I have also communicated my observations to the Professor, who has declared them correct. I offer to the intelligence of my companions, the fruits of two months’ patient clinical investigation.’

“ ‘The students looked at one another, and to the ironical expression which their features showed in the first moment, succeeded profound astonishment, for they, as well as the Professor, had been in the habit of regarding Gaetano as little better than an idiot—and it was the first time that they had heard his voice.

“ ‘Speak then, Signor Gaetano,’ said one of them at last, and then they all cried in chorus, ‘to the subject! to the subject!’

“ ‘Gaetano sat down in the Professor’s chair; his face was excessively pale.—‘Gentlemen,’ he began, with a voice in which only a slight tremor was perceptible—‘this woman now before you, and on whom I am about to use the anatomical knife, this woman was—my sister!’

“ ‘A sensation and a murmur of horror ran through the benches of students, but the face of Gaetano remained unmoved.

“ ‘This, my unhappy sister,’ he went on, ‘fell into an illness of long duration, in which, for want of means to provide for her cure, I was compelled to send her to the hospital. But the art of medicine was exerted in vain for her. Long days, and still longer nights, I have watched beside her pillow, observing every movement of the disease—counting every beat of her kind and loving heart. I saw her slowly wasting away day by day, without uttering a complaint, and kissing in thought the inexorable hand that was laid on her lungs. Poor girl! she has died at eighteen years of age. Oh! how nature delights to destroy her most beautiful works!—and now she is thrown upon this marble to be as I said just now the sport of your careless gaiety; a deformed man and a dead body are fit subjects for mockery, and so much the more if they were poor.’ * * * The young men were silent, and looked at him with astonishment, not unmixed with fear.

“ ‘And now, gentlemen,’ Gaetano went on, ‘I will proceed to the pathological anatomy of this body—I will point out to you the seat of the disease, and explain the formation of the tubercles in the parenchyma of the lungs, and trace their subsequent progress. Do not fear that my hand will tremble when I have to open the bosom of my sister. I have no sensibility of any kind. Look in my face, and see if I have not done well to brutalise my heart. If too much feeling killed this poor girl it will certainly not kill me.’—And Gaetano began to trace, step by step, from the first symptoms to the final catastrophe, the remorseless disease of which his sister had been the victim. He glanced at the medical history of phthisis in various times and nations, making many citations from high authorities; he drew a vivid picture of the devastation which is made in the respiratory organs of the patients of that malady; but when, approaching the table, he was about to use the knife, his companions stopped him; they then took him away from the place, and accompanied him to his abode, saluting him with their applause and expressions of admiration and respect.”

Among the merits of the “*Cieca di Sorrento*,” especially considering that young ladies form the majority of English readers of Italian novels, we must, by no means, overlook its perfectly pure tone of morals. Here is no tampering with the distinctions of right and wrong, no dragging down of the highest and holiest associations and images to the level of theatrical properties, nor any of that adroit balancing on the verge of blasphemy, which are among the favourite devices of Parisian novelists—even of those by no means to be classed among the positively licentious. We have more than one specimen of the kind among the freshest

flowers of French Belles Lettres now on our table, to which we shall presently refer.

"Persons and Things under the Restoration and the July Monarchy,"* is a kind of sequel to a previous work of the same authoress, called "Recollections of Paris." The gleanings are somewhat scanty,—of a field previously reaped. Many distinguished names, such as Humboldt, Arago, Royer Collard, Thiers, &c., sparkle over her pages, but, as in the often mentioned Irish mines, "if in pursuit you go deeper, allured by the gleam that shone," you will probably experience some disappointment. The style nevertheless is pleasing, and free from pretension, and recollections that extend over a period of thirty-five years, many of which were passed in the most distinguished circles of Paris, can hardly fail to bring to light many things worth remembering.

The author of "Wanderings through the North Eastern and Central Provinces of Spain"† has the qualifications for the task of a previous residence of several years in the country, and an intimate acquaintance with its language and natural history. He commences his journey from Bordeaux, and gives a striking description of the extensive tract of sand, pine-woods, and heath, known as the Landes.

"The diligences at present take the road by Mont de Marson, which has been but lately constructed, and makes a considerable circuit, while the old one is perfectly straight; but it is nevertheless preferable as it runs on solid ground, and passes through more considerable places. The old road crosses only marshy flats, and touches on none but the most wretched little hamlets, where the ground is so loose and slimy that the houses can be built only on piles.

"The great level moors between here and Bayonne are covered with low brushwood and various kinds of heath and broom, which from a distance appear tinged with a brown or reddish hue, like the great heaths of Northern Germany. These silent brown moors, with here and there a clear little pond gleaming out like a mirror, numerous insects humming round the wild flowers on its banks, and water-fowl flying about, but with no other sound to break the profound stillness of the woody solitude, make a very peculiar impression. The road in these districts consists entirely of piles; the woods principally of the Spanish pine, which is much larger than our common fir, and bears needles six inches, and cones four or five inches long. This fine tree is distinguished, too, by its great wealth of resin, and for this reason the boiling of pitch and making turpentine oil is here carried on, on a large scale. Almost all the trees as far as I could see were cut, and I saw in the middle of the woods low huts made of turf, and trunks of trees laid across, which probably serve for boiling the pitch. From time to time we passed great cuttings where enormous piles of brushwood, fire-wood, and timber lay heaped up. The old cuttings where the stumps are rooted out, or rotting away, are covered usually with short grass, and on these spots I often saw large flocks of long-wooled sheep, not unlike the Spanish merino, feeding under the care of brown shepherds, and snappish half-wild dogs.

"Between Bazas and the little town of Roquefort, at which we arrived at five in the afternoon, along a stretch of six geographical miles, we only passed two little towns of very poor aspect, called Captieux and Les Traverses. In both these were still standing trees of liberty, with rags of the tri-colour

* "Personen und Zustände aus der Restauration und dem Juli Königthum—von der Verfasserin der Erinnerungen aus Paris." Berlin. Besser.

† "Wanderungen durch die Nord-östlichen und Central Provinzen Spaniens." Von Dr. Moritz Wilkomm. Leipsig, 1852.

bleached by wind and weather, flying at their tops; but nine months later when I passed again they were all gone. Now and then we passed a lonely peasant's cottage, a public house, or a forge, lying on or near the road in the midst of the woods, and usually under some large oak-trees as yet entirely bare.

“Roquefort was quite a surprise to us. It lies on both banks of the Me-douze, a river rising in the neighbouring department of the Gers, which has worn itself a deep channel through the chalk of the hilly country, and a lofty bridge of five arches is flung boldly from one chalk cliff to the other, across the foaming stream, connecting the two portions of the town.

“Rich vegetation adorns the declivities of the woody hills, and pleasant country houses, shaded by fruit trees that lie in the verdant lap of the pretty valley, and on the banks of the broad clear water. One did not expect such a sight in the middle of the desolate wilderness of the Landes, and indeed it vanished almost immediately afterwards like a picture in the clouds; for scarcely had the diligence climbed the line of hills forming the right bank of the river, than we plunged again into the dark woods and brown heaths of the Landes.”

Of the condition of the Basque provinces, the author speaks in the most encouraging manner. Here, at least, is no sign of the languor, depression, and even retrograde tendencies observable in many parts of Spain: industry is flourishing; roads good and safe; the land diligently and successfully cultivated; the people in general physically and intellectually well provided for. Much of this prosperity may probably be attributed to the position of the peasantry, who, as the feudal system never took root in these provinces, are mostly the owners of their farms. Like most peasant proprietors, the Basques, are remarkable for their persevering industry, which might be carried perhaps even to injurious excess, but for a vehement fondness for social recreation, to which the great abundance of holidays affords ample means of gratification.

“In Bilbao scarcely a week passes without a *Romaria* (saint's day with a fair and a pilgrimage), to which flock gentle and simple, old and young, from all the country round. But in the midst of his gaiety, the Basque is mostly mindful of prudence, and of the claims of home and wife and children. One rather peculiar trait of his character is a pride of ancestry, usually confined to a higher class of society. Even a day-labourer, toiling to maintain himself by the labour of his hands, will preserve in some corner of his hut a mouldy parchment testifying in scarcely legible characters, that his ancestors from the remotest generations have been freemen and ‘old Christians;’ that his blood is uncontaminated by any mixture with that of the Infidels, and that his native soil, unlike that of Aragon and the Castiles, has never been trodden by the foot of a Moor.”

“One of the peculiar charms of the Basque landscapes is the great number of single houses and farms which lie scattered about over mountain and valley, and which have been seemingly erected only on consideration of the nature of the ground—the neighbourhood of water, &c. The oldest of these, called *Caserio's*, whose foundation dates often from a very high antiquity, all show in their mode of building the peculiar Basque type. The gable side is the broadest, and the entrance which is placed on this side is high and broad enough to let in a laden horse or mule. Through this you pass into a space paved with stones or tiles, or sometimes only earth trampled down. This is the common dwelling-place of the family, the place where they work and eat, and where their food is prepared. Near the hearth is ranged, on shelves or nails, the whole stock of kitchen utensils; and sunk in niches in the walls are the huge earthen jars for keeping water. The fire, as usually in Spain, is only raised a few inches above the ground, the place being fenced off by moveable iron bars, and out of the chimney hangs a large hook to hang a kettle on. The plan in making the fire

is to lay a great log, bough, or trunk of a tree at the back, some long pieces in front parallel to it, and then on this foundation a layer of small wood and twigs, which are easily brought to a blaze by the aid of the bellows, indispensable in a Spanish housekeeping."

We would willingly accompany Dr. Wilkomm further in his rambles through these interesting regions, but are warned of having already devoted to him more space than we can well spare.

From Biscay he proceeded through Navarre, Aragon, and Valencia to Madrid, whence he made several long excursions in various directions, visiting also Toledo, Salamanca, and the rich silver mines of Hiendelaencina. His final summing up of his observations is:—

"Give Spain only ten years more peace and internal tranquillity (which there is every reason to expect), and this country will recover its proper position among the states of Europe."

"Travels and Tales, by Dr. Yvan,"* is a light and agreeable narrative of a six months' residence in the Eastern Archipelago, and a visit to China and the Isle of Bourbon, whither the author, who is a physician, was dispatched on a scientific mission by the government of Louis Philippe, but his scientific acquirements seem only to have sharpened his powers of observation, without rendering his style less pleasant for non-scientific readers. We can readily forgive his occasional jealous flings at the advantages obtained in various quarters of the world by the natives of that "foggy England," whom he complains of meeting "wherever there was a *bifteck* to eat, a fine situation, or a delicious climate to be enjoyed." "How does it happen," he asks, "that the nation pre-eminently artistic, who knows better than any other how to appreciate the marvels of creation, and how to identify itself with the genius of other nations, does not dispute with its jealous neighbours the possession of a happiness that God has created for all nations, and not alone for one?" Ah, how, indeed! unless, peradventure, the Doctor's premisses admit of dispute. But a pleasanter task than that of pointing out trivial defects will be, the selection of a few passages that may serve to give our readers some idea of the nature of the entertainment here offered them. Here is a glimpse of the island of Pulu-Penang, on the coast of Malacca.

"'See Naples and then die,' say the Italians in their enthusiasm for the city bathed by a sea, frequently agitated by cold northerly winds, and perfumed by some meagre orange trees, whose petals are from time to time withered by frost. What would this poetical people say if it knew Pulu-Penang, the island of the Prince of Wales? Pulu-Penang, which, placed in the centre of the Malay country, is the Paradise of this Eden of the universe! It is on this corner of the earth that God has realised the idea of a perpetual spring, and isolated it in the midst of the ocean, in order that it should not be invaded by a coarse and covetous crowd. It is the domain of the poetical people of India, the Parsee, the Hindoo, the Javanese, the industrious Chinaman, some select Europeans, priests of foreign missions and of the English, the kings of the

* "Voyages et Récits par le Docteur Yvan." 2 vols. Paris, 1853.

known universe. For them does this privileged soil ripen the fruits of all tropic climates, from the banana of the old Indian world, to the *litchi* of Fo-Kien and Kouang-Tong. For them it adorns its bosom with the flowers of all countries, the scented camelia, the red jasmine, the lotus, and the rose. And as if there were not enough of enjoyment, it offers to the men of all countries a climate appropriate to their desires or their wants.

"The mountainous cone which commands the island is divided into climatic zones with as much regularity as the scale of a thermometer; at the foot of this volcanic elevation you find the warm temperature of the oceanic regions; at its summit the tonic freshness of Laguna or Solassy;—a bracing climate that invigorates without the painful contractions occasioned by our sharp winter cold.

"This paradise came into possession of the English by having been given by the King of Kheda as a wedding dower to his daughter, who married an Englishman. The happy husband, with the consent of his royal consort, named it Prince of Wales's Island, and presented it to his country; and since then it has under the English Government become a place of resurrection for the bold conquerors of India. It is there that these proud traders who have invaded the world in rendering it tributary to their productions, go to recover health that has been worn out in commercial struggles; combats a hundred times more honourable than the victories obtained by the limping heroes of the *Invalides*.

"The operation of this climate is almost infallible; the organisation, debilitated by the humid heat of Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, recovers here as well as at Cape Town or Teneriffe the energy that has been lost for years. In ancient times it would have been supposed that Hygeia had made her abode on this charming island, and the restored invalids would have proclaimed through the world the miracles effected by the beneficent power of this health-giving divinity. At present, when there is not much faith in occult powers, the possessors of this fine country second the restorative action of the climate, by appropriating it to the exigencies of a tranquil and comfortable existence.

"The Prince of Wales's island is not much larger than Jersey, and you may make the tour of it in a single day, under the shade of the trees that encircle it with a leafy girdle. But within this small extent is what the learned men of the middle ages called a microcosm; it is a little world in itself, with plains and valleys, rivers, bays, and even Alps. On the slopes of the hills have been planted the clove-tree with its brown stars, the odoriferous cinnamon, the nutmeg, whose yellow fruit hides itself beneath shining leaves resembling those of the laurel, and the plains are occupied by the sugar-cane with stems as robust as the enormous bamboos of Yu-Nan.

"The town of Penang is prettily situated on the sea-shore, and inhabited mostly by Europeans and Chinese. Only the people from the temperate countries, ambitious and eager for gain as they are, have been induced to pen themselves into houses, which, though white and pretty, are still houses. The Indians and Malays have made themselves nests under the trees and among the flowers.

"Never has her majesty, the Queen of Great Britain (whom God preserve!), ever inhabited so charming a palace as the humblest of her subjects, a poor Malay, or what is still lower, a miserable Bengalee, may possess at Penang.

"Poor Queen! she is condemned never to enjoy her own riches. If she could but once see, even in a dream, her possessions in India, her palaces at Calcutta, her gardens at Benares and Ceylon, her grottoes at Elephanta, her villas at the Pointe de Galles, Singapore, and Malacca, she would say with the before-mentioned Italian, 'See my dominions, and then die.'"

Considering the present alarming prevalence of the military fever, which occasionally attacks our pacific population, it may be well not to lose any opportunity of reminding the English reader of the real nature of that charming game of war, with which we have lately been so often feasting our imaginations; we will therefore accompany Dr. Yvan on a little excursion of this kind made into the interior of a beautiful island, which he calls *Basilan*, lying

to the north-east of Mindanio, the most southerly of the Philippine Islands.

It may be necessary to premise, that this expedition was undertaken in reprisal of an outrage committed by two of the Malay natives, on the crew of a French man-of-war's boat. King Louis Philippe had dispatched a vessel to these seas, with the purpose of searching out amongst the spots of land, not yet subject to any European power, one which he might take possession of in the name of France, that is to say, the inhabitants of which might be feeble enough to be robbed with impunity. The poet need not have uttered any lament for the

——— "Good old times,
When they should take who had the power," &c.

Allowing a little change of latitude and longitude, it appears it is still as much the rule as ever.

The officer charged with this mission stopped before the island of Basilan, and, under the pretext of making a hydrographical survey of its coasts, began to study the position of the point on which he proposed afterwards to plant the French flag. "He directed this *reconnaissance*," says Dr. Yvan, "with extreme prudence," and the engineers also had orders to execute their labours with the greatest circumspection. This need not surprise us. People about to trespass on their neighbours' property generally do proceed with great prudence and circumspection. A young officer belonging to the expedition, however, neglected these prudent precautions, and venturing too far up one of the rivers, was suddenly attacked and killed by two Malays, who, most likely, though they did not understand French, had some suspicion of the motives that brought the corvette to their shores.

The slayer of the Frenchman was a chief, or king, as it is called, of one of the numerous little nationalities which divide the island among them, and when afterwards attacked by the French troops, he brought about a hundred men to the combat, and even when defeated retained a hostile attitude, and made no proposals of peace.

The French corvette then sailed for Holo, to make further preparations for war, and returned, provided also with a document from a personage denominated the Sultan of Holo, stating that the people of Basilan were his legitimate subjects, though now in a state of rebellion against his authority, and that he would be greatly obliged to his French friends and allies to undertake their chastisement; adding, also, that if they should wish afterwards to make the acquisition of the territory, he would be happy to part with it for the consideration of fifty thousand piastres. Who could gainsay the lawfulness of war undertaken on such authority as this?

On a conical volcanic island, lying close to the shore, the French constructed a temporary observatory, with ropes and beams fastened to the tops of trees, whence they could overlook the country that was to be the scene of their operations.

"We could see the well-cultivated fields of the Malays—the peaceable

dwellings scattered here and there—the inhabitants driving herds of oxen and buffaloes, everything looking quiet and happy.”

On the return of the expedition, when Dr. Yvan looked again on the same country the whole left bank of the river was on fire, the houses and magazines of rice were burnt, and the spots before covered with beautiful trees were barren and desolate. Small bodies of men had been sent about the country for the express purpose of setting fire to the Malay habitations, cutting down the cocoa trees, and destroying the crops.

“I was associated in one of these expeditions. We proceeded up the banks of a river for about half an hour till we reached a Malay house, that was a perfect model of elegance. The flight of steps that led to the verandah was carved like the woodwork of the middle ages. The apartments were exquisitely clean—trees of luxuriant growth shaded the roof, and a little hidden brook murmured along an avenue of bananas. Near the house was a large shed thatched with leaves, under which four *proas* were in the process of construction. The work left unfinished—the forsaken house seemed to make a melancholy appeal to us, and the little brook to murmur a prayer to be spared. But alas! their language was not understood. A whirlwind of smoke soon rose from the top of the pretty dwelling; the elegant carved balustrade crackled in the flames; the sculptured *proas* were blackened and charred and the trees fell beneath the hatchets of the men like grass beneath the scythe—and, in a few hours, there was nothing left of all the riches of the homestead.”

In a corner of the garden Dr. Yvan discovered a little elevation covered with odoriferous plants, which he had no doubt was a sepulchre,—and *à propos* of this, we have a piece of sentiment amusingly French. He was induced to violate it, he says, in order to obtain some skulls for his phrenological collection, and having called two sailors, “undertook the work of profanation.” But when on digging a little way he discovered the body of a child about three years old, he was “seized with bitter regret, cut some leaves of the banana and odoriferous flowers, and having thrown them on the body and replaced the lid, went away sorrowfully. What the Doctor expected to find when he opened a tomb, one is at a loss to conceive. Indeed, he expressly states, that he wished “to enrich his phrenological collection.” Did the pathos lie in the precise age of the infant, or the precise degree of decomposition in the remains? “Phlegmatic islanders” as we are, we are unable to enter into his feelings.

In “Henry Eberhard Paulus and his Times” * we have a biography of a well known and much respected Heidelberg Professor, who has lately died at the age of ninety, leaving behind him, besides a mass of correspondence with distinguished persons, the memorials of a life worthy of record for its own sake, as well as for the interesting glimpses it affords of society and manners, during the long period over which it extends.

A new and greatly improved edition of the “History of German Poetry,” † by Professor Gervinus, is also a book which the students of German literature will be glad to hear of; though it is only adapted to such as are disposed to give a very considerable amount of time and attention to the subject.

* “Henry Eberhard Paulus und seine Zeit.” Stuttgart, 1853.

† “Geschichte der Deutschen Dichtung,” von G. G. Gervinus. Leipzig, 1853.

Among the French books on our table, it is scarcely necessary to say, are several productions of M. Alexandre Dumas; and fortunate is it for us that the style of this most clever, amusing, vain and volatile of *littérateurs* is sufficiently familiar to most readers to make criticism nearly superfluous. It is no easy matter to follow him in a mere enumeration. Panting Time toils after him in vain; and we are strongly inclined to put faith in the portrait we have somewhere seen, representing him with a pen attached to each finger of each hand, and each one writing its own separate novel. Of his "Mémoires,"* we have now before us volume xv. and number 1 of the new series, which, however, might as well have been called volume xvi. of the old, since it is simply a continuation. They carry on the story of the July revolution of 1830, and to those who know our Alexander the Great, it will seem a mere matter of course that he took an important part in the most remarkable events of the time. It is one of his peculiarities, indeed that wherever he goes he is sure (on his own authority) to be found playing what actors call "first business."

Here are a few of what we might call the *humours* of the three "glorious days."

"Charras, when he left Carrel and me, had gone to the Faubourg St. Germain, and done all he could to get a gun—but, on that 28th of July, 1830, a gun was not a thing so easy to be got. He had heard something about a gentleman who was distributing powder at the small gate of the Institute, and he set off to introduce himself to that worthy citizen. But not only had he no gun to give, but when he found that Charras had none, he refused to give him the powder. Thereupon Charras hit on a very sagacious mode of proceeding. 'I will go to where they are fighting,' he said, 'and place myself in the midst of them; then, as soon as a man is killed, I can constitute myself his legatee, and take his gun.' In pursuance of this resolution, he had proceeded along the Quai des Orfevres, and on the Quai des Fleurs, he met a division of the 15th Light, and was spoken to by one of the captains—but as he was alone, and had his hands in his pockets, they let him pass, and he gained the Pont Notre Dame, and the suspension bridge, where the insurrection was at that moment raging. He waited, and he had not to wait long. A man was struck in the eye by a bullet, and rolled at his feet—and Charras seized on his gun. A boy who had been watching, probably with the same design, ran up, but was too late. Charras, however, was not much better off, for though he had a gun, he had neither powder nor ball. 'I've got some,' said the *gamin*, and he pulled out of his pocket a packet of fifteen cartridges.

"'Give them to me,' said Charras.

"'No, I wont; but I'll divide 'em between us, if you like.'

"'Very well. Divide them then.'

"'Here are seven,' said the boy, 'and then we're to take turns with the gun.'

"'Well—if it's a bargain,' and Charras fired his seven times, and then handing the gun to the boy, crouched down behind the parapet. From an actor, he had become only a spectator, and therefore sheltered himself as well as he could. But the boy had only fired four out of his seven times when the charge was made which I had witnessed from a distance—he had rushed on the bridge with the rest, and I saw him no more. Like Romulus, he vanished in a tempest."

* * * * *

"At the moment when Etienne Arago was carrying the proclamation, announcing the forfeiture of the Bourbons, signed *Baude, Secretary of the Pro-*

* "Mémoires d'Alex. Dumas," tome 15me. deuxième série 1r. 1853.

visional Government,' he met in the *Marché des Innocents*, an old actor named Charlet coming along with an immense crowd. The two principal persons, who appeared to be leading it, or to be led by it, wore, one the uniform of a captain, and the other that of a general. The captain was Evariste Dumoulins, the Editor of the *Constitutionnel*, the general was "General Dubourg."

"But who was General Dubourg? Nobody knew. Where did he come from? Truly, from an old-clothes-man, who had lent, let, or sold him his general's uniform. When it was discovered that the epaulettes were wanting, since that was an accessory too important to be neglected, Charlet, the actor, had run and got a pair out of the wardrobe of the *Opéra Comique*, and so now the General was complete, and had set out on his march.

"Who are all these people!" asked Etienne.

"They are," replied Charlet, "the procession accompanying General Dubourg to the Hotel de Ville."

"But who is General Dubourg?"

"Who? oh! why he is General Dubourg." The explanation was sufficient. . . .

"Processions always move slowly, and this one of course did nothing out of order. Etienne had time to run with his despatch to the National, and by walking fast to get back to the Hotel de Ville before General Dubourg had made his *entrée*.

"Baude," he cried, when he got there, "do you know who is coming?"—
"No!"

"A general."—"What general?"

"General Dubourg. Do you know him?"—"Not from Adam. Is he in uniform?"

"Yes!"—"Oh, well, a uniform will do very well. Let General Dubourg come in; we'll put him into a back room, and bring him out if we want him." And they put the general into a back room, accordingly, brought him something to eat as he said he was hungry, and then two proclamations to sign.

"To do General Dubourg justice, however, he was quite ready to resign his dignity on the arrival of General Lafayette; but for five hours he was ostensibly master of Paris, and for two hours his name was in every mouth."

The following is characteristic both of the man and the time.

"Arago had come to General Lafayette to report the flight of the Duc de Chartres, and to get some powder for his men; but so much had been wasted that it had become very scarce. If Charles the Tenth had returned on Paris, there was not the means of firing four thousand shots.

"General," said I, approaching him when Arago was gone, "did I not hear you tell Arago just now that you were short of powder?"

"Yes, indeed," said the general; "though, perhaps, I was wrong to confess it."

"Shall I go and fetch you some?"—"You?"

"Yes, I!"—"Where then?"

"Where it is to be had—at Soissons, or La Fere."—"They won't give it you."

"I'll take it."—"You take it? How?"

"By force."—"By force?"

"Why not? the Louvre has been taken by force."—"You're mad, friend," said the general.

"No! I swear I am not."—"You are tired; go home, you can hardly speak. They tell me you passed the night here."

"General, give me an order to go and get the powder?"—"No! I tell you, a hundred times, no."

"Decidedly, you will not?"—"I don't wish to get you shot."

"Very well! But you'll give me a pass to General Gerard?"

"Oh! as for that, willingly. M. Bonnelier, make out a pass for M. Dumas to General Gerard."

"Bonnelier is busy, general; I'll make it out myself, and you can sign it."

“ You are right, I am tired, I had better go home.”

“ I went to a table and wrote out a pass in these words :

“ July 30th, 1830. One o'clock.

Permit M. Dumas to pass to General Gerard.”

“ I presented the pen, Lafayette signed, and I withdrew with my order ; but before presenting it, I added between the signature and the words ‘ General Gerard,’ ‘ to whom we recommend the proposal which M. Dumas has just made.’”

Furnished with this instrument, there was no difficulty in reaching General Gerard, who of course inquired what the proposal was ; but the story must be told in the hero's own words.

“ It is this, general. M. de Lafayette told me just now at the Hotel de Ville that they were in want of powder ; and that if Charles the Tenth were to return on Paris, they could not fire four thousand musket shots.”

“ That is very true ; and it is rather an anxious consideration.”

“ Well, I proposed to General Lafayette to go and get some.”

“ Get it ! where ?”—‘ At Soissons.’

“ But how get it ?”—‘ There are but two ways, I suppose. I will first ask for it politely.’

“ Of whom ?”—‘ Of the commandant of course.’

“ And if he refuse ?”—‘ Why then I must take it.’

“ Yes, yes ! but once more, how will you take it ?”—‘ Leave that to me.’

“ And you mean to say that this is the proposal which General Lafayette recommends to me ?”

“ You see the phrase is precise ; ‘ to General Gerard, to whom we recommend the proposal which M. Dumas has just made.’”

“ And he did not think you insane ?”

“ To say the truth, I must own we did discuss that point for a moment.”

“ Didn't he tell you that it was twenty to one you would get shot in such an expedition ?”

“ I believe he did express himself to that effect.”

“ And notwithstanding that he recommends your proposal ?”

“ I convinced him.”

“ But why then did he not give you the order you ask for himself ?”

“ Because he considered, general, that the orders to be given to military authorities should emanate from you, and not from him.”

“ Hum,” said the general, biting his lips.

“ Well, general ?”—‘ Well then, it is impossible.’

“ How impossible ?”—‘ I cannot compromise myself so far as to give such an order.’

“ Why not, general,” said I, looking him in the face ; ‘ if I compromise myself so far as to execute it.’

“ He started and looked at me in his turn.

“ No,” said he, ‘ I cannot do it. Apply to the provisional government.’

“ The provisional government ? oh ! certainly if one could find it. For my part I have asked after it of everybody I met, and in the room where I was told I should certainly find it, I found nothing but a table and a number of empty bottles. I have got here the reality, do not refer me to the shadow.”

“ Write the order yourself,” said the general.

“ On condition that you will copy it with your own hand ; the order will be more attended to.”

After a little more hesitation, the order was made out and signed, another dexterous interpolation made, and M. Dumas returned to the astonished Lafayette, who, not dreaming of the trick put on him, agreed, since his colleague had compromised himself so far, to support the movement on his part by an appeal to the patriotism of the civil authorities, and thereupon the daunt-

less hero, Alexander, departed for Soissons, accompanied only by a young painter and a tricoloured flag. How these two, and another friend picked up on the road, contrived to hoist the tricoloured flag on the church of Soissons at the very moment when the demand for the powder was being presented at the magazine, and thereby persuade the military guardians of the treasure that the town was in full revolution, and that resistance would be useless; how, by a series of adroit manœuvres, within the limits certainly of physical possibility, but bearing a good deal more resemblance to the contrivances of the stage, than to incidents of real life, M. Dumas did finally obtain possession of three thousand pounds of powder, and return with it in triumph to Paris; to tell all this in his own captivating, but not very concise, style, would occupy more space than we can afford. In confirmation of the truth of this surprising story, we are referred to an official report in the "Moniteur," of the 9th of August, published by order of Lafayette. After all, the grand exploit proved fruitless. In the forty-four hours of M. Dumas's absence a change of scene had taken place on the political theatre, and the stage was occupied by the monarchy of July. Who shall say what might have happened had he remained?

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the notable romance of "Isaac Laquedem," by the same author, but, fortunately, it is one from which we are not much inclined to make extracts. If the reader could venture for a moment to imagine the New Testament got up as a drama of "thrilling interest," he would have some idea of the character of this egregious production; and, nevertheless, incredible as it may appear, we really believe it has been written without any flagitious intention, and that the writer is entirely unconscious of the shock the mere mention of such an enterprize will occasion to many. His choice of a hero, who is no other than our old acquaintance the "Wandering Jew," is certainly fortunate in one respect. A gentleman, whose life has already extended to more than eighteen hundred years, and who may therefore claim almost an equal number of volumes, is the very subject for the ceaseless flow of M. Dumas's eloquence, and we hail it accordingly.

"Tales for Rainy Days"† are introduced by a laudatory preface from Madame George Sand. They are slight pleasing tales, one of the best of which, that entitled "La Rose d'Automne," turns on the incident, at all events not hackneyed in fiction, of a lady past the meridian of life being attacked by true love, a malady which, like measles, hooping-cough, and others incident to the early years of our existence, is, we believe, considered likely to prove more dangerous when occurring at a later period.

* "Isaac Laquedem," by Dumas.

† "Contes pour les Jours de Pluie," par Edouard Plouvier.

THE CRISIS IN AFFAIRS OF THE LORD OF MISRULE.

THE Empire of Turkey may be said, "not to put too fine a point upon it," to exist chiefly for the embassies. It is the great diplomatic battle-field of Europe, and the time is quite come when it should cease to be so.

While the present state of affairs lasts, Turkey will be a constant subject of quarrel and discussion; in the end it will certainly and inevitably cause an European war.

It is hard to describe, it would be impossible to exaggerate the fearful state of things that the great name of England is employed to support. The internal government of Turkey is a tissue of low intrigue, lying, corruption, oppression, weakness, incapacity, rashness, vice, nonsense, waste, absurdity, and eunuchs. It has never been anything else. The conduct of its foreign affairs is a solemn farce, under the special patronage of the embassies—first one, then another, whoever bullies loudest or bribes most cunningly has the upper hand for the time being.

In a word, we are supporting a barbarous race of fanatic infidels; of men half savages, who curse us in their prayers; who blaspheme our God and deface his image; who trade in human flesh; who murder and imprison women; who are debased beneath the beasts of the field by such vices, that our northern nature shudders to reflect a moment on them; in whose streets it is unsafe for a Christian man to walk alone in broad daylight; whose houses it is death for him to enter.

The Arab was a fine fellow; but no good ever came of the Turk. He was always lazy, insolent, debauched, and cruel. His right to the country he burdens and eats up, was that of violence and conquest; it was followed by unheard-of horrors. The world owes the Turks nothing. During the whole four centuries that they have inhabited one of the finest countries in the world, they have produced no single individual eminent in any one art or science. Their reign has been one weary history of savage wars, or ignoble concession abroad; absurd, or melancholy misrule, rebellions, murders, usurpations, licence, corruption, and oppression at home.

Such is the system which healthy-hearted honest-minded England has been supporting for years. There is no denying the facts; every one who knows anything at all of the Turkish Empire cannot have even the satisfaction of a doubt about them. There is no escaping the deduction. Every statesman must have made it internally for these last hundred years.

But if the governments of Europe take half a dozen busy, important, elderly gentlemen, and say to each of them—"We will make you *de facto* a co-sultan of a pleasant country, we will

give you more powers and influence than is good for you; you shall have a palace to live in as large as the three chief offices in Downing Street put together. We beg your acceptance of from 6000*l.* to 10,000*l.* a year. If you want any more to keep up your dignity, pray draw upon us, we shall always be happy to honour your drafts for secret service money. You shall have a large staff of subordinates (the country is warm, and you may be sometimes out of temper). We will give you a delightful country-house, and place a fleet of line of battle ships more or less at your disposal. You shall be, in fact, the only great official now going on the face of the earth, an embarrasser at Constantinople. All we ask of you in return is to try to bind up a bundle of rotten sticks. We know they cannot hold together long, but still do try, you will oblige us."

I say, that if you speak to an elderly gentleman in these terms, it is highly probable that this elderly gentleman (be he who he may, for I bluffly disclaim any idea of personality) will do his best to comply with your desire, and will make a great fuss in his efforts to do so.

But he cannot change the sticks. There they are rotten as ever, and if he binds so fast and so close, and uses such a considerable amount of expensive red tape, that the rotten sticks really cannot come asunder, why they can still do, as they have been doing for years, and crumble to pieces internally in the perfection of their rottenness.

It would be impossible to estimate the immense sum of money which is spent yearly by England, France, and Austria to maintain a state of things which never ought to have existed, which is a disgrace to the rest of Europe. A state of things which has made Mussulman rule wherever it has been known on the face of the earth, another word for tyranny and wrong; a state of things which makes good men sigh, and bad men sneer, which calls aloud to man and Heaven to end it.

The great European powers have each a highly paid ambassador with two or three secretaries, more *attachés* than he knows by sight, dragoman, and sub dragoman (interpreters), policemen, boatmen, and servants, all paid by his government to contribute to his glory. The real worth, the only part of the business important to anybody, is performed by a consul-general, who is appointed besides, and who has a fresh staff of hangers-on, also paid by government. The commerce at Constantinople is indeed considerable, but nothing like what it would be under a good government and laws, which rendered property secure. A great deal too large a portion of the goods consigned here also are sent by traders, who commit large commercial frauds elsewhere. Hence the market is often glutted, and goods may be bought at Galata under the cost of manufacture. Of the difficulties at the Custom House, of the vexatious delays, and of the open bribery by which they can alone be remedied, nothing need be said here.

Thus much is certain. If the Turkish Empire, as it is, exists much longer, Russia will infallibly take possession of it. We

may prop it up now and again. But we cannot, and we shall not prop it up always, and the day our support is withdrawn, will be the beginning of the end.

We cannot support Turkey for ever, because it seems extremely probable that, at no very distant period, we may have to fight for ourselves, perhaps even for our hearths and altars. We shall not support it for ever, because a new race of statesmen are growing up among us, who will not see the public money squandered so uselessly, so sinfully. Yet if it is plain that for Russia to get possession of Constantinople might turn out a dangerous thing for the liberties of the world, there is certainly no reason why the world should run any such danger. Let a Congress be summoned at London, Vienna, Paris, or Berlin, for the final settlement of this troublesome and costly question. Austria, France, and Prussia, are quite as jealous and alarmed at the policy of Russia as we can be. If the Czar mean mischief, the sooner we master his hand the better.

To this congress let us contrive to send for once a few sensible, conciliating, prudent, practical, men. Suppose they should not be lords, with an eye to Government patronage, but only men of high known ability—let their business be to found a new kingdom of Greece, of which Constantinople shall be the capital. It is generally understood that there would be no great difficulty in persuading the childless king Otho to abdicate. In the contrary case there should be much less difficulty in deposing him. The interests of no man should be allowed to stand in the way of progress and civilization throughout the world.

Do not let us be met with silly observations about the miserable state of Greece as she is. Such a kingdom as king Otho rules is an absurdity. It has been a melancholy absurdity from reasons known to all the world—reasons it revolts one to recapitulate, but from no fault of the Greeks themselves. Greece was almost the only country where kingly ambition would have been possible, and even truly great and glorious in its results, without, for once, being identified with war.

We mean no harsh personality in saying, had Leopold ruled over Greece, instead of Otho, he would have left as fine and promising an inheritance to his son as any in the world. But when the banished and patriot Greeks, the heart and sinews of the new country, came to it, they were driven back and discouraged. The population of the land is less than that of a petty German grand-duchy, while Greek arms are fighting and Greek intellects exhausting themselves in the service of the infidel. The land they would have tilled in that mother-country which was their very soul-dream, lay waste; the commerce they would have established blesses other States. Baron S., with his millions, lives at Vienna, and the splendid talents of M. A. waste themselves uselessly with the subtleties of the schools, and the glories of other days, as he looks from the balconies and terraces of his palace on the Bosphorus.

There would be no insurmountable difficulty in establishing a

new kingdom of Greece upon a wise and proper footing—let diplomacy try to puzzle us as it will. There is a capital way of getting rid of a diplomatic difficulty; it is to ignore its existence. Princes we have in plenty. There is the Duke of Cambridge, a clear-headed, sensible man, who has been well brought up. The Duke of Brabant; any of the Orleans' princes, except the Duke de Nemours, who would be as likely to get into difficulties speedily as the brothers of the Emperor of Austria. Lastly, or firstly, as you will, the land that was ravished by the red hand of Mahomet the Second from the brave Constantine Paleologus might be restored to the chief of the honourable house of Cantacuzene. I see but little reason why the Turks should not be driven back from the Hellespont to the Euphrates, and all their bigotry, violence, ignorance, and eunuchs with them.

Let the United Powers impose upon the new sovereign the necessity of making railroads, and establishing a good system of communication throughout his country, for it might be made one of the largest food-producing kingdoms in the world, if the food when grown could only find its way to a sure and a fair market, instead of being seized by a tribe of rapacious Pashas.

If the country were once civilized it would be safe. It would be able to protect itself. Russia knows this so well, that it is owing to her intrigues even the railway between Constantinople and Belgrade has not been commenced long ago. The Greeks are a fine race of men, too, and we may hope in them. Hope in their energy, ambition, self-denial; their thirst for knowledge, their heroic bravery and keen wit. Let *diplomacy* cry out as it will, there is little reason to fear but that the other Christian subjects of the Porte would be glad to live under a better state of things, and that a few years of good government and *equal rights* would eradicate the jealousy existing among them. As it is, they are simply what misrule has made them; what it will make any race of men, Hungarians or Irishmen, Jews or Poles.

After the settlement of the question in the manner we have indicated, the world may be quite easy about the designs of Russia. No Czar will ever march his rude hordes into a well-governed country if he can help it. He will dread too much the infection of ideas, the winning charm of freedom, and will know, that wherever ignorance grows enlightened, the days of absolutism are numbered.

We give no more than the rough outline of our project; but are quite ready to consider it in detail, if any one were disposed to break a lance with us. And of one thing we are quite convinced: there is no middle course. Constantinople must pass away from the rule of the Moslem, or Russia will take it the first time she dares. Finally, if there existed as many sound political reasons for supporting Turkey as there are for not doing so, they could not for a day justify us in aiding the continuance of the evil enacted there—and before God and posterity we are answerable for it.

THE ROOKS, THE RAVEN, AND THE SCARECROW.

A FABLE.

A FLOCK of rooks in conclave stood
 Upon the branches of an oak ;
 The subject was the dearth of food ;
 And thus a half-fledged rookling spoke :—
 “ You all are hungry—so am I.
 Debating will not break our fast.
 Yon fresh-sown croft looks temptingly :
 Let’s down and seize the rich repast !
 ’T is true some risk attends the deed,
 But faint heart ne’er fair lady won.
 Then follow me. First let us feed,
 And talk it o’er when it is done ! ” *
 From oaken spray each yearling bird
 Salutes this speech with hoarse applause,
 When loud above the din was heard
 A grey-poll’d veteran’s warning caws :—
 “ Rash friends, yon awful form beware !
 With outstretch’d arm and threat’ning hand
 Better to starve awhile than dare
 The vengeful owner of the land ! ”
 He ceased. Conflicting counsels rack’d
 Alternated now the ebon throng.
 Hunger the rookling’s counsel backed,
 While prudence deem’d that counsel wrong.
 All long’d to pick the golden grain ;
 All fear’d the trusty watchman’s gun.
 Each point was argued o’er again,
 And all left off where they begun.
 But now from out the hollow oak
 A sapient raven thrust his head,
 And, with a keen sarcastic croak,
 Thus to the rookery he said :—
 “ Blind gulls ye are ! For shame ! for shame
 Of rooks ye don’t deserve the name !
 The fearful figure which you see
 Is but a man of straw to me—
 A heap of rags—a stick or two,
 Set up to frighten fools like you !

* In another report of the honourable and somewhat “fast” gentleman’s maiden speech, this passage is rendered as follows :—

“ First let us have our *grain*, and after

‘ *Chaff*,’ if you please (loud c’c’eers and laughter).”

Full oft I've watch'd him from my lair,
 To prove him, ay or no, a man;
 At length I made the problem square,
 And thus my close deduction ran:—
 When angry tempests rend the sky,
 And light'nings cleave the troubled air,
 Both man and beast to shelter fly,
 Yet *he* remains impassive there.
 Last summer, too, a rabid bull
 Rush'd through the field with frantic rage;
 No mortal would have met him full
 In front, the unequal war to wage!
 Nor rabid bull, nor hail, nor rain,
 Nor thunder daunts *his* torpid soul.
 Believe me, when I say again,
 No man is that, but scarecrow foul!
 But that I do not feed on grain,
 Myself, good folks, would lead the way.
 Then hasten to the bounteous plain,
 Whilst I for your adventure pray!"
 Down swoop the horde, with famine fierce;
 Their passions now no fear restrains;
 A thousand bills earth's bosom pierce,
 And rifle thence the farmer's grains;
 Impunity fresh courage lends;
 They strut around the harmless "Guy."
 Nay, one his crownless hat ascends,
 And flaps his pinions vauntingly.
 Oh! short-lived triumph! Scarce his tongue
 On air a boastful note had flung,
 When, rattling from the neighbouring copse,
 Two barrels flash! The rookling drops!
 Nor he alone!—with ruthless force
 Sweeps o'er the plain the leaden shower!
 The black-robed tribe confess its power
 In many a glossy, mangled corse!
 The raven saw, uprais'd his eyes,
 And, sighing, murmured—"Who'd have thought it?
 Alas! we cannot all be wise:
 They lack'd experience — and, they've bought it!"

MORAL.

Of sagest counsellors beware,
 Unless of risk they take their share.
 For enterprise or speculation
 There's nothing like co-operation!

A GOSSIP ABOUT LAURELS AND LAUREATES.

THE laurel is the fig-tree of the poet. He sits under its shadow with a double assurance of fame and protection. What a book might be written on laurels! How intimately they are mixed up with the history of poetry, the romance of love, and the annals of crime. The ancients crowned their poets with bays, which, says old Selden, "are supposed not subject to any hurt of Jupiter's thunderbolts, as other trees are." Petrarch regarded the laurel as the emblem of his mistress, and is said to have been so affected by the sight of one on landing from a voyage, that he threw himself on his knees before it. From this leaf, too, which has formed the coronal of the Muses through all time, the subtlest poison is distilled, and the assassinations committed by the agency of laurel-water would make a curious companion-volume to the lives of the laureates. Thus there is an adjusting element in the laurel to avenge as well as to reward, and the love which finds its glory in the bays may also extract its vengeance from them. We need not go beyond the poets themselves for illustrations of the two principles of good and evil—the life and death—typified in the laurel. Their noblest works exhibit the one; their abuse of their power, their littlenesses, their satires, envy and detraction betray the other. We have two familiar examples in Dryden and Pope. If the "Religio Laici," and the "Annus Mirabilis," the "Essay on Man," and the "Rape of the Lock" contain the living principle, may we not carry out the metaphor by saying, that "Mac-Flecknoe" and the "Dunciad" were written in laurel-water? Prussic-acid could not have done its work more effectually than the ink which traced these anathemas. The laurel that confers immortality also carries death in its leaves.

This is a strange matter to explore. There is a warning in it that dulls a little of the brightness of all poetical glories. Suppose we assemble under a great spreading laurel-tree all the poets who have worn the bays in England* and drank or compounded their tierces of wine from Ben Jonson to Tennyson—let us hear what confessions they have to make, what old differences to re-open or patch up, what violated friendships to re-knit, mingled with reproaches and recriminations—

"Digesting wars with heart-uniting loves."

It will be as good as a scene at the "Mermaid," with a commentary running through to point a moral that was never thought of when the Browns and Draytons met over their sack. First of

* For whose histories, traced chronologically, the reader is referred to a recent volume of pleasant literary biography, called "The Lives of the Laureates." By W. S. Austin, Jun., B.A., and John Ralph, M.A.

all, here is Ben Jonson telling us how he escaped having his ears cropped, and his nose slit (rather more ceremoniously than the like office was performed on Sir John Coventry) for having assisted in casting odium on the Scotch; and how by a begging petition to Charles I., he got the pension of a hundred marks, worth about thirteen shillings and four pence each, raised to so many pounds, with a tierce of wine in perpetuity added to them, for the benefit and delectation of his successors. Upon this, Dryden, taking a large pinch of snuff, observes, that his successors had little to thank him for; that nothing could exceed the meanness of Charles II., who rewarded men of letters by empty praise, instead of keeping them out of jails by a little timely munificence; that he had said as much in a famous panegyric of his upon that monarch's memory, insinuating his contempt for the shabbiness of the deceased sovereign, in a line which the stupid people about the court took for an extravagant compliment; and that, as for the tierce of Canary, it was well known that James II., who had as much sympathy for poets and poetry as one of his own Flemish coach-horses, had robbed him of it when he wore the laurel, although he changed his religion with the change of kings, and celebrated high mass in the "Hind and Panther," with a thousand times more splendour than ever it was celebrated in the private chapel at Whitehall.

It cannot be supposed that Shadwell will sit by quietly, and hear such remarks as these in silence; accordingly, no sooner has Dryden concluded (no one will venture to speak while Dryden is speaking, out of that old habit of deference with which he used to be treated at Will's Coffeehouse) than Shadwell, rolling his great globular body right round to the table, and looking with rather an impatient and impudent stare at Dryden, reminds him of the obligations he owed to James II., who, if he deprived him of his tierce of Canary, increased his pension; and as there is no longer any reason for being delicate about such subjects, he adds, that the whole world believes that he changed his religion for the sake of that petty one hundred pounds a year. At all events, that the coincidence of the conversion and the gratuity looked very much like one of those astrological conjunctions from which men like Dryden himself, drew ominous inferences; and that even Dr. Johnson, who, considering his own strong opinions on religion, was singularly generous to Dryden's memory, could not resist observing, that "that conversion will always be suspected, which, apparently, concurs with interest; and he that never finds his error till it hinders his progress towards wealth and honour, will not be thought to love Truth for herself." The theme is too tempting for Shadwell to stop here; it revives the ancient grudge in all its original bitterness, and he cannot help, for the ghost of him, closing up with a touch of his ancient dare-devil humour to the effect that, for his part, he can not say he was much surprised, when he heard of Dryden's *perversion*; that he had seen it plainly enough all along, even so far back as the trial of Shaftesbury; that, in fact, he believed all religions

were the same to a man who, within the compass of a few months, had prostituted his pen to Puritanism, Protestantism, and Popery; that the true solution of the case was to be found in the charge long before brought against him, and that he was now more than ever convinced, that, from the beginning to the end, Dryden was neither more nor less than an atheist.

This does not disturb Dryden much, although it shocks the ghostly company of laureates sitting round about, some of whom belong to a more polite age, and, intimate as they are with these Billingsgate conflicts in books, are not prepared to be personally mixed up in one of them. But Dryden's calunness, and that slow confident smile of contempt with which he surveys the rotundity of Shadwell's person, as if he were again taking its measure—

“Round as a globe, and liquored every chink!”

re assures them. If Dryden is not hurt at being called an atheist, why should they? Every man looks to himself in this world, and human frailty still haunts the inspirations of these laurelled shades. Dryden is going to say something—he takes another huge pinch, and, tapping his box with the air of a conqueror, repeats the terrible name of “Og!” two or three times, with increasing emphasis at each repetition. Concerning the term Atheist, he says, he disposed of that long ago, and flung it back with interest upon the “buffoon ape” who

“Mimicked all sects, and had his own to choose.”

He was quite content to rest upon the controversy, as he left it in the great convocation of beasts he had brought together under the auspices of the British lion, and whenever such reeling asses as Shadwell should show themselves able to comprehend the mass of theological learning he had heaped up in weighty couplets for the use of disputants in all time to come, he would be ready to answer any indictment they might concoct against him. In the meanwhile, he would recommend Shadwell to control his tongue, and try to look sober, and mend his manners. Rochester had done him greater mischief by praising his wit in conversation than he had ever done him by exposing his stupidity in print; and one thing was quite certain, that whatever Shadwell might have suffered in reputation from Dryden's pen, to that same pen, charged as it was with contempt, he was solely indebted for his elevation to the laurel. Shadwell should remember that, and not be ungrateful. If he, Dryden, had not singled him out as the True-Blue Protestant poet, and given him that appellation at a time when it was likely to stick, King William would never have degraded the office which he, and Ben, and Will Davenant had held, to confer it upon a fellow who, whatever his drunken companions of the tavern might think of him, was never a poet, as he had long ago told him, of God's own making.

Now, as Shadwell had always been remarkable in the flesh for intemperance of all sorts, and was as “hasty” in his temper as in his plays, of which he usually composed an act in four or

five days, we may easily imagine how he would retort upon Dryden after such a speech as this. The most vulnerable part of Dryden's character was his jealousy of other poets, and Shadwell, naturally enough, indemnifies himself for all such abuse, by ascribing it to envy. He refreshes Dryden's memory, by recalling the praises he used to lavish upon him before they quarrelled. Did he not once say in a prologue, that Shadwell was the greatest of all the comedy writers, and second only to Ben himself (who, by the way, was the only man Shadwell would consent to be second to); and he would now tell him to his face, that the real spring of the malignity with which he afterwards pursued him, was his success in the theatre. He never could forgive him his success. He hated every man that succeeded. How used he to treat poor Crowne? Was it not notorious that when a play of Crowne's failed (which, he confessed, was no uncommon occurrence), Dryden would shake hands cordially with him, and tell him that his play deserved an ovation, and that the town was not worthy of such a writer; but when Crowne happened to succeed, he would hardly condescend to acknowledge him. He could not help admitting that Crowne had some genius; but then he would account for it by saying, that his father and Crowne's mother were *very well acquainted*. Who was Dryden's father? He never knew he had a father. He doubted the fact. He might have had a dozen, for all he knew, but he never heard of any one in particular.

This sort of scurrilous personality is not agreeable to Nahum Tate. He has not forgotten his share in the Psalms, and thinks that it becomes him to put a stop to a discussion which borders on licentiousness. He does not pretend to say who Dryden's father was; but he knows both Dryden and Shadwell well, and bears an allegiance to the former (who rendered him the greatest honour his miserable life could boast) that will not suffer him to hear Dryden lampooned in this fashion with impunity. If Dryden was envious of rivals, it was a failing incidental to all men; but he could tell Shadwell that his contempt was larger than his envy, as Shadwell might discover, if he would sit down quietly and dispassionately, and read the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel" once more. He might recommend the perusal of that book with perfect propriety, because it was well known to all writers and critics that the particular passages which related to Shadwell, and his friend Elkanah Settle, were not written by *him*. Perhaps the internal evidences would be sufficient to show that. He did not set up for a poet, although he *did* write all the rest of the poem, and made an alteration of Shakspeare's "Lear," which still keeps the stage in preference to the original itself. It must be admitted that it was quite consistent with a modest appreciation of his own merits, to plume himself a little on those incidents in a career to which posterity attached a value his grudging contemporaries denied. It *was* something, he thought, to be honestly proud of, that *his* Psalms are, to this hour, used in the Church of England, and that the name of Nahum Tate is

likely to go down to the end of time, or at least as long as the English language lasts, in every parish church and playhouse in the kingdom. He might be a very bad poet. It was not for him to say anything on that point. But he should be glad to be informed what other English poet, from the earliest times to the present hour, could boast of ministering so variously and so constantly to the profit and pleasure of the English people—on the Sundays in the organ-loft, helped out by a general chorus of the congregation, and all through the week on the stage, for he supposed there was hardly a day in the week in which “King Lear,” as he improved it, was not played somewhere? Yet how was he, who had left these imperishable legacies to posterity, treated by his own generation? It was true he succeeded Shadwell in the laureateship. Laureateship! Starvation! Talk, indeed, of pensions and tierces of Canary; talk of duns and bailiffs. When the Earl of Dorset died, he ought to have died too, for he had lived literally on the charity of that pious nobleman, and when he lost his patron he was left to starve. Was he not obliged to fly from his creditors and take refuge in the Mint, where, to the shame of the age, he died of want? To be sure, that is a common fate amongst the poets, and he ought not to complain of a dispensation under which so many better men had suffered; but that was the least of it. Once he was dead he might have been left to his repose. The jibe and the sarcasm, however, followed him to his grave. What had he done to Pope, who was only lisping verse when he was at the height of his fame, that he should hold him up to universal ridicule? And how had it happened that every pretender to verse or criticism, history or biography—not one in a hundred, perhaps, of whom had ever read a line of the Psalms—should with one accord fix upon his name as the common mark for their ignominious ribaldry?

Nicholas Rowe hears these lamentations with an appearance of some uneasiness. He was always believed to have been rather of a religious turn, and there is a misapprehension abroad concerning the succession to the laureateship, which, as an honest man, he desires to correct. And so, drawing his hand somewhat solemnly over his chin, and turning his handsome face mildly towards our ruffled Nahum, he calls to his recollection the time and circumstances of his death. He tells him that Dr. Johnson, who has made several mistakes of a graver kind, expresses some fears that he, Nicholas Rowe, obtained the laurel by “the ejection of poor Nahum Tate, who died in the Mint, where he was forced to seek shelter by extreme poverty.” Nothing could be more erroneous. Upwards of a fortnight elapsed after that melancholy event before he was appointed. He hoped his friend Nahum would do him justice with posterity on that point. It really made him very uncomfortable; for, ghost as he was, he looked back with a justifiable satisfaction to a life of irreproachable integrity, and he wished it to be understood that Mr. Tate enjoyed all the honours and advantages, whatever they were, of the office of Court

Poet up to the moment of his demise. He was sorry that the translator of the Psalms should have had so much occasion for putting their divine philosophy into practice. Want was a hard thing. He could not account for Mr. Tate's distresses. It was no business of his to intrude upon the private sorrows of a brother poet; but he knew that Mr. Tate had his pension, or ought to have had it, to the last hour of his chequered struggle. For his own part, he had nothing to complain of, except that the full tide of prosperity flowed in upon him rather late in life. He enjoyed three uninterrupted years, however, of high and palmy existence, which was more, he suspected, than many poets could count up through their variegated lives, and at the close he was honoured with tributes which enabled him to rest satisfactorily in a fine tomb. He must say that he did not agree with his predecessor in the slur he flung upon Pope. Mr. Tate might have personal reasons for taking posthumous offence at the "Dunciad." Of course people will sometimes be carried away by their feelings; but Pope was a great poet, and a judicious critic, and had written an epitaph for a certain monument in Westminster Abbey, which *he* could not help esteeming as one of the most exquisite things in the whole range of funereal literature. In that epitaph, Pope stated that he, the author of "Jane Shore," was,

"Blessed in his genius—in his love too blest."

He always thought that line a remarkable specimen of condensed expression. It said nearly everything of him that he could have wished to be said; and had he written it himself, which he had not the presumption to suppose he could have done, there was only one slight improvement he would have desired to make. It was true to the letter; but it did not tell the whole truth. Pope forgot that he had been married a second time. The line did not bring out the full flavour of that double happiness. The merest verbal alteration would adapt it felicitously to the true state of the case; thus:—

"Blessed in his genius—in his love twice blest!"

That would have been a complete biography. At the same time, he had no doubt that Pope avoided any allusion to his first wife, from a feeling of delicacy towards the second, at whose expense the monument was built. He might have thought it scarcely decorous to record upon the marble erected by one lady the fact that the gentleman who slept below had been previously blest by another lady. Of the laureateship, as an asylum for the last suffering poet of an age, or as a reward for the most distinguished, he did not feel that it became him to say much. Mr. Tate was better qualified to speak on that subject, as he held the bays longer than anybody else, having been upwards of three-and-twenty years, or thereabouts, singing in the purlieus of the palace. What sort of songs Mr. Tate sang, he confessed he did not know. He never read any of them. They might have been very numerous, and of an excellence as unique as the Psalms. He could

only speak to his own discharge of those arduous duties; and here he could conscientiously declare that he never omitted a legitimate occasion of glorifying the throne by the exercise of whatever little Pindaric skill he could devote to the service of the House of Hanover.

The eulogy on Pope could not fail to produce a sensation amongst the laureled hearers. There is hardly a man amongst them of this period who had not suffered at his hands; and none had greater reason to resent Rowe's praises than the versifier who succeeded him in office. The outside world has never heard of the Reverend Lawrence Eusden—yet here he sits amongst the group of laureates, looking as pert and panegyric as any of them. What manner of poet he was, may be best described by such critical terms as fustian, rhodomontade, stuff, rubbish, and the like. He seems to have been expressly intended by nature for the dignity which a friendly Lord Chamberlain imposed upon him in an access of delirium, just as an intoxicated Viceroy of Ireland once conferred knighthood on some sweltering boon-companion. He wrote hard for the office before he obtained it. All the spontaneous verses of his that have come down to us, are laureateous in character. They are coronation and birth-day odes in disguise—divine right rhymes, of the true entire possibilities of pork stamp—they go the whole extremities of Court adulation—have a prophetic aroma of the Canary in them—and point him out for the office long before he could have dreamt of leaping into it. For twelve dreary years he showered down his official lyrics upon an ungrateful public. The critics hissed him—the poets shunned him—lords and ladies bore his flatteries as well as they could. They were obliged to do duty in that as in other horribly fatiguing things. It was like standing behind the Queen's chair at the Opera all night. What could be done? He was a parson and poet-laureate, a combination which courtiers could not openly resist. It does not appear whether he drank the whole tierce of Canary himself, or compromised it for a pipe of port, or a puncheon of whiskey; but probability is in favour of the last supposition, for he is known in the latter part of his life, as we are informed by his last biographers (and, we presume, they are the last he will ever have), to have given himself up to drinking and Tasso. He lived in a state of conspicuous obscurity. Poet laureate as he was for that long dismal term of a dozen years, and writing hard as he did all sorts of eulogistic extravagancies, there is nothing known whatever of his life, beyond the two least important items in it—his birth and his death.

He makes a motion as if he were about to say something, and the dreaded name of Pope is already hovering on his lips, when every one of the laureates turns his back upon him. Even Pye looks aside with the air of a high-born gentleman, for bad a poet as he is, he is Horace and Virgil, and a hundred Homers compared with Lawrence Eusden. Colley Cibber breaks in on the awkward pause, and feels it necessary to apologise for having

allowed himself to be appointed successor to the last-named individual. But he assures his friends that it was purely a political appointment. He avows frankly that poetry was not his forte. He hopes he is too good a judge to be misled by any egotism of that sort. He never was a poet, and he knows it quite as well as they can tell him. He is fully aware of his strength and his weakness. He thinks that he has substantial claims upon posterity as a dramatic writer. Changes of habits and manners operate fatally on the permanence of comedy; but he had as little reason to complain of neglect as greater writers. What had become of Etherege and Wycherley? Was Congreve or Vanbrugh ever heard of now? Why should he murmur at a fate in which they participated? One thing he had done, which would make him remembered as long as books were read. He need not say that he alluded to the Apology for his life. Perhaps they might say he had done a better thing in living the life that called for such an apology. Of course. He must have lived it, or he could not have had the materials to work upon. That *was* a book—an enduring book. It outlived the libels of Pope. It was better known, more read, and certainly contained more agreeable reading than the “Dunciad.” At least, that was his opinion. He did not pretend to say that his appointment to the laureateship was altogether a proper appointment; but he could not help remarking that he considered an actor equal to a parson any day. He was not so bad an actor as Eusden was a parson; and the amount of merit a man discovered in whatever he undertook to do was the standard by which he should be relatively tested. It would be invidious to make any comparison with his predecessor on the score of poetry. He had always acted candidly in his controversies, and even when Pope hunted him with malevolent falsehoods, he answered him openly and honestly. He would take no advantage of Mr. Eusden; but as it was clearly impossible that any person who had been decently educated, or who had enough of capacity to put two lines of correct English into a couplet, could sink the office lower than it had been sunk by that gentleman, he believed there was no great vanity in taking credit to himself for not having left it in a more degraded state than he had found it.

Mr. William Whitehead, and the Reverend Thomas Warton, who were next in succession to the laurel, may be excused for exhibiting a little dissatisfaction at Mr. Cibber's observations. Whitehead, the most industrious of all the makers of odes, and Warton, the most refined, have special reasons of their own for dissenting from most of these remarks. Whitehead thinks Mr. Cibber a little vulgar. It is easily understood why he should be rather sensitive on the matter of gentility. No men are so *genteel* as men of obscure birth—the thing they ought to be most proud of, when they have lifted themselves, as Whitehead did, by the force of their merits into high positions. But Whitehead is evidently nervous on this point. He wishes it to be seen that he is a gentleman, and would have it known that he visits lords. Let us

forgive him the foible. He makes so large a demand on our forbearance in other respects that we can afford to tolerate his weakness in a trifle of this nature. If we could as easily pardon his forty-eight odes as we can overlook his ambition to be thought well of in good society, it would be more to the purpose of his fame. But Whitehead is no longer to be found among the British Poets. He is like a racer that has fallen away out of sight, and his place, in the language of the turf, is—no-where. Not so Warton. He stands, like a granite statue, on his History of Poetry. But his pedestal, solid as it was when it was first set up, is crumbling rapidly under his feet. The opening of a thousand new sources of knowledge since his time has developed to us at once the extent of his industry and the inadequacy of its results. It is no longer a history to which students can repair with safety; but it will always be regarded with respect as a pioneer labour which has facilitated the onward progress of subsequent research. Warton might justly object to the indifferent tone in which Cibber speaks of the laureateship. He had himself adorned the office with graceful chaplets, disclosing much ingenuity, learning and taste. He does not choose to be confounded with the poetasters and parasites who brought it into scandal and disrepute. He knows how many men of rank in the republic of letters refused to be laureated, and could not be prevailed upon to drink the Canary. But *he* had accepted the crown, and tapped the tierce, and redeemed the honour of the poetic royalty. He says as much to the bards around him; and says it with an impassioned voice, that calls up a similar vindication from his successor.

To him Pye—as the Epic writers have it. But what Pye said may be unhesitatingly consigned to oblivion with his own Epic, which nobody born within the last thirty years ever heard of, and the name of which shall not be disinterred by us.

For any further information concerning the Laureates—going as far back as old Drayton, whose fine head, in the only portrait that is known of him, is always encircled by a wreath, we refer the curious reader to the volume of biographies just published by Messrs. Austin and Ralph. It is a book full of biographical particulars, and critical suggestions, and will amply repay the hour consumed in its perusal.

A "JUICY" DAY IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

'Twas in the leafy month of June,
 The hour was half-past five ;
 At Kensington the Gardens soon
 With beauty were alive.

'Tis true the wind was rather high,
 As from the east it blew,
 And rather chilly, while the sky
 Looked very murky too.

But who could think of clouds or wind ?
 Or who would dare to say
 He had a fear within his mind
 'Twould rain on *such* a day ?

Then let the east wind blow its worst—
 'The band is blowing too—
 And if those nasty clouds *should* burst,
 They can but wet us through.

How gaily look'd each bonnet pink !
 How chaste each bonnet white !
 Alas ! what mortal then could think
 How soon 'twould look a "fright ?"

Three drops came down !—" We 'd better go "
 " Ah ! no—we 'd better stop ;
 We never could escape—and so—
 Besides it 's *such a drop.*"

We 'll stand beneath that nice large tree
 Until it has done drizzling,
 And then 'twill be such fun to see
 Those dainty bonnets " mizzling."

It isn't leaving off the least,
 But still it 's quite diverting ;
 The music—ev'rything has ceas'd,
 Except the rain—and flirting.

The wet begins to patter *through* :
 This *isn't* quite such fun—
 I really think, 'twixt me and you,
 We 'd better " cut and run."

See yonder cottage—don't you think
 We 'd better make for that ?
 Or woe betide each bonnet pink
 And woe betide each hat !

Away we go—we reach the cot,
 And gladly through the door
 We pass—but, bless me, what a lot
 Have entered it before !

No matter—we shall find a place—
 At all events we 'll try,
 And should we be confin'd for space
 'Twill help to squeeze us dry.

The cottage, too, looks neat and well,
 The landlady polite,
 With cakes and ginger-beer to sell,
 And linen snowy white.

And six sweet children, who 've been sent
 As blessings, we must hope,
 Exhaling—little dears !—the scent
 Of cakes and yellow soap.

The hours flew by—the rain still fell—
 And yet within that cot
 (Spite of the yellow soapy smell)
 I envied no man's lot.

We quizzed, we chatted, and we smiled—
 Some may have flirted slightly—
 But time was ne'er so well beguiled
 Nor seem'd to pass more lightly.

At length, when no one cared or thought
 If raining cats and dogs,
 A "ministering angel" brought
 Umbrellas, cloaks, and clogs.

Then well wrapp'd up we sallied out
 And patter'd through the wet,
 Looking, I feel beyond a doubt,
 A very happy set.

The night was pass'd in mirth and joy,
 And here is all I say—
 May pleasure ne'er have more alloy
 Than on that "juicy" day !

My midnight taper 's almost burnt,
 My story, too, is ended,
 But one thing more that day I learnt—
 Jemima's legs are splendid.

FACTS AND FACES; or, the Mutual Connexion between Linear and Mental Portraiture, morally considered. With Pictorial Illustrations. By Thomas Woolnoth, Esq., Engraver in Ordinary to the Queen.

THIS volume is at once amusing and instructive. It is a practical guide to the study of the "human face divine," founded upon principles of philosophical inquiry, emanating from the mind of a trained and skilful observer, a veteran in experience, and an enthusiast in the pursuit of all branches of knowledge connected with fine art. Mr. Woolnoth has popularized the subject by the delivery of lectures; and the success he has met with has encouraged him to publish these in a more extended form, appropriately illustrated. We cordially recommend this attractive work to all who feel interested in the study of one of the most curious and absorbing topics—the art of reading human character.

On the Decline of Life in Health and Disease; being an Attempt to Investigate the Causes of Longevity, and the best Means of attaining a Healthful Old Age. By Barnard Van Oven, M.D., Fellow of the Royal Medical and Surgical Society, &c. London: John Churchill, Princes Street, Soho.

"The materials of the Pharos," said the wise Arabian, "lay scattered all over the land of Egypt, but when built, a child might walk round it;" and the aphorism is not inapplicable to the work before us, for out of irresistible but isolated *facts*, equally dispersed, overlooked and neglected, the author has, with vast labour and research, constructed a beacon which, if less sublime, is at least far more useful. It is the conviction of Dr. Van Oven that the majority of mankind pass the first half of existence in a sort of sluttish profusion of health and good spirits, and that, having duly squandered those blessings, they waste the autumn of life in a desponding and inert regret, and a supine neglect of those means by which their lost advantages might be retrieved and life prolonged in comparative vigour far beyond the ordinary period. To the prematurely infirm, the drooping and the nervous, the perusal of this book must be like a re-animating draught of some newly-found *elixir vitæ*. But the resemblance fails in this, that its pages contain not one drop of quackery. The author does not promise the questionable sempiternity of Gulliver's Strullbruggs, but speaks in the spirit of a gentleman and a man of science, and with a mild wisdom, which may breathe hope, solace and encouragement to ears that had forgotten their very sound.

In the words of the author, the work proposes to show, "that at the present time, in this country, the duration of life generally falls far short of that which man is capable of attaining;" and "that any one who has attained a healthy maturity may materially prolong that period, and avert the accession of decay; and that they who appear inevitably destined to suffer disease may, for a long time, keep it in abeyance, and, when it does appear, may mitigate its evils and procrastinate a fatal result." He substan-

tiates these views not by reasoning only, but by a series of tables, recording the names of nearly seven thousand individuals who attained to ages of one hundred years and upwards.

We heartily recommend this extraordinary little work to all who are interested (and who is not?) in the momentous subject to which it relates.

WINE AND WATER.

COME, drink, friends, while my muse
Bursts forth in praise of water ;
I'll prove its firm supporter,
Though some its worth abuse.
Without, to my poor thinking,
This liquid they malign,
We scarce should now be drinking
Good wine ! good wine ! good wine !

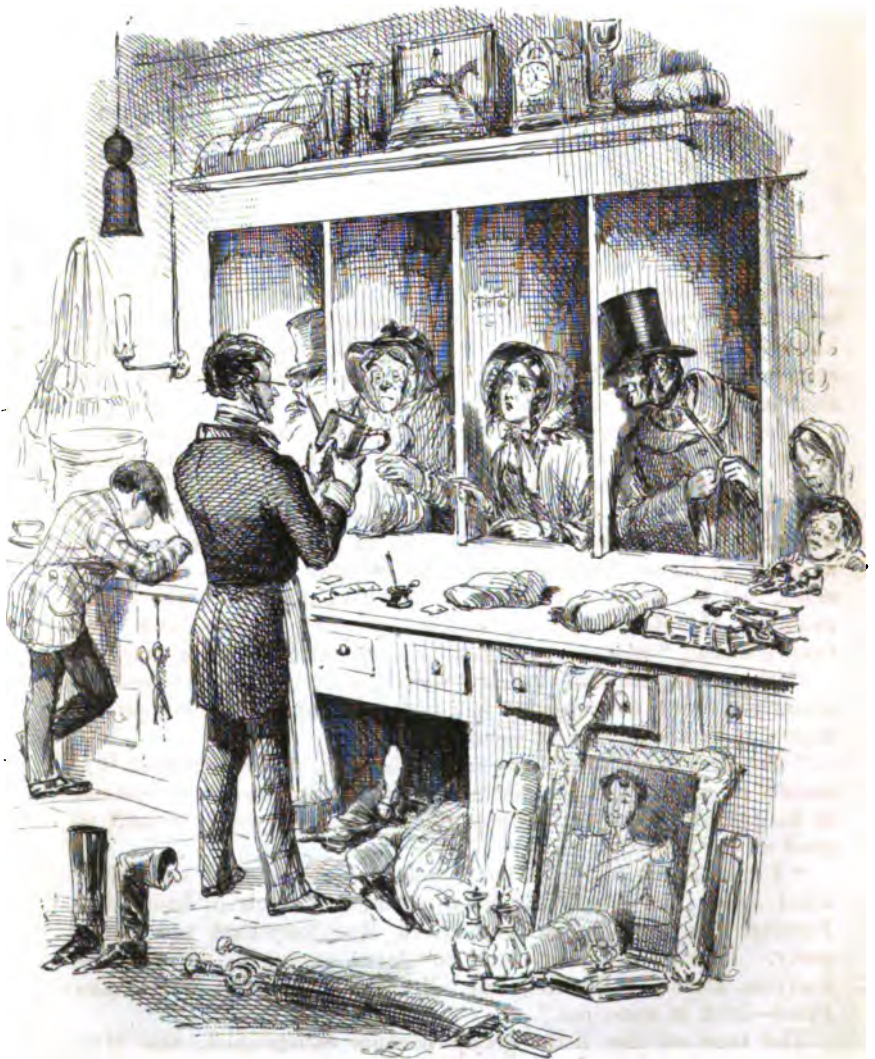
When, from the sun's fierce power,
The grape is scarce surviving,
Its health at once reviving,
Oft comes a welcome shower,
'Tis water, then, while curing
The parched and thirsty vine,
'Tis water then insuring
Our wine ! our wine ! our wine !

While on the banks I stand,
The ships I view with pleasure,
Whose decks bear me a treasure
Of wine from every land.
I thank the mighty river
That brings the juice divine,
For water 's then the giver
Of wine ! of wine ! of wine !

Then from its praise don't shrink,
Don't let dull fools abuse it :
For all things we can use it,
For all—except for drink.
Then join, my friends, in chorus,
In water's praise combine ;
But fill the glass before us
With wine ! with wine ! with wine !

M. A. B.





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ASPEN COURT,
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XXV.

A QUARTER OF A MINUTE.

"REHEARSING a charade, young people?" said Mrs. Forester, who followed Heywood into the room, as Mary Maynard was extricating herself from Carlyon's unresisting arms. "May one know the word? I am a great authority in such matters, though really I do not think that I could improve this part of the performance. What do you say, Mr. Heywood?"

"Such things are not much in my way," said the priest, carelessly, "but our good young Secretary seems to act with much ease, and as if he had previously rehearsed the situation."

"Not with me," said Miss Maynard, very calmly walking to a mirror and rearranging her hair, "as we never met in our lives, at least, so far as I know, until this evening. He is not a bad actor, but he wants enthusiasm. But you may remember your promise, Mr. Bernard," she added, returning to the table and taking a seat, "and you may give me some of those white grapes."

Carlyon obeyed, not exactly sorry to be employed; for the situation, which certainly he had not done much to bring about, began to be a sort of false position.

"Mr. Heywood knows the word," he said, "and therefore it is useless to go on with the charade, which has increased my opinion of his talents. The second part must be very clever to be half so good as the first."

"I dare say it will give your talents some scope," said Heywood, drily. "I should not have intruded at such an hour, Mrs. Forester, but for hearing from Lord Rookbury that you had a party. I never interrupt such conclaves, except by accident, as Carlyon knows. By the way, Bernard, I am in St. Albans Place—look in upon me."

The tone of the little group became constrained, and Mrs. Forester declared that she meant to be at church in the morning, and would not be kept up any longer.

"Very liberal in you to call that ugly, pokey, proprietary preaching-house a church," said Heywood. "Even as a Catholic, I am surprised at you, while that Protestant Giovanni there must be actually shocked. Why don't you give things their right names, Mrs. Forester?"

"The edifice is nothing—the edification everything," said beautiful Mrs. Forester, demurely.

"It is the Minister that draws you there, then," said Heywood in an under tone. "So I hear. Does he lend you a secretary to carry your prayer-book?"

"It is not you who ought to tease me," said the lady, but not looking in the least offended. And soon afterwards the men went away.

"I like her having you here," said Heywood with a quiet laugh, almost before the door had closed on them. "I do like it. There's a new display of that amiable straightforward perseverance which is the great charm of some women. She'll have your master yet, sir, your Evangelical Talus of the iron flail. Won't even let his secretary alone, but gets up a supper and a flirtation for him the instant he is installed. Don't be ungrateful, Bernard Carlyon. It is a sad wicked world, but show it an example. Help the poor woman if you can, and especially give her the earliest information of Selwyn's movements. *Will* he be at chapel to-day?"

"I hardly know," replied Bernard, wishing to try whether Heywood thought him mystified. "But as a matter of the merest guess, I should say that he would not."

"Then you are clearly defrauding Mrs. Forester of her supper and the other little amusements provided for you, by going away and leaving her in error. Go back and tell her."

"And perhaps prevent her receiving nobody knows how much—what did she term it—edification. No, no, I hope I am more scrupulous," replied Bernard, with gravity. Some further talk in the same tone brought them to Jermyn Street, whence Heywood, renewing his invitation to Carlyon to call, dropped down upon that most gloomy but most convenient "place" which reminds us of our first martyred Christian and last martyred borough.

The Rotherhithe House party had been on the Friday, and the supper in Park Street on the Saturday. On the following Tuesday morning Bernard received a letter from Aspen Court, where Mrs. Wilmslow begged his immediate presence. The letter was short, but so earnest, that Carlyon, whose regard for the writer had attained a warmth unusual with him, resolved to obey the summons. A *congé* from Selwyn was speedily obtained, but it occurred to Bernard, that as his connection with the Wilmslows had originated solely in his position with Mr. Molesworth, it would be proper to inform that person that he proposed to revisit them. He made, therefore, for Red Lion Square, but found from his old comrades that Mr. Molesworth had left town for some days—not however, for Gloucestershire. Carlyon, therefore, wrote to Mr. Molesworth, apprising him of his intention to run down to Aspen, and departed by the railway. During the journey he naturally speculated as to the emergency which had caused Mrs. Wilmslow to summon him, and pretty speedily settled that the case was one of pecuniary mishap. In fact, he pictured Henry

Wilmslow lolling on one of the couches in his smoking-room, and drinking brandy and water with a brace of dirty but jocosse custodians.

At one of those huge stations, where the line expands into a great area of iron ways, and where superficial people may suppose that the rolling stock is bred, from the multitude of loose engines, large and small, straying and feeding in all directions, and running into and out of sheds, apparently at their own whim, the Gloucester train stopped. A few minutes later, and as the bell rang for the down-train travellers to finish their excellent soup, and leave off admiring the far-glancing Daughters of the Rail who serve it, and whose tasteful toilettes make travelling dowdies very sarcastic for the first half hour after lunch, the up-train arrived. Bernard had regained his own corner of the carriage, as the latter train glided slowly to a stand-still, and a moving panorama of faces slid past him. The newly arriving train stopped, and he was face to face with Lillian Trevelyan.

In a moment, of course, Bernard's heart was in a flutter, and his hand extended. But no little hand came from the opposite window to meet his own. Lillian looked at him steadily for a moment, he thought, sorrowfully, and then, seeming to catch a glance from her opposite companion, bowed very slightly, and with averted eye, and cast her eyes upon a book on her lap. The railway whistle shrieked, and all was over in far less time than it has taken to tell it.

It is to be feared that Carlyon's mind was little occupied, during the remainder of that journey, with plans for Mrs. Wilmslow's benefit.

What worlds would he have flung away to have been able to persuade himself that in the hurry, and the travelling cap, and the shadow of the station roof, he had not been recognized. Even such a wounding thought as that—the thought that the chosen of his heart should not have made him out by the least glimpse of one feature—a thought that under any other circumstances he would have spurned from him in wrath—such a conviction would, at that moment, have been unspeakable consolation. But, wonderful as is a lover's power of compelling himself to believe what he desires to believe, some things are beyond him. The *credo quia impossibile est* of theology will not hold good in love-affairs. Lillian knew him as well as he knew her. They had met but for a quarter of a minute, but each had had time to read a whole history in the face of the other, and to know that the other had done the same. There was no rejecting the mystery—it must be solved.

Needless to say which way Bernard's convictions went. Certain suspicions of his own, relative to the little scene at Mrs. Forester's, instantly attracted other suspicions which were floating in the atmosphere of the young gentleman's perturbed imagination, and the whole were speedily agglomerated into a coherent plot against him. A practical mind, too, was Bernard's, and of course practical men never go wrong. Mr. Heywood had seen

the affair with Mary Maynard, on the Sunday morning, and had therefore had ample time to write a full account of it to Miss Trevelyan; and she was naturally offended, and having no time for explanation, and not choosing to be hypocritical, and smile when angry, had taken the only means in her power to let him see her feelings.

The first shock of the incident of course jarred upon all sensation, and set Bernard wrong with everybody and everything around him. It inspired him with a contemptuous dislike of his fellow-travellers, made him regard the beautiful country about him as hard and commonplace, and caused him to feel that the journey he had undertaken would be a failure, and that he was foolish and hasty in making it. For a little shake puts the human instrument vilely out of tune,—and that quarter of a minute had a whole world of discouragement in it. But we get over these things. In a short time Carlyon began to review the matter more calmly, and he had scarcely done so when sunshine broke in upon his mind, and a few miles further on the journey which was separating him from Lilian, he might have been found comforting himself with great earnestness. First, he thought of the sorrowful look which had crossed her face for a second, and this cheered him exceedingly; for, as he argued, with remarkable novelty, no one looks sorrowful except when a strong interest is felt. So that he really began to be obliged to Lilian for having given him so delightful an assurance of her regard. How indignantly he now spurned at the possibility that he had not been recognized, it is not necessary to say.

Then he began to calculate how speedily he could come to an explanation with her—hardly before the following evening—and this naturally brought him to the consideration of what he should say. The truth? No man really and honestly in love ever told the truth yet. If he states things as they are, he sees them from a point of view which no lover can occupy. It is quite enough for him to state them as he wishes them to be. Else, he only vindicates his truth as an historian, at the expense of his truth as a lover, and is a sober man affecting to be intoxicated—a contemptible sight, at the best, and infinitely less respectable than the intoxicated man affecting to be sober. I will not outrage Carlyon's character by assuming that he was so false and hollow as to think of telling Lilian the truth. He was only thinking how best he should put the matter, so as to arrive most speedily at the greatest happiness for both—a complete reconciliation. He might have saved himself much trouble, and Mary Maynard's black hair would not have come sweeping across his mental eye so often, if he had known that Lilian had never heard of his having supped in Park Street.

What, he wondered, had Heywood said? There was one comfort, he must have written, for Bernard had called that morning in St. Albans Place, and missed him by a few minutes only. So that there was a letter, which Lilian would produce, and its falsehoods and false colouring (detestable things, thought Bernard)

could be exposed. Meantime he could trust in her affection, which would be strong enough, he argued, to forgive him, if wrong, and which ought therefore, assuredly, to acquit him where the case was doubtful. Herein he reasoned, perhaps, with more logic than experience, as some authorities hold, that, in love matters, you had better be guilty than be wrongly suspected, first, inasmuch as you will be much more earnest, and therefore much more successful in obtaining a reconciliation, and, secondly, as you will appeal to the heart, rather than to the head of your mistress. But this is mere scandal, let us hope.

So, comforting himself, Carlyon could even acknowledge the beauty of the sunset, in which the rich Gloucestershire foliage was waving and glowing.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE OWL AGAIN.

So far from finding the Ambassador in the state of detention which Carlyon had considered probable, the latter, as his chaise turned the last corner, and approached the house, beheld Mr. Henry Wilmslow walking up and down the terrace. As the sound of wheels reached his ear, the owner of Aspen Court gazed out sternly, his hand upon his forehead, to ascertain who was venturing upon his domain. And, seated near the large door, and in the full warmth of the evening sun, was another figure speedily recognised by Bernard. It was that of Lord Rookbury. Henry Wilmslow's look of surprise as he recognized Carlyon was not lost upon the latter.

"She has not told him, trusting to my having sense enough to manage it, and I have blundered. By Jove! though, I'll make a dash for it, and save her a scene with that ass."

"So ho! Master Lawyer," exclaimed the gentleman Bernard had thus designated. "Who expected you, I wonder? What's in the wind now?"

"That's the only way," thought Carlyon, alighting. "Why," he said, "surely, I can't have beaten Mr. Molesworth?"

"D—n it, I don't know why you shouldn't," retorted Henry Wilmslow, brilliantly, "he deserves beating, I dare say, as much as any other of the trade. Present company always excepted, of course, ha! ha!"

"Thanks for the exception, which certainly mends matters," said Bernard, affecting to be heartily amused. "But do you mean to say that Mr. Molesworth is not here?"

"Here! no, man," said the Ambassador, whose grin rapidly toned down into a discomfited expression, as he began to comprehend that the lawyer was coming. "What should he do here?"

"That he must tell you himself," said Bernard, "for I have no idea why he should come. All I know is, that I was in his office this morning—that I was requested to come down here, and that he left town before I did. Since you say he has not arrived, he

must be detained somewhere. I must ask your hospitality until the mystery is cleared up."

"I say, Lord Rookbury," said Henry, walking away from Bernard without replying, "here's a screw loose." And going up to his noble friend, he communicated the news.

"What, Mr. Secretary!" said the Earl, "leaving the Government to take care of itself while you run into the country after the ladies. I cautioned you against that sort of thing at Rotherhithe House—it won't do for a man who has his way to make. Wait till you are a Premier, and *then*."

"If he has come with that view, he'll be devilishly sold, won't he, my lord?" said Henry. "Bird's flown, Mr. Secretary," added the Ambassador, with an ill-bred man's readiness to catch up a *soubriquet*, and use it.

"Not having come with that view," said Carlyon, determined to preserve his good-humour, "the sale is postponed until further notice." And his laugh was not a bad imitation of the ex-officer's.

"Nobody here but Mrs. Wilmslow," said her husband. "But if you want anything to eat, I recommend you to go and make love to her for it." And with this gracious intimation, he turned his back upon Carlyon, and spoke in a lower voice to the Earl.

"Being dreadfully famished," said Bernard, "I will avail myself of your permission." And he was passing into the house, when Lord Rookbury said, looking keenly at him,

"I say, Mr. Carlyon, you are no longer in Molesworth's employ—how happens it that you are doing his errands?"

"I conclude," said Bernard, carelessly, "that my having so recently had much to do with Mr. Wilmslow's business made it not unreasonable to ask me to attend on an emergency."

"And what is the emergency? for I know nothing about it, nor does my friend Mr. Wilmslow, I believe."

"Not I," said Henry, pleased at the title of Lord Rookbury's friend, and disposed to be haughty thereupon. "And it seems a d—d queer thing to me, and, in fact, not the thing at all, that a set of lawyers should be rushing into a gentleman's house without giving him notice of any kind."

"I'll stop *this*," muttered Bernard, beginning to get indignant. "I thought, Mr. Wilmslow," he said, "that you had had enough of notices from lawyers, in your time, not to make you so particularly fastidious about missing one."

"Neatly planted," said Lord Rookbury, who was always most amiably impartial in applauding a hit, whether friend or foe suffered. His approbation stifled any retort from Wilmslow, and Bernard, not sorry to cut the discussion short, raised his hat and entered the house. Crossing the well-known hall, he proceeded, unannounced, to Mrs. Wilmslow's drawing-rooms.

"Hear what he says to your wife," said the Earl, quickly.

He should have spoken more clearly, knowing what a donkey he had to deal with. Perhaps, however, the British Peer would hardly have cared to say "Listen at the door," though that was

what he meant, and what he gave Henry credit for having understood, when the latter came back with the account that Carlyon had said to Mrs. Wilmslow just what he had said to them, and that she looked very glad to see him.

"How do you know how she looked?" said the Earl.

"Why, wasn't I in the room," said Henry, simply.

"Oh! you were in the room! Ah! to be sure, you were in the room. Of course you were in the room. How the light falls on that water, beyond the plantation there! Noble place this, Wilmslow, and one that deserves to be in good hands."

"Your lordship is very good to flatter me," said Mr. Wilmslow, who did not see the expression, neither good nor flattering, which Lord Rookbury put on in reply to the acknowledgment. "Of course, crippled as I am, I can do little, but one of these days, if your lordship's plan should be worked out, I hope you'll be able to say something to me which I shall deserve."

"We'll hope so, Wilmslow, we'll hope so. Do you remember—of course you do—those fine lines of Akenside's—

"Calm as the Judge of Truth at length I come,
To weigh thy merits and pronounce thy doom,
So shall my trust from all reproach be free,
And earth and time confirm the stern decree."

"Now you repeat them," said Wilmslow, "I remember them perfectly, but they had gone, like thousands of similar things."

"Great story-teller, this man," said Lord Rookbury, taking up a volume of Alexandre Dumas.

In the meantime Mrs. Wilmslow and Bernard were coming to their own explanations. Jane explained that she had intended to meet him, but had found it impossible to go out unobserved, and she thanked him for his *ruse*, deploring that she was compelled to the humiliation of being thankful for a piece of deception. And after every hurried apology for calling Bernard into the country, and begging him to pardon any questions which might seem peremptory, but which she feared might be interrupted if she put them less quickly, she entreated him to explain to her precisely the position of herself and her husband in regard to the Aspen Court property.

It will be remembered, I hope, that in one of the very earliest chapters of this book, we have seen that Carlyon, anticipating this very question, demanded of his then employer how he should answer it, and gave a promise arising out of its being found that Bernard knew far more than Molesworth had intended.

"Do not," replied Carlyon, "suppose that I am hesitating over the answer. I promise not to leave you without satisfying you on all points. But it will, perhaps, not retard explanation, Mrs. Wilmslow, if you tell me in the first place why you now require, hastily, what you had so many opportunities of asking at leisure when I was staying here."

"Oh, Mr. Carlyon," she answered, "if you could understand my feelings—if you could comprehend the state of gratitude and tranquillity into which a mother is lifted, when she suddenly finds

herself able to remove her children from a condition—" and here poor Jane, whose nerves were obviously all unstrung, begun to weep at old recollections. Self-possession returned to her after some moments, and she continued, "I can only say that we had had troubles enough, and I was too glad of an interval of peace to care to disturb it by asking about the future. But now I must know all, for deeper matters are involved than mere money. Bernard, let me speak to you as a mother might speak to her son. Is that Lord Rookbury your friend?"

"We were strangers till we became acquainted in hunting. The first day we passed together he offered to serve me, and did."

"For his own purposes."

"Why does any one serve another? Lord Rookbury began rather earlier in our acquaintanceship than usual, that is all."

"Do not speak so, at least not to me, Bernard," said Mrs. Wilmslow, turning her still beautiful blue eyes with a kindly expression (but that they always had) full upon him. "For I know that you yourself would do much to serve poor me, who can do nothing for you in return."

"And God knows, if you believe that, Mrs. Wilmslow," said the young man, moved out of his ordinary self-possession, "you amply repay anything I could do. And now tell me, what is it that you apprehend from Lord Rookbury? Be quite sure that you can tell me nothing about him that will startle me."

"And—you—say—that," said Jane, slowly, gazing on him with that steady yet vacant expression which may precede either a shriek or a fall. But she struggled with her heart, good, loving creature that she was, and, for the time, conquered. "He is a very bad man," she repeated, in a gentle, low voice.

"Nay, nay, do not let us make things blacker than they need be," said Bernard, strangely puzzled. "Bad and good in these days are words of comparison, and I dare say Lord Rookbury is not worse than many people who are thought better. But what on earth, dear Mrs. Wilmslow, can this old man's character be to you, that the question should agitate you thus? Do I guess right—that he has become Mr. Wilmslow's creditor? Well, Wilmslow had better—I am sorry to say it to you—have sought out the keenest usurer in London, because he will be equally cheated, and be obliged to bear with the cheat in silence; but your property will gradually recover itself, and our noble friend will be paid, and—but you do not listen—you are very ill. May I call a servant?"

"I am very ill, but I am listening," said Mrs. Wilmslow, with forced calmness. "Sit down. So he is most cruel and exacting in money dealings?"

"So they say. But there is this also said, namely, that his avarice is a whim rather than a habit—it is not money for its own sake that he cares about, but as a means of power—and he sometimes does things that are liberal enough. Mr. Wilmslow, if he be Lord Rookbury's debtor,—you do not contradict me—may have the good fortune to be dealt with kindly. But without

relying on this, which would be foolish, let us see what can be done.

"Bernard, you have seen Lord Rookbury at home?"

"Yes, you remember I passed a night at Rookton Woods. It was then that he offered me the introduction to Mr. Selwyn."

"Whom did you see there beside the Earl?"

"An exceedingly pretty little girl named Lurline, whom I should have taken for his grandchild, but that he has no married children, and who afterwards called him papa; she may have been some adopted favourite."

"You know, Bernard, that it is not so."

"I have no right to know it—nor do I. But, to speak as frankly as you ought to be spoken to, I have one clue to Lurline's history. Looking at the Earl's pictures, I accidentally said that I liked what was pretty, and cared little about legitimacy. He said, with his curious curl of the lip,"—Jane shuddered—"that Rookton Woods might be able to gratify me; and, later in the evening, the child puzzled me by saying that I had promised to be fond of her. The nonsense is not worth repeating."

"On your honour, Bernard, did you see that child's mother?"

"No, upon my honour; nor have I the slightest reason to know that such a person exists."

"Bernard," she said, in a calm, sad voice, "I am a helpless woman in a lonely house. I have no money—it is all taken away—and I am watched for fear I should escape. No creature so powerless can be imagined. And they have taken my children from me, all my children. Even my little darling Amy, they have taken her too. Ah! I see what you are thinking, but I am as rational as yourself, Bernard."

"But, dear Mrs. Wilmslow, what are you saying? We do not take away children in these days, at least not by force, and without law. You, who—may I say it—have always been my model of reason and kindness,—I am utterly ashamed to find myself presuming to offer you advice—but surely there must be some strange misunderstanding. Who could take the young ladies away from Aspen?" He hardly knew what he said, for such a revelation from the calm, mild Jane Wilmslow, made him doubt whether he were dreaming or awake.

"There was no force used, and no law, Mr. Carlyon, nor was it necessary. Yesterday Mr. Wilmslow drove up to his door in a phaeton which has been lent him by Lord Rookbury, and took the three girls for a drive. He returned at night without them."

"Having left them, where—in heaven's name? Pshaw," he added, "I am a fool for helping to agitate you. He has left them on a visit—where?"

"At the seat of your friend, Lord Rookbury, at Rookton Woods."

"Well," said Bernard, "it was a strange thing to do, a very strange thing; but, except for its strangeness, I see no very great harm in it, and, certainly, nothing to cause you all this distress. Surely, it cannot be necessary to say that, at Rookton Woods, the

house of a nobleman old enough to be their grandfather, they will receive the most graceful attention, and I am only surprised that Lord Rookbury is below, and not taking you across the country to join them."

"You have not heard all, Bernard."

"No, I feel that," said Carlyon; "pray, tell me what I am sure I should hear."

"Lord Rookbury has proposed for Emma."

"The old Earl—has proposed to marry Miss Wilmslow!" repeated Carlyon, fairly astonished this time; "and she—but she could hardly hesitate."

"If forty years had been taken from his age, and the union rendered rational, Emma would have hesitated as little as she did when he asked for her hand in that hall. Emma loves her mother, and comprehends what her mother has endured;—no earthly temptation could induce a daughter of Jane Tracy to marry a profligate."

"He was refused, of course. And do I understand that, after that, and knowing it, Mr. Wilmslow—"

"Yes. You have described Lord Rookbury, and best know whether he is a man likely to be deterred by a girl's rejection, when that girl's family is in his power. Mr. Wilmslow is his slave, and I am—my husband's."

"Pardon me," said Carlyon, speaking something hastily, "but all this sounds like an affair of the stage, not of reality. I can understand that Mr. Wilmslow owes Lord Rookbury money, and may, therefore, be under his influence; but, when we come to forcing marriages out of simple debts, the matter becomes slightly melo-dramatic. Why, Molesworth would have paid the debt a dozen times. Why did you not apprise him?"

"You will refuse to believe, too, that I was watched, and my letters suppressed, until Emma was at Bookton Woods: then, constraint was no longer needed—I wrote to you."

"But how does this visit advance the suit? Do you believe in • dungeon-chapels and midnight marriages? Dear Mrs. Wilmslow, are you not playing with your fears?"

"I am speaking of my child," replied Mrs. Wilmslow, simply.

"I still confess to you that I cannot comprehend how Miss Wilmslow's visit to Bookton Woods, curiously timed though it is, should advance Lord Rookbury's suit for her hand."

"Bernard," said Mrs. Wilmslow, with a deadly calmness, "my husband has, through the last twenty years, brought many sad and shameful things to the knowledge of his wife—God forgive him for it! the fearful teaching has not been lost. Do you not understand me? My child has been the guest of Lurline's mother!"

Wilmslow's loud, sycophant laugh, and the footsteps of himself and of the Earl in the passage, spared Carlyon a reply.

CHAP. XXVIII.

A YOUNG WIFE'S TROUBLES.

A FEW days elapsed, during which Mr. Kether reported satisfactory progress with Mr. Paul Chequerbent's creditors, most of whom came to terms even without the application of the screw which the former gentleman kept ready in case of need. "Why did he keep away from me?" was the general inquiry. "I did not want to hurt him, but if a party will not be seen or heard of, it looks shy." So Mr. Kether duly cautioned Paul against such a display of shyness for the future, and Paul promised to struggle with his natural modesty, as the other assured him it was not appreciated in mercantile circles. The aunts and godmother behaved pretty well, but would seem to have had their eyes a little opened on previous occasions, as they insisted on their advances being deposited in the hands of Mr. Kether, and not in those of the penitent prisoner, a precaution which Paul declared to be highly insulting after the lavish outlay of pathos and protest which he had made in his appeal to their sympathies. But the cheques came up, carefully drawn in neat, stiff, old ladylike hands, and Mr. Chequerbent justly observed that painters might talk as they pleased, but never did a little bit of colour produce so cheerful an effect as the pink paper of a cheque in a letter to a hard-up man.

Less lucky was the poor little clerk incarcerated with him, and whose spirits Paul good-naturedly tried to keep up, with less success day after day. Physically, as well as mentally, the unfortunate Mr. Mooter became more and more wretched, as the period of his imprisonment was prolonged, and yet seemed no nearer its termination. For it is not a very new remark that those who are accustomed to luxuries and comforts are often better able to endure privations than those to whom such matters are greater rarities—anybody who has had the misfortune to take a rough journey with his servant has made the observation—it also occurred, I believe, to the late Duke of Wellington, when certain military officers, of the most delicate dandyhood, rather distinguished themselves in one of his severest campaigns, by complimenting the *côtelette à la chair de cheval*, while the privates were almost in mutiny against their rations. Mooter was a clean, tidy, regular little man, who hung his walls at home with maxims, written in a fine hand, and framed, whereby he reminded himself that there was a place for everything and that everything should be in its place, that a stitch in time saved nine, that cleanliness was next to godliness, and that if he took care of the pennies the pounds would take care of themselves. His clothes-brush had its hook, and so had his hat-brush, and he "did not like" to see one in the place of the other, and the pleasing way in which he looped up and laid away pieces of string, until wanted, would have delighted Teresa Tidy herself, and have furnished her with a nineteenth rule of life. This was not the creature to brook with any degree of toleration the careless, slipshod, dilatory life of a dingy sponging-house. At first he struggled to be

"Then, in course, you can wait a little longer, being used to it," observed Mr. James, without even looking up from the article he was examining. "Well, my dear, and what does your respected mother want on this remarkable article?"

"Twenty pounds, if you please, sir," said Mary, confidently.

"Shillings, you mean," said the pawnbroker, believing that in her fluster she had used the wrong word. "Well, you see, it's very light, and good for nothing except as old silver, to break up."

"But," exclaimed Mary, in a troubled whisper, and scarcely believing her ears, "pray examine it, sir. It is of very great value indeed, and was a wedding gift." And the agitated little woman subsided into her stall, convinced that he had only to look at the article again to obtain a due sense of its value. But the pawnbroker shook his head.

"I would rather not take it," he said, handing it back to her, "but I'll make it the pound, if you like."

"One pound, sir!" said poor Mary, who felt as if at least that weight of lead had descended upon her good little heart. "But, sir, I want the money I mentioned most particularly—it is a matter of life and death—and we should be sure to redeem it—my mother, Mrs. Artish, is a most respectable woman, who has lived for seventeen years at No. 11, Bayling Place, close by."

"All very likely, my dear," replied the youth, "but that's all I can do for you. Just go home and ask your mother whether she'll take the money. Now, Mother Sudds, which of your customers is good enough to lend you her shemeeses this time?"

"You will have your joke, Mr. James," said the woman, opening her neatly pinned square bundle. Here's six, and for the love of heaven don't tumble 'em. Precious row I got into about that handkerchief you lost for me—what a power of oaths I had to swear before the lady would believe I never had it."

"I dessay you keep in very good practice at that work, Mrs. Sudds. Sometimes I should almost believe you myself, if I did not know you so well. In a minute," he added, nodding to a tall, well-dressed, dissipated looking man, with an imperial, who had leant forward to watch Mary Mooter, and now made signs to the pawnbroker, who appeared to know him. "I've sent up for it."

"Keep it to-night," said the other; "on second thoughts, I think I want the money."

"Very well," said the young man. "I'll get you back the duplicate, which is gone up stairs."

"Take care of it for me," said the other hastily, and darted out. The pawnbroker saw through the game in a moment.

"My dear," he said, sharply beckoning Mary, who had been slowly refolding her treasure in its papers. She brightened up, poor thing, in the hope that he was going to make a better offer, and drew close to the counter.

"If," he whispered, "a man with a tuft on his chin speaks to you, the less you speak to him the better for your mother, and," he added, observing that Mary's glove was off, "for somebody else, I see."

She listened without much comprehension of his meaning, and went sadly out of the place, and towards her mother's. As she reached the corner of Bayling Place, she was accosted by a tall stranger, who said in a gentlemanly voice, and raising his hat,

"I beg your pardon. Are you Mrs. Artish's daughter?"

"Yes, sir," said Mary, surprised.

"She is an old friend of mine. Does she very much want the money which you have been trying to get at the pawnbroker's? I am not rich, but sooner than that woman should want, I would—never mind. Tell me, is she in any distress?"

He spoke so earnestly, and as one who did not wish to make many words before acting, that Mary felt she had a friend. She briefly explained her trouble, and the stranger listened with attention.

"He is locked up for thirty-five pounds, you say?" said the stranger, thoughtfully.

"Yes, but we had five in the house, and mother has six, and we could manage the other four—if we had only the—~~the~~ twenty," said Mary, in whose eyes the sum had become not lightly to be named, since the sad defeat of her teapot.

"It is strange," said the other. "I was in the shop with you, and had actually put down ten pounds to redeem some things of my own, when something suggested to me to hold the money. There is ten for you," he added, placing a note in her hand.

"Oh, sir!" said Mary, her heart running over with thanks, "whom am I speaking to? Come in and see mother."

"No," said the stranger, sadly. "No, I should not be welcome; at any rate not yet. Promise me, as the only return for what I may do, that you will not mention to Mrs. Artish that you have seen me. I will tell you my name, of course; it is Russell; but not a word to your mother, until I desire it."

"Of course, sir," said little Mary, "you have a right to name your own terms; but if you think mother bears any old grudge against you, or anybody, I assure you—"

"Hush, hush! Not a word of it," said the other, impressively. "You revive recollections which had better be let alone. Your mother served me well, and I—but no matter. Time is precious. It is now nine o'clock, and if your husband is to be released to-night, we must be speedy. I have only another sovereign or two about me, but at home I have, I think, enough to make up the balance. Come on to my house at once, and I will give it you."

"How shall I ever thank you!" said poor Mary, exulting in the thought of her husband's liberation.

"Your mother shall thank me," said the stranger, "when the time comes. Here, cab!" he cried, as a vehicle crawled slowly along. The tired, hard-mouthed animal was incontinently tugged round, and the cab drew up by the lamp-post near which they stood. The stranger opened the door, handed the young wife in, and spoke to the driver in a low voice.

What caused Mary at that instant to look earnestly into her benefactor's face? What, as she did so, and noticed that he wore a large imperial, brought back the words, unheeded when spoken, of the familiar but well-meaning shopman? What instinctively told her, the next instant, that something was wrong? She sprang from the seat she had taken in the further corner of the vehicle to the door. One little foot was on the ground, as the stranger tried to prevent her coming out.

"Don't stop me, Mr. Russell," said the young wife, her meek little spirit now fairly in arms.

"I would n't, Mr. Russell, if I was you," said a male voice at his elbow. It was that of the young pawnbroker. "Would you, pleeceman B 150?"

"I should say not," said the officer in question, coming up on the other side. Mary stood aghast at the cab door, as the "situation" developed. The benevolent Mr. Russell saw that he was beaten, and had he been a prudent man would have bowed, paid the cabman, and disappeared. But a course of town revelry, pursued recklessly, weakens the judgment, and prevents the passions from being under the complete control which a wise man would desire. In his hasty wrath, the melodramatic stranger threw himself on guard, and I am sorry to say, that before the officer could interfere, the *soi-disant* Mr. Russell, with a very fierce curse, had delivered a smashing blow into the face of the pawnbroker, which sent him down at the foot of the lamp.

"Take that, and mind your own business in future," said Mr. Russell, with a savage laugh. The officer seized him by the collar.

"Just the thing," said the policeman. "Wuss assault, more unprovoked, I never see. For you, m'm, I should say the sooner you went home the better. And as for you, cabby, cut it."

"But here is his money," said Mary, holding out the bank note at arm's length, as if afraid it would injure her; "take his money, pray do."

"Money no object," said the officer, "especially when the notes comes out of the Bank of Elegance; curl your hair with it, m'm; he's got plenty more in his pocket, I dessay."

"I warned you against him," said the pawnbroker, sorrowfully picking himself up, and holding his hand over his astonished nose, "but I doubted you minded me, and I owed him a grudge. Don't forget your tea-pot."

And the plaintiff, the defendant, and the executive departed, leaving Mary to return, in no slight state of bewilderment, to her parent's first-floor front."

CAMPS AND MANŒUVRES.

It is a difficult matter at the present time to penetrate into any French circle, caste, or class, or make oneself at home there. There is great distrust, great silence, a good deal of shame, and altogether, a foreigner finds himself shunned, and little spoken to, unless under very peculiar circumstances. Of all the classes in France, none keep to themselves more strictly and completely than the army. I believe they do so in all countries. Even in England, military officers have a kind of freemasonry amongst them, as effectual and exclusive as the freemasonry of other callings. In France this used not so much to be the case; but it has become so. And hence I found it a matter of extreme difficulty to get into an officer's tent or *barraque*, at the camp at Satory, so as to see a little more of the spirit of things, than could be seen from galloping across that wide plain at the tail of a battery. How I succeeded need not concern the reader; it being only necessary just to tell him that I made friends at Satory, fed and chatted with them, and found it amusing to accompany them to the expedition, which I see fills two columns of our journals—the military attack upon St. Germain.

I cannot boast of its being at all pleasant or in the least instructive: though seldom, perhaps, have such crowds been collected, or such numbers come to witness the manœuvres of war. First of all, the weather was exceedingly cold, which was not counteracted by any degree of excitement, caused by the operations. It was wisely done to break up the camp at Chobham early, and keep the regiments when camped a very limited time under canvas. For after all, what enables the soldier to bear such hardships, but novelty and excitement. When novelty disappears, and excitement subsides, he feels cold more keenly, *ennui* more heavily, and disease, which somehow or another respects a buoyant spirit, is sure to fix its fangs on a wearied or languid one. The operations against St. Germain were undertaken at the close of the season. Then the Emperor was not to be present; he always takes care to make some gratuity, and procure some comfort.

The order was given, however, and must be obeyed. Pots and pans were packed and forwarded; the required number of tentlets prepared, and despatched also by that most useful but despised portion of the army, the *train*. The most striking feature in the great reviews of Satory was the cavalry, of which very large bodies could at times be mustered, and which is now one of the most efficient arms in the French service. During the Bourbon reign, the cavalry were exceedingly ill horsed; no wonder, since Napoleon, in the Russian and other campaigns, had lost nearly 100,000 horses, of one kind or another. Even under Louis Philippe, when every thing like *equipement* was largely provided for, cavalry horses were not up to par. Bu

Louis Napoleon's agents made very large and extensive purchases both in England and in Germany ; so that no cavalry can at the present moment be better mounted than the French. No cavalry, however, were stationed in the camp of Satory. The long line of tents were occupied by infantry and artillery alone. The cavalry regiments were quartered in the vast barracks of Versailles. The infantry at Satory used to complain that the cavalry were *aristos* ; so well were they housed and cared for, and so seldom were they called forth to join in the fatigues and manœuvres of the camp. There is even more for cavalry to learn in encampment than infantry. But their camps are generally in fertile countries ; such as the vicinity of St. Omers, or Luneville, where the plains of Artois, or Lorraine, afford deep pasturage for the horse, as well as ample field for their manœuvres.

The cavalry were lying snug in their barracks, whilst the artillery followed the high paved road to St. Germain, and the infantry marched through the woods of La Selle. Half-way between Versailles and St. Cloud is a beautiful park and splendid mansion, that of Beauregard, the property and title of which has been conferred on his friend, Mrs. Howard, by the Emperor. It is within a short distance of the ruined park of Marly, once famous as the abode of royalty. A far more beautiful, but more humble residence, is the villa of Louvecienne, on the declivity of the hills, as they drop down to the Seine. This was built by Louis XV., and given to Madame du Barry, who inhabited it as late as the year 1792, when she was torn from it in extreme old age to perish under the guillotine. The soldier knew nor cared nothing for such sites or reminiscences. The name and the spot that attracted his regard and respect was La Malmaison ; along the domain-wall of which one of the divisions moved. It is surprising how well-read the French soldier is in everything relating to the Emperor. Fleury De Chaboulon is the popular source. They were well aware that the Emperor had returned to Malmaison, in 1815 ; Josephine, who inhabited it, having not long previously died. Here he was in appearance attended, but really guarded by officers in the pay of Fouché. And yet, whilst the Prussians were occupying St. Germain, and the English crossing the hills above Argenteuil, Napoleon had ideas of rallying the scattered French troops at Rueil, and in the valleys around, to make a last fight, and endeavour to retrieve, by some military miracle, his expiring fortunes. If so, it was remarked, he would have done precisely in reality, what the troops were about to accomplish in a sham fight. He would have moved through the wood of Vezinet, and surprised the Prussians in St. Germain. This was the only thought that gave life and spirit to the present plan of action, in which no soldier seemed otherwise interested. The park of Malmaison, it is known, was long since sold by the family of Prince Eugene, and cut up into villas and small partitions. The old house itself, and a certain quantity of the high forest that surrounded and surrounds it, were purchased by Queen Christina. She was there but the other day with her husband, and she keeps up the Malmaison in excellent order and repair.

The Seine, as it flows from Argenteuil, and strikes against the height of Bougival, forms almost an island, which is covered by the wood of Vezinet, and which contains the two villages of Chatou and Croissy. The attacking army was to enter this island by the bridge of Chatou, and bivouac in the wood, after having made preparations for throwing a bridge of pontoons over the river for their passage in the morning towards St. Germain. It was at first intended to throw this bridge over the river at Croissy, a league from St. Germain, and removed from its fire. This would have been the military way of proceeding. But it would not do as a *fête*. The passage of the river should take place early in the morning, and the advance on St. Germain be slow.

It was thought more advisable to establish the pontoon bridge nearly opposite St. Germain, and thus concentrate attack and defence, so that both could be seen at one glance by the crowd of visitors from the Great Terrace. As the troops descended on the Friday from the heights of Louvecienne to the road, that runs by Malmaison, they were met by Marshal Magnan, who had ridden from Paris with his staff, amidst which were some of the Bonaparte princes, and several foreign officers. There were two Austrians and a Russian, the former in light blue and white uniforms, the latter with dark blue, which left the wearer undistinguishable from the French officers around. Marshal Magnan is a tall, portly man, gigantic in limb and feature, the size of the latter being increased by the small *kepi*, or red cap, which he usually wears. He distinguished himself in Africa, where he must have attracted the same admiration that Kleber did, by his stalwart form. The operations of Friday were limited to a feint attack and defence of the bridge of Chatou, which the troops crossed to bivouac in the wood. The soldiers prepared their awnings, for, in truth, their great coat was their tent. The Marshal alone had a complete canvas dormitory.

I have often heard of the gaiety of Frenchmen in a bivouac, as I have heard of the extreme vivacity of the French in social converse. It has been my lot to observe a very great want of both. The French regiments at Vezinet went about their task of encampment with certainly less gaiety than prevailed at Chobham. There was far less good will in all they did, although it must be owned, there was more expertness. A camp is a dirty place, even when meat is brought to it ready killed, and with nothing save the pot to boil. What must it be in actual warfare, when the butcher's trade must be plied next door to the cook's, and almost at the same time? The men were more blackened by overlooking the soup pots than by the blazing of the powder.

M. Emile Pereire, Director of the railway, gave a grand dinner to the Marshal, his suite, his generals, and the strangers, in the Château of Croissy, which belongs to the Railway Company. Pereire is one of the celebrities of the day. Originally of the Jewish persuasion, and a writer in the "National" on the subject of Political Economy and Finance, he was placed at the head

of the St. Germain's Railway, a small enterprise. But Pereire has since become the inventor of the Credit Foncier, and is supposed worth a couple of millions sterling. Owing much of his fortune to the Imperial *régime*, M. Pereire stands well with the Emperor. The next morning the pontoon bridge was thrown across the river, whilst the troops were massed on either side for attack or defence; very pretty for show, but I should think not at all resembling actual war. By right, protecting works should have been thrown out, or a place chosen where natural embankments would supply their place. But here were regiments massed on either side of the bridge, which would have been annihilated by cannon-shot, had the number of guns fired been duly loaded. Of what use can this semi-acting of war be? From eleven o'clock till two the roar of artillery from either bank was incessant, and that of musketry also. The object of the firing on one side was to protect the bridge in the progress of erecting, the other to retard or destroy it. I should doubt much that anything was learned or gained by this cannonading, except that it attracted thousands of visitors. The entire terrace and town of St. Germain's were full of strangers, the greater part of them peasantry from the surrounding region. They seemed to take as much interest in the proceedings as the good folks from town. Every wall, every tree, every roof, the church steeple, the barns, vineyards, the parapets, were all full to toppling over. None but the military were allowed to approach the banks of the river; but these were as crowded with masses of infantry, as the rising grounds with a more motley crowd.

Yet the sham-fight was a very slow affair from noon till two o'clock. At that hour it was announced that the pontoon bridge was completed, and that it was time for the defenders of the left bank to beat a retreat. This they soon began to do, of course, with louder discharges of artillery and musketry. As they retreated, General St. Arnaud, Minister of War, passed over the pontoon bridge, accompanied by a numerous staff of foreign officers, Marshal Magnan proceeding over the regular bridge and up the high road. The retreating army had, in the meantime, forced their guns into a field that overlooked the road, and there, together with a regiment of infantry, and some troops of dismounted dragoons, pretended to carry on an obstinate defence, and keep in check the two advancing columns. This was the prettiest and most life-like part of the sham action. In a little time the battery was galloped off, and the governor of St. Germain's beat a rapid retreat to the terraces. About half way up the ascent the two columns and generals met, and their suites mingled in ascending to the town.

There could not be a greater contrast than that between Magnan and St. Arnaud, the former, a large bluff soldier, the latter, a lean and pale Cassius, full of intellect, his features expressive of cool and cunning daring;—precisely such a man as one would have supposed capable of planning and executing the *coup-d'état* of the 2nd of December. The stories told of St.

Arnaud are innumerable, and rise to all heights of villany. No doubt the greater part of them are exaggerated and untrue. But it neither adds to the morality of the soldier, nor the stability of government, that such stories, as are told of St. Arnaud, should be related in the barrack-room or over the bivouac fire. One of the favourite stories is that of his duel with General Cornemuse, of which, I believe, not a word is true. It is related that a sum of money disappeared from the chimney-piece of the Emperor, that Cornemuse accused St. Arnaud, and that St. Arnaud challenged and shot him. It would be easy to contradict and disprove every circumstance of the story, and a free press would soon vindicate, expose, and refute it. But the misfortune of a censorship is, that information and calumny circulate in whispers, for fear of the censorship and prosecution that, in consequence, the false circulates with the true, and that the public has not the power or the right to distinguish between them. St. Arnaud is very courteous and kind to strangers. A large *posse* of foreign officers accompanied him on the present occasion, Austrians and English the most conspicuous and most numerous, but there were also Russians and Prussians. Most of them had bivouacked with the general, except the English, who prudently limited their campaigning to daylight, and showed none of them the hospitalities or amenities of the French at Vezinet.

Amidst the multitude of soldiers, there was certainly no ardour for war. There was little enthusiasm, no hatred, none of the elements or incentive to combat, except the very tranquil one of the desire to become perfect in the profession, and to make the most of it. But this animates a very small portion of any army. I verily believe, that if all the armies in Europe were collected, and consulted as to their wishes, and their wishes finally granted them, more than nine-tenths of the armed multitudes would scatter themselves on the instant, and return to their homes. Many a Frenchman used to be anxious to cut the throat of an Englishman, and to shoot a Prussian, which two people largely reciprocated the sentiment; no such feeling at present remains. I do not believe that the French army think more of Waterloo than it does of Leipzig. There is a general admission, that Napoleon tried too much, and a general feeling, that an enlarged frontier would neither add to the prosperity nor to the glory of the country.

I cannot but think, that what has chiefly contributed to extinguish the ardour for war and the thirst for the military profession, has been the immense augmentation of the numbers employed in war. If so, the thirst of battling is likely to expire by its own excess. In the olden time armies were small, the regular military profession pursued by a few, who thus considered themselves a class apart from the people, with sympathies and ambitions of their own. A corps of 80,000 men was then a respectable army in the hands of the Great Frederic or the Great Gustavus. Officers were better paid, generals more rewarded; more licence, more plunder, more privilege was allowed to the military. Now

soldiers march to the field by hundreds of thousands, and more like a levy *en masse*, than a picked body. But in such multitudes there is no enthusiasm, no *esprit de corps*. Such large bodies can only be raised by conscription or forced recruiting, and the consequence is, that three-fourths are peasants in heart and in language, caring little for the soldier trade. This is eminently the case in France and in Austria, and, I believe, now also in Russia. The small army of England would show more glee in entering on a campaign than the legions of Austria or Russia.

Will the system of large armies ever be put an end to? Never, no doubt, until some general arises during the course of the war, and demonstrates that success and great military results can be attained by small, enthusiastic, well-disciplined, and trained armies. There are some powers, Prussia and England for example, whose interest it is to discover and show how small armies may be effectual. Prussia especially, which was a first-rate power under the Great Frederic, has fallen to a second-rate one, merely because it is unable to bring into the field at once the large armies that either Austria or France could muster. For Prussia mistrusts her landwehr, and, without her landwehr, has not half the military force of her neighbours. Prussia, cowardly yielding to the menaces of Austria in 1849, seems inexplicable to most people. But the fact is, that she has no great fortresses, nor lines of defence against an invasion from the south, and no army without her landwehr, which, if brought into action at once, would place the monarchy, as at Jena, at the mercy of one defeat.

Whether large or small armies are to be employed, depends very much on the freedom of a country, upon its revenue, and upon its system of military defence. A free country would never devote half its revenue, or three-fourths of it to the army, as is the case with Austria and Russia. Austria, not contented with its numerous army, has covered its empire with fortresses, some of which, such as Linz, would require an army to defend them. At the same moment another country, less powerful than Austria and more vulnerable, has not erected a single fortress, and this is Prussia. It has Erfurt, Magdeburg and Spandau, but none on the Bohemian frontier, where the old fortresses are falling to decay. It is strange the different policy in two military empires, one trusting to fortresses, the other refusing to spend money in any such precautions or system of defence. Napoleon introduced the system of monster fortresses and of monster armies. He planned Alexandria and Mayence each to contain a large army. He fell principally by adherence to this system. He left nearly 100,000 men in different German fortresses. He felt assured, that the allies could not advance with such fortresses and garrisons in their rear. The allies, however, took no heed of them. They passed over the Rhine with all their soldiers, and he wanted the 100,000 to oppose to them. Louis Philippe's government followed the same system in the fortification of Paris, which it would require nearly 200,000 men to man and defend.

It was evident even to the non-military man, who observed the favourite manœuvres and field-days on the great plain of Satory, that the sole idea in the minds of the generals and officers was the moving with ease and precision large bodies of men, where they preferred practising upon the tactics of the battle of Ialy, where the artillery did the work, supported by large squares or masses of infantry, against which all the efforts of the Moorish horse failed of course. To break an enemy's army by artillery, and then cut up and destroy it by cavalry, seems the favourite tactics of soldiers at this day. The war in Hungary on both sides was nothing but this. The Hungarians had no infantry, whilst Austria and Russia employed them as little as might be. Our battles in the northwest of India were conducted on the same principle, and Lord Gough failed once from not employing it. The Turkish war would be the same to-morrow, if it broke out.

How different from our great Peninsular campaigns, in which the British infantry did their portion of the work — and such work! In the entire of the campaigns of the allies against France in 1812, 1813 and 1814, there is not one martial feat on either side to be compared to the taking of Badajos and of Ciudad Rodrigo. Nor Prussian, nor Russian, no, nor French stormed breaches like these. Nor are there, or were there, any soldiers in Europe that would have done it, save our own. And the fact is, throughout the entire war no armies ever attempted to take towns, as the British did. The French jeer us for our failure at Bergen-op-Zoom. But the thing is, where did they ever make such an attempt? The French, in their conquest of Europe, won battles, but formed no sieges. The allies, in the discomfiture of the French, followed them over fields and fought them there, but they formed no serious sieges, or at least conducted none with skill, courage or daring. The military education of the British army was in fact made in sieges, and its courage tried in storming parties, after which the perils of the field are easily encountered. And hence, wherever the French in 1814 met Russian, Prussian and Austrian in equal numbers, they beat them. So they did beat the Prussians in 1815. But the English infantry they could not overcome.

The siege and capture of a fortress is a peculiarly British feat. Other armies have won more signal battles than the English, and have experienced more remarkable campaigns. But in modern times the English are invincible in the capture of strong fortified cities. If there are camps for British soldiers to play the game of war, let them play that part in which they excel. Let the numerous cavalry of the French repeat the battles of Wagram and Ialy. Let English troops beleaguer a fortress, make approaches to it, effect a breach, and take it by storm. It would be more amusing, more national, and more instructive than Chobham.

The camp of Satory has just broken up, and been just terminated by military games and a *fête*. The games took place in a hippodrome formed for the occasion, and as the September weather has proved the finest of the year, the pastime possessed this

great advantage. My farewell of Satory was thus in a merry-making. My first view of it was more striking and more solemn. All who have seen the field will recollect the large and brilliant pavilion erected near the clump of trees. Casual visitors take it for a general's tent. It is, however, an altar. And of a Sunday the military population of the camp muster in front of it, drawn up in regiments round it as a centre, whilst military mass is performed in the open air. The army at Satory in the midst of the Sunday ceremony is more striking, than to find the enemy mustered in the smoke and the operations of Isly. I cannot think either French officers or soldiers seem deeply affected by the religious ceremonies, in which they are of late compelled to take part. The looks which the soldier casts at the legion of priests, who come forth, is not fraternal. Above all, the regiments from Africa have not brought home any very devout or religious feelings. The Emperor would do well to send his soldiers to school, before he sends them to mass.

There is, however, it must be added, no hatred of any kind; no rancour savouring of the feeling which prevailed under the first Revolution, or under the Restoration;—there is no animosity, no vengeance. Indeed, whilst the two great classes of civilians, the working men, and the educated gentry, have strong political feelings, and personal predilection, and fear not to express them, the military, both officers and soldiers, maintain a neutral attitude, and there is little burst of enthusiasm, or party feeling. It is difficult for soldiers to be congregated, and to have served without strong preference for certain generals, and showing dislike for others. But nothing of the kind is apparent. Such a thing as a cheer of approbation, or a murmur of disapprobation, is unknown. To look at them, or even mingle with them, you may say the French army was a collection of machines. What sentiment this apparent apathy or coldness may cover, it is impossible to divine.

Singular to say, the nations most distinguished by military ardour, at present, are the Turks and the Italians. The numerous accounts from the Turkish encampments throughout the Balkan, and along the Danube, represent the utter impossibility of making Mussulmans understand the use of arming, of marching and spending millions, in order merely to make peace.

Travellers who have visited the camp of the Piedmontese army on the plains of Marengo, mention the general belief and desire there, that the complication of events in the East, would bring on a collision between Austria, and France, and Italy. The Duke of Genoa, so lately in England, commanded the manœuvres and reviews at Marengo.

We have no wish that such dreams should be realized. On the contrary, however picturesque may be camps and armies, we desire to return to the system of the Great Frederic; small, efficient armies, and a larger defensive, but a semi-military force. The temptation to aggression would thus be removed, and every nation left less prepared for invasion or assault, would become indomitable amidst its own fields and national defences.

A GOSSIP ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THERE are readers of books in Autumn as well as in Spring. Indeed the autumnal season, when grave business is often thrown to the winds, is provocative of much reading, especially of light reading, and, whether at the open window of the sea-side house, in the shooting-box, in the travelling carriage, on the rail-road or in the steam-boat, our contemporary literature plays no insignificant part in the strenuous idleness of the months of September and October.

Of Historical and Biographical works there is no very abundant growth. Miss Costello's *Memoirs of Mary of Burgundy*,* however, may be classed in either category. It is one of those works partly historical, partly biographical, which combine the solid importance of the one with the vivid interest of the other. It is pleasantly and conscientiously written by one full of the subject. Miss Costello knows well the people, the places, and the times of which she writes. Such a book, too, could only be written by a woman. It is altogether a touching story, one of which the simple historical truth is as interesting and affecting as the skill of the romancer can make it. Miss Costello's authentic narrative is as absorbing as Mr. Grattan's romance.

In Mr. Browne's "*History of Roman Classical Literature*" † we have a work of a very different class. In his previous dissertation on the "*Classic Literature of the Greeks*" there is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of this companion volume. It is capital vacation reading. We do not know a better book for those who are studying, or pretending to study, who are being coached, or pretending to be coached, in Devonshire, in Wales, in the Channel Islands, or any other of those enchanting spots which are so much frequented by studious undergraduates in the autumn, to take down to their scholastic retreats. A vast deal about Latin literature may here be learnt in a very short time. Scholarship is made easy in this volume. Mr. Browne is a ripe scholar, and he is a very pleasant writer. If we have anything to complain of, it is, that he has curtailed overmuch the critical portion of his work. We should have liked a few more illustrative extracts, characteristic of the style of the principal Latin writers, with such discerning remarks upon them, as Mr. Browne is capable of making. But in these days of over-expansiveness and prolixity such conciseness is a fault on the right side.

It was natural that a work of fiction from the pen of so eminent a man as the Marquis Azeglio, an historical romance by one who

* "*Memoirs of Mary, the Young Duchess of Burgundy, and her Contemporaries.*" By Louisa Stuart Costello, Author of a "*Summer among the Bocages and the Vines.*" 1853.

† "*A History of Roman Classical Literature.*" By R. W. Browne, M. A., Professor of Classical Literature, in King's College, London. 1853.

is himself an historical character, should excite unusual attention. We confess, however, to some prejudices of our own. We seldom address ourselves with much eagerness to the perusal of translated stories, and even in the translation of Azeglio's "Niccolo de Lapi,"* we expected to find more historical research than human interest. We have hardly yet recovered our taste for the historical romance, surfeited as we once were by the works of Scott, James, Ainsworth, and other smaller writers of the same class. The cravings of the public are now for highly-wrought fictions of domestic interest. We like the plain coat and trowsers, the round hat and the walking-stick, better than the coat of mail, the jerkins, the casque, the halbert and the arquebus. But, if anything could lure us back to the *premiers amours* of our younger days, it is such a story as the "Maid of Florence." We have here, thanks to Mr. Felgate, an admirable translation of a charming work. It is an historical romance, but with only just enough of history in it to give colouring to the romance. The history enhances, it does not overlay, the human interest of the story. Of the plot itself we shall not speak. It is ingeniously constructed, and there is a certain dramatic unity in it, in spite of its ramifications. Often, as it branches off into new fields of adventure, now to follow the fortunes of one actor, now of another, the author keeps the several threads of the narrative skilfully in hand, and all are made to converge to one common centre of action. The different personages of the story are admirably individualized. There is a force and distinctness about the portraiture which shows the hand of the master scarcely less than the admirable grouping, the vivid contrasts, in some places, and the graduated resemblances in another, indicate the master mind of the designer. How grandly the central figure of the group—the fine old Niccolo de Lapi—stands out sturdy and bold, in all his rugged truthfulness beside the silken courtier, Troilus, the beautiful traitor, the charming villain, whose mission it is to seduce women and to betray men. Scarcely less excellent than these is the portrait of the good old trooper, Fanfulla, in whom the simplicity of the child is united with the courage of the hero and the strength of the giant, who cuts off the head of an enemy with a single blow, and sells his charger to buy food for a baby.

But if there be a bold vigorous handling in these masculine portraits, there is, on the other hand, the utmost delicacy of touch and refinement of treatment discernible in the womanly impersonations. We must speak of these somewhat more in detail, for the beauty of the group—at least, as it appears in our eyes—is not to be set forth without some minuteness of explanation. What we wish to say is this. In the "Maid of Florence" there are three principal female characters, who seem to represent the gradations of feminine chastity and corruption. We speak merely of outward purity and impurity—the contamination of the body. It appears

* "The Maid of Florence; or, Niccolo de Lapi." By the Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio, Ex-Prime Minister of Sardinia. Translated from the Italian by W. Felgate, A. M. 3 vols.

to have been the design of the author to show how circumstances, more than natural disposition, make the difference between the extremes of womanly purity and degradation—how the same instincts of womanly love, existing in different breasts, one may, under the force of circumstances, become a virtuous wife, and the other a polluted courtesan. *Laodamia*—the *Maid of Florence*—daughter of *Niccolo de Lapi*, is the incarnation of feminine chastity; *Selvaggia*, daughter of *Barlaam*, the Jew, the impersonation of feminine pollution. The one has a noble-spirited, loving father, who protects her; the other, a sordid, unloving father, who betrays her. *Selvaggia*, whilst yet almost a child, is sold to a wealthy profligate. She passes from one protector to another until she becomes the follower of the camp. There, in the midst of a life of riotous excitement, she becomes acquainted with a young soldier, as virtuous as he is brave, and, for the first time, the sealed waters of pure womanly love are unloosed within her, and she regards with instinctive loathings all the impure environments of her life. She would give up everything for one kind word from him; she would willingly die for his sake. This youth—this *Lambert*—is betrothed to one of the daughters of *Niccolo de Lapi*—he is beloved by the other, *Laodamia*. This *Laodamia* is, as we have said, in all the outward circumstances of her life, the very antithesis of poor *Selvaggia*. She is exposed to outward danger—at one moment, indeed, she is on the extremest verge of ruin; but circumstances favour her, and she escapes.

Now, midway between these two extremes—between the chaste *Laodamia* and the degraded *Selvaggia*—is *Laodamia's* sister, *Lisa*. *Lisa* is enamoured of a gay young gallant—the worthless *Troilus*, of whom we have spoken—who deludes her into a secret and a false marriage, deserts her, returns again that he may betray her father, and then endeavours to seduce her sister. This poor *Lisa*, then, is not, after all, a wife, though she is the mother of *Troilus's* child. Outwardly, she is contaminated, polluted, degraded. The world would speak of her as unchaste. She was no more than the mistress of *Troilus*. The mistress is the link between the wife and the courtesan. Here, then, we have the three gradations of the womanly state. All had equally loving hearts. The vile courtesan, *Selvaggia*, under favouring circumstances, would have been as good and as faithful a wife as the chaste *Laodamia*. She would have lived and she would have died for her lord.

Now, this is a great truth—a great lesson. It is one, too, to which, it appears to us, there is a growing inclination to listen. No two works in respect of machinery and costume, of incident and of character, can be more unlike than the *Marquis Azeglio's* "*Maid of Florence*," and *Mrs. Gaskell's* "*Ruth*." And yet they breathe much the same spirit. The same great lesson of charity and toleration is to be learnt from them both. The world has been much too prone to think more of the corruption of the body than of the corruption of the heart—to believe that the former necessarily indicates the latter, and to take no account of circumstances. It is to be hoped that ere long we shall think more

wisely and more truthfully of these things—not attaching to them only the gross material significance which appeals to the outward eye. The poor outcast Selvaggia, in the Marquis Azeglio's noble fiction, has no less claim to the womanly sympathy and affection of the chastest of her sex, than if she had never been foully wronged, and thrown, in her helplessness, upon the world. This picture is one to be dwelt upon with all tenderness and humility. It is as beautiful as it is true—as interesting as it is instructive.

There is a novel before us, named "Charles Delmer,"* which, like the "Maid of Florence," seems to have been written by one who has mixed largely in the great affairs of the world. It is a political novel, and is the work of one thoroughly acquainted with the parties and the men who have fought on the political arena during the last quarter of a century—a quarter of a century laden with great events. We do not know who is the author of this clever book, but it is impossible to question his ability. "Charles Delmer" is rather a gallery of political portraits, than a narrative of fictitious adventure. There is life and animation in it, and it is not wanting in incident; but its merits will be best appreciated by those who can discern the remarkable fidelity of its portraiture. These portraits are struck off with great breadth and vigour; they are truthful without malice—racy without bitterness. The hand that drew them has not been guided by the animosity of Party. The most conspicuous feature in the gallery is that of Jacobi, in whom the reader will have no difficulty in tracing the lineaments of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. The likeness is a kindly one—but unmistakable. Peel and Lord John appear without any disguise. The present First Lord of the Admiralty is there also, sketched by no friendly hand. The hero of the story, Charles Delmer, appears to be partly a fictitious—partly a real personage. The reality appears to be derived from the character and career of Charles Buller. Indeed Charles Delmer may not unfairly be presumed to be a fancy portrait of that lamented statesman. The embellishments are considerable; but there is beneath them a solid substratum of truth. The book is one that has already been much talked of, and, doubtless, it will find its way to many a shooting-box, or be stowed away in many a travelling-carriage, during this idle month of September, for the amusement of those who, whilst Parliament was sitting, had little leisure for the perusal even of the political novel of the year. And, in truth, there is much to be learnt from "Charles Delmer." It is as good reading as any Blue-book; quite as instructive, and a hundred times more amusing. "Politics, count on it, demand a large spice of the devil," said Jacobi to Charles Delmer. And a political novel is worth little that has not some of this spice. It appears to us, that in these volumes there is just enough of it, and no more. There is nothing that is not "within the limits of becoming *devilry*." But there is spice in almost every page.

Very different from this work is Mr. Reade's new story,

* "Charles Delmer—a Story of the Day." 2 vols. 1853.

"Christie Johnstone."* It is a book, indeed, *sui generis*. Mr. Reade describes it as "a faulty but genuine piece of work." That it is a genuine piece of work, we see plainly enough, but we do not very clearly recognize its faults. If we were to judge it by a standard with which it was never intended that it should conform, it would, doubtless, be very easy to say what the story is *not*, because it is very easy to see what it was never intended to be. It is in all respects thoroughly unconventional. It is a novel not in three volumes, but in one, with incident and character sufficient for a novel of the recognized trade dimensions, and heart enough for half a dozen such works. Christie Johnstone, the heroine of the story which bears her name, is the orphan daughter of a Newhaven fisherman. She is one of Nature's own nobility, though she catches and she cries "caller herrin'," and has a rich Doric brogue past all denial. We do not know whether there are many such young fish-wives in Newhaven, but if there are, we should like vastly to live among them. Some may, perhaps, say, that there are not *many*, and that there is not *one*; but, as Lord Ipsden, or perhaps the author through Lord Ipsden, says, "art is not imitation, but illusion;" and the illusion, in this instance, is assuredly a beautiful one.

As a piece of homely pathos going straight to the heart, we know nothing more exquisitely touching than this story of "Christie Johnstone." Many of the incidents, as that which tells how one of these Newhaven fishermen and his son are drowned in the Firth, and how, when the tidings are brought in, none of his comrades have the heart to communicate the doleful news to the wife and mother, who are waiting their return; or that which shows us Christie Johnstone arresting the progress of the fierce drunkard, Sandy Liston, on the way to the whiskey-shop, and daring him to strike her father's daughter; or, more than all, that in which is brought so vividly before us Christie, with her young brother, putting out to sea to save a drowning man, a bather, who is being carried out by the tide — are described with a power and a truthfulness rarely excelled in modern fiction. The manly courage blended with the maidenly modesty, educed by such a circumstance as this, beautifully exhibit both the true heroine and the true woman. And whilst in this the skill of the painter of character is strikingly developed, there is a minute objectiveness in the manner in which all the outer adjuncts of this exciting scene are described, which shows that Mr. Reade possesses other artistic qualities than these. Indeed, it appears to us that there is in "Christie Johnstone" a rare union of the descriptive and the dramatic. Nothing of its kind could be much better than the description of the great take of herrings in the thirteenth chapter. It is impossible to read it without partaking of the excitement of the sport—without almost thinking that one has one's hand upon the bursting net. Altogether, indeed, the work is entirely what the author says of it, a "genuine piece of work," and we are much

* "Christie Johnstone." A Novel. By Charles Reade, Esq., Author of "Peg Woffington."

mistaken if it does not please him where, undeniably, he ought to be, in the front rank of our popular writers of fiction.

Differing greatly, again, from "Christie Johnstone," is the work which next presents itself to our notice—the "Life and Death of Silas Barnstarke."* It is not a story of the present day. It is a story of the times of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. It is an illustration of the master-passion of avarice. Silas Barnstarke sells himself body and soul to Mammon. In his unholy greed he treads down all the sympathies and affections of humanity. He ceases, indeed, almost to be a man. The picture is a revolting one; but it is drawn with no common power. The book is, altogether, one not easily to be thrown aside. It is extremely unlike the "School for Dreamers." It belongs to a different class of fiction. Instead of the light and satirical, we have the grave and the passionate. "Silas Barnstarke" is gloomy and tragic. There is something in it of the spirit of the old Greek drama. There is an inevitable Nemesis brooding over the unhappy man, as we plainly see, from the first. "What profit hath he, that he hath laboured for the wind? All his days he eateth in darkness, and he has much sorrow and wrath with his sickness." So saith the Preacher of those who have "riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt." The sickness of Silas Barnstarke was the plague; and he perished miserably. The story is a short one; but it is full of incident and full of character; and we lay it aside with an enhanced opinion of the powers of the writer.

But any record of the current literature of September and October would be most imperfect without some notice of the completion of Mr. Dickens' last serial fiction. "Bleak House" is finished; Jarndyce-and-Jarndyce is at an end. They who from month to month have dwelt with eager attention on the narrative of Esther Summerson, have now placed the volume on their shelves, often, we will venture to say, to be taken down, and wept over again, with new interest and new emotion.

A book which, Mr. Dickens himself assures us, has had more readers than any of his former works, is, to a certain extent, independent of criticism. But the critic, nevertheless, must say something about it. That "something" is very easily said. ["Bleak House" is, in some respects, the worst of Mr. Dickens' fictions, but, in many more, it is the best.]

It is the worst, inasmuch as in no other work is the tendency to disagreeable exaggeration so conspicuous as in this. [There are a great number of *dramatis personæ* moving about in this story, some of them exercising no perceptible influence upon its action or in any way contributing to the catastrophe of the piece.] They disappear from the scene, give no sign, and when we come to look back upon our transient acquaintance with them, we begin to suspect that the story would have profited more by "their room than by their company." Now such characters are only serviceable in fiction, when they represent a class, and something is

* "The Life and Death of Silas Barnstarke," By the Author of the "School for Fathers," "The School for Dreamers," &c. 1853.

gained to morality, if nothing to art. When, on the other hand, they are exaggerated exceptions, and represent nothing which we have ever seen, or heard, or dreamt of, we cannot but regard them as mere excrescences which we should like to see pruned away. Of what conceivable use, for example, is such a personage as Mr. Harold Skimpole? He does not assist the story, and, apart from the story, he is simply a monstrosity. That there are a great many people in the world who sit lightly under their pecuniary obligations is unhappily a fact, but if Harold Skimpoles are moving about anywhere, we will answer for it that they do not meet, in any known part of this habitable globe, such a number of tolerant and accommodating friends as Mr. Dickens' "child" is represented to have encountered. But, leaving such personages as Mr. Skimpole, Mrs. Pardiggle, Mr. Chadband and others, to advert slightly to those who do exercise some influence upon the development of the plot, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Dickens has committed a grave error in bringing together such a number of extraordinary personages, as are to be found huddled *en masse* in this romance, the Smallweeds, the Krooks, the Guppys and others. As for poor Miss Flight, we recognize her presence as a legitimacy, for she is the veritable chorus to the great Chancery tragedy, which is here so terribly sustained, even to the dark catastrophe of the death of the young victim. But is it, we ask, within the rightful domain of true art to make the unnatural in character thus predominate over the natural? [In "Bleak House," for every one natural character we could name half a dozen unnatural ones; for every pleasant personage, half a dozen painful ones. Such characters, for example, as the Smallweeds, in which the extreme of physical infirmity, resulting from constitutional decay, is painted with a sickening minuteness, are simply revolting.

[There is nothing, indeed, more remarkable in "Bleak House" than the almost entire absence of humour.] In this story the grotesque and the contemptible have taken the place of the humorous. There are some passages in the history of Mr. Guppy which raise a smile, but beyond these we really do not remember anything provocative of even a transient feeling of hilarity. It would seem, however, that in proportion as Mr. Dickens has ceased to be, what he was once believed to be only, a humorous writer, he has been warmed into a pathetic one. [The pathos of "Bleak House" is as superior to that of "David Copperfield," as "David Copperfield" was, in this respect, superior to any of the author's former productions. There are passages, indeed, in it which nothing can excel.

The chief merit of "Bleak House" lies, indeed, in these detached passages. [There are *parts* which, without hesitation, may be pronounced more powerful and more tender than anything that Dickens ever wrote—but the whole is disappointing. We feel that the story has not been carefully constructed, and that the undue elaboration of minor and unimportant characters crowding the canvas, and blocking up the space at the author's command, has compelled such a slurring over of required explanations towards

the end of the story, that the reader lays down the last number of the series scarcely believing that he is not to hear anything more. The want of art is apparent, if we look only at the entire work. But there is wonderful art in the working out of some of the details. The narrative of the pursuit of Lady Dedlock may be instanced as one of the most powerful pieces of writing in the English language. There is profound pathos, as there is also high teaching, in the description of the death of the poor outcast, Joe; and very touching too is the sketch of the last moments of Richard Carstairs, done to death by his Chancery suit. Of single characters there are some at least which may be cited as new to Mr. Dickens' pages. The trooper, George, is a noble fellow, and we are always right glad to meet him. Caddy Jellaby is another who never comes amiss to us. Mr. Bucket is a portrait that stands out from the canvas just like a bit of life. And we cannot help thinking that poor Rick, with his *no*-character, is as truthful a bit of painting as there is in the whole book. Of Mr. Jarndyce and Esther Summerson we hardly know what to say. We should like to have substantial faith in the existence of such loveable, self-merging natures, whether belonging to elderly gentlemen or young maidens. But we cannot say that we have. Indeed, the final disposal of Esther, after all that had gone before, is something that so far transcends the limits of our credulity, that we are compelled to pronounce it eminently unreal. We do not know whether most to marvel at him who transfers, or her who is transferred from one to another like a bale of goods. Neither, if we could believe in such an incident, would our belief in any way enhance our admiration of the heroine. A little more strength of character would not be objectionable—even in a wife.

We have instanced these defects,—defects which our reason condemns,—defects spoken of commonly by hundreds and thousands of readers in nowise professing to be critics, mainly with the intent of illustrating the wonderful genius of the writer, whose greatest triumph it is to take the world captive in spite of these accumulated heresies against nature and against art. Everybody reads—everybody admires—everybody is delighted—everybody loves—and yet almost everybody finds something to censure, something to condemn. [The secret of all this, or, rather, for it is no secret, the fact is, that almost every page of the book is instinct with genius, and that Charles Dickens writes to the hearts, not to the heads, of his readers.] It is easy to say,—as we have said, and not falsely either,—that “Bleak House” is untruthful. If there were not wonderful truthfulness in it, it would not have touched so many hearts. But the truthfulness is in the individual details; it is truthfulness in untruthfulness. There are minute traits of character,—little scraps of incident,—small touches of feeling, strewn everywhere about the book, so truthful and so beautiful, that we are charmed as we read, and grieve when we can read no longer. It is unreasonable to look for perfection anywhere, but if the whole of such a work as “Bleak House” were equal to its parts, what a book it would be!

THE WEIRD MAN.*

CARELESS of all, to that dread room I went,
 And heard them say that I was penitent.
 They gave me absolution, and again
 They turned me forth upon the busy scene
 Of the cold selfish world, a blighted thing,
 A wounded flutterer, with a broken wing,
 Hopeless and fearless, turned me forth to die,
 But for the pity of one watchful eye.

He was an aged man, and I had done
 Some passing kindness to his only son,
 He saw me wander out unmeaningly,
 And when he knew no curious eye could see,
 He stole forth silently unto the place,
 And bent a searching gaze upon my face ;
 "It is the same," he said, and shook with fear,
 "Accursed torture hath wrought strangely here.

"Not many weeks ago and he was borne,
 Rejoicing in gay manhood's early morn,
 To those unholy cells, and now he shows
 Like one in whose dull veins the life-blood froze,
 Chilled by the rough touch of untimely age,
 Ah ! he hath studied since a bitter page
 Of sorest anguish, and the deadly strife
 Hath been to him as years of common life."

He bore me to their home, where many a day
 In that half senseless tranced state I lay ;
 He watched me like a mother, then he brought
 Their prattling infants round me, "for if aught
 Can stir this heavy sorrow it will be
 Young laughing childhood's artless witchery."

And so in truth it was, for I awoke
 From that dull trance, and once again I spoke.
 My own voice startled me at first ; it seemed,
 I talked at random, and as one who dreamed.

I know not how it was, perchance the prayers
 Of innocent hearts were heard for me, but airs,
 As from good angel's wings, came o'er my soul,
 So did sweet childhood's mirth my bitterness control.

Ere long I left them, for I would not stay
 Within that hated place one needless day.

* Continued from p. 272.

It was a weary journey that I made,
 And heavy langour oft my steps delayed.
 My very gait was altered,—once my feet
 Had kept time nimbly with my glad heart's beat,
 Their movement now was weak and wavering,
 Besides, it was the first faint heat of spring.
 But a few months were gone, but they had shed
 Untimely snows upon my faded head,
 And chilled the generous current of my blood.
 My weary path just skirted the small wood,
 So dear to me of old. Its trees were bare
 Of their green mantle; Winter's frozen air
 Had breathed upon them sternly, and the Spring
 Waved over them but now his quickening wing.
 O'er me had swept a winter of the soul;
 Upon its frozen breath no spring-airs stole.
 I was another man—my heart was chilled;
 Harder and hateful thoughts my spirit filled.
 It seemed not so at first; whilst yet I stayed
 Within that home where happy children played,
 My bitter sleep was broken by the sound
 Of sweetest music floating gaily round
 My opening ears, and for a passing hour
 The melody of those soft strains had power
 To charm my chafed spirit as it rose
 To waking consciousness of all its woes.
 Too soon perchance I left them; for there grew
 Strange bitterness within me, till I knew
 No fellowship of soul with living thing;
 From man I turned with loathing, and would fling
 My imprecations o'er him; e'en the flight
 Of merry birds around me, or the sight
 Of the gay things which fill the air, I cursed;
 I hated all, and what was happiest, worst.

This grew not up at once, but day by day;
 To its first risings I had given way;
 Like the fresh trembling flakes which silently
 Shoot o'er some pool, beneath the clear cold sky,
 At quiet midnight: the new field but now
 Beneath the feet of dancing elves would bow;
 With silent course a stubborn strength it gains,
 And thick-ribbed ice the restless water chains;—
 And so my heart was hardened, and became
 Meet for the tempter's purpose. Bitter shame,
 Remembrance of intolerable wrong,
 A maddened thirst for vengeance, fierce and strong
 As love of life in youth, together glowed
 Within my burning soul. No mark I showed
 For outward notice, but it spread within,
 Till I grew ripe for every deadly sin.

I dwelt, too, in a mighty city, where
 None knew, none loved me; the refreshing air
 Of unbought kindness never healed the smart
 Of lonely sorrow. On a stricken heart,
 More darkly than the voiceless desert, frowns
 The populous solitude of noisy towns;
 For I have stood and seen them by the hour
 Pass and repass, as the wind's ceaseless power
 Drives wave on wave towards some beaten shore,
 And some would saunter by, as wishing more
 To see and to be seen, than aught beside,
 And stop, and talk, and gaze on either side;
 While some, with hasty feet and eager eye,
 And moving lips which spake not, hurried by:
 The bounding step of youth, the busy tread
 Of calculating manhood, and the head
 Whose palsied shake moved quicker than the feet
 The strong staff scarce supported; all would meet
 Within that crowded passage; yet from all
 My weary gaze saw daily, there would fall
 On me no look of recognition; none
 Smiled when they saw me. As the misty sun
 Shines coldly on the ice-field, every eye
 Gazed on me as it passed unmeaningly.
 This was to be alone—to be—to live—
 Within a swarming hive, where none would give
 One kind thought to me, or one cheerful word,
 My mind turned in upon itself, and stirred
 Still bitterer hatred up, and, harder thought,
 Until to deepest crime my soul was brought.

I often mused upon the cursed charge
 Which had sapped all my peace, and then at large
 My evil thoughts would wander. Could it be
 That in such lore there was reality?
 And yet why not? since in us and around
 These unseen spirits dwell; and who shall bound
 Their power and presence? Deep within my soul
 The tainted spot was spreading, till the whole
 Grew sick and cankered; in the early hour
 Of my mind's youth, this evil love of power,
 Like some foul plant in springtime, scarce was seen
 Amidst the general burst of various green.
 Now all beside had withered; it remained,
 And spread o'er all; the poisonous stock retained
 Its blighting nature; and I fain would learn
 Secrets of power from which pure spirits turn
 With holy loathing; for I sought to know
 Forbidden things the enemy can show.

Nay, start not, Oscar; thou hast nought to fear;
 I have no tale to tell of forms which scare

The feeble dream of crones, and grace so well
 The idle fables withered dotards tell
 To trembling ears; it was not thus I knew
 That my bad vows were heard, and that I drew
 Power more than man's from evil communing:
 Yet I have *felt* that presence, like the wing
 Of unseen birds beating the tremulous air.
 Unholy strength was given me to dare
 To listen, in the silent breath of even,
 For voices which came not from things of heaven;
 Nor from the lips of feeble, earth-born men,
 Unheard by those around me; yet, e'en then,
 Distinct to me, though dull and accentless,—
 The shadow of a voice. I could not guess
 Whence it came to me; for its piercing sound,
 Which reached my inmost soul, came floating round,
 Upon the pulses of the general air,
 Like distant echoes—heard now here, now there.
 And in my dreams I saw a shadowy form,
 'T was still the same—scarce seen—as when a storm
 O'er canopies the heaven, and casts a gloom
 O'er dusky portraits in some ancient room.

Yet, though half veiled in gloom, 't was sometimes turned
 More full upon me, and my sense discerned
 Majestic beauty; yet it was not fair,
 Nor pleased the gazer's eye: for gathered there
 Blackness of woe and hate; and ever still
 A scornful smile dwelt on it, which might fill
 The boldest heart with shuddering. I have seen
 Those features waking; stifling crowds have been
 Thick jammed together, so that men might tread,
 Upon the living floor, from head to head;
 But in a moment I have caught that eye,
 And been alone with it, tho' all were by.
 For power I thirsted; power was granted me;
 And all I asked for, was, or seemed to be,
 Put freely in my hands,—wealth, honour, fame,
 (For tho' none loved, yet many feared my name)
 The cloying sweets of sense—and, dear to pride,
 The joy of devils, hatred gratified.
 True these were mine; yet ever with them all,
 A settled sense of misery would fall
 Upon my burdened spirit; with a smile
 Of scornful hatred all was granted; while
 An aching unreality possessed
 Each promised joy, and tortured my torn breast.
 E'en while enjoyed, mere shadows they would seem,
 The unreal phantoms of a busy dream.
 My sense was undeceived, and forced to know,
 What men call matter, as a juggling show,

A fleeting picture painted on the mind;
 Which was not, tho' 't was felt,—all undefined,—
 Grasped at in vain when present, and when gone,
 Leaving behind no trace to look upon.
 This poisoned every pleasure ; for I grew
 To doubt of all things, so that I scarce knew
 Whether I was, or not—or whether there
 Were any round me. Forms I saw them wear,
 Or sometimes thought I saw, yet scarce could say.
 Perchance I walked in sleep, and so did they.
 Oh ! it was horrible, to live in doubt
 Of mine own self, and all things round about.
 And when I asked for light, the evil one
 Would smile in bitterness, and from the sun
 With which he seemed to lighten me, would cast
 A thicker darkness o'er me than the past.

I cannot tell thee all. Yet this I may ;
 It was a hateful service, day by day :
 My sad heart smote me ; oft I longed to be,
 Myself again, in any weakness free.
 Yet that was past ; it was a fearful stake
 I played—and lost, and never more could break
 The viewless fetters wound about my soul,
 Which held my raging spirit in controul.

Men called me mad ; they said that racking pain,
 And torturing solitude had crazed my brain ;
 For that I spoke to shadows, things of nought,
 The mocking phantoms of diseased thought.
 That when I felt a presence which I deemed
 The mighty evil one, I idly dreamed ;
 And spoke unmeaningly, as dreamers do.
 Time has been since, when I have thought so too :
 When puzzled memory, brooding on that time,
 Its features strange, its anguish and its crime,
 Has gazed upon them till my sight would ache,
 As men look back on visions when they wake.—
 The tangled web a vagrant fancy weaves,
 Perplexed with contradictions, till she leaves
 The restless head, more weary for its sleep,
 Whilst o'er the wakened mind there still will creep,
 The uneasy sense of tossed and troubled thought.
 Whate'er it was—or true or false—it brought
 Deep misery o'er me. Living hope had fled,
 And with its flight, the heart of life was dead ;
 Yet with despair there came a certain joy
 (Sure thus the fiends are made) : I could employ
 My evil powers for evil : I could wreak
 My hatred on mankind, for they would seek

Help from me in their need, and counsel wise,
 Beyond the skill of man. Before my eyes
 What secret things were spread! as some tall spire
 Draws from the threatening cloud the liquid fire
 Of deadly lightning, so there came to me,
 All various forms of crime and misery.
 The weak were there, because their strength was small,
 Whilst their fierce hearts burned hotly; they would call,
 A greater might than theirs to nerve their arms,
 And deal against their foes the blighting charm,
 Of some fiend's mischief. Wives would come to seek
 Some potent spell of power enough to break
 The wanton chains which other eyes had thrown
 O'er faithless hearts which should be theirs alone.
 The spendthrift heir sought to me, to be told
 How long the grudged life of age would hold,
 The wealth he hungered for, away from him.
 The faded cheek, and sunken eye-ball dim,
 Would ask for youthful bloom, or secret arts,
 To win again the homage of young hearts.
 And all I loved to torture, whilst I seemed
 To help them on to what their fancy deemed
 Would give them happiness; with evil guile
 I had been cheated; and my heart would smile,
 In very bitterness of mirth, to see
 How they all fluttered on uneasily
 Into the web whose tangling meshes crossed
 Their onward path, till truth and hope were lost.
 Before their straining eyes, wild fancy shed
 Her idly-brilliant lights, and they were led
 To plunge their sinking footsteps deeper yet.
 Oh! these are horrors I would fain forget:
 For I could tell thee tales of woe, which would
 Harrow thy spirit up, and send thy blood
 Back on thy freezing heart; such misery,
 As e'en in evil dreams young hearts ne'er see,
 Until the morning dews have passed away,
 And they are scorched and faint at hot noonday.
 Amongst the rest, an aged father came,
 Not aged to weakness; one in whom the flame
 Of life burned strongly yet; his spirit nursed
 Longings of base ambition; to be first
 Amongst his fellow slaves, by any arts;
 It mattered not to him that bleeding hearts
 Were trampled piecemeal down: his restless eye
 Gleamed with the timid glance of cruelty.

'T was a foul story boldly spoken; heag
 No sense of shame upon his practised tongue
 Its hesitating weight: straight on he spoke:
 He started not, when first his evil broke

On his own listening ear, nor blushed the while;
 His blinded soul was darkened thro' long guile.
 Envy and chilling avarice had grown
 With his heart's growth, and made it hard as stone.

He had a daughter. Fair she was, he said,
 And good as fair; upon the low-born maid
 Count Bertram's gaze had rested. He had seen,
 And loved as such men love; for he had been
 Wedded from youth to pleasure; thwarted ne'er,
 And with an insolent and haughty air,
 He wooed old Weimar's daughter: deeming here,
 That he did honour unto one as pure
 As e'er was heart of virgin innocence,
 Although he sought her lightly; but the fancy
 Of maiden modesty he found too strong;
 Yet still he ignorantly deemed, e'er long,
 He should betray her heart; tho' not a word,
 Of looser love the high-souled maiden heard.
 As in some northern forest's depth, the breeze,
 When Spring's warm breathing woos the whispering trees,
 From feathery pine, and tufted cedar shakes,
 In showers of sparkling dust, the gathered flakes
 Of parted Winter's snow, her spirit cast
 Each evil thought away, and so there passed,
 No shade upon its brightness. Bertram's pride
 It strangely moved, that he should be denied.
 The flying good more fiercely he pursued.
 With other eyes, than he had ever viewed
 Another maiden, Bertha now he saw.
 His lawless will had ever been his law,
 An untamed spirit chafed beneath the rein,
 Yet better loved the damsel for his pain.
 And he would offer all to win her hand,
 His knightly name, his castle, and broad land.
 But Bertha heeded not. There was a time,
 E'er she had linked his name with thought of crime,
 When it may chance that such a suit had given,
 To his dark soul that choicest gift of heaven
 The dewy brightness of Love's opening flower,
 The fresh fond heart of woman's morning hour.
 But that was passed: nor had she seen him more,
 Save at old Weimar's bidding: for his door
 Was open to the Count; and he would fain,
 That such a suit the damsel's ear should gain.
 He feared him not, nor loved him; but to be
 Thus linked in blood with old nobility,
 Moved his base spirit: so he would that I,
 Upon his child, the hidden art should try.

And so he brought me home, and made me known
 Unto the damsel as his friend alone;

And she suspected not a hid intent,
 Nor aught had heard of me; and so I went,
 Secure in heartless craft: but on my eyes,
 There burst a vision decked in gorgeous dyes,
 Bright forms of beauty; as in dreamy sleep
 Float round some holy maid high watch to keep.
 For she was passing fair; such heavenly light
 Was shed around her that my fading sight,
 Like the spent wave, against a thwarting rock,
 Fell baffled and abashed: as by the shock
 Of lightning's sharpest glancing; when the eye
 O'erpowered by splendour, sees uncertainly
 But dizzy motes which fill the peopled air.
 And having seen her, scarcely did I dare
 Again upon that dazzling form to gaze.
 Sure there was fascination in her face,
 So did it hold my captive eye in thrall,
 For I must gaze, and gazing ventured all.
 And she was pure—not purer falling snow;
 Simple as childhood's laugh; she did but know
 That I was Weimar's friend, and so she spoke
 With innocent boldness, for her father's sake,
 A welcome greeting to me. I became
 Their frequent guest, until the hidden flame,
 Which they would have me kindle in her breast,
 By my bad power my yielding soul confessed.
 And she subdued my unresisting heart
 By spells of mightier force than magic art.

Yet none suspected me, and so I grew
 More intimate each day. And little knew
 That crafty Evil One who led me on,
 Step after step, the healing light which shone
 Into my bosom's darkness. Sin to sin
 He deemed me adding, and that he should win
 More certainly my soul. Yet virtuous love
 Was kindling in me, lighted from above.

They were, perchance, the last far-buried seeds
 Of kindlier human feelings; evil weeds
 Had poisoned all besides: but these still kept
 The principle of life, although they slept
 Unknown, unthought of, till the quickening ray
 Of her soul's sunshine woke them into day.
 'Twas long before I whispered to her ear—
 My full heart wildly tossed by hope and fear—
 The love I bore her: not unmoved, it seemed,
 She heard the whisper. In that joy, I deemed
 All sorrow passed with me. From out the cloud
 So thick and stifling, which had grown to shroud
 My darkened soul, there poured a golden light
 Pure as the dawn of Heaven, so soft and bright

I could not think of darkness. It were long
 'To tell thee all that followed. Deep and strong
 Was Weimar's anger; yet at last we won
 His grudging consent, and Bertha was my own.

And even now was loosed the icy chain;
 The natural current of my blood again
 Flowed as in Man. Nor, henceforth, sought I more
 That cursed presence: yet HE gave not o'er
 His captive victim so; but ever came
 First mild, with specious smiles, but then in flame
 With threatenings terrible to sense, if I,
 His plighted slave, should ever dare deny
 The deadly compact which had linked my soul
 To his accursed power; sometimes his control
 Seemed broken for a time, and I was free.
 But then in dreams he would revisit me—
 His power was great in dreams—and then I woke
 In breathless agony; and, waking, spoke
 As dying men may speak, in sight of death,
 With the last, suruggling, agonized breath.
 She was my succour: for a holy air
 Floated around her; and He did not dare
 Invade that sacred presence: God's own might
 Dwelt in her innocence, and put to flight
 The hated powers of evil; she would still
 My troubled spirit oft: all thoughts of ill
 Floated at once away when she was nigh,
 As rising waves bear with them silently
 The gathered leaves which playful winds have borne
 And laid upon the shore; but deep would mourn
 My stricken heart, for I was yet the prey
 Of doubt and darkness; as the trembling spray
 Some light bird's foot hath left, which trembles still,
 My spirit shook e'en with departing ill.
 I heard her speak, oh! those were angel sounds;
 This dull cold heart at their remembrance bounds
 She spoke of faith; my swelling thoughts would heave;
 Oh how, like her, I thirsted to believe!

In youth's fresh fragrance my whole heart had bowed
 With questionless submission, but the crowd
 Of hard, bold doubtings long had brooded there,
 And choked my soul's breath with the poisonous air
 Of their proud reasonings, till I could not be
 A child in innocent simplicity.

It was a fearful struggle; and the night
 Of hopeless gloom, but for her holy light,
 Had gathered thickly round me; in the hour
 Of present evil her o'ermastering power
 Still set my spirit free; and she would sing
 With richer melody than birds of spring

To soothe my troubled soul, and win again
Calm thoughts of peace to visit this racked brain.

BERTHA.

"Come walk with me, 't will cheer thy spirit, love,
And we will listen while the cushat dove
Speaks softly to his mate, and stirs the air
As the light gales which on their sweet breath bear
The wild flower's fragrance—stirs the glassy face
Of the broad lake which sleeps in the embrace
Of slumbering trees which throng its shaded bank."

MADMAN.

"I cannot walk with thee; of old I drank
Full draughts of nature's sounds right eagerly.
It was my boyhood's pleasure still to be
A watchful listener to the under notes
Of her sweet voice, to hear each song which floats
Upon the evening's gale, or at midday
My listless length in the long grass to lay,
Hearing the insect's hum; the general sound
Of living happiness which echoes round
The joyful earth; but I am altered now.
Stern sorrow sets her seal upon my brow,
These sounds of joy are not for men like me."

And I had broke from her; but suddenly
As from an angel's lyre sweet notes I heard
Soothing the ruffled breast, dark sorrow stirred.

BERTHA'S SONG.

Say not all nature's notes are gay,
That every sound rejoices,
That earth and air, where'er we stray,
Are full of happy voices;
Oh say not all around is glad
And only thou art sad.

Though joy and love in every tree
The merry birds are whispering,
Though every bush is full of glee,
As leaves with dew-drops glistening,
Yet mournful notes are wafted high
In morning's breath and evening's sigh.

Go stand in yonder tangled brake
While bright-leaved fern is glancing:
Those branching stems safe covert make
For the dappled fawn's light dancing.
List! (as the timid creatures fly,
With bounding foot most noiselessly),

To that deep note, which all around
 The heathery glen is waking,
 The mother's call; as sad a sound
 As the sob when hearts are breaking.
 As plaintive and as wild a tone,
 As listening ear hath known.

Or stand beside the sea,
 When its long swell sullenly
 Sweeps o'er the lonely beach;
 Or listen for the notes,
 Which as thro' rocks it floats,
 The sighing breeze can teach
 To echo's mournful voice, on the wild hill's lonely reach.

Then mark the sea bird's cry,
 As steadily they fly,
 Their wild and watchful eye
 Fixed keenly upon thee.
 Their long wings outstretched wide,
 As they veer from side to side,
 And seem at will to ride
 All motionless and still on the breezes of the sea.

All—all are mournful sounds,
 And meet for mourner's ears,
 Not for the heart which gaily bounds,
 And eyes which ne'er knew tears,
 Are Nature's beauties planned alone,
 Or tuned her various tone.

The brightness and the glory
 Of the dazzling sunlit day,
 And the glad bird's ceaseless story,
 As the merry roundelay
 Bursts forth from every spray;
 These are for dancing hearts and laughing eyes,
 But there are other dyes
 Of soberer beauty: there are wreathing clouds,
 And softening mist which shrouds
 Day's garish splendour, so that eyes which weep
 Find soothing Nature keep
 Time with their sadness; whispered murmurs speak
 To hearts which almost break
 In kindred notes, the sorrow-stricken ear
 Loveth right well to hear.

There was a day when she would have me go
 And worship with her; little did she know
 My cold heart's strangeness from its only Lord,
 Its cursed friendship with the powers abhorred.

She would not be denied, and so I went :
 It was just past the holy days of Lent ;
 And Easter hymns rose up in full-voiced tide,
 E'en as we entered, to the Crucified.

Faithless I stood among the faithful throng ;
 Yet, as I mused, the power of holy song
 Came sweetly o'er my soul. I thought of days
 When my own infant tongue had learned such lays :
 I saw my mother's form—her tender eye,
 As for her child she pleaded earnestly.
 My life was spread before me ; all its hues
 Of sin and mercy ; and I could not choose
 In that blest hour, but raise a struggling prayer,
 Half winged by hope—half stifled by despair.
 Upon the Merciful I dared to call,
 And even with the prayer there seemed to fall
 Upon my parched dry heart, which so long knew
 Nor rain, nor verdure, a refreshing dew,
 As the first dew of herbs, when each stalk plays
 With evening's balmy breath in summer days.

Sweet airs of mercy o'er my spirit stole,
 And loosed the very fetters of my soul.
 Yet had I conflicts oft ; in visions still
 My soul was haunted by the powers of ill.
 Sometimes I dreamed of every painted show,
 Which sparkles gaily with ambition's glow—
 The golden palace, and the hum of men
 Thronging its courts with service ; Fancy, then,
 Took up the half-heard buzz, and with my name
 Sounded the rising breath of empty fame.
 But with it all, I heard a ceaseless noise,
 Dull, accentless, yet piercing, then a voice
 Would ever whisper in my half-stunned ears,
 So low its silver strains, none else could hear,—

“ This is not peace ; fly hence and be at rest,
 Where faith shall calm and hope shall glad thy breast.”
 E'en as I woke I heard that heavenly tone ;
 It seem'd like Bertha's voice ; but when alone,
 How fiercely raged the strife, ah ! none can tell ;
 With what black vengeance yawn the gulfs of hell
 For those who sport with sin. The happy song,
 Which holy hearts still chaunt who pass along
 The untainted path, their virgin spirits free
 As childhood's babbling, singing joyfully.
 Their song of Faith and Hope I could not learn ;
 Strange doubts oppressed me, and could but discern,
 Clad in dark clouds of vengeance, black with storm,
 The guiding hand and the imagined form

Of the Almighty Judge. Sad years pas ed on
 Before the mists of unbelief were gone.
 They clung to my sick soul, and tainted all
 Life's purity; and ever would they fall
 Upon the brightest joy. They fled at last,
 And I could breathe at will, as one safe passed
 Through sulphurous gales into a purer air.
 Long time did she, as some pure spirit, cheer
 My struggling conflict onward; long she gave
 Fresh strength to my faint heart, when o'er the wave
 Of coming woe, she poured her full-toned song
 Of faithful hope and resignation; long
 She was the spring of after-joy, when life
 Flowed in a smoother current, free from strife.
 She was thy mother, Oscar! oh! how sore
 An anguish fell upon me, when, once more,
 I turned alone on life from her closed grave—
 But then I knew that she was sent to save
 An erring soul; and I could meekly bow
 To God's high will, and with a patient vow
 Of better service—from a bleeding heart
 Bless His great name who sent the sorer smart.

The old man paused; for there
 Was gathering the big tear
 Within his aged eye—
 As when, through all the air,
 Tumultuous currents bear
 The troubled thunder-clouds across a summer sky.

Then in a deep embrace
 Was buried that bright face
 Of youthful piety;
 And, for a little space,
 The father's straining gaze
 Fed on him happily.
 His trembling fingers close
 The open volume, and they rose.

A JOURNEY FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO ST. PETER'S.

THE Pantheon and Colosseum being the two principal antiquities of Rome, I some way contrived to confound the *concepts* of their names in my memory while it was yet turbid with the sudden influx of all Rome, and ever since, I have always called them by their wrong names. Perhaps, also, the Colosseum in Regent's Park being made the shape and size of the Pantheon of its real namesake, may have aggravated this Mrs. Nicklebyism, which I had to compromise by calling them the Panacæum and Colothron irrespectively. Therefore, having lately told you something about the Pantheon, for want of any better order or method, I feel inclined to tell you something about the Colosseum now.

It was towards sunset when I saw it first, descending the Capitoline hill, and looking across the Forum. But I should, perhaps, not overlook the Forum without a passing glimpse of what it is like. Imagine a dreary, oblong common, whose nearer end is much broken with gaping gravel-pits, from the bottom of which—as if it was the resurrection-day of a buried city, decayed old temples coming unexpectedly to life again, seem to have risen on their shaky columns to look about for missing shoulder-blades of pediments, and collar-bones of cornice preparatory to stepping out of their graves.

One triumphal arch, breast-high in the pit, shows at the bottom of it a bit of large, dark-stoned pavement, which the shoes of Horace and Virgil helped to polish, the continuation of which pavement either way is covered by thirty feet of the dust of ages.

At the other end of the common, where the ground rises a little, another triumphal arch seemed to have got clear, already to be on the way to the Colosseum. To the left are some long-lived veterans who appear to have fraternized with a subsequent generation of modern churches, and never to have been buried at all. Bounding the other side of the Forum, lies a huge, long, shapeless mound of ruin, which looks as if it had really quite forgotten what it ever was like, and did not know what to pick out of the unclaimed bones in the fosses, and felt hopeless of ever making up its mind or body. To complete its confusion, somebody has built a red-brick villa, with stuccoed terraces, and cockney urns at the top of it. The palace of the Cæsars once !!

Such is the Forum, beyond which you get a glimpse of the giant amphitheatre; and when you have passed through the triumphal arch of Titus, decorated with bas-reliefs of the spoils of Jerusalem, among which the seven-branched candlestick is conspicuous, you come upon the Colosseum in all its glory.

At first sight of that enormous round mass of solid masonry, with ruins on ruins of arches and columns, you feel as if you had come upon the lower story of the tower of Babel. Such a base-

ment as all the nations of the world might have met together to build up to the sky in real earnest, and from which you could not wonder they should have gone away disheartened, when they fairly saw what a job it was likely to be. It is built of a fine, fawn-coloured stone, which lends itself especially to the golden effects of an Italian sunset. The side towards me was in broad shadow, pierced through tiers of arches from the seemingly fire-fit interior. I wish I could give you an appropriate burst of enthusiasm—something that should cause you a pleasant glow of sublimity as if you had seen it yourself; but after waiting to recollect and analyse my feelings and mental ejaculations in order to transmute them into poetical phraseology adapted to the occasion, it seems to me, I only said to myself, "That's the grandest ruin I ever saw, by Jove! and I'm glad I've seen it for the first time by sunset."

I went in beneath an archway, guarded by a French soldier. The inside remained me of a ruined bee-hive, whose bees have died of hunger, and left the empty comb to fall to pieces—a crumbling mass of innumerable vaulted cells, sloping up from the arena to the broken rim of the outer wall. Or, what will perhaps give you a better idea of the form, I seemed to stand in the crater of some extinct volcano which had thrown up a hollow mountain of crumbling cavernous architecture around. All this crumbling mass is pleasantly tufted with shrubs.

"The trees which grew along the broken arches," if trees they were, must have been cut down since Manfred was there; but what are shrubs in prose may, perhaps, be legitimately called *trees* in blank verse.

I felt inclined to climb to the top, which in the distance did not seem difficult, but the steep caverns which sloped up to the first ambularium were all so broken into great chasms with yawning vaults beneath, and the scarcely practicable footing which remained seemed so likely to fall away with the first touch that I did not much like the adventure. Still I did not like the idea of a guide to disturb my reflections, such as they might be. I wandered along among the fragments of the base, dividing my attention between the search for a place of ascent, and watching a procession of monks towards one of the altars, which surrounded the arena, whose droning chaunt filled the place with hollow mournful echoes.

At last I found a convenient approach with steps in good condition, whose only disadvantageous attribute was, that the entrance was impeded by a great wooden gate ten or twelve feet high with iron spikes at the top. Considering the transient struggle with this barrier a less evil than the possibility of tumbling into a yawning vault, I got over it, went up the steps, passed along interior galleries, came out upon broad terraces of masonry, went up other steps, till I reached the highest rim of all, at an abruptly broken corner of which I sat down on a large block of white marble, which seemed part of a column's base, and thence contemplated the vast hollow of the amphitheatre.

Ninety-thousand spectators this amphitheatre would hold! not

buzzing, distracted, thousands, looking at Persian silks, sculpture, circular pumps, and ko-hi-noors, as in the great hive of '51—but ninety thousand human souls, as with one eye and one heart, all intent upon one desperate struggle of life and death. How these walls—now murmuring with the feeble echoes of that evening hymn—shook with the shout of ninety thousand long-drawn breaths, as the popular gladiator of the day, after a desperate struggle, hewed down some grim barbarian giant! Imagine the thrilling murmur of suspense—the swelling tumult of applause—the terrible, crashing thunder of execration from ninety thousand eager breasts—all silent beneath the dust of ages now, and this huge ring of ruin left to bear witness for ever, and blush with every setting sun for enormous crimes, the wonder of whose memory shall haunt these mouldering stones to the end of time!

The Church hath put forth her withered arm and consecrated this old iniquity to the thousands of Christian martyrs whom wild beasts, brought from the desert, tore for the amusement of the populace. The roaring of lions, and the shrieks of mangled victims seem to echo hoarsely from the hollow vaults, in answer to the droning friars, who are, perhaps, praying for their souls.

In the meantime, the official guide and guardian of the spot had perceived me sitting on my block of white marble on a lofty angle of the ruin, and began to wonder who the deuce I was, and how the deuce I got there. His outcries from the mouth of the den where he prowls for curious strangers had no doubt suggested to my imagination the mingled tones of Christian martyrs and Numidian lions, but when he came out and disclosed himself with authoritative threatening attitudes, added to his martyrly and beastly howlings, I took no sort of notice, and waited till he should come up.

This he shortly did, breathless with rage, and asked me what I meant by getting up to the top of the Colosseum without a guide. He would have me arrested and punished. How had I got up? It was a wonder and a pity I had not broken my neck. I said I was an Englishman, accustomed to go without asking any questions wherever I chose, and could. That I objected to guides because I generally found them bores, and I was sorry to say even he had not proved an exception. That, as he had disturbed the course of my meditations, I was about to go down, but I should go down at my own pace, and by my own ways; he was welcome to follow me to satisfy himself that I did not carry away his Colosseum in my pocket; but if he wished to hurry me, or take me down by any other way than what I chose myself, he would have to do it by main force, which, as he was a small man, it would, perhaps, be more prudent for him not to attempt. That if he had been civil I should have given him something, as I had incurred the inconvenience of climbing, not to avoid his fee, but his company; but, as he had misinterpreted my motives, and spoken unkindly to me, I should give him nothing but advice to be more considerate in future.

This address did not tend to soften his rancour, and when, after ranging about pervicaciously for different points of view, we came

down, and went out under the archway, he was very anxious to persuade the sentry to take me into custody. Luckily the sentry could not understand Italian, and the "martyr and beasts" French was not swift-flowing, so I leisurely removed myself from the spot, while the explanation was going on, and by the time the business was fairly beaten into the military understanding, the centrifugal force of prudence had carried me beyond the circle of his authority.

The next time I saw the Colosseum was by moonlight. It was after one of Wattlechope of Wattlechope's evening parties. Wattlechope's evening parties are celebrated for being the dullest things in Rome (which is not a lively place), except his dinners. Of the dinners we can speak only by report, for, as Wattlechope discovered, by comparing my card with the Peerage and Baronetage, that I was a younger son,—and as he was entirely exempt from the slightest touch of that fashionable vice of Metropolitan society which impels stupid people to feed young men of literature and *wit*-erature about town, he made the unpardonable mistake of not asking me to dinner. I have already disclaimed all pretence to being an impartial historian; the significant fact I have just put him in possession of will at once show the reader why—having at any rate to give some account of English society in Rome, I have determined, in so doing, to make a type and example of Wattlechope.

Nobody can see Wattlechope get into his carriage in the midst of the piazza d'Espagna without seeing at once that he is a squire of immense acreage. There is a magisterial rotundity, "with good capon lined," a puffy, short-necked elevation of chin, asthmatically consequential—a beefy depth and breadth of purple jowl, flanked by gleaming shirt-collars, in comparison with which battle-axe blades were but feeble weapons—all these infallible signs, and more there are in Wattlechope of Wattlechope's outward man, which proclaim him justice of the peace, deputy lieutenant and landowner to the amount of several thousands per annum in the county of ———. That county of ——— is to Wattlechope what the "flowery enclosure" (Chinese Empire) is to "Heaven's son" (the Chinese Emperor). To that central, favoured district, the rest of England, and still more the rest of the world, is only a sort of marginal supplement, faintly sketched and coloured, like the adjacent parts of the county map. Everything in Wattlechope's world is measured by his county. For instance, in his estimation, the greatest man at present in Rome is not Pius the Ninth, but a simple youth of incipient sporting tendencies (principally expressed by an ardent animosity towards cats) in that halfboot and dogwhistle period of aristocratic bumpkincy between the nursery and college, when his father's gamekeeper and huntsman are the principal heroes of a young gentleman's imagination.

The young gentleman in question is the eldest son of the lord-lieutenant of the county of ———. Him Wattlechope asks to dinner every other day, till he "swears he won't go, and it is a deuced

shame old W— only sports champagne now and then.” Such is gratitude; but old W— calls him by his Christian name, before company, with an elaborate independent freedom, mixed with parental patronage: and is proud to think he may live to call him by his Christian name when he is a real Viscount and Lord-Lieutenant, and rules in his respected father’s stead over the county of ——. Wattlechope not only does not ask qualified persons to dinner to amuse his persons of importance (in —— and other counties), but insists on gobbling, like an old turkey-cock at the foot of his own table, uttering a voluminous stream of noisy and consequential tediousness. Such are his dinners, and his evening parties are like unto them, with only this shade of advantage, that a few more people come, a shade less important in —— and other counties, but perhaps more useful in conversation, so that Wattlechope, though he goes gobbling about among the groups with all his might, is diluted and overwhelmed by numbers: he gets purpler and purpler in the face, and opens his glazy goggle eyes to the utmost stretch, as he wanders round and round like a destroying comet-fiend, the constellations breaking up and vanishing into space at his terrible approach. Still this nebulous and planetary system of revolving boredom is preferable to being a fixed star of —— or other counties, and being gobbled at irremediably for a whole long dinner-time.

The moral of all this is evident. Everybody who dined with Wattlechope said his dinners were dull and bad: if he had asked me I should have said the *same*, and written nothing about him. Let all dinner-giving squires from —— and other counties take warning, that if they see hungry lurching pen-and-ink looking younger sons, whom they doubt whether to ask to dinner or not, they should at once stop their mouths with good victuals or bad, for fear the said lurching pen-and-ink vagabonds interlard them them for ever, like the unfortunate Wattlechope, between the Colosseum by sunset, and the Colosseum by moonlight.

So, now for the Colosseum by moonlight. Clouds of silvery grey were sailing leisurely athwart the heavens, where fair Phœbe beamed with fitful light over the roof crowned shoulder of the Capitoline, as we wended our way along the silent Corso. At the Piazza di Venezia, where the Corso ends, we turned to the left, and came to the Forum of Trajan. Here rises the celebrated column of that emperor, swathed in its spiral belt, embossed with long-drawn victories on Danube’s banks, surmounted by Peter, the Galilean fisherman. The Forum Trajani is an irregularly shaped plot of sunken ground, where a great number of broken shafts of dark-coloured columns and lie about in a confusion which is rather shabby than picturesque. Hence into the real Forum Romanum, which looks well by moonlight, the fluted columns and richly graven fragments of frieze they support, seeming larger and more majestic in the beautiful uncertainty of night. Under the grim vast massive arches of the Temple of Peace, out over some broken ground, and the giant ruin stands before us.

Beneath the entrance, and here and there through the arches of the gallery-rims, moving torch-gleams flicker and disappear. We enter. The moon's broad disk just peeps into the arena above the lofty ledge, whose dark fringe of shrubs uplifts a tuft distinctly traced upon her lucent chin. By the way, it sounds a little ridiculous, you think, to talk about the moon's chin, which poets have not much mentioned, confining themselves to her brow. But as her brow would not express what astronomers term the moon's lower limb, but the contrary, you have no choice but to be satisfied either with this innovation of the astronomical paraphrase.

The moonlight slanted in across the great hollow, leaving a segment black and pierced with pale shafts of moonlight, and while the rest of the ring was silver-frosted over its crumbling surface, dimly ribbed with galleries, and perforated with dark cavern-mouths. We were pounced upon by a party of guides with flaring torches, whose tossing manes of flame and comet-like wake of sparks, added a great deal of picturesque effect to the massive architecture through which we wound our way upwards. From the top we looked down into the great abyss of the arena and out upon the palace of the Cæsars, and, hearing the watch-dogs baying beyond the Tiber, felt inclined to be poetical: we, all of us, one after another, signally failed to recollect more than the first two lines, and a snatch or two here and there of that celebrated piece about the Colosseum in Manfred, which, certainly, is a good and rather a sublime description; 'tis pity it was not written in better blank verse. Some of us equally failed to extemporise anything better, in which we were interrupted by the future lord-lieutenant of the county of —, to whose classic memory the baying of the watch-dogs had recalled some choice story about a "terrier bitch killing fifty rats in two minutes and three-quarters, which she would have done in style, only a great buck-rat got her by the nose, and she howled like a good 'un, and they had to coax her on for a quarter of minute before she would go in again."

One sunshiny Sunday afternoon, for the weather at last thought better of it when the Carnival was long past, I made, as in duty bound, a pilgrimage to the graves of Shelley and Keats. The Protestant burial-ground is a pleasant little grassy nook embowered with spiry cypresses in a corner of the "crumbling walls of Rome," close to the gate of St. Paul, between the massive pyramid of Caius Cestius (which is built into the wall) and the artificial mound of Testaccio. There was some difficulty about entering the precinct, which was guarded by a sentinel, not so much to protect the sacred dust, as because there is a powder magazine in the immediate vicinity, but though the sentry had proved obdurate, the corporal in the next guard-house listened to reason. It would be a charming spot to be buried in if there were not such a crowd of common-place undistinguished monuments in possession of the ground: so much so, that after ranging about patiently for half an hour, I was obliged at last to bribe the

gardener's boy to show me Shelley's grave. It is a plain little slab, level with the ground; round it some pious hand has planted violets. But where is the grave of Keats? surely somewhere near! No, he lies in the *old* burial ground—this is the *new*! There was only a year between their deaths, and some stupid change intervened, or the old ground was unluckily so full, that one little urn of burnt ashes was too much for it. I grubbed up a violet root, and carried it to the old burial-ground, which is a little square entrenchment, carefully fortified, as if the excluded corpses were likely to make an insurrection, and take possession unawares. Keat's gravestone stands near the entrance. The ground was so strong, I had some difficulty in digging a hole to plant my violet at its foot. I felt at the time a pleasant consciousness of having done a good deed, but I was told afterwards that violets transplanted in flower will not grow.

SONNET

On a root of Violet transplanted from the Grave of Shelley to that of Keats.

Oh, friends so near yet sundered, where ye sleep
 Beneath Rome's rampart—lest your spirits fret,
 I from one grave a root of violet
 Transplant upon its brother grave to weep
 When evening dew the soft blue eyes shall steep.
 The breeze shall bear their fragrant sighs, nor let
 Their former home the kindred flowers forget,
 Which thus between your graves communion keep.
 They tell me flowers transplanted in their bloom
 Wither and die. But shall these violets fade?
 No! of congenial dust the soil is made,
 And they shall thrive upon the early tomb
 Of genius rooted up and hence conveyed,
 Whose fame bears blossom still and breathes perfume.

One morning I met the greatest man in (Wattlechope's) Rome in the Via Condotti, and he asked me to go out for a ride in the Campagna. I agreed, on condition that we did not go out to gallop promiscuously for galloping's sake (as is the custom of young Englishmen, to the great detriment of Roman hacks), but to take a wide and steady circuit through the ruin-sprinkled plain towards the Alban hills. We sallied forth by the gate of San Lorenzo. Not far along the road to Tivoli is the Basilica, which marks the burial-place of St. Lawrence—a very curious old church, with rich Alexandrine pavement, and curious Byzantine-looking columns. In the crypt there are rusty old gratings, through which you can see into the catacombs, where piles of skulls grin and scowl out of the gloomy vaults with hollow eyes, and teeth that gleam in the torch-light. Continuing our radius towards Tivoli, till we were seven or eight miles from Rome, we turned to the right, and made an arc of the circuit, keeping about the same distance from the city. The plain is grassy and railed in large enclosures to about this distance. We passed many broken remains of round towers and ruined lines of aqueducts, under the arches of which shaggy shepherds sat in the shade and

watched their flocks. There is a grand desolation in this tract of ruin, which is described by a great modern author in so striking a passage, that it remains on my memory a permanent stumbling-block to any original description of my own.

"Tombs and temples, overthrown and prostrate; small fragments of columns, friezes, pediments; great blocks of granite and marble: mouldering arches, grass-grown and decayed; ruin enough to build a spacious city from, lay strewn around us. Now we tracked a piece of the old road above: now we traced it beneath a grassy covering, as if that were its grave. In the distance, ruined aqueducts went stalking on their giant course along the plain; and every breath of wind that swept towards us, stirred early flowers and grasses, springing up spontaneously on miles of ruin. The unseen larks above us, who alone disturbed the awful silence, had their nests in ruin; and the fierce herdsmen clad in sheepskins, who now and then scowled out upon us from their sleeping nooks, were housed in ruin. The aspect of the desolate Campagna, in one direction, where it was most level, reminded me of an American prairie; but what is the solitude of a region where men have never dwelt, to that of a desert where a mighty race have left their footprints in the earth from which they have vanished: where the resting-places of their dead have fallen like their dead; and the broken hour-glass of Time is but a heap of idle dust."

The geometrical figure we had adopted caused us to jump over and break down a certain proportion of fences, and at last, when we got to a great road leading back to Rome, which was to form the other radius of our quadrant, the gateless railings were so stiff and high that we felt hopeless of getting our jaded hacks over or through them. In one place, however, an interval was filled up by a vast stone trough about eight yards long, four wide, and apparently only two or three feet deep. After a council of war, it was determined there was nothing else for it, so I spurred my reluctant animal till he reared himself over the stony rim and plunged splash into the water, which, luckily, did not reach my stirrups. He was glad enough to jump out at the other side, after skating about a little on the slimy weed-grown bottom of the trough. The other horse luckily followed, and having thus emerged from our troubles upon the Naples road, we cantered back to Rome, which we entered by the Lateran and Colosseum. The greatest man in (Wattlechope's) Rome was of some service to me on this expedition, having a fine practical eye for gates in the distance, being also a good hand at engineering a gap in too formidable fences, and taking a line of country. He promises well, for his age, to be a good and prudent rider, not rash, but bold enough on a pinch. I may venture to prophecy he is likely to be more distinguished as master of the hounds in the county of —, than in his place among the hereditary statesmen of the realm.

Families who find a difficulty in disposing of a number of pretty daughters will not find Rome a bad place for the purpose. A great flight of young men, such as they would never persuade to dance

with them at their own county balls, alight upon this city, and stay there from the Carnival to the Holy Week. These young gentlemen are particularly desolate for the want of ladies' society, which is very scarce in Rome, where the Pope discourages all love-making. I went to a subscription ball at the Palazzo Braschi, which I, and all the other young gentlemen, thought execrably bad. When you hear a young man say a ball is execrably bad, it means that young ladies were at a premium, which rarely happens in England. The proportions of supply and demand regulate value, and I can assure young ladies of decent birth and pretensions in the way of looks and money, that they will circulate at a figure 150 per cent. higher here than in their native garden. There is a romance about picking up a wife at Rome, which gives an interest to the commonest materials, just as a bad picture or a bad statue, which was brought from Rome, is looked upon with more respect than if it had been found in Wardour Street. There are speculators who realise large sums by buying up unsaleable pictures in London and exporting them to Rome, where they are bought up greedily. Living is not dear in Rome, except the lodgings. Young ladies might be exported from England at from 30*l.* to 40*l.* a head. Parents have to consider there is a certain danger of their young ladies being captivated by penniless foreigners with ambrosial whiskers; but no speculation can be undertaken without some little risk. The English society in Rome is almost entirely English. Foreigners should be avoided altogether, especially music-masters and artists, the latter being usually far more agreeable and fascinating than the gawky pink young men with yellow moustaches, who are the true birds of passage, for whom you have to spread your nets.

There was one heiress in Rome. She had pert missy manners, and looked what you might have called lady-like if she had been a lady's maid; but you cannot imagine what a great lady she was with her forty thousand pounds, and nose which turned up a little both actually and metaphorically. She was called beautiful and clever, and agreeable, and had princes of papal descent lying at her feet—at least I thought they lied. I did not myself think she was good at the money, and did not ask to be introduced to her for fear of being snubbed. But she caused me to be introduced to her at one of Wattlechope's parties, and a few days after drove her chariot wheels over me in the Juggernautness of her heart. I am sure that elsewhere so common-place an heiress would not have treated me so cavalierly on so little provocation, and I mention the unpleasant fact, at a sacrifice of personal feeling, to substantiate the fact that young ladies are at a premium, and young gentlemen at a corresponding depreciation.

JOURNALS, AND JOURNAL-KEEPERS.

It may be said of the Journalist, as it has been said of the Poet, that "*nascitur non fit*"—he is born, he is not to be made. We do not mean by Journalists, writers in the Journals—*i.e.* members of the fourth estate. We speak of writers, or "keepers" of journals—people who write down, from day to day, in a manuscript volume, all that they see, all that they do, and very much of what they think. It may seem to be the easiest thing in the world to accomplish so commonplace a literary feat. But there is nothing, in truth, so difficult. We do not speak with reference to the question of quality. We do not say that it is difficult to keep a good journal; but that it is difficult to keep any journal at all. Hundreds try; and hundreds fail. They who succeed are but the *rari nantes* in the *gurgite vasto* of overwhelming failure. It is very easy to begin—but, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the beginning is also the end. How many "monuments of an unaccomplished purpose" may be found among the papers of literary men—journals begun, and carried on for a week or a fortnight—fragments of great works, unaccomplished promises—edifices, of which only the foundation is laid—the superstructure, left to itself, for want of the literary capital of perseverance! An interesting chapter might be written on the subject. It would be no small thing, indeed, to enquire whether Society is the gainer or the loser by the difficulty of which we speak. It is certain that any man of good intelligence, jotting down from day to day all that he sees, all that he does, and much of what he thinks, can hardly fail to create in the end a mass of literary matter both instructive and amusing. But then on the other hand, much would be recorded which it would be better not to record, and many revelations would be made of matters before which it would be better that the veil should remain closely drawn. Perhaps, in the end, the balance of evil, between omission and commission, would be pretty equally struck.

The ablest men are, for the most part, the busiest. They who see much, and do much, are those who have little time to record what they see and do. Hence it is that journals are commenced, and not finished—that the intention outruns the performance, and that men seeing and doing much, and profoundly impressed with the conviction, that a record of what they see and do would be both diverting and instructive—seldom get beyond the good intention. There is nothing, indeed, beyond the brave resolution but the useless regret. Thousands of men have lamented that they never kept a journal, and thousands will continue to utter the same vain lamentations. There is no help for it. Perseverance is a rare quality, and journal-keeping is very difficult. Lord Bacon has somewhere said, that a sea-voyage, by reason

of its weariness and monotony, is provocative of journal-keeping. In other words, that people are well-disposed to keep journals when there is nothing to enter in them. This, indeed, is a fact; and one in which the whole philosophy of the matter is contained. It is almost impossible to keep a journal when one has very much to enter in it. It is for this reason that women are better journalists than men. They have not so much to do. Whether they are by nature more stable and persevering we do not pretend to say. The few men who really keep journals are, as we have said, born journalists. We mean by this, that they have certain inherent qualities which enable them to triumph over the antagonistic circumstances of which we speak. Circumstances are against journal-keeping; but men, born journal-keepers, are greater than circumstances. Now women are often born journal-keepers, and circumstances are seldom against them. Wherefore it is that they more frequently shine in this department of literature than men.

We have been thinking of these things, as we hurried over the pages of Mrs. Colin Mackenzie's *Indian Journal*. Some important books on the subject of India and its government have been published during the present Session. There is not one of them which Mrs. Mackenzie's *Journal** does not in some manner illustrate. The record of the every-day life of an intelligent English lady in the "Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana," must have a suggestiveness very valuable at a time when everything that relates to the condition of the natives of India, and to our connection with the country, has a peculiar claim to public attention. This *Journal*, as the name implies, is extremely varied. It relates to military affairs—to missionary matters—and to the domesticities of native Indian life. Although that which relates to the Camp and the Zenana may be more interesting to the general reader, we cannot help thinking that the portion of the work illustrative of the Mission is both the most important and the most novel. Mrs. Mackenzie is a Presbyterian, and a member of the Free Kirk. The information which she gives us respecting the educational and missionary proceedings of Dr. Duff and his colleagues is of the highest interest. When at Calcutta, she visited the Free Church institutions, and those subsidiary to it in the suburbs. Of a visit to one of these branch schools, she gives the following account.

"C. could not afford the time, but Dr. Duff offered to take me with his daughter to Baranagar, where an examination of the Branch School was to be held. On our way he showed us the new Mission House, and buildings for converts, now just on the point of occupation, and pointed out the old Institution, which was full of scholars, his former house, and the trees which he himself had planted. We also passed the Leper Asylum, where these unfortunate people have a maintenance on condition of not going out of the compound; and the Mahratta ditch, made to defend Calcutta from those dreaded invaders. We had a very pretty drive; Baranagar itself is a sequestered rural spot, like an illustration in 'Paul and Virginia.'

* "Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana; or, Six Years in India." By Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. 3 vols. 1858.

“ Mr. Smith, the missionary, lives in a very pretty one-storied native house, with a tank before it, and the school is a thatched bamboo Bangalow, close by. There are about two hundred pupils. Mahendra once taught there. They have at present an excellent half-caste Christian master, and a very clever Hindu teacher, brought up at the Assembly's Institution. Mrs. Hutton, the wife of the good English chaplain at Dumdum (who, on the Staples objecting to the English baptismal service, himself brought a Free Church Missionary to baptize their child, and was present at the holy ordinance), was the only other lady present; but Dr. Clark of Dumdum, Mr. Ewart, and Mr. McKail were there, and all examined the boys. They answered extremely well in mental arithmetic, geography, Roman and English history, geometry, and Scripture history, &c. The eldest class read and explained a long passage, taken at random, from ‘Paradise Lost,’ book second, describing Satan's flight. Dr. Duff asked what was meant by Satan putting on his wings. One answered, ‘he put them into practice’ (meaning use). This was the only mistake that I remember. On English history, Mr. Ewart asked about the civil wars, and then inquired which was best, war or peace?—they all answered ‘peace,’ with great zeal. Mr. Ewart observed, ‘there might be some just wars, adding, suppose an enemy were to burst into this country, plundering and destroying everything, would you not fight?’ ‘No, no,’ said they. Mr. Ewart, who is a very fine powerful man, and gives one the idea of being full of manly determination and courage, was so astonished that he paused for a moment, and then said, ‘but would you not fight for your *homes*—your own families?’ ‘No,’ said they, ‘the Bengalis would not fight—they are all cowards.’ I am not *quite* sure if he asked whether they themselves would not fight, or if their countrymen would not do so, but the answer was as above; and Mr. Ewart remained dumb and amazed.”

There is very much more, and of equal interest, relating to these institutions, but we wish to show the varied contents of these charming volumes. We can not, however, whilst on missionary subjects, refrain from quoting the following:—

“ Dr. Duff gave me a most interesting account of good Dr. Carey's death. He was with him a short time previously when he was in perfect health. The last sheet of his ‘Bengali Testament’ was brought in. He burst out into thanksgiving, saying, with tears, he had prayed to be permitted to finish that work before he was summoned hence, and that he was now ready to depart. After this he began gradually to decline, and the next time Dr. Duff visited him with his loved colleague, Dr. Marshman, he was very near death, very feeble, and just gliding away from earth. Dr. Duff reminded him of the circumstance of their last interview, and added that he thought if any man could use the language of St. Paul, ‘I have fought a good fight,’ &c., it was Dr. Carey. The venerable man raised himself up in bed, and said, ‘Oh no, I dare not use such very strong language as that, but I have a strong hope, *strong hope*,’ repeating it three times with the greatest energy and fervour: he fell back exhausted, and when a little revived his friends took their leave. As they were going, he called, ‘Brother Marshman.’ On Dr. Marshman returning, he said, ‘You will preach my funeral sermon, and let the text be, ‘By grace ye are saved.’ As Dr. Duff observed, the humility yet confidence of this aged saint were very beautiful.”

After this, we have a translation of a letter which Akbar Khan, the famous Cabool sirdar, addressed to Captain Mackenzie—a letter full of expressions of kindness and friendship, complaining that the English officer had not written to him. On this Mrs. Mackenzie observes:—

“ As the last injunction he gave, on sending the hostages and captives to Bamián was to cut the throats of all who could not march; and as he knew full well that my husband was, from extreme illness, incapable of walking a hundred yards, you may judge how far this loving epistle accords with such a parting benediction. His intention in writing was to endeavour, through the medium of my husband, to establish a good understanding with the British Government.”

This appears to us to be—unintentionally—unjust. The Cabul prisoners were told that Akbar Khan had sent the instructions referred to by Mrs. Mackenzie—but it was subsequently ascertained that no such instructions had been really sent. The chiefs, in whose custody these prisoners were, employed this *ruse* as a means of enhancing the price of their liberation.

From the chiefs of Caubul the transition is not very abrupt to the Ameers of Sindh. So much has been said lately about these fallen princes, that the following passage—part of an account of Mrs. Mackenzie's interview with the Ameers—will be read with no common interest:—

“I offered the necklace to Muhammad Khan for his intended bride, whom he expects to join him, the brooch to Shah Muhammad for his wife, and the earrings to the fat Yár Muhammad, as an encouragement to him to marry. The idea seemed to divert him extremely. The chief Amir held out his hand to his kinsmen, to examine their presents, and then made me a speech, saying that his gratitude was not transitory, but would last as long as his life, and quoted a Persian verse to this effect:—‘I have made a covenant with my beloved friends, that our friendship shall last while the soul remains in the body,’—this was quite in the style of Canning's heroine—‘A sudden thought strikes me, let us swear eternal friendship.’ So here I am, the sworn friend of a Sind Amir. I had a strong inclination to laugh, but it would have been *monstrous* to have done so; so I expressed the gratification I really felt at their reception of a small mark of kindness.

“It would be difficult to give you an idea of their high-bred courteous manner. I asked them for their autographs, which they each gave me, and in return requested mine, which I wrote on three sheets of paper, and added one of those pretty little coloured wafers with our arms, the meaning of which Dr. C. expounded to them. They had had long conversations with my husband previously, and were pleased at hearing that he and Colonel Outram were friends. We showed them Akbar Khan's letter, which the chief Amir read in the melodious chaunting way used by the Arabs and Persians, stopping every now and then with his mouth and eyes beaming with humour, at some outrageously barefaced expression of affection from such a personage. I have seldom seen a finer or more expressive face,—when quiet, it has a strong tinge of melancholy, but lights up with feeling and wit, so as almost to tell you what he is saying before the interpreter can repeat it.”

Mrs. Mackenzie also visited the Rajah of Sattarah. We had marked for insertion an account of the visit, but, in spite of the manifold attractions of the book, we are compelled to limit our quotations.

What little space is left us must be occupied with brief, suggestive pickings from this attractive journal. Here in a few words is a fact, which has arrested the attention, and provoked the meditations of all thoughtful dwellers in the East.

“Innumerable passages of Scripture derive fresh force in this country; for instance, in reading the first Psalm the other morning, ‘He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters,’ &c., on raising my eyes I beheld every tree in the garden planted by a watercourse, without which, in this burning clime, it would not bring forth its fruit in due season, but its leaf would wither; and I felt how forcible an emblem it was of the absolute necessity of never failing supplies of the water of life, for the spiritual life and fruitfulness of the plants of the Lord's vineyard.”

There is a hint in the following passage worth noting.

“I have found that a Mullah, in controversy with Mr. Pfander of Agra, alleges the custom of ‘kissing and putting their arms round the waists of other

men's grown-up daughters, sisters, and wives, as an argument against Christianity. The 'kissing' appears to have been added by the imaginative Mullah, but I do not see how a waltz or polka could possibly be defended in the eyes of an oriental. I hope Mr. Pfander explained to him that Christianity does *not* (as he alleges) sanction these practices, for it teaches us to 'abstain from all appearance of evil.'"

It is not strange that the Moolah associated, kissing and waltzing. The idea is by no means a novel one. Byron, we think, has told us of the grave Mahomedans, who asked,

"If nothing followed all this palming work."

Mrs. Mackenzie's husband, Captain Colin Mackenzie, who distinguished himself so greatly throughout the entire period of our troubles in Afghanistan, was appointed to raise and command a new corps for service in the Punjaub. The constituents of the regiment were various, and among them were many Afghans. Mrs. Mackenzie was much struck by the characteristics of these men. "I do like these Afghans," she says in one place, with a naïve earnestness which is very refreshing. She gives us one anecdote of their good-heartedness—of their simple, kindly courtesy—which we cannot forbear from quoting. Mrs. Mackenzie had received from England the painful tidings of the death of her father. Her English friends enquired after her, but never named the subject of her loss. Her native friends were less reserved, and, it appeared to her, more sympathising. Of this we have a touching illustration:—

"That huge burly Naib Rassaldar, Atta Muhammad, came here a few days ago; and on hearing of the loss I had sustained, he begged C. to tell me how grieved he was, and then opening his hands like the leaves of a book, said, 'Let us have a *fatiha*, or prayer.' C. put his hands in the same position, and, with his face quite red with emotion, and his eyes full of tears, Atta Muhammad prayed that God would bless and comfort me, and that the blessing of Jesus the Messiah might come upon me. Then they both stroked their beards. The heartiness and earnestness with which it was done quite touched me."

With this we must reluctantly conclude our extracts. We should be almost afraid, indeed, to follow Mrs. Mackenzie far into the "Camp," she is so bold in her revelations. She speaks of ugly matters which will create discussion, and we are not compelled to meddle with the "hot iron" ourselves.

Altogether the journal is very interesting. Since Maria Graham's famous Letters, nothing better upon the pregnant subject of India has emanated from a female pen, much indebted as we are to lady-writers for their illustrations of Indian life. They see things behind the Purdah, which men cannot see; and can go further, therefore, into the domesticities of Indian life. What Mrs. Mackenzie has written about the Zenana she has written pleasantly and well. Indeed, the contents of her book amply fulfil the promise of the title. It was written with no design. It is really a collection of journal-letters written to friends in England; but if the three suggestive words on her title-page had been set before her at the outset, she could not have written a better work about THE MISSION, THE CAMP, and THE ZENANA.

THE LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.*

MY SOJOURN AT BATH.—THE LATE SIR JOHN SOANE.

To recur to the circumstance of my first attending Mr. Soane at his lodgings in North Parade, Bath. I have stated how my familiar "good morrow" met with a most supercilious recognition, and how I felt that the master and man were by no means "birds of a feather." After he had recovered from his alarm at the "natural and prompt alacrity" of my greeting, he beckoned me to the chair, which was in readiness for me before the writing-desk on the table:—

"I'm glad to find you're punctual. Have you comfortable lodgings?"—"Yes, sir."

"You'll now write, as I shall dictate." He then sat down, and indicated his defective sight by feeling about the table for something which he could not see. I was fearful of being too officious, and left him to find out that his spectacles were lying pushed up above his brow. He found them there at last, and, catching my eye at the moment, said, in a self-pitying tone of reproof, "Ah! it's very amusing, I dare say. You *might* as well have *told* me!"—"I beg your pardon, sir," said I, with a humility which I fear was rather affected; and, having charged my pen, I brought it in readiness over my paper. Again my "prompt alacrity" disgraced me. A huge drop blotted the virgin foolscap, and the dictator suggested that I had better wait for his dictation, and not be "*quite* so prodigal of the ink." "There," said he, "take another sheet of paper, and *don't* do that any more."

He proceeded to dictate on the subject of his then dominant vexation, the new law courts at Westminster; and, to make a long story short, this was the matter which brought us to Bath, and occupied us for some weeks; him, in spasmodic attempts to make his meaning clear to me; and me, in anxious but vain efforts to make it clear to others. I see, in Donaldson's "Review of the professional life of Sir J. Soane," the record of his having "published a brief statement of the proceedings respecting the new law courts, Westminster;" but I know not whether any of my confused and disjointed matter is preserved therein, for, such are the sorrowful associations connected with my secretaryship, in relation to that statement, that I have never looked into it in its published form. I allude to nothing that can, in any essential, detract from the regard due to Soane's character,—to that character which Mr. Donaldson has eulogised as having been practically illustrated by acts of "unbounded munificence," proving "that his heart was alive to the wants and distresses of the unfortunate, the fatherless, and the widow." "His liberality," says the same writer, "whether in the promotion of art, or the relief of misery, knew no bounds;" and his eulogist concludes with the ennobling declaration that Sir John Soane's memory "is entitled to our admiration, our gratitude, and our respect." The vexations,

* Continued from p. 114.

however, which now beset him, in connection with the then erecting buildings at Westminster, were quite enough to "curdle nature's kindly milk" in a breast less sensitive than Soane's; and, therefore, their resultant effects, however cruelly they bore upon me, must not be taken as evidence against his humanity. He had been commissioned, by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, to prepare plans for a certain building on a certain site. Having been submitted, they were altered as required, sanctioned by the highest authorities, and proceeded with according to order. When the works were far advanced, an important portion of them was ordered to be taken down again; the architect being called upon to submit to the insulting interference of some "honourable" amateur. Comments that have been called "illiberal, unjust, and false," appeared in the public papers, and were repeated by members of parliament; while "envy, jealousy, and the base passions of man," were said to be in active operation against the venerable professor.

Every morning, punctually to my time, I was at my table, and he ready to begin; and indeed he did little else *but* "begin." Day after day, a somewhat differently worded preamble was our chief occupation; and I remained, from nine till five, with my pen on the move, and my apprehension on the stretch, endeavouring to extract, and secure upon paper, the meaning of the disjointed utterances which formed the matter of his dictation. Often, he would lose himself, and ask me where he was? But, as I may have been wholly incapable of following him *into* his confusion, I felt equally incompetent to get him out of it. On one occasion he snatched the sheet of foolscap from before me, looked at what I had last written, threw the paper up into the air, and, putting his knuckles to his temples, "wished to G— they were pistols, that he might blow out his brains at once!"

As I had no idea of promoting suicidal impulses, I rose from my seat; and, in a tone of irrepressible emotion, stated, "that, as it seemed, my efforts to serve were inefficient from the over-anxiety which attended them; and as, instead of being an aider to good, I was simply an abettor to evil, occasioning additional irritation where too much already existed,—I had better at once take my respectful departure."

He looked at me for a few moments, with an expression in which astonishment and pity were curiously mingled, leaving it a matter of speculation to which of us these emotions applied; and he then pointed to my chair, saying, "Don't be a d—d fool—sit down!"

Had he been still under the influence of his fury, he would most likely have replied, in the softest and blindest tone, "*Pray* go, sir; and take *great* care of yourself;" but, as he was evidently subdued by my manner and words, he simply uttered, with voice neither mitigated nor aggravated, the very rational and comforting request signified by the expression quoted. I sat down. He then resumed his dictation, and we proceeded for a short time tolerably well; after which he amiably suggested, that I should

“go and take an hour’s walk (it was a fine day, and it would do me good), while he went to take a bath.” I thanked him and rose to go ; when he beckoned me towards him, and taking my hand, said, with unmistakable earnestness, “Recollect, W——, if I ever say anything which hurts your feelings, I suffer for it a great deal more than *you* do.”

I could have hugged him ; but I suffered him to leave the house unhugged, because I had no great confidence in the permanent character of his tenderness. The policy of my self-restraint was soon shown. When we met again at our table, he reassumed his severity of purpose and I my all-wakeful attention. At length he seemed doubtful on a point concerning which I thought myself fortunate in being able to inform him. I volunteered the information. He gave me one of his queer looks, and, after a pause, replied, “W——, did you ever hear the saying, ‘Go, and teach your grandmother to suck eggs?’” —“Yes, sir, I *have*,” was the rejoinder, somewhat petulantly spoken. “Well, sir,” said he, “don’t knock me down : I only asked the question.”

The foregoing anecdotes alone would suffice to show how mutual was our misery. In this way we passed much of our time from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon, when, with a relieved heart and exhausted mind, I went off to my boarding-house to dinner. My occupations, however, were not at an end. Having been with the *Architect* during the former part of the day, I had yet to pass the evening with the *gentleman* ; in plain terms, I rejoined my employer while at his wine after dinner, and remained with him till nine or ten. Our day-communion began with a sulky greeting and ended without a civil adieu ; but our evening companionship was of a very different and far more agreeable description.

“How are you, sir, this evening ?”

“Why—I’m very comfortable, W——, *thank ye*. Take a glass of wine ; it won’t *hurt ye*.”

Tea following, I made it ; and, of course, went through every observance of duty towards my host, who received the minutest attention with the most amiable recognition. Then came the especial object of the evening ; and this was no other than my reading aloud from a French edition of Gil Blas, while my hearer remained behind the skreen, that his eyes might be secured from the glare of the fire and candles. He was therefore out of my sight ; and it was the more curious to hear him, every now and then, exclaim, in a tone of admiring and compassionate interest, “P-o-o-r Gil !” He would occasionally correct my pronunciation, often telling me, however, with amiable indulgence, that I read “*æ-ry well*.” But “P-o-o-r Gil !” was still the burden of his comment, repeated on every occasion which brought opportunity for it ; the very parrot-note of his half-dozing sympathy was “P-o-o-r Gil !” So soon as an inclination to sleep suggested his bed-time, he would stop my reading with a “*Thank ye, that’ll do—for the present ; thank ye. I think I’ll go to bed now.*” Having then lighted his candle and shown him to his bed-room, with no end of amiable and soft-spoken

"thank-ye's," I was free for the brief remnant of the night, and joined for a short time the party in the drawing-room of the boarding-house,—a queer assemblage of old maids and bachelors, who received my jokes with good nature, and little thought how great was the contrast between my evening mirth and my morning's sadness.

On two or three occasions Gil Blas gave place to a free communication on the subject of John Soane and his family sorrows. "Poor dear Mrs. Soane!" was at such times as frequent a chorus as P-o-o-r "Gil!" at others; and he would bring tears into my eyes with the narration of the sufferings of his wife and himself under the conduct of his son; though one could not but take into consideration the probable fact that the temper which misguided the child was transmitted from the father, and that if the former had done what was perfectly unjustifiable, the latter had possibly omitted to do perfect justice to one whose errors were as much the results of circumstance and of natural causes, as of culpable and unfilial wilfulness. The old gentleman, at all events, was under an impression that his wife had died under the pressure of mental affliction, and that he himself was "dying of a broken heart;" but, considering that the cause of his distress had occurred long before, that he was now seventy-three, and that he lived to be eighty-four, we are left to the conclusion, that a "broken heart" is not always a dying matter. I would throw no discredit on the fracture of a heart. It may be as practical a fact as the breaking of a leg, but, by parity of reasoning, it is equally susceptible of being "put to mending;" and, if not mended surgically, it may be mended selfishly. In other words, if philosophy and resignation cure it not, leaving it sound as before, constitutional vitality, however clumsily, will give it readherence and a discontented existence, of both tears and years.

On my entering my eccentric employer's room one morning, I found him sitting on a sofa, between two ladies. He never looked more hilarious and happy. I ventured a greeting of free off-hand cheerfulness. "How do you find yourself to-day, sir?"—"Why," said he (with a touch of that more-sly-than-shy gallantry of which I have spoken), "I wonder, W——, how you can ask the question, seeing how you find me. For my own part, I rather *lose*, than 'find' myself, in *such* company." It was a happy day to *me*, too, the only happy one I had at Bath; for the presence of these ladies dismissed the Westminster Law Courts for the time, and I was free to the enjoyment of a whole holiday. They started me also, with a few words of kindly sympathy secretly administered. They knew what their old friend's temper was, and what my trials must be; but they bid me, if I would consult my own interest, to stick to that of my employer, and put up with his eccentricities.

I know not what the fate may have been of those who practised "fawning" that "thrift might follow," but, in spite of the qualities which entitled Sir J. Soane to "admiration, gratitude, and respect," I fancied *myself* entitled to a gentler consideration than he could afford; and each succeeding day found me less competent

to do without it. We returned to London. He took up his abode at Chelsea; and there I continued to be closeted with him, week after week, with a *half*-holiday only on Sundays. He had such an aversion to Sabbath "laziness," that I wondered he had compromised his principles of perpetual industry by building any churches. His irritability seemed to be daily increasing; and I could only wonder how he could have lived so long among men, who, at the best, are limited in patient submission. I never saw any one out of a lunatic asylum so bereft of reason's influence as he frequently was. My health was suffering to an extent which induced the notice of all my friends, and I should have now left him at once, if he had not been obliged to return to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I was to derive such comfort and sustainment as the companionship of his official staff might afford. My kind friend, Mr. Baily, and my fellow secondaries, enabled me by their sympathising consideration, to remain a little longer in this eccentric man's employ; but the hour of our separation soon arrived. He was going one afternoon to his professional duties at the Bank of England, and desired previously to see me in his private room. I have not the remotest recollection of the trivial offence by which I occasioned it; but I shall never forget the fury he exhibited. He upbraided Heaven as having left him reduced to the last state of helplessness; and, invoking death as his only remaining friend, he hastened into his carriage, apparently with the purpose of driving direct to that grim tyrant's abode.

I remained alone in his room, and, in a few minutes, formed my resolution. Making free with his pen, ink, and paper, I wrote a farewell letter, repeating the observations I had made at Bath, and determining to be no longer the victim of his increasing irritability, nor the cause of it. At the same time, while doing this, I felt a sincere interest in the man, amounting to attachment, if not to affection; and my letter was filled with expressions of unaffected regret at my utter inability to serve him. Leaving the letter on his table, I took leave of my fellows in office, and walked home to my lodgings,—“a poor man out of work.”

How full of misery were my meditations that evening, I need hardly say. Even love failed to stimulate me, except despairingly; and, after the true sentimental fashion, I posted off an immediate and “most earnest request” to my mistress, that she would forthwith “go and forget me!” Certes, it might have been no bad “go” for her, if she had taken me at my word. Assuredly she might have “bettered herself” by going; and nothing, worthy to be regarded as her loss, would have been involved in the *forgetting*. But her reply, as might be expected, was one to her own honour and my shame. She delicately suggested how young gentlemen, who take such pains to make young ladies remember them, should consider that the “go, forget me” system may be simply one of skulking and indolent bankruptcy, seeking the benefit of a self-relieving act, which merits something more castigatory than mild oblivion. She intimated, that, when I had proved the inefficacy of manly and “persistiv constancy,”—of determination,

effort, and patience,—it would then be time enough for her to “go,” and, in that case, for me to “forget;” and she concluded by rather alarmingly demanding of me “whether I meant what I had said?” At the same time she approved of my leaving Mr. Soane, and consigned my future movements to the advice of my friends.

Before recording my next proceedings, I will presume on the reader's curiosity to know how Mr. Soane received my adieu, and what subsequently occurred between us. It was long before I was made acquainted with the effect of my letter; for, mutual tormentors as we were, there was no good to be anticipated from my seeing him any more while we continued in our then relative position. Even my fellow-clerks knew nothing of my abode, and, but for an accidental meeting with one of them in the streets, I might never again have seen John Soane. I learned from my informant, that when his master returned from the Bank he seemed to be in a most remarkable condition of amiability. Having rung the bell, which he concluded I should, as usual, personally reply to, he addressed the young man who entered as if he had been myself.

“Well, W——,” said he, in a tone of bland cheerfulness, “I've had a most pleasant meeting with the board; and I've been delighted too, at hearing that my poor man is quite out of danger. You can't think how happy it has made me!” What “board” he had met, and what “poor man” was out of danger, would have been to me a mystery; but he had a habit of presuming on the intuitive knowledge and sympathy of the world at large in respect to his particular affairs and feelings.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said the young man, “Mr. W—— is gone.”

“Gone!” exclaimed the veteran, in a tone of upward *crescendo*.

“I believe, sir, he has left a letter for you. Yes, here it is.”

“Read it,” said the architect.

The clerk began; but he had not read two lines, before the letter was snatched out of his hands.

“There; that'll do,” said Mr. Soane, “that'll do. Poor fellow! Poor fellow!”

Weeks passed on; and nothing more was said concerning me. At length he opened upon the subject himself to one of his clerks.

“Do you know where W—— is?”

“No, sir. We have not seen him since the afternoon he left, and we were never acquainted with his place of abode.”

“If any of you should fall in with him,” replied Mr. Soane, with the most touching tenderness, “I wish you'd tell him, that, when he may be coming this way I shall be *very* happy to see him.”

We did not, however, meet again until I waited on him as an author, to submit to his inspection my “Select Views of the Roman Antiquities,” consisting of a series of lithographs from the drawings which I had made at Rome in 1825-26, and which had been shown to him on the occasion of our first interview. He received me with much kindness; made no allusion to my having left him so abruptly; approved of my past doings and future schemes;

gave me five guineas for my book, (instead of only three, which was its price), said he should "value it, not only for its own worth, but in respect to the interest he felt in its author," and begged that I would look in upon him now and then to let him know how I might be going on.

Years passed on, and I saw him again. I was then an ARCHITECT—as important in my own locality as he in his. "I *knew* you'd get on," said he; "and I dare say that you have already found that your having been with me has been of some little benefit. Perhaps it may do you some good yet. When I'm dead and gone, you'll meet with some people who'll think none the worse of you when you say, 'I was with old Soane.'"

His last mark of kindness was shown, in presenting to me his "Description of his House and Museum," a handsomely bound and costly work, not published, and of which only one hundred and fifty copies were printed. On the top of the title page is written, "To — W—, Esq., from the author, with kind recollections;" and, at the bottom, is his autograph signature, John Soane. He died, about sixteen months after the issue of this book, on the 20th of January, 1837, aged 84 years. He was not knighted till September, 1831.

Though I did not remain many months with Sir John Soane, I saw more of him than others who had known him for as many years; and the result of my observation was, that he had been most unfortunate in the circumstances which entirely overthrew all power of self-government. His professional position, his wealth, and his insulation from all sense of family obligation, left him apparently open to the adulation of the interested, the sycophantic, and the designing; but, though his vanity might be gratified by the flatterer, I ever fancied him too shrewd to become the victim of any thrift-seeking fawner. He was much more the victim of his own uncompromising pride and morbid irritability. The former rendered him a frequent sufferer under mortification, while the latter occasioned him, almost constantly, to manifest symptoms of being on the verge of madness. The fact is, he never possessed any real strength, moral or intellectual. He had more sensitiveness than feeling, more perseverance than power, more fancy than genius, and more petulance than ardour. His industry and good fortune had effected more than his mental advance and moral culture enabled him to improve upon; and he presumed on his acquired fame, instead of progressing with efforts to substantiate his right to it. Criticism overtook him; rivalry went a-head of him; domestic vexations worried him; he had nothing but his undying ambition to sustain him. In the end there was a reaction of sympathy and regard towards him, which ripened into admiration and esteem. He was honoured by his sovereign, reverentially addressed by his professional brethren, and he died, gratified fully at the last, leaving a rich legacy to his country, and much less than was expected to certain of his friends and followers.

The buildings he has left behind him, as monuments of his professional skill and artistic feeling, are certainly the most uncon-

ventional that have been erected in our day; and, knowing nothing of the lectures he delivered, as professor of architecture, at the Royal Academy, I am left to wonder what may have been the principles of taste and design he sought to enforce. So far as his structures proclaim him, he had neither the feeling of the Greek for simple majesty, nor that of the Roman for scenic grandeur, nor that of the Goth for picturesque effect, nor that of the schoolman for precedent; but, on the contrary, he seems to have taken from each a kind of negative hint that operated in the production of a result, just showing that he had observed them and *used* them with a perfectly independent and exclusive regard for his own peculiar and personal distinction. The consequence has been that, if any one shall ask, "In what style is such, or such, of his buildings?" the answer would be, "It is of such or such a variety of the *Soanean*;" *i.e.* it is, more or less, his *own* entire; or his own, commingled with classic feature or detail. But, though the most original of modern architects, it does not follow that he was supreme in power. As before observed, he had more fancy than what deserves the name of genius; and even his fancy was limited, for he repeated himself till he became as it were the passive slave of his own mannerism. He had pliant ingenuity, not productive invention; the creative exhausted, he could but rearrange; his refinement tended towards littleness; he could not be vulgar, but he was impotent to command the homage of popular admiration, in the full sense of the word. He has, however, done much that may work good upon our future architectural progress. With exemplary boldness, he struck effectively at the tyranny of precedent; and he has shown, by the results of his own originality, what may be done by men of more strength and as much courage. If there be little of his external architecture that is worthy of unqualified approval, there is much of his internal design, not only to be admired, but imitated. To compensate for frivolity and fantasticism, there is more than a balance of playful grace and studied elegance. In the disposition of his floor-plans he was proverbially felicitous, especially as it regarded the adaptation of such accidental divergences and by-corners as the irregular form of the site might present to his management. In fine, there was virtue in his very faults, for they were corrective of those common-place proprieties which only retard the advance of invention and originality.

Poor dear old tyrant!—what a life he led me! How I sympathized with, yet feared him; yet fearing more for him than for myself; for, in the face of my servitude, I patronized him with my pity. My old friend, John Britton, says he used to think of me as Caleb Williams with Falkland, in Godwin's novel. I was a "poor Gil," a very "poor Gil;" but I felt at the time he was poorer than myself; still poorer in self-sustainment and in the saving strength of humility.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

BEN BACKSTAY.

Yes, 't is a pretty mischief-loving elf;
 That mirth-provoking girl, with her black eyes,
 And rosy cheeks, and downward floating locks,
 Through which those dark orbs flash into your heart,
 Like wand'ring meteors through the clouds of night,
 I would declare my love!—but that I dread,
 The roguish smile that hovers round her lips,
 And nestles in her round and dimpled chin;
 Would speak in tones of wildest merriment,
 And laugh the suitor and his suit to scorn!

S. M.

OUR last paper on practical jokes, was, we must confess, somewhat of the saddest; and in order to make an atonement for the gloomy thoughts, to which it might give rise in the breasts of some of our readers, we have chosen, in this paper, a livelier illustration of our theme.

The hero of our present tale—whom we will for the time being christen Ben Backstay—was the son of a widow lady of our acquaintance. Ben was a midshipman in the East India Company's service—a fine, dashing, rattling young fellow of eighteen, who, during the time that his ship was in port, came down to spend a glorious holiday in his native village, to delight the heart of his good mother, to astonish all the old ladies, with a relation of his wonderful adventures at sea, and to make love to the young ones.

Our sailor possessed a handsome, manly person, joined to no small share of vanity, which made him very particular with regard to his dress and appearance. His uniform jacket was always of the very finest quality, and made to fit him like a second skin. His neatly-plaited shirt of dazzling whiteness, and his rich black silk neckerchief, tied with studied and becoming carelessness, his very bluntness had method in it, and was meant to produce a certain effect. Ben considered himself the very *beau ideal* of a sailor. He was proud of the profession; and thought that the profession ought to be proud of him. He never lost sight of it for a moment. His voice had that peculiar tone of command which all nautical men acquire; and his very carriage had something free and easy about it, which reminded you of the roll of the sea.

Ben was a devoted admirer of the ladies; but then, he devoutly believed, that they worshipped him in return; and with this pleasing conviction deeply impressed upon his mind, he was always in love with some pretty girl or other, or fancied, which almost came to the same thing, that they were in love with him. But a handsome, agreeable, young fellow like Ben Backstay, is always sure of friends and advocates among the gentler sex.

Our hero had not been at home many days, before he fell desperately in love with a charming black-eyed girl, who resided with her aunt, at a large country town, twelve miles distant from C—— Lodge, where Mrs. Backstay lived.

Now, it happened very unfortunately for our love-sick sailor, that pretty Margaret G—— had been for some months engaged, and was on the very eve of committing matrimony with a cousin.

Ben Backstay never thought of enquiring if the light craft that caught his roving fancy was chartered by another, and he gave chase accordingly. Margaret G——, who dearly loved a joke, the moment she perceived his intentions, determined to enjoy one at his expense.

Whilst his love-fit was at its very height, Ben received from the young lady a note of invitation to a ball which was to be given to all the young folks in the neighbourhood, at her aunt's house.

In his excess of joy Ben determined to have a new suit of clothes made expressly for the occasion. Not satisfied with the quality of the cloth that could be procured at the good old seaport of Y——, he sent to London, a distance of more than a hundred miles: and requested a friend to send him a certain quantity of the finest broadcloth that could be got for money.

The cloth duly arrived by the mail, and gave great satisfaction. But now a fresh difficulty arose; was there a tailor in the place whom he dared entrust the cutting out, and making up of the precious suit? A consultation was held with his mother and sisters as to the person most eligible for this grand work.

Mrs. Backstay recommended to his notice Mr. Ezekiel Balls, who set forth upon a sky-blue board in letters of gold, that he had been instructed in the art of cutting out, by the celebrated Schultz of Bond-street. Ben pronounced Mr. E. Balls and his sky-blue board a humbug; and felt more inclined to patronize Mr. Sewell—whose very name seemed to imply a good hand at the needle. The voice of the women at length prevailed, as in most cases it generally does, and Ben walked off to the town, followed by a boy carrying the bundle of cloth.

After superintending the cutting out of the new suit, and giving the tailor the most minute directions as to the fashion, trimmings, &c., Ben returned to the Lodge, satisfied with the idea, that his appearance at the ball would be quite irresistible, and create a sensation among the ladies. With this impression on his mind, he surveyed himself for a few minutes in a large mirror, that hung suspended over the piano in the sitting-room, and stroked his very handsome whiskers with an air of great self-complacency.

Now, be it known unto our readers, that these whiskers were Ben Backstay's delight; and he looked upon them as second to no whiskers in creation. Adonis himself—if the renowned lover of the Paphian Queen wore such rough-looking, common, appendages—could not have sported a handsomer pair, a rich dark brown, fine in texture, yet crisp and curly; admirably adapted to set off to the best possible advantage, the warm, bright colouring of his lips and cheeks. Ben would not have parted with them for

the command of a ship. He would have consented as readily to part with his head.

Alas! for our sea beau, he had a sister. She was one among a many, to whom Providence had bound him by the ties of kindred; who loved mischief as kittens love milk; who let no opportunity pass of playing off upon old and young, her wicked tricks. Helen Backstay was a perfect genius at practical jokes; and we could fill a whole paper with her pranks without recording one half of her impish frolics.

Day after day Helen had watched with eyes brimful of mirth, the adoration paid by brother Ben to the whiskers in the glass, and she secretly vowed to sacrifice them upon the shrine of vanity.

Innocent as a lamb of the mischief hatching against him, our sailor, fatigued with his long walk, the moment he had taken his dinner, lounged down upon the sofa to enjoy his afternoon nap.

This, by the by, was a common practice with master Ben; and, generally, the moment he awoke, he walked to the piano on the pretext of looking at the music his sisters had been playing, but this was only a pretext, for the plain truth of it was, that he wanted to take a sly look at himself in the glass.

To have calculated all the glances thrown by him and his sisters on that mirror during the day, would have made a curious question in arithmetic.

Whether his long interview with Mrs. Balls had made Ben drowsier than usual we cannot tell, but he certainly slept sounder than was his wont. Watching her opportunity, sister Helen stole from her chair, and softly knelt down beside him armed with a very fine pair of scissors; we see her yet—her fine profile bent over her unconscious victim, half shaded by the luxuriant tresses of her soft auburn hair. It would have made an admirable subject for a painter; the half comic, half serious expression of her beautiful face.

Ah! mischievous Nell! did no feeling of pity withhold thy impious hand? Dids't thou not remember that thou wert infringing one of the laws of thy country—that cutting and maiming is a capital offence—and dost thou turn a grave law of the land into a capital joke.

Ah! now thou commencest the work of destruction in good earnest—clip, clip, clip. See, he starts. Does he fancy that a fly stings his cheek? He shakes his head; he puts up his hand with an impatient gesture to his face, and now unconsciously turns in his sleep, and places himself in a more convenient position for the destroyer: clip, clip, clip,—there is something spiteful in the sharp click of those malicious scissors. How bare the rosy cheek begins to look; how prominently stands out the cheek bones and chin, so lately shaded and mellowed by the rich, dark, curling hair.

Alas! for our poor sailor, the last hair is shorn, and the naughty girl smiling triumphantly at the success of her stratagem, lays her finger on her lip to enjoin silence, and rising cautiously from her

knees, quietly and demurely takes up her work from the table, and resumes her seat.

Happily unconscious of his loss, Ben awoke a few minutes after, and stretching himself like a tame lion, walked mechanically to the glass. Helen bends her head more assiduously over her work, and the other sisters watch him with ill-suppressed smiles.

Why does he start back, as if he had seen a spectre in lieu of that comely countenance? Why does he rub his eyes, and then his chin, and look again and again at the mirror as if he doubted the evidence of his senses, or was still under the delusion of a dream? Can it be true that one of those incomparable whiskers is really gone—vanished from his face during his sleep, and he not discover the cause of the abstraction?

He glances round the apartment, his eyes in a fine phrenzy rolling, whilst peals of laughter assail his ears on all sides.

“Ah, Miss Helen!” he cried, unable longer to resist the universal cachinnation, “this is some of your work. What a fright I look; a perfect scarecrow. I shall be the ugliest fellow at the ball. But,” cried he, whisking her up in his arms, “since you have turned the laugh upon me, it is only fair that you should form a part of the entertainment.”

Then carrying her into a spare room, from whence there was no possibility of escape, he locked her in, and putting the key in his pocket, walked off to spend the evening at Y——, leaving the fair prisoner to enjoy in solitary confinement the result of her frolic.

Ah! Ben, Ben! you know nothing of women, still less of sister Helen; unable to get out, she diligently set herself to work to hatch more mischief. With her, to think and act were almost simultaneous, and during her imprisonment she concocted the following billet, as if coming from Mr. Balls the tailor; and early the next morning, she transcribed the same upon a bit of soiled paper, which she folded and directed like a butcher's bill, and carefully deposited in the post-office. This elegant epistle was handed to Ben at breakfast the following morning.

DEER SUR,

Hi ham the most hunfortunatest hov men, aving appened vith ha grate haxhident to your dress cote. Me guse was to ott, ven hi vent to press hout the seems, hand burnt ha large ole rite hin the middel hov the back. Hi ave jined hit has vel has cold be hex pected. So hi opes you vil hoverlook my sad missfortin.

Yours Sur to command, hin grate hanxiety,

E. BALLS.

“By Jove!” cried Ben, “what farrago of nonsense is all this? Here, Nell, you are a good hand at making out cramped writing. Do come and see if you can read this.”

With the utmost apparent difficulty, Miss Nell contrived to spell out the note.

“What—how! You can't mean that. Oh, confound the bungling brute!—he surely has not spoilt my coat. But I will take the price of it out of his bones!”

As he finished speaking, the culprit himself made his appearance, followed by the servant with a bundle tied up in a yellow silk handkerchief under his arm.

Ezekiel Balls was a tall, thin, slouchy looking man, with large heavy black eyes, that turned every way in his head, like the eyes of a crab. Such eyes were never made to look another honestly in the face. They rolled hither and thither, with a crouching, fawning expression, and it was only by stealth that you caught him in the act of looking straight at you.

Ben cast one disdainful glance at Mr. Balls; and comprehended in a moment the cowardly, cringing, disposition of the man, and with a most sublime pity despised him accordingly.

"So, you awkward rascal!" he exclaimed, turning to the terrified tailor, who instinctively shrunk from the warlike appearance of his employer, and shuffled a few steps backwards towards the door. "How can you have the impudence to show your ugly face here? Now, just be off! or I will show you the way out—a—sight quicker than you came in. As to the suit you have spoiled for me, you may keep it yourself, and if you fail to furnish me with one as good, I will send you to jail!"

"The good Lord defend us! What does your honour mean?" said the man, opening his eyes and mouth in blank astonishment. "Will you please to look at the coat and trowsers?"

"Curse your impudence, fellow! Have you not already told me that you have spoilt the coat?"

The tailor became more mystified every moment.

"Spoilt your coat, sir? There is some strange mistake, sir; I have not spoilt your coat."

"Yes, sir, you have. You have burnt a hole in it."

"Whoever told you that story, Mr. Backstay, told an infernal lie! *God forgive me for swearing,*" he added, in a softer tone. "But I suppose it was that villain Sewell. He does all he can to put business past me, and rob me of my customers, by inventing all sorts of malicious reports. I burn a hole in a gentleman's dress coat! I, who served *me* apprenticeship with Schultz? Why, sir, the thing's impossible!"

"Will you deny your own handwriting?" and the angry Ben handed him the note.

The tailor took and handled it for a few minutes, as if he were touching a burning coal, at length he stammered forth: "This here is not my handwriting, sir. I was an orphan, and my poor mother was unable to send me to school; I can neither read nor write. I was an errand-boy at the great Schultz's, and he took a kind of liking for me, and gave me his business. I can't read the note, sir. Will you be so good as to read it for me?"

This was rather a poser. Ben looked doubtfully at the tailor, and with some difficulty read aloud to the wandering and indignant tradesman the precious document.

To picture the countenance of the man while the communication was being made public, would be impossible. He gasped for breath, his rage nearly choked him.

“ ’Tis all a lie, sir,—a base lie ! invented, as I told you before, by that villain Sewell, in order to injure me. But I ’ll have my revenge. Give me the note, sir,— I ’ll kill him—I ’ll take the law of him. I—I—I ’ll knock his brains out with his own goose ! ”

The laughter, which the wicked Helen could no longer repress, began to awaken a suspicion in the mind of her mother, that the note was some trick of hers ; and, suddenly snatching the dingy epistle from her son’s hand, she flung it behind the fire, assuring the angry tailor that it was all a joke—a trick which one of his sisters had played upon Mr. Backstay.

It was not until Ben had tried on the new suit, and submitted every part of it to the most rigid examination, that he could convince himself that all was right. The coat, fortunately for him and the tailor, was an excellent fit, which instantly restored Ben to his former good-nature. He shook hands with the tailor, and laughingly apologized for his late violence, which he hoped that Mr. Balls would forget in a draught of home-brewed ale. “ These girls,” he continued, “ will have their joke ; they won’t let a fellow alone, and because he is a sailor, they consider him fair game.”

Mr. Balls accepted the promised peace-offering, and after drinking a good health to Mr. Ben and the ladies, bowed and smirked himself out.

“ Oh, mamma ! ” exclaimed Helen, the moment the tailor was beyond hearing, “ why did you betray me, and prevent those tailors from coming to the scratch ? What capital fun it would have been ! ”

“ Helen, Helen ! when will you leave off these foolish practical jokes ? You might have been the cause of those men killing each other.”

“ The geese ! ” said Helen. “ It would have ended in a harmless hiss or two.”

The day of the ball at length arrived, and after spending a full hour in the adornment of his outer man, Ben Backstay mounted Helen’s pony, and galloped off gaily to the town of B ——. He was received with much kindness by Mrs. G—— and her daughters, who, with the fair Margaret, were more flattering than usual in their attentions. Ben, who considered himself perfectly irresistible, concluded that they were all in love with him ; and, for fear of raising hopes which he could not realize (for he well knew that, however charming each in her own person might be, it was impossible to marry them all) he conscientiously confined all his flirtations to Miss Margaret.

During the evening, he took various opportunities of declaring his passion to the young lady ; and at last went so far as to entreat her to bestow upon him a lock of her beautiful dark hair, which he assured her, would be kept by him as a sacred relic when he should be far away at sea.

After a little reasonable opposition, Margaret G—— consented to grant his request. But fearing, she said, the indignation of

her aunt and cousins, should her indiscretion come to their ears, she begged him to wait under the shade of the staircase, when he left the ball-room to return home; and she would fling the coveted lock over the banisters, enclosed in a small packet.

Ben was in raptures, and promised the most profound secrecy. After the festivities of the evening had been brought to a close, our love-inspired sailor repaired to the appointed spot, his heart beating high with excitement, and hoping that this stolen interview would end in the happy termination of his suit.

He waited for a few minutes in breathless suspense, when a light step sounded on the stair, and the soft voice of Margaret G—— gently pronounced his name. Ben sprang forward, and caught a momentary glance of the white garments of his beloved, and the next instant, a small sealed parcel was caught in his outstretched eager hand.

“Don’t open it, before you reach home,” whispered the maiden, and disappeared.

Ben retired in a sort of dreamy ecstasy, and, mounting his horse, took the road that led homeward.

The distance was twelve miles—twelve long miles, over rough, cross-country roads; but twelve, or twenty, would have been all one to him, he never marked the distance, and the horse, if it had been mischievously inclined, might have led him a dance over moor and moss, like another will-o’-the-wisp, and he would never have heeded its frolics, so completely was his mind absorbed in rapturous visions of future bliss—love in a cottage with Margaret G——, or the said young lady, reigning queen on board a fine East Indiaman, commanded by himself. The most improbable things became possible to Ben, in that hour of love and romance.

But our sailor’s night-dreams, like the day-dreams of the poor adventurer in the Arabian Nights’ Entertainment, were doomed to experience a strange disappointment.

On arriving at home, he found his two youngest sisters sitting up for him: but before answering their eager inquiries about the ball, he took the packet from his bosom, and hurried to the candle.

“A treasure, girls! A lock of Margaret G——’s beautiful hair.”

“Indeed!” cried both the girls in a breath. “Did she actually give you a lock of her hair? You are joking, Ben; we will not believe it.”

“Then here it is,” said the amorous sailor, pressing the little packet to his lips, before he tore open the envelope. “If you doubt the truth, come and look for yourselves.”

Reader, imagine if you can, the feelings of our lover, when his eye rested—not upon a rich, silky lock of his beloved’s jet-black hair, but upon a white, grizzled, straight, wiry bunch, cut from the frosty pow of her *great grandmother*, who had reached the eccentric age of one hundred and six years. Ben swore—the girls laughed themselves ill, and his love-fit for the fair Margaret was cured from that hour.

SLAVERY IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY MISS SEDGEWICK.

BEFORE the American Revolution, slavery extended throughout the United States. In New England it was on a very limited scale. There were household slaves in Boston, who drove the coaches, cooked the dinners, and shared the luxuries of rich houses; and a few were distributed among the most wealthy of the rural population. They were not numerous enough to make the condition a great evil or embarrassment, but quite enough to show its incompatibility with the demonstration of the truth, on which our declaration of Independence is based, that "all men are born equal," and have "an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The slaves in Massachusetts were treated with almost parental kindness. They were incorporated into the family, and each puritan household being a sort of religious structure, the relative duties of master and servant were clearly defined. No doubt the severest and longest task fell to the slave, but in the household of the farmer or artisan, the master and the mistress shared it, and when it was finished, the white and the black, like the feudal chief and his household servant, sat down to the same table, and shared the same viands. No doubt there were hard masters and cruel mistresses, and so there are cruel fathers and exacting mothers: unrestrained power is not a fit human trust. We know an old man, who, fifty years ago, when strict domestic discipline was a cardinal virtue, and "spare the rod and spoil the child" was written on the lintel, was in the unvarying habit, "after prayers" on a Monday morning, of setting his children, boys and girls, nine in number, in a row, and beginning with the eldest, a lad of eighteen, he inflicted an hebdomadal prospective chastisement down the whole line, to the little urchin of three years. And the tradition goes, that the possible transgressions of the week were never underrated—that these were supererogatory stripes for possible sins, or chance misdemeanors!

But this was a picturesque exception from the prevailing mildness of the parental government, and so were the cruelties exercised upon her slaves by a certain Madame A——, who lived in Sheffield, a border-town in the western part of Massachusetts, exceptional from the general course of patriarchal government. This Madame A—— belonged to the provincial gentry, and did not live long enough for the democratic wave to rise to her high-water mark. Her husband, as was, and is, not uncommon in New England, combined the duties of the soldier and the magistrate, and honourably discharged both. He won laurels in "the French war," (the war waged in the Northern British provinces), and wore them meekly. The plan of Providence to prevent monstrous discrepancies, by mating the tall with the short, the fat with the lean, the sour with the sweet, &c., was illustrated by General A—— and his help-meet. He was the gentlest, most benign of men;

she, a shrew untameable. He was an 'Allworthy,' or 'my Uncle Toby.' He had pity, tolerance, and forgiveness for every human error. There was no such word as error in Madame A——'s vocabulary. Every departure from her rule of rectitude was criminal. She was the type of punishment. Her justice was without scales as well as blind, so that she never weighed ignorance against error, nor temptation against sin. He was the kindest of masters to his slaves; she, the most despotic of mistresses. Happily for the servile household, those were the days of the fixed supremacy of man. No question of the equality of the sexes had impaired woman's contentment, or provoked man's fear or ridicule. The current of his authority had run undisturbed since first the river Pison flowed out of Eden. No "woman's rights' conventions" had dared to doubt the primitive law and curse, "thy desire shall be to thy husband, and *he shall rule over thee:*" so that, as we intimated, the servants of Madame A——, suffering under her despotism, had always a right of appeal to a higher tribunal. Whatever petty tyrannies the magnanimous General might quietly submit to in his own person, he never acquiesced in oppression of his people. Among them was a remarkable woman of unmixed African race. Her name was Elizabeth Freeman, transmuted to "Betty," and afterwards contracted by lisping lips from Mammy Bet, to Mum-Bett, by which name she was best known.

It has since been luminously translated in a French notice, into *Chut Babet*.

This woman,* who was said by a competent judge to have "no superiors and few equals," was the property, "the chattel" of General A——. She had a sister in servitude with her, a sickly timid creature, over whom she watched as the lioness does over her cubs. On one occasion, when Madame A—— was making the patrol of her kitchen, she discovered a wheaten cake, made by Lizzy the sister, for herself, from the scrapings of the great oaken bowl in which the family batch had been kneaded. Enraged at the "thief," as she branded her, she seized a large iron shovel hot from clearing the oven, and raised it over the terrified girl. Bet interposed her brawny arm, and took the blow. It cut quite across the arm to the bone, "but," she would say afterwards in concluding the story of the frightful scar she carried to her grave, "Madam never again laid her hand on Lizzy. I had a bad arm all winter, but Madam had the worst of it. I never covered the wound, and when people said to me, before Madam,—'Why, Betty! what ails your arm?' I only answered—'ask missis!'" Which was the slave and which was the real mistress?

* Our readers may have seen some account of this woman by Miss Martineau, I believe, in her "Society in America;" but as that account was but partial, and by a stranger, I have thought that one more extended, without exaggeration or colouring, in every particular true, might be acceptable at a time when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has excited curiosity as to the individual character of the African race. It was said, perhaps truly, by that distinguished man, Charles Follen, that if you could establish the equality of the slave with the master in a single instance, you had answered the argument for slavery furnished by the inferiority of the African race.

She had another characteristic story of the days of her servitude; and she retained so vivid an impression of its circumstances, that when she related them in her old age, the blood of her hearers would curdle in their veins.

"It was in May," she would say, "just at the time of the apple blossoms; I was wetting the bleaching linen, when a smallish girl came in to the gate, and up the lane, and straight to me, and said, without raising her eyes, 'where is your master? I must speak with him.' I told her that my master was absent, that he would come home before night. 'Then I must stay,' she said, 'for I must speak with him.' I set down my watering pot, and told her to come with me into the house. I saw it was no common case. *Gals* in trouble were often coming to master." ('Girls in trouble,' is a definite rustic phrase, indicating but one species of trouble). "But," she continued, "I never saw one look like this. The blood seemed to have stopped in her veins; her face and neck were all in blotches of red and white. She had bitten her lip through; her voice was hoarse and husky, and her eyelids seemed to settle down as if she could never raise them again. I showed her into a bedroom next the kitchen, and shut the door, hoping Madam would not mistrust it, for she never overlooked anybody's wrongdoing but her own, and she had a partic'lar hatred of gals that had met with a misfortin; she could not abide them. She saw me bring the gal in—it was just her luck—she always saw everything. I heard her coming and I threw open the bedroom door; for seeing I could no way hide the poor child—she was not over fifteen—I determined to stand by her. When Madam had got half across the kitchen, in full sight of the child, she turned to me, and her eyes flashing like a cat's in the dark, she asked me, 'what that baggage wanted?' 'To speak to master.' 'What does she want to say to your master?' 'I don't know, ma'am.' 'I know,' she said—and there was no foul thing she did n't call the child; and when she had got to the end of her bad words, she ordered her to walk out of the house. Then the gal raised her eyes for the first time; she had not seemed to hear a word before. She did not speak—she did not sigh—nor sob—nor groan—but a sharp sound seemed to come right out of her heart; it was heart-breaking to hear it.

"'Sit still, child,' I said. At that Madam's temper rose like a thunder-storm. She said the house was hers, and again ordered the gal out of it. 'Sit still, child,' says I again. 'She shall go,' says madam. 'No, missis, she shan't,' says I. 'If the gal has a complaint to make, she has a right to see the judge; that's lawful, and stands to reason beside.' Madam knew when I set my foot down, I kept it down; so after blazing out, she walked away."

One should have known this remarkable woman, the native majesty of her deportment, the intelligence of her indomitable, irresistible will, to understand the calmness of the stranger-girl under her protection, and her sure victory over her hurricane of a mistress.

"When dinner-time came," she continued, "I offered the child

a part of mine; I had no right to take madam's food and give it to her, and I did n't; but, poor little creature, she could no more eat than if she were a dead corpse; she tried when I begged her, but she could not. Master came home at evening." (It might have been noticed of Mum-Bett, that, to the end of her life, when referring to the days of her servitude, she spoke of General A—as "my master," and tenderly, "my old master!" but always of her mistress as "Madam.") "I got speech of master as he was getting off his horse. I told him that there was a poor afflicted gal—a child, one might call her—had been waiting all day to speak to him. He bid me bring her in, after supper. I knew Madam would berate her to master, but that did not signify with him. When he sent word he was ready, I took a lighted candle in each hand, and told the child to follow me. She did not seem frightened; she was just as she was in the morning, 'cept that the red blotches had gone, and she was all one dreadful waxy white.

"We went to the study. Master was sitting in his high-backed chair, before his desk. Master could not scare her, he looked so pitiful. I sets down the candles, walked back to the wall, and stood there; I knew master had no objections,—master and I understood one another. 'Come hither,' says master. The gal walked up to the desk. 'What is your name?'—'Tamor Graham.'—'Take off your bonnet, Tamor.' She took it off. Her hair was brown—a pretty brown, and curly, but all a tangle. Master looked at her." When Mum-Bett got to the point of her story, (every word, as she often repeated it, is "cut in" my memory), the tears started from her eyes, and she quietly wiped them away with the back of her hand. She was not given to tears. They were not her demonstration. "If ever there was a pitiful look," she continued, "it was that look of master's. I can see it yet. 'Now hold up your hand, Tamor,' he said, 'and swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God!' She did. 'Sit down now, child,' he said, and drew a chair himself. She kind of fell into the chair, and clasped her hands tight together."

We cannot, and it is not needful for our purpose that we should, go into the particulars of the wretched girl's story. It was steeped in horrors; in homely rustic life, a repetition of the crime of the Cenci tragedy. The girl had knit her soul to her task, and she went unflinching through it.

"Once," said Mum-Bett, "my master stopped her, and said, 'Do you know, child, that if your father is committed, and convicted, on your oath, he must die for the crime?' 'Yes, sir, I know it!' 'You say he has pursued you again and again; why did you not complain before?' 'I escaped, sir,—and for my mother's sake—and my little brother's—poor boy!' and then she burst out like a child, and cried, and cried, and wrung her hands."

After the examination, General A—— gave the girl into Mum-Bett's hands, with orders that every thing should be done for her security and comfort. The father was apprehended—his child was confronted with him. "He was an awful-looking man,"

Mum-Bett said, "He had short grey hair, but not close cropped, and when I led Tamor in, it rose, and every hair stood stiff and upright on his head. I've seen awful sights in my day, but nothing near to that."

Much corroborative testimony was obtained. There was then no court for capital trials in Berkshire, the county of General A——'s residence. The culprit was transferred to Hampshire to be tried. While Tamor remained at the General's she received a message, requesting her to come to a sequestered lane at twilight, to meet her mother. Nothing suspecting, she went, and was seized and carried off, by two men, agents of her father, who hoped to escape by abducting the witness. A posse of militia was called out, and she was found in durance, in a hut in the depth of a wood. The mother and child did meet once, and but once. They locked their arms around each other. The mother shrieked—the girl was silent—livid, and when they were parted, more dead than alive.

The father was condemned. The daughter, at her earnest instance, was sent off to a distant province where it was understood she died not long after.

Mum-Bett's character was composed of few but strong elements. Action was the law of her nature, and conscious of superiority to all around her, she felt servitude intolerable. It was not the work—work was play to her. Her power of execution was marvellous. Nor was it awe of her kind master, or fear of her despotic mistress, but it was the galling of the harness, the irresistible longing for liberty. I have heard her say, with an emphatic shake of the head peculiar to her: "Any time, any time while I was a slave, if one minute's freedom had been offered to me, and I had been told I must die at the end of that minute, I would have taken it—just to stand one minute on God's *airth* a free woman—I would."

It was soon after the close of the revolutionary war, that she chanced at the village "meeting house," in Sheffield, to hear the Declaration of Independence read. She went the next day to the office of Mr. Theodore Sedgewick, then in the beginning of his honourable political and legal career. "Sir," said she, "I heard that paper read yesterday, that says, 'all men are born equal, and that every man has a right to freedom. I am not a dumb *critter*; won't the law give me my freedom?'" I can imagine her upright form, as she stood dilating with her fresh hope based on the declaration of an intrinsic, inalienable right. Such a resolve as hers is like God's messengers—wind, snow, and hail—irresistible.

Her application was made to one who had generosity as well as intelligence to meet it. Mr. Sedgewick immediately instituted a suit in behalf of the extraordinary plaintiff; a decree was obtained in her favour. It was the first practical construction in Massachusetts of the declaration which had been to the black race a constitutional abstraction, and on this decision was based the freedom of the few slaves remaining in Massachusetts.

Mum-Bett immediately transferred herself to the service of her

champion, if service that could be called, which was quite as much rule as service. She was in truth a sort of nurse—*gouvernante* in his house—an anomalous office in our land.

The children under her government regarded it, as the Jews did theirs, as a theocracy; and if a divine right were founded upon such ability and fidelity as hers, there would be no revolutions. Wider abuses make rebels. Soon after the close of the war, there was some resistance to the administration of the newly organised State Government in Massachusetts. Instead of the exemption from taxation which the ignorant had expected, a heavy imposition was necessarily laid upon them, and instead of the licence they had hoped from liberty, they found themselves fenced in by legal restraints. The Jack Cades banded together; dishonest men misled honest ones; the government was embarrassed; the courts were interrupted; and disorder prevailed throughout the western counties. A man named Shay was the leader; the rising has been dignified as Shay's war. There were some skirmishing, and one or two encounters called battles; but with the exception of a few wounds and three or four deaths, it was a bloodless contest—chiefly mischievous for the fright it gave the women, and the licensed forays of the dishonest and idle, who joined the insurgents. Those who had fancied that equality of rights and privileges would make equality of condition; that the mountains and mole-hills of gentle descent, education, and fortune would all sink before the proclamation of a republic, to one level, were grievously disappointed; and the old war was waged that began with the revolt in Heaven, and has been continued down to our day of socialism. The gentlemen were called the "ruffled shirts;" they were made prisoners wherever the insurgents could lay hands upon them; their houses were invaded, and their moveable property unceremoniously seized by those whose might made their right.

Mr. Sedgewick was a member of the state legislature, and absent from his home on duty, at Boston. His family were transferred to a place free from danger or annoyance; all his family, with the exception of the servants, and one young invalid child, Mum-Bett's pet. Leave her castle she would not, and her particular treasure she felt able to defend. She adopted a rather feminine mode of defence. She drew her bars and bolts, hung over the kitchen fire a large kettle of beer, and sounded her trump of defiance, the declaration that she would scald to death the first invader.

The insurgents knew she would keep her word, and on that occasion they preserved their distance.

The fear of personal molestation having subsided, the family returned to their home. They were not, however, secure from *levies* by the honest insurgents, and thefts by the dishonest. For them all, Mum-Bett had an aristocratic contempt. She did not recognise their "new-made honour," but accoutered and decked as they were in epaulets and ivy boughs, they were, to her, "Nick Bottom the weaver, Robin Starveling the tailor, Tom Snout the tinker," &c.

The captain of a company, with two or three subalterns, came to Mr. Sedgwick's with the intent to capture Jenny Gray, a beautiful young mare, esteemed too spirited for any hand but the master of the family, and "gentle as a dog in his hand," Mum-Bett would say. So a cowardly serving man obeyed the order to bring Jenny Gray from the stable, and saddle and bridle her. Mum-Bett stood at the open house-door, keenly observing the procedure. The captain, with much difficulty, for the animal was snorting and restive, mounted; but whether from an instinct of repulsion, or from some magnetic sign from Mum-Bett (I suspect the latter), she reared and plunged, and threw her unskilled rider on the turf behind her. Again the Captain mounted, and again was thrown; the third time he essayed with like default, then having got some hard bruises, he stood off, and hesitated. While he did so, Mum-Bett started out, unbuckled the saddle, threw it one side, and leading Jenny Gray to a gate that opened into a wide field skirting a wooded, unfenced, upland, she slipped off the bridle, clapped Jenny on the side, and whistled her off, and off she went, careering beyond the hope of Captain Smith, the joiner.

Alas! Jenny Gray was not always so fortunate! One dark night she disappeared from the stable, and the last that was seen of her, she was galloping away into the State of New York, bearing one of the Shay leaders from the pursuit of justice.

On another occasion, when a party of marauders were making their domiciliary visits to the houses of the few gentry in the village, they entered Mr. Sedgwick's, and demanded the key of the cellar. In those days, the distance now traversed in a few hours was a week's journey. The supplies of to-morrow, now sent from New York on the order of to-day, were then laid in semi-annually, and Mr. S.'s cellar was furnished for six months' unstinted hospitality. Mum-Bett led the party, embodying the dignity of the family in her own commanding manner. She adroitly directed their attention first to a store of bottled brown stout. One of the men knocking off the neck of a bottle, took a draught, and pithily expressed his abhorrence of the 'bitter stuff.' 'How should you like what gentlemen like?' she asked in a tone of derision bitterer than the brown stout. 'Is there nothing better here?' they asked. '*Gentlemen* want nothing better,' she answered with contempt, and they, partly disappointed, but more crestfallen, turned back and left untasted, liquor which they would have been as ready as Caliban to swear was 'not earthly,' was 'celestial liquor.' She managed her defensive warfare to the end with equal adroitness. She had secreted the watches and few trinkets of the ladies, and small articles of plate, in a large oaken chest containing her own wardrobe; no contemptible store either. Bett had a regal love of the solid and the splendid wear, and to the last of her long life went on accumulating chintzes and silks.

When, after tramping through the house, they came to Bett's locked chest and demanded the key, she lifted up her hands, and laughed in scorn.

"Ah! Sam Cooper," she said, "you and your fellows are no

better than I thought you. You call me 'wench' and 'nigger,' and you are not above rummaging my chest. You will have to break it open to do it!" Sam Cooper, a quondam broom-peddler (to whom Bett had pointed out, in their progress, his worthless brooms rotting in the cellar) was the leader of the party. "He turned," she said, "and slunk away like a whipped cur as he was!"

We have marked a few striking points along the course of her life, but its whole course was like a noble river, that makes rich and glad the dwellers on its borders.

She was a guardian to the childhood, a friend to the maturity, a staff to the old age of those she served. More than once, by a courageous assumption of responsibility, by resisting the absurd medical usages of the time, in denying cold water and fresh air to burning fevers, she saved precious lives.

The time came for leaving even the shadow of service, and she retired to a freehold of her own, which she had purchased with her savings. These had been rather freely used by her only child, and her grandchildren, who, like most of their race, were addicted to festive joys.

In the last act of the drama of life, when conscience upheaves the barren or the bloated past, and poor humanity quails, she met death, not as the dreaded tyrant, but as the angel-messenger of God. Some of the "orthodox" pious felt a technical yet sincere concern for her. Even her worth required the passport of "Church Membership." The clergyman of the village visited her with the rigors of the old creed, and presenting the terrors of the law, said, "Are you not afraid to meet your God?" "No, Sir," she replied, calmly and emphatically—"No, Sir. I have tried to do my duty, and I am *not* afraid!" She had passed from the slavery of spiritual conventionalism into the liberty of the children of God.

She lies now in the village burial ground, in the midst of those she loved and blessed; of those who loved and honoured her. The first ray of the sun, that as it rose over the beautiful hills of Berkshire, was welcomed by her vigilant eye, now greets her grave; its last beam falls on the marble inscribed with the following true words:—

"ELIZABETH FREEMAN,
(known by the name of Mum-Bett),
died Dec. 28th, 1829.

Her supposed age was 85 years.

She was born a slave and remained a slave for nearly thirty years. She could neither read nor write; yet in her own sphere she had no superior nor equal. She neither wasted time nor property. She never violated a truth, nor failed to perform a duty. In every situation of domestic trial she was the most efficient helper and the tenderest friend. Good mother, farewell!"

MISS BARBARA BLISS AND HER MISERIES.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

NEVER did an author propose to himself a harder task than that of describing the charms of Miss Barbara Bliss. She was not a fine woman, not a pretty woman, not a wonderful woman, not a strong-minded woman. In short one might multiply her negatives *ad infinitum*; but as in figures five hundred times nothing is still nothing, so in the case of Miss Barbara Bliss five hundred repetitions of the qualities and characteristics she did *not* possess would still leave the reader uninformed of a single one that she *did* possess. Let us try to seize (figuratively of course—heaven forbid that we should do it literally!) on some of Miss Barbara's actual charms. First she was tall and thin; next her nose was long and thin: her eyes were small, sharp, and piercing; her mouth was pinched, her teeth were never visible, though her dentist says she had some of her own; her chin was pointed; and so was her head, up to the organ of self-esteem, which is just about the crown of the pericranium; her hair was light brown, and very rough and bristly, so that, oil it as she might, it always looked as if she had only just taken off her night-cap after a disturbed night's rest—it was clear that the only moisture about it was from the oil aforesaid, and even that it seemed to swallow up and utterly absorb, as the great desert of Zahara would serve an April shower. Her figure would illustrate a parallelogram better than Hogarth's line of beauty. If to all this we add the ordinary brown stuff dress, made very tight, and without a particle of ornament; long hands that seemed to shoot out like the feelers of a lobster, and a skin of the colour of parchment or old point lace (the latter is the more polite simile), perhaps the reader will have just the faintest idea of the personal appearance of Miss Barbara Bliss.

Miss Barbara lived in a house very like herself, being tall, narrow, brown and seedy-looking, and situate somewhere across the Thames, but whether it was in Lambeth or Southwark, or Clapham or Kennington, or Brixton, we really do not know, our acquaintance with all these regions being limited to a general birds-eye view of them from a four-horse drag on a Derby-day. She lived alone too; unless a cat, and a parrot, a marmozet monkey, and an old servant of all-work can be considered to form a family. How she passed her time who shall tell? but she stitched a great deal, though what she stitched, or for whom, we cannot say. This, however, is a lady's mystery. Lady Fanny Faddle is eternally working with her needle, embroidering, crocheting, and even sewing—and yet Lady Fanny has not a morsel of her own work in her possession, nor can any one of her most intimate friends produce a specimen of it. Mrs. Shillitoe appears to be for ever labouring under a frightful accumulation of plain needle-work, and the rapidity with

which her pointed little bit of steel is constantly moving, the lacerated state of her left fore-finger, and her consumption of sewing and darning cotton are facts which speak for themselves. And yet Mrs. Shillitoe is a trifle slatternly: we have detected a hole in her stocking and a rent in her collar more than once, while all the little Shillitoes have torn pinafores and dilapidated frocks. What becomes of all the fruits of these ladies' industry? Was there not a faint response from the "Fancy Fairs," and "Ladies' Visiting Societies," or was it only echo?

Miss Barbara Bliss, in spite of her happy name, was not a happy woman. She had two great sources of grief, one imaginary (as *we* think), and the other real. The first was that she had been disappointed in love, as she informed the world—her young heart's affections rudely crushed and so forth. Certainly she had kept the secret of her love well, for none even of her own family knew anything about it, or that the individual breathed or ever had breathed, on whom Miss Barbara had bestowed her heart—except a young man at a linendraper's who would have married her with pleasure, but that he possessed the inconvenient impediment of being married already.

The second source of grief to Miss Barbara Bliss was a nephew. He was a source of grief to nearly every one who had the misfortune to be connected with him, and especially to Miss Barbara, who had been, and still was, his guardian, and to whom his extravagance, his mad pranks, and his eternal scrapes were something horribly alarming.

Charley Bliss was a particularly "fast" young man: so fast that he always got a-head of his means, large as they were, and in the race with that imaginary being the constable (whom people are said to have outrun, that are afterwards outrun by a Sheriff's officer) the constable stood no chance at all, but was utterly "distanced." In his very school days Charley became intimately acquainted with that distinctive feature of modern commerce "tick." In fact Charley expressed his belief that he had been "born on tick," which being mentioned to a Scotch friend, the latter suggested "Well, and mayhap the laddie's father never paid the Accoucheur."

It was in order to correct this tendency to extravagance, no doubt, that Charley was sent into that admirable school of economy—the army. His father and mother were dead, and Charley was heir to £30,000. The 27th Lancers were just the men who could appreciate a fellow of that sort, and Charley Bliss became highly popular in his corps. But alas! for poor Miss Barbara, his aunt and guardian! what peace of mind or body could she hope for while Charley was drawing bills on her that she could not pay, lending more money to other men than he was allowed for himself, driving four-in-hand, and whisking about between Windsor and Richmond, with Mademoiselle Violette of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Grand Opera at Paris?

Whenever the postman rapped at Miss Barbara's door, she always dreaded the well-known hand of her nephew with his

demand for the immediate transmission of a "hundred or two" by return of post. Or as she sat knitting a lamp-stand or darning a stocking, she was under constant apprehension of being startled by the arrival of Charley's tandem with the knowing tiger and wicked-looking leader, or even of his brougham with a distant and indistinct view of something (or somebody) in a great deal of lace, and silk, and jewellery, inside, after Charley had stepped out; for Miss Barbara "really *does* believe that he brought that good-for-nothing hussy (Mademoiselle Violette, of &c.) up to her very door once."

One day Charley brought a very different sort of person than Mademoiselle Violette, not only up to his aunt's door, but into her very house, her very room, all among the needle-work, and the cat, and the parrot, and the marmozet monkey. The individual thus introduced to Miss Barbara's abode was a brother officer of the 27th Lancers, one Captain O'Grady, whose country we need not mention, for his name, as well as his physiognomy proclaimed it. He was a good-looking fellow with an enormous moustache and a very roguish twinkle in his eye.

"Allow me, my *dear* Aunt," said Charley (he was always very affectionate), "to introduce my excellent and valued friend, Captain O'Grady."

Miss Barbara made a prim bend of her head—O'Grady made a bow that would have driven the renowned Simpson of Vauxhall wild with envy—it was a perfect study.

"Believe me—my dear madam, this is the honour that I've solicited so earnestly and so long, and till this day without effect," he said, in the most respectful of tones.

Miss Barbara felt her frigid reserve inclined to melt a little, and we verily believe she would have even smiled had it not been for O'Grady's enormous moustache. The good lady always connected naughtiness of some kind or other with moustachios. A great many unsophisticated people (especially such as reside in suburban districts) do so. At all events she begged him to take a seat, and turned to her nephew with an inquiring glance, that meant "what have you brought him here for?" But Charley was entirely engrossed with his own right boot at the moment—at least he stared hard at it, and perhaps it was tight, for there was a spasmodic twitching about the muscles of his face that *may* have been the effect of pain.

"What a charming abode you have here!" exclaimed O'Grady. Charley's right boot gave him a sharper twinge than ever.

"It's a very humble one," said Miss Barbara, not quite satisfied of her visitor's sincerity, in spite of his serious looks.

"Pardon me, my dear madam, I cannot regard *any* abode as humble which is graced by female worth, and adorned by female—oh!" The last word was a sharp cry of pain, for the parrot had crawled down the bars at the back of O'Grady's chair, and along the side of the seat, till attaining a favourable position, it had seized his little finger tightly with its beak. Miss Barbara rushed to the rescue, the parrot screamed, O'Grady swallowed his oaths and sucked his finger, and Charley roared with laughter.

"I'm afraid you're seriously hurt," said Miss Barbara, anxiously.

"Oh no, don't mention it!" replied O'Grady, who would have given the world to let off one little soothing oath.

"Let me see," said Miss Barbara, forgetting her maiden frigidity in her anxiety.

"Certainly," said O'Grady, as he immediately placed his hand in Miss Barbara's, and gave her a look that might have softened the shell of a tortoise.

"You had better let me rub it with opodeldoc," said Miss Barbara.

"You may do *anything* you please with me," answered O'Grady, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, and throwing a little tremulousness into it that made it sink into Miss Barbara's very soul.

The opodeldoc was brought, and Miss Barbara applied it most artistically. When she had finished, O'Grady did *not* take away his hand.

"I have finished," said Miss Barbara, gently pushing away the hand.

"I'm sorry," sighed O'Grady, with another tender look. Miss Barbara blushed.

"But really," said O'Grady, after a moment's pause, "I am forgetting my duty. Miss Bliss, I am commissioned in the name of our mess, (don't be alarmed, for some of us are *not* scapegraces," with a glance towards Charley,) "to invite you to a picnic in Richmond Park on Wednesday next."

"Invite *me!*" exclaimed Miss Barbara, with a look of immense surprise, and just a little indignation.

"Now pray don't refuse," cried O'Grady. "There will be the Colonel's wife and his three daughters, and the Major's daughter, and Captain Sackville's wife, and Burges' sister, and Lady Tattle-*dom* has promised to come if she possibly can. The company will be the most select and agreeable, I assure you, especially if you will also honour us with yours."

Miss Barbara was softened. She talked a little about "never going out," and a few such faint excuses; but O'Grady saw the citadel giving way, followed up the assault, and carried it by storm. Miss Barbara promised to go; O'Grady promised to send a carriage for her; they bade farewell, and if Captain O'Grady squeezed Miss Barbara's hand just a trifle at parting, it was doubtless only from excitement, gratitude, and embarrassment.

Not till they had reached the street, and got clear of the house, could O'Grady allow the dutiful nephew to give way to a roar of laughter, which he was unable to control for a quarter of an hour afterwards.

Wednesday came at last, though it seemed a long while on the road, as Wednesdays and all other days do when they are longed for. And, to tell the truth, Miss Barbara Bliss *did* long for it; though she had a few fears connected with its advent also, for she

had spent an infinity of time and trouble in the preparation of her costume for the eventful day. But when the pink and white muslin, and the light blue bonnet with the violent eruption of roses on it were complete, and Miss Barbara Bliss tried them on before the glass, it would have been a great pity if she had not been satisfied with her appearance; but she was. Never had Miss Barbara looked so well in Miss Barbara's opinion, especially when over the pink and white dress she threw the muslin *visite* which she had bought at the great corner shop a little way off, where she saw it ticketed "seven and sixpence, for *fêtes*—very chaste," so that it was in every respect suited to Miss Barbara, and to the occasion.

At half-past eleven o'clock, A.M., a very neat landau, with a pair of chestnuts, drove up to Miss Bliss's abode. She was enraptured at its appearance; and when the coachman sent in word that he came by Captain O'Grady's orders to fetch "her ladyship" to the picnic, she thought Captain O'Grady one of the most gentlemanlike men in the world, and actually pardoned his large moustache.

Amidst the gaping surprise of her neighbours, Miss Barbara stepped into the carriage, and was whirled away at a rapid pace towards Richmond Park. A little more than an hour's drive brought her up to the gates, and as the coachman had a pass, they were admitted, and he drove to the spot which had been selected for the picnic.

At last he began to pull up. Miss Barbara looked about her; there were Captain O'Grady and her nephew Charley approaching, and there were several other moustachoeed young heroes a little way off; and there was a cloth spread on the turf, and there were servants in attendance, and all the usual preparations for a feast. But, alas! there was *not* the least sign of a petticoat or a bonnet in sight!

"I'm afraid I'm too early," said Miss Barbara, after receiving O'Grady's very warm greetings; "we drove so fast."

"Not at all," cried the Captain, "not a bit of it."

"But where," asked the lady, glancing round, "where are the other ladies?"

"Where indeed!" repeated O'Grady, "see how you shame them all, Miss Bliss! no doubt they've all been keeping the carriages waiting while they beautified themselves. Such artificial creatures as *some* women make themselves!" with a glance that implied how completely wasted would be any superfluity of care for personal adornment in one so gifted with natural charms as Miss Barbara Bliss.

By this time they had reached the group of young heroes, who were all bowing with the utmost grace and respect, as Charley and O'Grady introduced them one after another to Miss Barbara.

A very keen observer might have detected signs of a secret understanding between the gentlemen present—some good joke that they were enjoying or going to enjoy; but Miss Barbara perceived it not; she was too much engrossed by the unceasing attentions of Captain O'Grady, and one or two others of the party,

to notice it. At the same time she felt very uncomfortable at being the only lady present among these martial-looking young men, of whom there were about a dozen, and the eldest could not be above twenty-eight years of age.

"Lady Tattledom can't come," whispered O'Grady to her. "I'm so sorry; she would have so thoroughly appreciated *you*."

"I'm very sorry too," said Miss Barbara. "But the *other* ladies don't seem to come."

"They *are* very late," said O'Grady. And again the queer look passed round among the young gentlemen.

"Suppose we just begin an attack on something light," suggested one of the party. "Say a lobster salad, now."

"Certainly," chimed a chorus of voices.

"Take a seat, Miss Bliss," said O'Grady.

"Oh, really I could n't," exclaimed Miss Barbara, looking quite alarmed, as she shuddered at the idea of being seated on the grass with a dozen dragoons. "Besides, won't they think it rude?"

"Oh, not at all!" replied the Captain. "We're all like one family, you know: we never take offence at what is done by the rest."

"Upon my word I don't think I *could* sit down," said Miss Barbara, getting more and more alarmed.

"Oh yes, you could," said O'Grady, gently forcing her down and throwing himself into an easy position by her side.

"Champagne, ma'am," said a servant, before she knew where she was, thrusting a glass of the sparkling wine into her hand.

O'Grady bowed to her at the moment, with another glass, and she sipped the wine.

"Drink it all—*do* drink it," said O'Grady with one of his own looks, and down went the contents of Miss Barbara's glass.

Some lobster salad was on her plate—a dozen hirsute young fellows were lolling on the grass around her; the champagne corks were flying; every instant she was swallowing the insidious liquor, challenged by one or other of the party—and this was Miss Barbara Bliss, the quiet and the demure, who lived in the brown old house with the cat and the parrot, and the marmozet monkey, and the old servant-of-all-work!

"Why don't the other ladies come?" she whispered to O'Grady, (for master Charley took care to keep a long way off). She was getting more and more alarmed, and a trifle suspicious.

"It's very unfortunate," said O'Grady, with a solemn face; "but we've had very bad news."

"Dear me! what news?" she asked.

"The fact is, the colonel's wife is taken suddenly ill, and the rest of the ladies are gone to see her."

"And won't they come at all?" she demanded in trembling tones.

"I'm afraid not," replied O'Grady.

"And do you expect me to stay here *alone*?" she half shrieked.

"Alone! my dear madam, how can you say it's alone you are? Won't I protect you?"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Barbara. "I wish I *were* alone."

"Don't say *that*," exclaimed O'Grady very softly in her ear, and with another of those wonderful looks that penetrated the recesses of Miss Barbara's heart.

"I must go directly," she said, but in a much gentler tone.

"Not a bit of it!" cried O'Grady, laying his hand upon her arm with a pressure that thrilled through her as much as his look.

"Champagne, ma'am," said the servant, filling her glass again; and one of the party bowing to her at the moment she drank it off.

"Sing us a song, O'Grady," cried a young Cornet.

"With all my heart," responded the Captain, and with a capital voice off he started with

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

And, oh! what expression he threw into his tones and into his eyes as he fixed his gaze on Miss Barbara Bliss, and seemed to be singing to *her*! Never had the virgin heart of Barbara thumped so obstreperously, though we are bound to admit and believe that she was very indignant too.

Just as O'Grady reached the middle of the first verse, Miss Barbara, who felt that she *must* depart without a moment's delay, uttered a little scream—fixing her eyes towards the nearest path, along which a fat man, with a fat wife, and a fat child, and a large basket, were walking; and the fat lady was tossing her head in surprise and contempt—for was it not Mr. Chubley, and Mrs. Chubley, and Master Chubley? and weren't they Miss Barbara Bliss's next-door neighbours? and hadn't they seen her sitting on the grass with no other company than a dozen moustachoeed dragoons? and how were they to know that her nephew was one of them? and didn't all the horrors of her situation come upon her like a thunderclap, annihilating at a blow all the more soothing effects of the pic-nic and the scenery, the champagne, and Captain O'Grady's voice and glances, and leaving her truly a distressed damsel—an unprotected and injured female?

In another instant, without even an excuse, Miss Barbara Bliss had risen and was hurrying across the park, attended, as in duty bound, by her half-penitent and very much frightened nephew. She cast but one glance behind to look at the Chubleys, but instead of them she saw the group she had left in a violent fit of laughter, and most boisterous in his mirth of all the party was perfidious Captain O'Grady.

Miss Barbara has resigned her guardianship of her hopeful nephew, and she has quitted her brown house for some other, and, to us, unknown abode. And Mrs. Chubley sometimes speaks quite disrespectfully of her memory, and even winds up her denunciations with—

"And an old thing like *her* too!"

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL,

COLLECTED DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

BY A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH AUTHORESS.

TALLEYRAND.—At a small private party in Paris, one evening, some difficulty was found in making up a whist table for the Prince de Talleyrand. A young diplomat present, who was earnestly pressed by the hostess, excused himself on the grounds of not knowing the game. "Not know how to play whist, sir?" said the Prince, with a sympathizing air; "then, believe me, you are bringing yourself up to be a miserable old man!"

THE VESTRIS FAMILY.—The pomposity of the elder Vestris, the "*dieu de la danse*," and founder of the choregraphic dynasty, has been often described. In speaking of his son, Augustus, he used to say, "If that boy occasionally touches the ground, in his *pas de zephyr*, it is only not to mortify his companions on the stage."

When Vestris père arrived from Italy, with several brothers, to seek an engagement at the Opera, the family was accompanied by an aged mother; while one of the brothers, less gifted than the rest, officiated as cook to the establishment. On the death of their venerable parent, the *dieu de la danse*, with his usual bombastic pretensions, saw fit to give her a grand interment, and to pronounce a funeral oration beside the grave. In the midst of his harangue, while apparently endeavouring to stifle his sobs, he suddenly caught sight of his brother, the cook, presenting a most ludicrous appearance, in the long mourning cloak, or train, which it was then the custom to wear. "Get along with you, in your ridiculous cloak!" whispered he, suddenly cutting short his eloquence and his tears. "Get out of my sight, or you will make me die with laughing."

A third brother of the same august family passed a great portion of his youth at Berlin, as secretary to Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Frederick the Great. He used to relate that Prince Henry, who was a connoisseur of no mean pretensions, but prevented by his limited means from indulging his passion for the arts, purchased for his gallery at Rheinsberg a magnificent bust of Antinous—a recognised antique. Feeling that he could not have enough of so good a thing, His Royal Highness caused a great number of plaster casts to be struck off, which he placed in various positions in his pleasure-grounds. When he received visits from illustrious foreigners, on their way to the court of his royal brother, he took great pleasure in exhibiting his gardens; explaining their beauties with all the zest of a cicerone. "That is a superb bust of Antinous," he used to say, "Another fine Antinous,—an unquestionable antique." A little further on, "Another Antinous—a cast from the marble." "Another Antinous,

which you cannot fail to admire." And so on, through all the three hundred copies; varying, at every new specimen his phrase and intonation, in a manner which was faithfully and most amusingly portrayed by the mimicry of his ex-secretary. Vestris used to relate the story in Paris, in presence of the Prussian ambassador, who corroborated its authenticity by shouts of laughter. Prince Henry of Prussia, however, in spite of this artistic weakness, distinguished himself worthily by his talents and exploits during the Seven Years' War.

LAMARTINE.—An eminent Royalist, still living, unable to pardon one of the greatest modern poets of France for having contributed, in 1848, to the proclamation of the Republic, observed, on noticing his subsequent endeavours to calm down the popular enthusiasm he had so much assisted to excite,—“Ay, ay! an incendiary disguised as a fireman!”

SEMONVILLE.—Monsieur de Semonville, one of the ablest tacticians of his time, was remarkable for the talent with which, amidst the crush of revolutions, he always managed to maintain his post, and take care of his personal interests. He knew exactly to whom to address himself for support, and the right time for availing himself of it. When Talleyrand, one of his most intimate friends, heard of his death, he reflected for a few minutes, and then drily observed,—“I can't for the life of me make out what interest Semonville had to serve by dying just now.”

THE MARQUIS DE XIMENES.—Some forty years ago, one of the most assiduous frequenters and shrewdest critics of the “Théâtre Français” was a certain Marquis de Ximenes; a man considerably advanced in years, who had witnessed the greatest triumphs of the French stage, in the acting of *Le Kain*, *Mademoiselle Clairon*, and *Mademoiselle Dumesnil*, and whose good word sufficed to create a reputation. He had all the traditions of the stage at his fingers' end, and few young actors ventured to undertake a standard part without previously consulting the old Marquis.

When Lafond,* the tragedian, made his *début*, he was extremely solicitous to obtain an approving word from the Marquis de Ximenes. One night, after playing the part of *Orosmane* in Voltaire's tragedy of “*Zaire*,” with unbounded applause, the actor, not content with the enthusiasm of the public, expressed to the friends who crowded to his dressing-room with congratulations, his anxiety to know the opinion of the high-priest of theatrical criticism—“I must hurry down to the *Foyer*,” said he. “The Marquis is sure to drop in while the after-piece is performed; I long to hear what he says of my reading of the part.”

On entering the *foyer*, the old gentleman was seen to advance towards the lion of the night; and Lafond, highly flattered by this act of graciousness, instantly assumed an air of grateful diffidence.

“Monsieur Lafond,” said the Marquis, in a tone audible to the whole assembly, “you have this night acted *Orosmane* in a style that *Le Kain* never attained.”

* Who must not be confounded with the admirable comedian, Lafont, so popular at the St. James's Theatre.

"Ah! Monsieur le Marquis," faltered the gratified hystriou.

"I repeat, sir,—in a style that Le Kain never attained.—Sir, *Le Kain knew better.*"

Before Lafond recovered his command of countenance, the malicious old gentleman had disappeared.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—The unfortunate Marie Antoinette was one of the kindest-hearted of human beings, as might be proved by a thousand traits of her domestic life. One evening, Monsieur de Chalabre, the banker of Her Majesty's faro-table, in gathering up the stakes, detected by his great experience in handling such objects, that one of the rouleaux of fifty louis d'or, was factitious. Having previously noticed the young man by whom it was laid on the table, he quietly placed it in his pocket, in order to prevent its getting into circulation or proving the means of a public scandal.

The movements of the banker, meanwhile, were not unobserved. The Queen, whose confidence in his probity had been hitherto unlimited, saw him pocket the rouleau; and when the company assembled round the play-table were making their obeisances previous to retiring for the night, Her Majesty made a sign to Monsieur de Chalabre to remain.

"I wish to know, sir," said the Queen, as soon as they were alone, "what made you abstract, just now, from the play-table, a rouleau of fifty louis?"

"A rouleau, Madam?" faltered the banker.

"A rouleau," persisted the Queen, "which is, at this moment, in the right-hand pocket of your waistcoat."

"Since your Majesty is so well informed," replied Monsieur de Chalabre, "I am bound to explain that I withdrew the rouleau because it was a forged one."

"Forged!" reiterated Marie Antoinette, with surprise and indignation, which were not lessened when Monsieur de Chalabre produced the rouleau from his pocket, and, tearing down a strip of the paper in which it was enveloped, proved that it contained only a piece of lead, cleverly moulded to simulate a rouleau.

"Did you notice by whom it was put down?" inquired the Queen. And when Monsieur de Chalabre, painfully embarrassed, hesitated to reply, she insisted, in a tone that admitted of no denial, on a distinct answer.

The banker was compelled to own that it was the young Count de C——, the representative of one of the first families in France.

"Let this unfortunate business transpire no further, sir," said the Queen, with a heavy sigh. And with an acquiescent bow, Monsieur de Chalabre withdrew from his audience.

At the next public reception held in the apartments of the Queen, the Count de C——, whose father was Ambassador from the Court of Versailles to one of the great powers of Europe, approached the play-table as usual. But Marie Antoinette instantly advanced to intercept him.

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Comte," said she, "if I forbid you again to appear at my faro-table. Our stakes are much too

high for so young a man. I promised your mother to watch over you in her place, during her absence from France, and preserve you, as far as lay in my power, from mischance."

The Count, perceiving that his misdeeds had been detected, coloured to the temples. Unable to express his gratitude for so mild a sentence of condemnation, he retired from the assembly, and was never again seen to approach a card-table.

CHARLES THE TENTH.—When Martignac was first proposed as Prime Minister to Charles the Tenth. "No!" said the King, "Martignac would never suit me. He is a verbal coquette, who holds, above all things, to the graceful symmetry of his sentences. To secure a well-turned phrase, he would sacrifice a royal prerogative. A minister should not hold too jealously to the success of his prosody."

LA PLACE.—La Place, the celebrated geometrician and astronomer, was passionately fond of music; but he preferred the school to which he had been accustomed from his youth. During the feud between the Gluckists and Piccinists, he sided warmly with Piccini; and ever afterwards retained a strong partiality for Italian music. In latter years he rarely attended the theatre; but was tempted by the great reputation of the Freischütz, produced at Paris under the name of the "Robin des Bois," to witness the performance. As a peer of France, the author of the *Mécanique Céleste* was entitled to a seat in the box, set apart, at the Odeon, for the members of the Upper House; which, unluckily, happened to be situated near the brass instruments of the orchestra. At the first crash, the brows of La Place were seen to contract. At the second bray, he rose from his seat and seized his hat. "Old as I am, thank God I am not yet deaf enough to endure that!" said he; and quietly slipped out of the theatre.

LEMERCIER, THE DRAMATIST.—Népomucène Lemerrier, author of the successful tragedy of "Agamemnon," and the brilliant play of "Pinto" (which, though styled by the severe canons of Parisian criticism a drama, is in fact the wittiest comedy produced in France between Beaumarchais' "Marriage de Figaro" and Scribe's "Bertrand et Raton,"), was quite as original in his habits as in his works. Paralysed on one side from his earliest youth, he maintained, under all sorts of vicissitudes, the most philosophical equanimity. Of himself and his writings, he judged as they might have been criticised by a stranger. When reading a MS. play to a friend, if some particular passage excited admiration, he would observe, "Yes, it is tolerably good. But the piece will probably fall long before they come to that." In his time, at the classical theatre at Paris, the smallest scenic innovation, or breach of the unities, was fatal to a piece. Yet in his play of "Christopher Columbus," Lemerrier had the audacity to place the first act in Madrid, the second on board ship in the New World. Damnation, under such circumstances, was inevitable. So striking, however, were the situations, and so profound the reflections scattered through the piece, that much applause was audible even through the storm of hisses. Lemerrier, stationed behind the scenes, finding the case hopeless, ordered the curtain to be let

down. The actors, however, resisted;—the manager demurred. When, lo! Lemer cier, having quietly stepped down into the prompter's box,—(which in France is placed as with us at the Italian opera)—snatched away the MS., and carried it off. It was now impossible to proceed, for the author had left the house; and an explanation was hurriedly offered to the public. According to the usual contrariety of human nature, the previous malcontents became still more furious, on finding themselves defrauded of the remainder of a piece so full of original scenes and memorable thoughts, and clamoured to have the representation repeated.

After ceasing to write for the stage, Lemer cier, who was a very learned man, delivered a remarkable course of lectures on Literature, at the Athénée of Paris. His cheerful disposition remained unimpaired to the last, even by his physical calamities. One day, as he was reading to the members of the French Academy a new drama—a comedy, strange to say, bearing the title of “Attila,”—he paused suddenly. “I must throw myself on your indulgence, gentlemen,” said he, mildly, “I am struck blind, and cannot proceed.” He had in truth totally lost his eyesight; which he never recovered. A short time afterwards, he made his appearance at the Academy, where one of his colleagues had undertaken to read, in his name, a charming Essay on the writings of Pascal, which he had just completed. At the close of the lecture, his friends crowded round him with congratulations. But alas! poor Lemer cier could not rise from his chair to offer his thanks; he had been stricken with universal paralysis. He was conveyed home with the utmost tenderness by his brother academicians, and two days afterwards expired.

PHILIDOR.—Philidor, who preceded Grétry as a popular composer of comic operas, was better known as the finest chess-player in Europe. In his youth, and on his travels in Holland, England, and Germany, he turned his skill, in this particular, to account, as a means of subsistence. While occupied in a game of chess, he was able to direct the moves of a second game, the table being placed out of his sight; which was, at that period, a great achievement. In his latter years, he was averse to undertaking this; but the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles the Tenth, was so desirous to witness the exploit, that he offered to stake a hundred louis d'ors against Philidor's success. The incomparable player still declined, assuring his Royal Highness that he was certain to win. The Count, however, persisted, and having previously determined to pay to Philidor, under any circumstances, the hundred louis which he had deposited for that purpose in the hands of a third person, he proceeded to bribe the player, under Philidor's instructions, not to follow exactly the orders of his master. Accordingly, at about the twentieth move, his king was check-mated, “Impossible!” said Philidor, “the knight takes the queen.” “The knight is not there. It is a bishop.”

Philidor paused for a moment to recall the moves of the game. “I see how it is,” said he, “at the fifth move you moved the bishop instead of the knight as I desired,” which was precisely the case. Convinced of his skill, the following day the Count d'Artois

sent him the forfeited stakes, in a handsome gold box, set with diamonds.

THE COMTESSE DE D—.—Madame la Comtesse de D—, one of the wittiest women in Paris, had a daughter, who by fasting, and an over-strict exercise of the duties of the Catholic religion, seriously injured her health.

“My dear child,” said her mother, “you have always been an *angel* of goodness. Why endeavour to become a *saint*? Do you want to sink in the world?”

THE MARECHAL DE RICHELIEU.—The Maréchal de Richelieu became, in his old age, inconveniently deaf; but no one knew better how to turn his infirmity to account. As First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, the three principal theatres of Paris were under his direction; and the old Marshal was extremely indulgent in sanctioning engagements to young artists of merit, or actresses of promise. One day, having been apprised that the directors of the Opéra Comique had determined to dismiss a young female singer, recommended to his good offices, he summoned Grétry, and the two *semainiers* (members of the company, required by weekly rotation to decide on the engagements of *débutantes*). “I sent for you, my dear Grétry,” said he, “to inform these gentlemen your opinion of Mademoiselle R—.”

“My opinion, Monsieur le Maréchal, is that there’s no hope of her,” replied the composer.

“You hear, gentlemen,” said the Marshal, turning gravely to the other two, who stood at a respectful distance, “Monsieur Grétry, the best of judges, says he has great hopes of her.”

“The fact is,” said Grétry, “that Mademoiselle R— has no ear.”

“You hear, gentlemen, Monsieur Grétry observes that the young lady has an excellent ear. Make out, therefore, if you please, an agreement for her engagement for three years. I have the honour to wish you a good morning.”

THE DUC DE BERRI.—The unfortunate Duc de Berri was, in private life, a kindly-affectioned man. The servants of his household were strongly attached to him, for he was an excellent master. He used to encourage them to lay up their earnings and place them in the savings bank; and even supplied them with account-books for the purpose. From time to time, he used to inquire of each how much he had realised. One day, on addressing this question to one of his footmen, the man answered that he had nothing left; on which the Prince, aware that he had excellent wages, evinced some displeasure at his prodigality.

“My mother had the misfortune to break her leg, monseigneur,” said the man. “Of course I took care to afford her proper professional attendance.”

The Prince made no answer, but instituted inquiries on the subject; when, finding the man’s statement to be correct, he replaced in the savings bank the exact sum his servant expended.

Trifling acts of beneficence and graciousness often secure the popularity of Princes. Garat, the celebrated tenor, was one of the most devoted partisans of the Duc de Berri. The origin of

his devotion was, however, insignificant. The fête, or name-day of the duke, falling on the same day with that of Charles the Tenth, he was accustomed to celebrate it on the morrow, by supping with his bosom friend the Count de Vaudreuil. After the Restoration, Madame de Vaudreuil always took care to arrange an annual *fête*, such as was most likely to be agreeable to their royal guest. On one occasion, knowing that his Royal Highness was particularly desirous of hearing Garat, who had long retired from professional life, she invited him and his wife to come and spend at her hotel the evening of the Saint Charles. Garat, now both old and poor, was thankful for the remuneration promised; and not only made his appearance, but sang in a style which the Duc de Berri knew how to appreciate. He and his wife executed together the celebrated duet in "Orphée," with a degree of perfection which created the utmost enthusiasm of the aristocratic circle.

The music at an end, the Duke perceived that Garat was looking for his hat, preparatory to retiring. "Does not Garat sup with us?" he inquired of Madame de Vaudreuil. "I could not take the liberty of inviting him to the same table with your Royal Highness," replied the Countess. "Then allow me to take that liberty myself," said the Duke, good-humouredly. "You are not hurrying away, I hope, Monsieur Garat?" said he to the artist, who, having recovered his hat, was now leaving the room. "Surely you are still much too young to require such early hours? And as we must insist on detaining Madame Garat to sup with us, I trust you will do me the favour to remain, and take care of your wife."

From early youth, the Duke had been united by ties of the warmest friendship with the Count de la Ferronnays. Nearly of the same age, the intercourse between them was unreserved; but the Count, a man of the most amiable manners, as well as of an excellent understanding, did not scruple to afford to his royal friend, in the guise of pleasantry, counsels which the Duke could not have done more wisely than follow to the letter. Every day monseigneur repeated to his friend that he could not live a day apart from him. Such, however, was the impetuosity of the Duc de Berri's character, that storms frequently arose between them; and on one occasion his Royal Highness indulged in expressions so bitter and insulting, that Monsieur de la Ferronnays rushed away from him to the apartments he occupied on the attic story at the Tuileries, resolved to give in his resignation that very night, and quit France for ever.

While absorbed in gloomy reflections arising from so important a project, he heard a gentle tap at his door. "Come in!" said he; and in a moment the arms of the Duc de Berri were round his neck.

"My dear friend," sobbed his Royal Highness, in a broken voice; "I am afraid that you are very wretched! that is, if I am to judge by the misery and remorse I have myself been enduring for the last half hour!"

An atonement so gracefully made effected an immediate reconciliation.

LOUIS XVIII. — Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., perceiving that his brother, the Count d'Artois, and the chief members of the youthful nobility, distinguished themselves by their skill at tennis, took it into his head to become a proficient in the game; though the *embonpoint* which he had attained even at that early age, rendered the accomplishment of his wishes somewhat difficult of attainment.

After taking a considerable number of lessons from the master of the royal tennis court at Versailles, he one day challenged his royal brother to a match; and after it was over, appealed to the first racquet boy for a private opinion of his progress. "It is just this here," said the *garçon*: "if your Royal Highness wasn't quite so *grossier*, and had a little better head on your shoulders, you'd do nearly as well as Monseigneur the Count d'Artois. As it is, you make a poor hand of it."

THE LOTTERY.—Before that national evil, the lottery, was abolished in France, a village curate thought it his duty to address to his flock a sermon against their dangerous infatuation for this privileged form of gambling. His auditory consisted of a crowd of miserable old women, ready to pawn or sell their last garment to secure the means of purchasing tickets. Nevertheless the good man flattered himself that his eloquence was not thrown away, for his flock was singularly attentive.

"You cannot deny," said he, addressing them, "that if one of you were to dream this night of lucky numbers, ten, twenty, fifty, no matter what, instead of being restrained by your duty towards yourselves, your families, your God, you would rush off to the lottery office, and purchase tickets."

Satisfied that he had accomplished more than one conversion among his hearers, the good *curé* stepped down from his pulpit; when on the last step, the hand of an old hag who had appeared particularly attentive to his admonitions, was laid on his arm.

"I beg your reverence's pardon," said she, "but *what* lucky numbers did you please to say we were likely to dream of?"

TALMA.—Talma used to relate that, once, on his tour of provincial engagements, having agreed to give four representations at the Theatre Royal at Lyons, he found the line of *père noble* characters filled by a clever actor, whom Madame Lobreau, the directress of the company, unluckily found it impossible to keep sober. On learning that this individual was to fill the part of the high priest in the tragedy of Semiramis, in which he was himself to personify Arsace, Talma waited upon him in private, and spared no argument to induce him to abstain from drink, at least till the close of the performance.

A promise to that effect was readily given; but alas! when the curtain was about to draw up, to a house crammed in every part, the high priest was reported, as usual, to be dead drunk! Horror-struck at the prospect of having to give back the money at the doors, Madame Lobreau instantly rushed up to his dressing-room, and insisted on his swallowing a glass of water to sober him,

previous to his appearance on the stage. The unhappy man stammered his excuses ; but the inexorable manageress caused him to be dressed in his costume, and supported to the side-scenes, during which operation, Talma was undergoing a state of martyrdom.

At length the great Parisian actor appeared on the stage, followed by the high priest, and was as usual overwhelmed with applause. But to his consternation, when it came to the turn of the high priest to reply, the delinquent tottered to the footlights, and proceeded to address the pit.

"Gentlemen," said he, "Madame Lobreau is stupid and barbarous enough to insist on my going through my part in the state in which you see me, in order that the performance may not be interrupted. Now I appeal to your good sense whether I am in a plight to personify Orsoes? No, no! I have too much respect for the public to make a fool of myself!—Look here, Arsace!" he continued, handing over to Talma with the utmost gravity the properties it was his cue to deliver to him in the fourth act. "Here's the letter,—here's the fillet,—here's the sword.—Please to remember that Madame Semiramis is your lawful mother, and settle it all between you in your own way as you think proper. For my part, I am going home to bed."

A class of men who—luckily, perhaps—have disappeared from the Parisian world, is that of the *mystificateurs*, or hoaxers, created at the period of the first revolution, by the general break-up of society, so destructive to true social enjoyment. To obviate the difficulty of entertaining the heterogeneous circles accidentally brought together, it became the fashion to select a butt, to be hoaxed or mystified by some clever impostor, for the amusement of the rest of the party. Among the cleverest of the *mystificateurs* were three painters, who had proved unsuccessful in their profession—Musson, Touzet, and Legros. The presence of one of these, at a small party or supper, was supposed to ensure the hilarity of the evening. Sometimes the hoaxer was satisfied to entertain the company by simple mimicry, or by relating some humorous adventure; but in circles where he was personally unknown, he usually assumed the part of a fictitious personage—a country cousin, an eccentric individual, or a foreigner. Musson, the best of his class, exhibited, in these impersonations, the *vis comica* in the highest degree.

One day, having been invited to meet, at dinner, Picard, the dramatist, to whom he was a stranger, he made his appearance as a rough country gentleman, come up to Paris to see the lions. Scarcely were they seated at table, when he began to discuss the theatres, of one of which (the Odeon) Picard was manager. Nothing, however, could be more bitter and uncompromising than the sarcasms levelled at the stage by the bumpkin critic; to whom, for some time, Picard addressed himself in the mildest tones, endeavouring to controvert his heterodox opinions. By degrees, the intolerance and impertinence of the presumptuous censor became insupportable; and, to his rude attacks, Picard was beginning to reply in language equally violent, to the terror and anxiety of the surrounding guests, when their host put an end to

the contest by suddenly exclaiming,—“Musson, will you take a glass of wine with me?”—on which, a burst of laughter from Picard acknowledged his recognition of the hoax so successfully played off upon him; and, contrary to the proverb, the “two of a trade” shook hands, and became friends for life.

PERREGAUX.—On another occasion, Perrégaux, the banker, who had never even heard of Musson, was invited to dine at the house of Monsieur Lenoir, the keeper of the Louvre (to whom we are indebted for the preservation of so many invaluable monuments at the period of the first revolution, but who, in private life, loved mischief like a child). On Monsieur de Perrégaux's arrival at the house of his friend, he found a singular-looking old man established by the fireside. “Take no notice of the poor old gentleman,” said Lenoir, in a confidential tone, “it is an old uncle of mine, who is nearly imbecile, with whose eccentricities I am forced to put up, because he has made me, by his will, residuary legatee to his fine fortune. We never let my poor uncle go out alone, for he has lived all his life in the country, and does not know his way about Paris.”

Throughout dinner, the banker could scarcely keep his eyes from Lenoir's rich old uncle; so singular were his contortions, and so grotesque was his appearance. Occasionally, the old gentleman joined in the conversation, but always by the most ludicrously ill-placed remarks; and both Monsieur Perrégaux, and the rest of the company who were in the plot, had the utmost difficulty in keeping their risibility within bounds. The banker, having ordered his carriage early, retired from the dining-room after dessert, without having been let into the secret of the hoax of which he was the object.

Some days afterwards, while driving in his chariot on the Boulevards, in company with a friend, he caught sight of Musson, lounging leisurely along. “Good heavens!” cried he, “there is that poor old uncle of Lenoir's, who has lost his way, and will certainly come to harm.” His companion who, like himself, was unacquainted with Musson, sympathized heartily in the dilemma of the superannuated old provincial; and, having jumped out of the carriage, and ordered the coachman to follow them, they proceeded in pursuit of Musson, overtook him, and endeavoured to induce him, by the tenderest persuasion, to accompany them back to the house of his nephew, Monsieur Lenoir.

On recognising the banker, Musson instantly resumed his part. “No, no, no!” cried he, in a childish voice; “I can't go home; I won't go home; no, no! I'm looking for a toy-shop; I want to buy myself a punchinello!”—

“But if you will consent to return with us, my dear sir, your nephew will buy you as many punchinellos as you desire,” remonstrated Perrégaux.

“No, no, no, I tell you!—I like to choose for myself; I came out on purpose to buy a punchinello. There are no pretty toy-shops in my nephew's neighbourhood.”

“I will send you, this evening, the best punchinello that can

be had for money," persisted the banker, "only pray get into my carriage!"

By this time, the words "punchinello" and "toy-shop," bandied between two grave-looking men, advanced in years, were beginning to attract the notice of the standers-by; and on the Boulevards, a crowd is easily collected. The banker, alarmed by the prospect of a ridiculous scene in public, hastened, therefore, to take the arm of the unhappy dotard, and gently led him away, in search of the nearest toy-shop. Having succeeded in finding one, he presented his companion with the handsomest punchinello in the shop. "And now, my dear sir," said he, "that your wishes are accomplished, let me entreat you to come home with me at once, and tranquillise the anxieties of your nephew."

"It would be inexcusable to impose further on so much humanity and good nature," replied the old man, taking off his hat, dropping forty years of his age, and assuming his usual tone and deportment—"my name, sir, is Musson!"

"I ought to have guessed it," cried the banker, heartily laughing. "But that rascal Lenoir shall pay for his tricks: though I ought not to resent a circumstance which has made me acquainted, even as a dupe, with a man of such recognised talent as Monsieur Musson."

JULES JANIN.—In the height of the quarrel between the Homœopathists and the Faculty of Paris, the editor of a medical journal, having somewhat severely attacked the disciples of Hahnemann, was called out by one of the tribe. "Rather hard," said he, "to have to risk one's life for pointing out the impotence of an infinitesimal dose!"—"No great risk, surely!" rejoined Jules Janin, who was present at the discussion, "such a duel ought, of course, to represent the principles of homœopathic science—the hundredth part of a grain of gunpowder to the thousandth part of a bullet!"

CORBIÈRES.—Monsieur de Corbières, Minister of the Interior, under the Restoration of the Bourbons, having risen from the humbler ranks of life, and frequented only the society of the middle classes, was, though an able man, naturally ignorant of a thousand minor points of etiquette which emigrated, with the Royal family, from Versailles to Hartwell, and returned with them from Hartwell to the Tuileries. The Breton lawyer was, consequently, perpetually committing himself by lapses of politeness, which afforded much laughter to the King and court. But his ready wit never failed to get him out of the scrape.

One day, while submitting some important plans to Louis XVIII., so pre-occupied was he by the subject under discussion, that, after taking a pinch of snuff, he placed his snuff-box on the table among the paper; and, immediately afterwards, laid his pocket-handkerchief by its side.

"You seem to be emptying your pockets, Monsieur de Corbières," remonstrated the king, with offended dignity.

"A fault on the right side on the part of a minister, sire!" was the ready retort. "I should be far more sorry if your majesty had accused me of *filling* them!"—

A HISTORY OF TENNIS.

BY EDWARD JESSE,

AUTHOR OF "GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY."

If history may be considered as the key to the knowledge of human actions, so may our national sports be found to illustrate, in some degree, the character of the people of this country. In the earlier histories of it, there can be no doubt that much low buffoonery, as well as rude games, were practised, and even rewarded by persons of high rank. Indeed, ancient records are still in existence which will serve to prove that lands were held by royal charters, under such conditions and for such feats as, in the present day, would scarcely be heard of in the purlieus of St. Giles'. In searching some of these early records we shall find that many of our kings amused themselves in a way which was not thought unworthy of their regal dignity. Thus, among the private expenses of Edward the Second, there is a charge of twenty shillings as paid at the lodge in Wolmer Forest to Morris Ken, when the King was stag-hunting there, because he amused his Majesty by often falling from his horse, "at which the King laughed exceedingly." He also gave a sum of money with his own hands to James de St. Albans, his painter, because "he danced before the King upon a table, and made him laugh heartily."

Bear and bull-baiting, as well as dog and cock-fighting, were considered as royal sports, and ladies of the highest rank frequented these barbarous exhibitions, which were occasionally varied by hawking, archery, racing and wrestling. Even in later days, we find Sir Richard Steele, in the 134th number of "The Tatler," reprobating the cruelty practised on animals in the sports at the bear-gardens; and others are detailed by Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," of the people of England, which show but little sympathy for the sufferings of animals.

Of all games, however, ball-play appears to have been one of the earliest, and to have continued in vogue to the present time. Herodotus attributed the invention to the Lydians, and Homer restricted this pastime to the maidens of Corcyra. Ball-play was a fashionable game in France from the earliest times, and in England we had bowling-alleys and bowling-greens, as well as football, at least as long ago as the reign of Henry the Second. Coles, in his Dictionary, mentions the ball-money, which, he says, was given by a new bride to her old play-fellows; and Bourne informs us, on the authority of Belithus, a ritualist, that in ancient times it was customary in some churches for the bishops and archbishops to play with the inferior clergy at hand-ball, even on Easter-day. During the Easter holidays also hand-ball was played for a tanzy-cake.*

Fives, probably, came into vogue in more recent times. Mr.

* See Selden's "Tabletalk on Christmas."

Nichols, in his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," vol. ii. p. 19, informs us, that "when that Queen was entertained at Elvetham, in Hampshire, by the Earl of Hertford, after dinner, about three o'clock, ten of his lordship's servants, all Somersetshire men, in a square green court before her Majesty's windowe, did hang up lines, squaring out the forme of a tennis-court, and making a cross-line in the middle; in this square they (being stript out of their doublets) played five to five with hand-ball at bord and cord, as they terme it, to the great liking of her Highness."

It is difficult to fix the time when tennis was first introduced. When it was so, it was probably a very different game to what we see it at present. Indeed the very appellation of it in the French language (*la paume*) would serve to prove that the ball was originally struck with the naked hand. Thick gloves were afterwards in use, to defend it, and at a later period cords or tendons were fastened round the hand in order to enable the player to give a greater impulse to the ball. The racket was finally introduced, "telle," says Pasquier, "que nous voyons aujourd'hui en laissant la sophistiquerie de Gand." This anecdote tends to fix the date of modern tennis. Pasquier was born in 1528, and supposing the fact to have been communicated to him when he was about twenty, by an informant of seventy-six, the result will lead us to ascribe the invention of the racket to a period not many years antecedent or subsequent to 1500.

Shakspeare, in a celebrated passage in his historical play of Henry the Fifth, may have led some of our readers to suppose that the terms now used at tennis must have been about a century older than the date above assigned to them. In the answer which the hero of Agincourt gives to the ambassadors who brought him a tun of balls from the dauphin, Shakspeare makes him say—

"When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France (by God's grace) play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him! he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be disturbed
With chases."

Holinshed, however, who furnished Shakspeare with some of his historical details, simply relates that the ambassadors "brought with them a barrell of Paris balles, which from their mayster they presented to him for a token that was taken in verie ill part, as sent in scorn to signifie that it was more meet for the King to pass the time with such childish exercise than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherefore the King wrote to him, that yer long he would tosse him some London balles that perchance would shake the walles of the best court in France." Thus it would appear, that of the technical phrases used by Shakspeare, Holinshed only supplied him with the term *court*. These Paris balls are by Caxton, in his Continuation of Higden's "Polycronion," printed in 1842, called "tenyse balles," that term, though apparently unknown in France, having at this early period been brought into use in England.

Whatever, however, the antiquity of the game may have been, it is certain that the adoption of the racket gave rise to various other improvements, till at last it has settled into the present interesting, and it may be added, scientific mode of playing the game, and from which, most probably, there will be no deviation.

Tennis may with truth be said to combine a portion of the excellence and beauty of all other games of manual skill, while at the same time there is, perhaps, no game in which a man can more readily exhibit a combination of strength, skill and activity, as well as of perseverance and adroitness. Those only who understand the game can form an idea of the fascination of it, or the extreme interest produced by it when a fine match has been played in the tennis courts of Paris or London. Nor has the game been confined to the male sex. St. Foix, in his "Essai historique sur Paris," vol. i. p. 160, says, that there was a damsel named Margot, who resided in Paris in 1424, who played at hand-tennis with the palm, and also with the back of her hand, better than any man, and, what is most surprising, adds the author, at that time the game was played with a naked hand, or at best, with a double glove. She must have been a sort of Joan of Arc of tennis, and was contemporary with that heroine. According to Pasquier, Margot was a native of Hainault, and went to Paris in 1421, where she played "de l'avant train et de l'arrière très habilement."

James the First, if not himself a tennis-player, speaks of the pastime with commendation, and recommends it to his son as a species of exercise becoming a prince, and it became in consequence a favourite game with Henry Prince of Wales, the Marcellus of his age. Codrington, in his life of Robert Earl of Essex, the prince's early companion, mentions, that Lord Essex, in a passion on being called the son of a traitor, struck the prince with his racket, so as to draw blood. The King on hearing it sent for Lord Essex, but, on being made acquainted with the real circumstance of the affair, dismissed him unpunished.

Charles the First certainly played at tennis the day before he finally quitted Hampton Court, and Charles the Second was a constant player at the same place, and had particular kinds of dresses made for the purpose. The tennis court at Hampton Court was built, as already stated, by Cardinal Wolsey, and it is, we believe, allowed to be the most perfect one in Europe. The fine polish of the stone floor is only to be acquired by age, and the proportions of the court are known to be very exact. The following is a list of the tennis courts in England:—

In London, 2 — one in James's Street, Haymarket, the other at Lord's Cricket-ground; Hampton Court, 1; Oxford, 2; Cambridge, 1; Strathfieldsaye, 1; Hatfield, 1; Woburn, 1; Lord Craven, 1; Theobald's, 1; Brighton, 1; Leamington, 1; Goodwood, 1; Petworth, 1;—total 15.

It may be remarked, that neither Ireland nor Scotland can boast of possessing a tennis court, and we believe that there are not more than four or five on the Continent.

In the year 1821 a tennis Club was formed in London, consisting of fifty-eight members; amongst others, were the late Duke of York, the Duke of Argyle, Lords Anglesey, Jersey, Thanet, &c.; and of which, by the way, the late Duke of Wellington was an honorary member. During the existence of this club, many interesting matches were played, and most of the eminent French tennis players came over to this country to join in these matches.

That the French excel us at this game cannot be doubted, although, at the period referred to, one Englishman, Philip Cox, had greatly distinguished himself. As far as the records of tennis are known to us, he was the first who could boast of having beaten the best French player of his day without receiving any odds. This player was Amédée Charier. Two public matches were played between him and Cox. The first was sharply contested, and Cox won by only the odd set in five. The other match was for three sets only, of which Cox won the first two.

In June 1823 a fine match was played. Cox and Marquisio, of whom an account will presently be given, against Barre and Louis, both fine French players, no odds being given on either side. The first two sets were set and set. They then agreed to play a third in order to decide the match, but this arriving at games all, they recommenced the set, which, after a hard contest, was won by Cox and Marquisio. It should be mentioned, that Barre was then considered as a most promising young player, and is now, most certainly, the best tennis-player in Europe. The following year the same match was played, and won by Barre and Louis, the latter at that time certainly but little inferior to Barre, perhaps only half-fifteen, or, at the most, fifteen.

One of the finest French players at this time in England was Barcellon. Whether we consider him as unrivalled as a teacher of the science of tennis, or recollect his unrivalled performances in the tennis-court in James's Street, Haymarket, we cannot but look upon him as a master of the art. It was in this court that we once saw him play a match with Monsieur, afterwards Charles the Tenth, giving high odds; nor can we forget the pleasure and surprize with which we witnessed his performance.

This justly celebrated French player died of cholera at Paris in the eightieth year of his age. His long residence in this country, embracing the greater part of the French revolutionary war, and continuing, with but a short interruption, up to the period of the return of Louis the Eighteenth to Paris in the year 1814. His celebrity as a player, and his almost daily exhibitions in James's Street, with almost every amateur of the day, would entitle him to a short notice from us.

Barcellon was a native of Montpellier. He had a swarthy complexion, with fine dark eyes. His form was slender, but well proportioned, and his height about five feet eight inches. At the age of twenty, and about the year 1769, he first came over to this country, having been backed to give John Mucklow, a fine English player, then eighteen years of age, *half thirty*. This match, high as were the odds, ended in favour of Barcellon. Be-

fore, however, he returned to Paris, subsequent matches between these two took place at much lower odds, and frequently to the advantage of Mucklow. Indeed, not only to his advantage, for he won many of them, but because he had thus early in life an opportunity of forming his play from the most perfect model.

In the thirty-second year of his age, Barcellon, and his brother-in-law, Bergeron, played a match in the fine tennis-court at Fontainebleau, before the then Queen of France, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, against the celebrated, and, up to that time, unrivalled Maçon and Charier. This may be considered the grandest match on record, for the French declare that there has never been a tennis player equal to Maçon, and Charier is admitted to have been but little inferior to him. They however lost the match, though, it should be mentioned, that the two latter had passed their prime, and were obliged to yield the palm of victory to their pupils, now become their rivals. In consequence of Barcellon's success on this occasion, he was made on the spot *Paunier au Roi*, which appointment he held for forty-five years, so that this celebrated match must have been played about the year 1782.

As a tennis player, Barcellon could not well stand higher than he did at this time; but what chiefly distinguished him was the gracefulness of his manner, enhanced by the peculiar gracefulness and symmetry of his form. In fact, he did nothing awkwardly, and we may feel warranted in saying, that had he gone upon the French boards he would have been the *Vestris* or *De Hayes* of his time.

We have heard it asserted that his brother-in-law, Bergeron, was a superior player, and perhaps it was so; but the rudeness, not to say brutality, of his manners, left him few admirers. He came over to this country but once, at which time his powers were extraordinary, and he was as formidable an antagonist, from his temper and violence, as from his skill. He was a dissipated character, corpulent, and drank to excess, and, what is curious, could play best when excited by wine. When questioned as to their comparative strength, Barcellon would answer, that he could always beat his brother-in-law when he caught him sober, but that when half drunk he was invincible.

Barcellon, as compared with our own players, was always about half-fifteen above John Mucklow, his contemporary, and perhaps equal to Cox, taking them both at their best.

Marchisio was another extraordinary fine player, and generally accompanied the French markers, Barre and Louis, in their annual visits to this country. In fact, he might be called their companion, guide, and nurse. He died at Paris, after a short illness, on the 7th of December, 1830, aged 52.

Marchisio was an Italian, and originally a marker in the tennis court at Turin. He was brought up there under his father, who was the master or proprietor of that court. When the French overran Italy, and gave peoples' minds other matters to think of than tennis, Marchisio was either pressed into, or voluntarily joined the French army, and was at the battle of Marengo; there

he received a gun-shot wound in the left arm. Sometime after this event he went to Paris, and endeavoured to better himself by entering into some mercantile speculations. Failing in these, he had again recourse to tennis, and, by practice in the courts at Paris, he soon recovered his play, and showed himself but little inferior to Amédée Charier, the admitted best performer of the day.

Marchisio first came over to this country in 1815, where his style of play was much admired, and, consisting, as it did, of quick, easy, and certain return, without any overpowering force, almost every amateur of the day was disposed to try his strength with him. In these matches, he reaped, no doubt, a good harvest. He contrived, through the favour of Monsieur, or the Duc de Berri, to get appointed *Paumier au Roi*, this being the first instance of a foreigner obtaining that distinction in France. The appointment excited great envy and jealousy among the French tennis players, who never entirely forgave him this piece of good fortune.

Of his play, it may be observed, that in what are called "*cramp*" matches, he was able to give the amateurs of moderate force, the most incredible odds, and such as neither Charier or Cox would offer. For instance, he gave Lord Granville, no mean defender of the half-court, the following odds. Half court—that is, he had only half the court to play in—30, or two certain strokes at the beginning of each game—barring all the openings, so that he could not force the *dedans* when he had to win yard or half-yard chases—and, moreover, he was restricted from *boasting* against either of the side-walls. Amédée Charier endeavoured to give these very odds to Lord Granville, but certainly failed.

Marchisio succeeded in this description of match partly by good management and patience, but chiefly by the power he possessed of dropping the ball so short over the high part of the net, as to render it difficult to be *vollied* with effect or certainty, however forward in the court his adversaries might stand. The late Mr. Cuthbert used to declare that of all the markers he had ever played with (and he had played with them all), Marchisio was the most difficult to beat, not because he gave less odds than he fairly ought, but because he managed his *force* so well, and wearied out his opponent by his unceasing and indefatigable *return*.

It must, however, be admitted that in a single match against a superior player, Marchisio was not seen to advantage. There was a want of force and decision in his stroke. He, indeed, placed his ball admirably, and having an excellent head, was sure to find out the most exposed or undefended part of his adversary's court, but he had at the same time but little power of *cutting* a ball in so decisive a manner, as to make the return of it almost impossible. In James-street, therefore, where the walls and floor are so lively, he could not, frequently, decide a ball against such a player as Cox, except by masking his intention, or catching him out of his place.

Upon the whole, though Marchisio never attained to the highest

degree of excellence; there was much in his play to be admired. His *half-volley* was inimitable—his return certain—his judgment accurate—and his style good. His place as a tennis-player will seldom be met with.

But it is time to give some notice of Barre. This extraordinary player exhibited his skill in the James-street tennis court, about the year 1820, where he played, then being a very young man, in several matches with varied success, and where he still plays perfectly unrivalled. Louis XVIII. made him *Paumier au Roi*. As his play improved, he became invincible, and will give incredible odds to any antagonist. As a proof of this, he would readily be backed to give Tomkins, our best English player, and the master of the Brighton tennis court, thirty in each game for a *bisque*. He would also give the same odds to Monsieur Monneron, one of the best of the French tennis players. In fact, it is no easy matter to calculate the odds which Barre could not give. His chases are so close—his force so great and certain—his return so quick—his judgment and calculation so extraordinary, and his service so difficult to be met, that we have watched his play both at Paris, in London, and at Hampton Court, with no small degree of pleasure and astonishment. Some few years ago he played in a *show-off* match at Hampton Court before the Queen Adelaide and a large party, with Louis, Monneron and Cox, and nothing could be more brilliant than the play.

In addition to what has been said of him as a player, it would be doing Barre an injustice not to mention that he is a general favourite in this country, where he is a regular visitor, and, indeed, almost a resident.

Louis was another player of the same stamp, but never equal to Barre, who could give him half-fifteen in his best day. An accident, some years ago, rendered Louis unable to show his skill in a tennis-court. He was, at one time, celebrated for what are called *cramp* matches. He distinguished himself in one at Paris, when he played Mr. Hughes Ball with a boot-jack instead of a racket. He also played one match with a man on his back, and another with a donkey fastened to him, and won them both. He was a stout, thick-set man, of great strength and activity, and a perfect master of the game of tennis.

While speaking of *cramp* matches, we may mention that Mr. Charles Taylor, so celebrated as a cricket player, played a match of three sets at Hampton Court, he riding on the back of a pony, and won it. We have also the authority of the late Lord Holland for saying that his great relation, Charles James Fox, when a young man, played a match, in the same court, for a considerable wager, the condition of which was that he should be perfectly naked. The match was played, and he won it.

Among the French gentlemen players, we should not omit to mention Monsieur Bonnet, an Avocat, and the translator of Sheridan's plays, a work which did him much credit, considering the difficulty of the task, especially in the "*Rivals*." He was a fine player, and we had the pleasure of seeing him in several matches at Paris, with Barre, Louis, and Monneron. (Lauret, a

Pompier of the guard, was another good player, but Barre could give him half-thirty.

We will now proceed to describe some of the terms used at tennis, for the information of such of our readers who are not tennis players.

The size of a tennis court is generally 96 or 97 feet in length, by 33 or 34 wide. A line, or net, hangs exactly across the middle, and is one yard in height at the centre, but rises at each end, so that it hangs in a slope. Over this net the balls are struck with a racket. Upon entering a tennis court, there is a long gallery, which goes to the *dedans*. This *dedans* is a kind of front gallery, where spectators usually stand, and into which, if a ball is struck, it tells for a certain score.

The long side gallery is divided into different galleries, or compartments, each of which has its particular name; viz., first gallery, door, second gallery, and last gallery. This is called the *service* side. From the *dedans*, to the last gallery, are the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, at a yard distance each; by these, the *chases*, which form a most essential part of the game, are marked.

On the other side of the net, are also the first gallery, door, second gallery, and last gallery. This is called the *hazard* side. Every ball struck into the last gallery on this side, reckons for a certain stroke, as in the *dedans*. Between the second and this last gallery, are the figures 1, 2, to mark the *chases* on the hazard side. Over these galleries is a covering, called the *pent-house*, on which the ball is played from the service side, in order to begin a set at tennis. This ball is called a *service*, and must fall upon or strike the side pent-house on the other side of the net, and drop within certain lines on the hazard side. If the ball fail to do this, it is called a *fault*, and two faults, consecutively, are reckoned a *stroke* lost. If the ball should roll round the end pent-house, at the opposite side of the court, so as to fall beyond a certain line described for that purpose, it is called a *passé*;—reckons for nothing on either side, and the player must serve again.

On the right hand wall of the court, from the *dedans*, but on the hazard side, is the *tambour*, a part of the wall which projects so as to alter the direction of the ball, and make a variety in the stroke.

The last thing, on the right hand side, is called the *grille*, and, if a ball is struck into it, it is a certain score.

If a ball falls, after the first rebound, untouched, it is called a *chase*, and the chase is determined by the galleries and figures. When there are two chases, the parties change sides, and each party tries to win, or defend the chases, and this trial of skill forms one of the most interesting features of the game.

A game consists of four strokes, which, instead of being numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, are reckoned in a manner somewhat difficult to understand.

For instance, the first stroke or point is called	15
The second	30
The third	40 or 45
The fourth, and last	Game.

Unless, indeed, the players get three strokes each, when, instead of calling it forty all, it is called *deuce*, after which, as soon as any stroke is gained, it is called *advantage*; and, in case the strokes are equal again, it is *deuce* again, and so on, till one or the other gets two strokes following, when the game is won.

The following may be called the odds given by superior to inferior players. For instance, a *bisque*. This is one point to be scored whenever the player, who receives this advantage, thinks proper. Suppose a game of the set to be 40 to 30, he, who is 40, by taking his *bisque*, secures the game.

The next greater odds are *half-fifteen*, a term difficult to be understood by persons who are not acquainted with the game. In these odds, nothing is given, in the first game, but one point (viz. 15) to the end, and so on, alternately, for as many games as the set may last.

The next greater odds are *fifteen*, that is, a certain point at the beginning of each game.

Half-thirty is fifteen one game, and thirty the next, and so on alternately.

Thirty is two certain strokes at the beginning of each game.

Forty is three strokes given in each game.

Round service is another odds given. To constitute it, the ball must strike both the side and end penthouse, which renders it easy to be returned.

Half-court is when a player is obliged to confine his balls to one half of the court lengthways, at his option, while his adversary plays his balls where he pleases. If the ball is struck out of the defined half-court, it is the loss of a point.

When a player gives *touch no wall*, he is restricted from playing his balls against any of the walls, except in the service. The openings are barred by these odds.

We have now endeavoured to enable our readers to form some idea of this ancient, manly, and most interesting game, which has been in great and deserved estimation, in the most enlightened countries, for ages past. We have often had many questions asked us by persons in a tennis court, who have seen the game played for the first time. To such persons the foregoing remarks may be of use, while to those who have a knowledge of, and admire the game, the preceding account of the most celebrated tennis player cannot fail to be an interesting record.

LONDON HOMES.

IN her preface to the little volume, which bears the above suggestive title, Miss Sinclair says that she attended, this year, the numerous May meetings, held in London, and "was greatly surprised to observe that the worst attended of all these assemblages was one to improve the condition of the London Poor. Scarcely more than fifty spectators assembled in the room, while more speakers appeared on the platform, than listeners on the benches." And now we have got the Cholera amongst us.

In the Spring we discoursed briefly upon this subject of "telescopic philanthropy"—the philanthropy which, ranging out into illimitable space, goes in search of benighted and suffering myths, but will not condescend to bestow a glance upon the palpable misery at its own doors. And now in Autumn; we are again forcibly reminded of the same subject.

It is not a pleasant subject at any time. It is especially unpleasant now that the Cholera, like a great noiseless serpent, is stealing into our streets and beginning to twine itself around the Laocoöns of our great Metropolis. When last that dread visitor came coiling itself at our door-steps, we began to arouse ourselves from the apathy in which we were sunk, to acknowledge our negligence and to promise that we would do better. And now that it is again creeping amongst us we are tremulously doubting whether we *have* done better.

The London Poor, says Miss Sinclair, number sympathisers by scanty tens—but Borioboola-gha, by hundreds or thousands. A mission to some inhospitable and, for aught we know, some fabulous island in a distant sea, is a great matter to stir the hearts of people who come up from remote provincial localities, in the merry month of May, and crowd the benches in Exeter Hall, whilst strange-looking gentlemen on the platform make long orations in behalf of interesting savages with unpronounceable names, and sit down in an oleaginous glow, which is mistaken for celestial ichor. Now, in one view of the case, at all events, it must be acknowledged that there is something very disinterested in such charity as this. The bettered condition of the inhabitants of Borioboola-gha can certainly have no effect upon the temporary welfare of the people of the British isles. It little matters what sort of houses these interesting savages inhabit; what kind of diet they affect (human flesh or other)—or what kind of garments (if any) they wear. Humanly speaking, whilst serving others, these sympathisers and subscribers do not serve themselves. If they are afraid, therefore, of mixing up any leaven of selfishness with their charity, they can hardly do better than subscribe through their telescopes. But we very much doubt whether any one of them ever takes this view of the question.

No; we fear that these sympathisers, upon the "omne ignotum pro magifico" principle, utterly ignore the fact that "charity begins at home," and close their eyes against all the misery, all the ignorance, and all the vice which lie reeking at their own doors. It is a great thing, doubtless—God forbid that we should think otherwise!—to turn heathens into Christians—savages and barbarians into civilized men. But it is not a condition of such meritorious performance that the recipients of our bounty, whether in the shape of bibles or broad-cloth, should have black faces and painted bodies and wear human skulls for honorary decorations. We have heathens to be converted—savages to be reclaimed—in those not very remote regions of Lambeth and Westminster—the one of which is believed to be the head-quarters of the English Church, and the other of the British Parliament. The blackness of their faces may not be even skin-deep; but their ignorance and their heathenism—their misery and their vice—cannot be exceeded in the worst parts of Borioboola-gha.

All this has been said before, by ourselves among others; but seemingly said to so little purpose, that seeing the matter is a weighty one, we might be excused for repeating it, even if we had, at the present time, no especial reason for the repetition. But we recur to it now, because it has been brought anew to our attention, partly by Miss Sinclair's little volume, upon "London Homes," and partly by something, infinitely less welcome—the dreaded approach of the Cholera. It was said, when the pestilence which walketh in darkness was last amongst us, that if it should ever appear again in the great Metropolis of England we should be better prepared for its reception. Whether the anticipation was a just, or an erroneous one, will probably soon be put to the test. It is certain that a temporary impulse was given to the cause of domestic philanthropy, and that whilst the great danger stared them in the face, men acknowledged that they had failed in their duty to their neighbours (and to themselves) by not taking heed of the condition of the poor by whom they were surrounded. They were told by competent authorities, and they were not slow to believe, that their own negligence had rendered London a very hot-bed for the growth and diffusion of the plague—that if they had bethought themselves more of improving the sanitary condition of all those narrow streets, those pestilent lanes and alleys, those back courts and pent-up yards, wherein the poor do herd and congregate, wanting air, wanting light, wanting pure water, amidst filth and foul odours, amidst feverish exhalations and curses of all kinds too horrible to mention, the great scourge, coming from its far-off Oriental home, would not have dwelt so long or busied itself so destructively amongst us. All this DIVES heard and believed. He believed and trembled. Then he began to promise great things. Let but the plague once pass away from his doors, and he would be up and doing. Nay, he would begin at once. He would subscribe his money. He would observe a solemnn fast. He would bend down in an attitude of profoundest humiliation before the Lord of the pestilence, in whose hands are the issues of life and death. Doubtless, he was

sincere at the time, as men under the influence of a great panic are sincere; and he meant what he said. But the terror passed away. The angel of death spread its wings and took flight from our shores, leaving tears and lamentations, the wail of the widow and the orphan behind it. And what then? Did DIVES keep his promise? Miss Sinclair says that in the month of May, when meetings are held in London, for the promotion of all kinds of religious and benevolent objects, the only one which created little interest and attracted few attendants was a meeting for the improvement of the condition of the London Poor.

DIVES sick, is one person. DIVES sound, is another. The fear of death passes away, and with returning security comes back the stony heart. Is this well, DIVES? Nay, is it wise? The pestilence gone to-day, may return to-morrow. There is an old proverb about shutting the stable-door. When the Cholera, with all its terrors is among us, DIVES bethinks himself of sanitary measures, and commiserates the condition of the poor. The town ought to be better drained;—no doubt of it. Those wretched back-streets, and hungry alleys within a stone's throw of his capacious mansion—streets and alleys of which he has heard, but which he has never seen—ought to come down and be re-placed by others, into which the light and air should be admitted freely, and nothing foul should ever accumulate; nothing noxious ever be engendered.

Yes, DIVES, you are sure to be too late, if you only think about doing good to others when danger threatens yourself. These London homes—homes such as Miss Sinclair has described in her story, a story written with the best of objects, and full of the best of feeling—exist at all times amongst us. The evil is always weltering around our doors. The time to combat it is always the present time. To wait till the Cholera comes, is to wait until filth and foul air are irresistible, and the dwarf, which we might have crushed, has grown into a rampant giant. Think of the matter, DIVES, to-day; not because the Cholera is creeping in amongst us, but because it *is* to-day; think of it to-day, to-morrow—every day; this year, next year, every year, until the homes of the London poor cease to be not only a disgrace, but a scourge to the London rich. Think of it for your own sake, for your wife's sake, for your children's sake, if not for the sake of the poor whom "ye have always with you." And let it not be set down against you any longer, that when the pestilence was coiling itself around you, you feigned humility and penitence; you pretended to recognise your short-comings, and you promised the Almighty to remain no longer neglectful of your duties to the poor; but that when He listened to your prayers, and smote no longer, and took the cup of trembling out of your hands, you forgot your promises, waxed proud and indolent again, and faring sumptuously every day yourself, forgot that there was hunger and nakedness, fever and filth, everywhere around you, in those vile dens and pestilent rookeries, which, in the daily life of thousands upon thousands, take the place of LONDON HOMES.

REVIEWS.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN IN SEARCH OF BEAUTY. By James Augustus St. John. 2 vols. 1858.

OF the principal books of travel, as Lady Tennyson's and Mrs. Colin Mackenzie's, we have already spoken in detail. We must not omit, however, to speak of Mr. St. John's very pleasant volumes; under the quaint title of "There and Back again." The book has many of the characteristics to which we referred in our recent notice of Mr. St. John's "Isis." It is equally picturesque. There is the same impulsiveness about it; there is the same bright colouring; but it is less sensuous. Mr. St. John left his wife and children, and set out from Lausanne, by the diligence, in "search of beauty." Before he is half through his first volume he tells us, that he chanced upon a young lady going to church, who called forth an involuntary exclamation of "*Oh, Dio santo!*" "Never, since or before," he says, "have I seen beauty so perfect. No Madonna ever painted by Raffaele, no Aphrodite ever sculptured by the Hellenic chisel could equal it." After this he should have turned back; he went in search of beauty, and he had found it. It is well, however, for the reader that he did not. Mr. St. John went on; and he has given us two as pleasant volumes as we could care to read on the beach on a September day. There is altogether a dreaminess, a delightful unreality about the book which pleases us greatly. It may all be truth to the letter, but it reads like something more attractive than plain matter of fact. At all events, it is, as we said of "Isis," a link between the real and the ideal, and it leads us, by no very abrupt transition, into the legitimate domains of Fiction.

RAYMOND DE MONTHAULT, THE LORD MARCHER. A Legend of the Welsh Borders. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan. 3 vols. 1858.

Mr. Morgan's "Raymond de Monthault" is a "Legend of the Welsh Borders" during the time of the Lord Marchers, and it is a very graphic picture of the period. But the period is one of which we have no great desire to be thus vividly reminded. Mr. Morgan candidly admits,—and if he did not, he would have abundantly proved,—that those good old times, or, as more correctly they ought to be called, *young* times, were exceedingly bad times. Those mediæval barbarians were not by any means a pleasant race of men. They had the butcher-stamp upon them, and smelt of the shambles much too strongly for our taste. They were thieves and murderers upon a large scale, and had nothing better to recommend them than physical hardihood and brute courage. Such as they were, however,

"Content as men-at-arms to cope
Each with his fronting foe,"

Mr. Morgan has described them with remarkable power, and what we may at least presume to be fidelity. The *vraisemblance* at all events is perfect. There is a rugged grandeur about the work which appeals forcibly to the imagination. There is an Ossianic obscurity—a mistiness—a remoteness—which greatly enhances the effect, and makes it, in parts, almost sublime. The supernatural terror of the catastrophe is not out of keeping with the antecedents of such a work. The “*dignus vindice nodus*” is not to be disputed. If Mr. Morgan’s romance does not achieve popularity, it will not be owing to any want of power, or any want of skill in his treatment of the subject. Time was when “*Raymond de Monthault*” would have made a reputation. Those good Titanic pictures of the Lord Marcher and Jarl Bronz are not unworthy to be hung up beside the best of those in “*Ivanhoe*.” But the taste of the age has changed since Scott wrote his fictions, and the historical romance has well nigh lost its attractions. This, at least, is our belief; and we look with peculiar interest to the result of the present publication, as the amount of success it achieves will very fairly indicate the soundness or unsoundness of our estimate of the popular taste. “*Raymond de Monthault*” is an historical romance; but unlike the majority of these works, the scenes which it describes have been little trodden by the novelist—the men and the times are but little known. There is nothing hackneyed or worn-out in it, as in those oft-repeated tales in which the Raleighs and Buckinghams, the Rochesters and Montroses, the Marlboroughs and Walpoles, figure in such wearying profusion. It is altogether something genuine and original, written with a strong hand by one full of his subject; and if it does not command an audience it will not be, as we have said, for want of intrinsic merit.

ASPEN COURT,
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,
AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SECRETS COME OUT.

"CONFIDENTIAL communications broken off," murmured the Earl to himself, as he entered the room with Henry Wilmslow. "Our young secretary is diplomatising without his patron's leave. Well, Mr. Carlyon," he said, "how did the Forester supper go off? I was honoured with orders to attend, but could not. I hope the esteemed lady was hospitable."

"More hospitable than Mrs. Wilmslow," said Carlyon, who thought that Jane would, perhaps, be glad to make her escape,— "for although I have pleaded my extreme need, I have heard no orders given for my comfort."

"I am sure I beg your pardon, Bernard," said Mrs. Wilmslow, catching at once her young friend's eye and meaning, and rising to leave the room.

"There's a bell, Mrs. Wilmslow, I suppose," said Henry, with a dictatorial manner, intended to prevent her going.

"But I have rung it four times without any result," said Bernard very coolly, and opening the door for Jane, who went out rather hastily under cover of this little bit of protection.

"A vision of Mr. Carlyon's future triumphs," said Lord Rookbury. "He has opened his budget so engrossingly that dinner is quite forgotten in the House. And how do you get on with the religious and gracious Selwyn? Does he often set you to prepare a *précis* of a chapter of Ezekiel or Habakkuk, by way of practice? And is it true that he calls in all the clerks to prayers, before sending out a dispatch?"

"I should disgrace your recommendation, my lord, if I let out official secrets," said Carlyon, "but I do not know that it will be materially injurious to the public interests if I admit that we get on very well."

"He gives me a very good account of your capacities," said the Earl, "and I think that if you would let him convert you, he would most likely introduce you to a capital match, by way of proving that Providence takes care of the believer. I would not, were I in your place," added his Lordship significantly, "let any trifle stand in the way of my spiritual and temporal prosperity."

"Such a prize is one of the things which your Lordship likes

to see *won* by those in whom you are good enough to be interested," returned Bernard, reverting to Lord Rookbury's hint given him at Rookton Woods.

"By Jove, I should say so! an heiress with a certainty," said his Lordship, emphasizing the last word, "is exactly the person a young man should look out for. What do you say, father Wilmslow?"

"That's the time of day, my Lord," said Henry, on whom the last two or three speeches had, of course, been lost. "And these lawyers have such opportunities, looking into people's title-deeds and settlements, and knowing how the land lays."

"A good shot, Carlyon," said the Earl, looking hard at him.

"I suppose it is," said Bernard carelessly, "but I have been in London so long that I have forgotten all about shooting."

"And have you forgotten all about the young ladies of Aspen?" said the Earl, "as I have not heard you make any inquiries concerning them." "Now," said Lord Rookbury to himself, "he must reply that he has heard all that from their mamma."

"Mr. Wilmslow mentioned to me, as soon as I arrived, that they were away from home," said Carlyon, who saw that an *éclaircissement* must come, but also saw no use in precipitating it.

"But did not tell you that they are staying at Rookton Woods, as of course Mrs. Wilmslow did?"

"Really," said Bernard, "one almost needs some second assurance of that fact."

"What for?" said Henry bluntly. "Is there anything extraordinary in the Miss Wilmslows going to visit his Lordship, their neighbour in the county, and if I may say so, my Lord, their father's friend. I don't understand your observation, Mr. Carlyon, which seems quite uncalled for."

"Dear me," said Bernard, with much deference, "do not let me be misunderstood; I only meant that with three such very agreeable visitors at Rookton, one felt surprised to meet Lord Rookbury anywhere else."

"There it is, Wilmslow," said his lordship, laughing, "these young fellows cannot imagine it possible for older men to deny themselves the pleasure of the society of women, even when grave matters are in question."

"I could not be aware of these, my Lord, you know," said Carlyon.

"Why, you come and announce them," said Lord Rookbury, sharply; "you tell us of an emergency, and that Mr. Molesworth, the great lawyer, is coming down, and that you are torn from the business of your country to help him, and then you say that you are not aware of grave matters being in question. Are you not a little inconsistent, my young diplomat?"

A little less self-possession, and the fiction Carlyon had devised for poor Jane's benefit had at once been scattered. But Bernard met Lord Rookbury's suspicious eye very steadily, and replied,

"But may I ask how my news, brought an hour ago, aided to bring your Lordship from Rookton Woods, which you must have left before I even entered the county?"

"He stands cross-examining very well," said the Earl, with a smile. "I shall leave him to you, Wilmslow." For in truth, though the keen old man believed that Carlyon had come down on Mrs. Wilmslow's request, he did not wish to mortify Bernard, whom he liked, by pressing the point, and much preferred that Henry should give the offence.

"Meantime, as a witness is entitled to refreshment," said Carlyon, "I will see whether mine is in progress." And he left the room, a manœuvre which occurred to the Earl as something like that of castling, in chess, when, an attack being prepared, the citadel itself suddenly shifts its place.

"Your wife has managed to send to Molesworth," said Lord Rookbury, as soon as the door closed, "and he has chosen to get this youngster to come down to reconnoitre. That is the state of matters, Wilmslow."

"Curse his impudence," said the Ambassador, angrily. "Don't you think I ought to kick him out of my house?"

What a mischievous old man that Lord was. Of course he had not the slightest idea of recommending any such course, but he knew that Wilmslow was a coward, and instantly determined to torment him.

"Your high gentlemanly spirit," he said, "has pointed out the proper course, as I knew it would." And as Henry's face grew graver under this unexpected answer, Lord Rookbury quite chuckled.

"You think he ought to be turned out?" said Mr. Wilmslow, immediately softening the form of proceeding.

"Kicked out," said the ruthless Earl, "was your first expression, I think. And the impulses of an aristocratic nature like yours may be safely trusted," he added, respectfully.

"The only thing that makes me hesitate," said Henry, "is the thought that he is in some way, I believe, a friend of your Lordship's. That is the only thing, and the respect I have for you would make me suppress my natural indignation, and simply tell him—tell him in a note perhaps,—that he had better go away."

"My dear Wilmslow," said the unhallowed peer, getting up and clasping the other's hand, "I fully feel all your delicacy. But it shall never be said that your friendship for Charles, Earl of Rookbury, prevented the due assertion of your honour. Act, therefore, as you deem that honour dictates."

And the two humbugs stood for a moment hand in hand. But as Douglas Jerrold once said of two other people, if they were "rowing in the same boat" it was with very different *sculls*.

"My Lord," said Henry, "my feeling tells me instantly to go and thrust this Mr. Carlyon out of my doors. The only thing is ('another only thing,' said the Earl to himself, all the time looking affectionately at his friend) that perhaps we ought to make it quite clear that the matter is as we suppose, which you know we can scarcely say we have ascertained. And then, you see, these lawyers make so much out of assaults that a gentleman is never safe in acting as he desires. Does the thing strike your Lordship in that light?"

"Well," said the Earl, thoughtfully, having amused himself enough, and letting his victim fall, "there is sense in that, too. On the whole, then, you think that you had better at present abstain from any extreme course, and in the meantime endeavour to elucidate the position of circumstances."

Long words always charm long ears, and Henry Wilmslow was duly charmed, and Carlyon was unmolested at his dinner.

"But now, Wilmslow," said Lord Rookbury, "look here. Carlyon is a mere interloper, and not entitled to interfere in your affairs, but Molesworth is in another position. He has your title-deeds, you tell me, and is your creditor to a very large amount. Have you thought over your affairs, as you promised, and come to any sort of idea as to what is your debt to him?"

"I have been thinking like the very deuce," said Henry, "but the transactions run over so many years that I am fairly bewildered. We must have had a precious deal of money out of him, besides his costs."

"Have you no account of his—did he never give you any?"

"I seem to think," said Henry, musing, "that when we signed those last things he did show me something."

"Signed what, signed when, signed where," said the Earl quickly; "You never told me of that. Let's hear all about it. What were they, eh? That's the main point."

"Well, if you ask me that," said Henry, slowly.

"I do—of course," said the impatient peer.

"All I can say is that I am hanged if I can tell you," continued Mr. Wilmslow. "Jane seemed to understand them, but I don't know whether she did, women are such humbugs and hypocrites."

"If she did she won't tell now," said the Earl, promptly. "But confound you, man, you must know whether the things were mortgages, or settlements, what their general nature was. You would not be such a preposterous jackass as to go and sign in the dark."

"No, it was not in the dark," said the literal Henry, "though, by the way, the light was not a very good one, being only a lamp, with a shade to it."

"Ah!" said Lord Rookbury, snatching at the merest trifle, "then you signed them at night, after regular hours of business. Who saw you sign?—some of his clerks, eh?"

"No," said Wilmslow, "I know all of them, having had to see them a good deal too often. I think Molesworth had somebody upstairs, whom he called down to witness our signing."

"And at night, too, but there might be nothing in that," pondered Lord Rookbury.

"Yes," said Henry Wilmslow, "there was something in it. I have no secrets from you, my Lord, since you have honoured me with your friendship.

"Nor I any from you, my dear fellow, for when one finds a kindred spirit, one trusts everything to him," said the Earl, "you know I told you only yesterday about Mother Carbuncle, so get on."

“You did so, my Lord,” said Henry, “and I hope I am worthy of your confidence. I was going to say that the real reason why this business was transacted at night was that—that I, being rather under a cloud, and I may say up a tree—”

“Deuced odd places for the father of a family!” interjaculated Lord Rookbury.

“Deuced uncomfortable ones!” said Henry, shrugging, “and it was rather the ticket for me to be scarce until the Philistines had shut up, you see.”

“Confound your slang!” said the hasty Earl, speaking of course with the freedom of friendship to the man he had just eulogised. “You mean that you were afraid to be out in the daylight, because of the bailiffs!”

“Something of that sort,” said Henry, a little sulkily, for the Earl had dashed at him like a hawk.

“Don’t mind my plain speaking, my dear Wilmslow,” said Lord Rookbury, “I must like a man very much indeed before I frankly let him know my mind. And this was your condition when you signed the deeds. When was this?”

“Not long before we came here.”

“But, after the decision which gave you Aspen Court?”

“Certainly, certainly, my Lord. I remember there was something about Aspen Court in the deeds.”

“I’ll be bound there was,” said the Earl. “Tell me, Wilmslow, did Molesworth give you any money then?”

“Yes,” said Henry, “then, and about that time, we had a pretty lump, but I forget the amount.” He did not forget the grand Ambassadorial Cloak, with sables, though, which took the money that was to have bought clothes for his girls, and a good deal more, or the billiard-table, Lester Squarr.

“Now,” said the Earl to himself, “this is what Selwyn would call a clear manifestation of Providence in my behalf. By mere accident that abominable donkey has let slip out a very important fact. The getting hold of Aspen Court may be much more difficult than I had imagined. I almost wish I had let Miss Emma alone until I saw my way clearer—however, there’s no great harm done. By the way, ha! I say, Wilmslow,” he said suddenly, “let’s go and talk to Carlyon—that is, if you have no insuperable aversion.”

“What you can do, my Lord,” said Henry, unconscious of any sarcasm in what he uttered, “I may surely do. He is, I dare say, upstairs, in what my wife calls the library, because she has no books, ha! ha!”

“No news of Mr. Molesworth yet,” asked Lord Rookbury, as he came in, followed, of course, by the master of the house.

“None,” said Bernard. “But he has a wonderful knack of always turning up at the right time.”

“Very pleasant,” said the Earl, “especially if he turns up a trump, as no doubt we shall find him. What do you say, Mrs. Wilmslow?”

“We found Mr. Molesworth a kind friend in our small troubles,”

said Jane, meekly, "and a successful champion in our large ones. But what a man will be at the last, I am afraid we must wait for the last to know."

"You speak as if you had reason to doubt him," said the Earl, with that happy manner, evincing interest but avoiding intrusion, which he had studied so carefully, and found so useful, especially with women of the best class.

"Ah, no," said poor Jane, "my days for trusting or doubting are pretty well done." And her eyes glistened, but she affected to busy herself about some household trifle, and concealed her agitation.

"Why, Mr. Carlyon, what can you have been saying to Mrs. Wilmslow to make her so melancholy?" said Lord Rookbury. "You are a nice person to enliven the Bower of Beauty, as we used to call a lady's room, in my younger days."

"On the contrary," said Bernard, "I almost venture to hope that I have talked Mrs. Wilmslow into something like cheerfulness."

"You have brought her some good news, then? Of course I must not ask what they are, but perhaps her husband may."

"Certainly, I have a right to hear them," said Wilmslow.

"Why no," said Carlyon, who determined to meet the inquisitorial tendencies of Lord Rookbury's conversation as quietly as possible, "I had nothing so dignified as news to tell, but I tried to make some London gossip acceptable—not a very easy task, for Mrs. Wilmslow does not much care for such things, but she has been so good as to listen, and I think to laugh. What an excellent look-out these windows give—almost the best in the line."

"Ask Mrs. Wilmslow to give you the room, when she gives you Miss Kate," said Lord Rookbury, jerking the startling speech into the middle of the group, like a shell.

It hit the three others very suddenly and very hard. They all three sat for a moment, as if nothing had been said, and then the shell exploded. Carlyon blushed to the very eyes with a mixed feeling, in which, however, anger was a large component. Mrs. Wilmslow experienced a choking sensation which perhaps prevented her from quite knowing at the instant what hurt she felt. While the coarser nature of Wilmslow received its shock of surprise, and immediately broke out. He began of course, with an oath, and proceeded—

"Give him Miss Kate! your Lordship is joking. But by—, if I thought that my wife had been encouraging the young gentleman in any such d—d idea, I'd —." He clenched his fist and ground his teeth, his oratorical resources not supplying him on the instant with a threat of sufficient terror. Lord Rookbury smiled to see how instinctively Wilmslow's rage walked away from the two men, and settled upon his helpless wife. Wilmslow was a worthy Englishman, as police reports go.

Carlyon was the next to speak, and, in the confusion of ideas which followed the Earl's remark, his mind snatched at the first

one which offered, and which was almost forced upon him by Wilmslow.

"The young gentleman, Mr. Wilmslow," he said, haughtily, "is not in the habit of accepting any encouragement which can expose the person who gives it to insult and brutality. I don't suppose that you can understand how offensive your speech is, and certainly it is not in Mrs. Wilmslow's presence that I can reply to it as it deserves. But if you will be good enough to imagine that I have said to you exactly what you would least like to hear, you will much oblige me."

Henry's wrath had been such a mere impulse that it speedily slunk away from its duty of sustaining him in the face of a counter-onslaught. But still, under the eyes of his wife and his patron, a man must show some fight, and Wilmslow felt himself bound to bluster out something about infernal mistakes, and people forgetting their position, and the desirability of Mr. Bernard Carlyon's walking off with himself. But then the woman's turn came, and, as usual, the male and superior creatures had cause to be ashamed of the figures they made in contrast.

"Bernard," she said, "for my sake you will do as you have before done in this unhappy house. You will refrain from angry words. But I do ask you to speak, and in full confidence in your honour, I beg you to say, not to Lord Rookbury, and to Mr. Wilmslow, but to a mother whose heart is nearly breaking, whether there has ever passed, between yourself and my child, one word which could found the implication his Lordship has chosen to make. Look in my face, Bernard, and answer me."

She raised those blue eyes, sadly, but trustfully, and awaited his reply.

"Not one," he said, with great earnestness. What was there lurking at the young man's conscience which told him at that moment that solemnly as he spoke, his voice fell upon his own ear with some short-coming? That he spoke the truth, yet that it needed some irresistible confirmation? Was it a weakness, or a merit, that looking into that troubled mother's face, he determined to give that confirmation, though it was the yielding up a secret he would gladly have kept? A moment sufficed for the doubt and the decision, and then he added—(count it in his favour—he often goes wrong).

"And although an unjustifiable speech ought not to compel me to say more, it is to you, and for your sake, dear Mrs. Wilmslow, that I will say one other word. My affections have very long been placed in the keeping of one whom you never saw, and—"

She would not let him finish, but took both his hands, held them for a moment, and then dropping them, sank upon a couch and wept outright. But I do not believe that her tears were those of sorrow, but that if we could search into the mysteries of a mother's love, her heart was reviving, after a harsh and sudden shock, and was rejoicing that a child's confidence had not

been stolen away from her. I think that Jane Wilmslow had suffered too much of mere insult and outrage in her time to feel the ordinary indignation which Lord Rookbury's speech would have called up in a mother untried by the results of a marriage with a man who had been "a little too gay."

It was now Lord Rookbury's turn, and if anybody who reads this story could have seen that old man's face, the kindness, and the appearance of being himself a good deal hurt, and the desire to make all right and comfortable, we should get very little credit for anything we may hereafter have to say against him.

He could not tell them how he regretted his having been betrayed into a speech which had given pain. He solemnly assured them that it arose from a certain misunderstanding on his part, which he now clearly saw, and he wondered how he could have so far blundered. But the manly and spirited conduct of his young friend, Mr. Carlyon, must have raised him in the estimation of them all, and he could not help adding—even though his doing so involved a little revelation on *his* part, for which Mr. Carlyon was doubtless not prepared, that he had a right to regret an engagement which put an end to his hopes of calling that gentleman his brother-in-law.

Now, thought his Lordship, ending with a sweet smile, let us see whether she has told him. But Carlyon's attention was turned upon Jane, who became very pale at Lord Rookbury's last words, and seemed to keep herself from fainting by a strong effort.

"Some water," he said, darting to the bell, and pulling violently. A moment or two, and he repeated his effort, but no servant appeared. Dusk was coming on.

"O, by George," said Henry Wilmslow, glad of an excuse for resuming peaceful relations, "you may pull the house down, but you will get no hearing. There's a fight out by Bogley Bottom, and one of the fellows is cousin to our servant girls. I'll lay my head the sluts have run off to know how the affair has gone. I should have gone myself but for his Lordship being here."

Lord Rookbury sprang up with a boy's agility.

"Bogley Bottom," he said, with something almost amounting to agitation. "I'll—no, no. Here, Carlyon. Come here, man," he said, stamping. "See to your wife, Wilmslow."

His gestures were so sudden and imperative, that Bernard felt they ought to be obeyed. He crossed the room to Lord Rookbury, who dragged him from it by the arm, and when in the passage, said a few hasty words, which instantly threw Carlyon into a still fiercer excitement. He broke from Lord Rookbury's hold, and rushed to the stair-head.

"Stay, stay—one moment—you'll save time by it! My horse, one in a million, is in the stable here. Take him, and ride like ——."

It was a strong comparison, no doubt, but Carlyon did not hear it—for, with a word of assent, he fled down the stairs, and in an incredibly short space of time Lord Rookbury heard the clatter of well-known hoofs, as a reckless horseman dashed away from Aspen Court.

CHAP. XXIX.

THE OWL SETS A TRAP.

NOTHING could be much simpler or more straightforward than the process by which the three young ladies of Aspen became the involuntary guests of the lord of Rookton Woods. As Mrs. Wilmslow has said, their papa, driving round to the door in a phaeton lent him by the obliging Earl, invited them to take a long round with him, and, being dutiful daughters, Emma, Kate, and Amy were speedily hatted and jacketted, and packed into the carriage. The Ambassador, who had previously made himself acquainted with the road, drove straight for Rookton, and it did not occur to the girls, who had not previously been taken across the country, that they were at the door of Lord Rookbury's mansion, until the noble owner himself, who had been watching their progress round the curve of the road, (and, it may be added, denouncing Mr. Wilmslow as a snob for driving with a large and swaggering gesture, which the latter considered magnificently aristocratic,) came out to hand them from the vehicle. Then, as the truth flashed upon them, there they were, and what were they to do? If they or Mrs. Wilmslow had suspected the object of their journey, of course, despite their duty to their sire, they would have invoked the mild headaches, and slight faintnesses, and gentle shiverings, or some other of the serviceable little ailments which good fairies send to the help of good young people who are asked to go anywhere against their inclinations, but it was too late to think of this now. And as the Earl of Rookbury, with the most gentle and gentlemanly manner in the world, came out to welcome them, and thanked them for taking him by surprise, (an old hypocrite!) and led them through his hall, just indicating his beautiful Canovas as things which he must show them when they came out, it was difficult for the girls to feel any prolonged embarrassment. Lord Rookbury had learned, ages before, the art of placing people at their ease when it suited him to do so, and it suited him just then, very particularly. They had their father with them, too, which was something after all, bad style of father as he was. If they had noticed the intense contempt which, for one second, Lord Rookbury concentrated into a glance at Henry Wilmslow, as the latter, in his false and made voice, desired that the carriage might be brought round again in an hour, the poor girls might have had their filial instincts unpleasantly quickened.

For reasons of his own, I suppose, the Earl did not conduct his visitors through his house by the usual route, but ordering lunch, he led them in and out among the labyrinths of which mention was made a long time ago, and in each room he seemed rather bent upon directing their attention to some single object, than upon making them understand the plan of the mansion. Still, he did all with so little effort, that Emma and her sisters could hardly notice that they were rather hurried from point to point. They

saw the gallery, and the library, and the conservatory; and then lunch was announced, and the Earl took them up stairs by a flight of stone steps from the latter to the drawing-room floor, whence crossing two or three passages, they came to a charming circular room, furnished with great elegance, and lighted only from above. The Rookton Woods servants must have been quick as well as tasteful, the round table being beautifully set out with flowers, and silver, fruit, and cut glass,—the pleasantest mixture of colour and glitter.

“O, what a pretty room!” said Amy; “I feel as if I was inside a kaleidoscope.”

“Very well,” said the Earl, smiling, “and we will turn the kaleidoscope for you.” And placing his hand to the wall, a contrivance, which escaped the eye, apparently gave motion to some outside cylinder, the central portion of each of the brightly painted panels slid away, and rose-coloured glass took their place. The light was then the most charming that ever broke upon one in a dream of fairy-land,—or at the end of one of Mr. Planché’s accredited revelations from those parts.

“Do you like that better?” asked Lord Rookbury.

“No,” said Kate, “but I should like to know how it is managed.”

“I will show you presently,” replied the Earl: “but why do you not think it an improvement?”

“I think the first arrangement was in much better taste,” said Kate; “besides, we lose the effect of those beautifully painted walls, which I suppose are copies from Pompeii.”

“They are,” said the Earl, “and I see you are a critic of the first force, so we will leave things as they were.” And again touching the machinery, the panels resumed their former position, and the soft light came down from above upon the exquisite combinations and colours of the old Pompeian artists, upon which it would be pleasant to discourse, but needless, as they are already reproduced among the choicest marvels of Sydenham Palace, Paxtonia.”

“And now for lunch,” said Lord Rookbury. “If I had known that your papa was going to be so very kind as to bring you to see me, we would have had all sorts of nice things, for my confectioner, M. Meringue, has his talents, and will break his heart at finding what a chance of appreciation he has missed; you must promise him another. Wilmslow, we are like John o’ Groat here; there is no top or bottom to our table, but every body is at the head. Amy, sit near me. Miss Wilmslow will perhaps take care of her papa, and the critic will cut up that *pâté* with her usual discrimination.”

“I wish we had a round room at Aspen,” said Amy. “I like round rooms because, you see, there are no corners for the ghosts to hide in.”

“Don’t talk such cursed stuff,” said her papa, angrily.

“Nay, nay,” interposed the Earl, “I think she is perfectly right, and that it is a great advantage, and, if she likes, we will

manage to build her a room at Aspen, one of these days, in the shape she prefers."

"It's very good of you to apologise for her, my Lord," said Mr. Wilmslow, "but it makes one sick to hear a girl talk such infernal rubbish," he added, with a scowl at poor Amy.

"That's Chablis next you—drown your sensations," said the Earl, in a sneering voice. For to do him justice, he hated to hear any feminine thing spoken coarsely to—unless there were satisfactory reasons for it, in which case his Lordship would have abused any imaginable Ophelia as deliberately as does Hamlet himself.

The young ladies did some little justice to the Earl's arrangements, and Henry Wilmslow did a good deal, remarking that a spread like that did not come every blue moon, and Lord Rookbury left the room before his omnivorous guest had completed his refecton.

"In for a good thing, girls," said Wilmslow, with his mouth full, as the Earl closed the door. "Wouldn't you rather be here for a month than a week?"

"It is a long drive home, papa," said Emma, beginning to adjust herself for departure.

"Well, what then?" demanded her father.

"I suppose we had better go as soon as Lord Rookbury comes back," urged Emma.

"I suppose you will go just when I please, and not before," retorted Mr. Wilmslow.

"Only mamma will wonder what has become of us," suggested Kate, gently.

"Let her wonder," replied Henry Wilmslow, taking a large glass of wine. He seemed trying to work himself up into a passion, in order to gain resolution. The girls continued their preparations, but still Lord Rookbury returned not. They looked at one another, and their father went on filling and emptying his glass. Half an hour passed, and still no Earl.

"How very odd that he should stay away!" said Kate.

"Not odd at all," said Mr. Wilmslow. "What the devil do you mean by odd? A gentleman, and above all a nobleman, has a right to do as he likes in his own house, I should suppose, without being called to account. I am d—d if I ever heard a more insulting observation."

"I had no intention of being insulting, papa," said Kate, quietly.

"Don't tell a lie, for you had," said Wilmslow, savagely, but yet not caring to meet the child's eye. "Insulting Lord Rookbury, as my friend, and me also, and I'll be hanged if I stand it, either from you or anybody else. I know who has taught you to do it and set you against his Lordship, and I'll let her know I do before long; but as for you, just mind what you're after, that's all." And with a furious gesture, half his fury being sham, he gulped down another glass of wine, spilling some of it over his dress in the way, an accident which helped his temper to the desired pitch, especially

as he detected a little smile on Amy's face. He swore an oath which need not be written down, and demanded what in the name of the worst of all places she meant by sitting there grinning at him.

"Why, papa," said Amy, outspoken as usual, "you did look very funny with the wine running from both corners of your mouth."

"Come here, Miss," replied her father, doggedly. The wine, to which he was little accustomed, was working with his coarse nature, and the fictitious excitement was giving way to a real one.

Poor little Amy turned rather pale at the tone in which he spoke, but nevertheless sprang to his side with an alacrity which should have disarmed any irritation. He gave her a violent slap on the face.

"Take that," he said, spitefully, "and now see if you find any thing to laugh at in your own face. You'll laugh on the wrong side of your mouth, I fancy, this time."

Amy did not cry—she even stood patiently, for a moment, as if waiting the pleasure of her parent to deal her another blow. But Emma's eyes filled with tears, and Kate, who was by Amy's side in an instant, drew her away, and placed her in Emma's arms. Then the little thing began to sob as if her heart would break.

"How dare you commit that piece of impudence!" roared Wilmslow to, or rather at Kate. "Bring her back here—here—this instant, or, by G— I'll serve you the same."

"I would rather you struck me than Amy, papa," said Kate, in a steady voice, "because Amy has been ill."

"Bring her here, I say," stormed Wilmslow, thumping upon the table, "or it will be the worse for you."

"Let me go to him, Emmy," said Amy, her eyes streaming and trying to extricate herself from her sister's affectionate clutch; "he may kill me if he likes. I am not to live very long, and it is no matter. Let me go, there's a darling."

"I will not," said Emma in a low voice, but it reached Wilmslow.

"What's that!" he shouted, his vile passion now excited beyond control. He rose and was on the point of striding across to the couch on which Emma sat, embracing Amy, when Kate said, laying her hand on his arm,

"Papa! Lord Rookbury is watching you."

The words checked him in an instant. He looked all round the room as he forced his inflamed features into a sort of smile with which to greet his patron. Lord Rookbury was not there. But, following Kate's eye, Wilmslow saw that it was fixed upon a portion of the ornamental painting on the wall. He could see nothing else, but instantly gave the Earl credit for having some spy contrivance which Kate had detected. And the reader will probably be of the same opinion. Yet it happened that the case was not so—the idea had started to the poor girl's brain in the extremity of her terror lest her sister should be maltreated, and she hazarded

it as a last chance. Lord Rookbury was a couple of miles from the house.

"And if he is," said Henry, with an effort, bringing his angry husky voice to a laboured jocularity of tone "what's the odds?" He crossed to Amy, and taking her from Emma, who instantly saw that all peril was over, gave her an awkward hug or two, and told her not to cry—he could not have hurt her.

"The hurt's nothing" sobbed Amy, whose crimsoned cheek, however, showed that the blow had been a severe one, "but I hoped—I hoped—you had got out of the way of striking persons—persons, since you came to Aspen, and that I'm afraid—you'll—you'll strike mamma, as you used to do."

This frank declaration might have proved unlucky for the speaker, but Kate retained her advantage, and by another look to the wall (an acted lie, Miss Katherine Wilmslow, and, I suppose, a sin) continued to intimate that another eye was upon them.

"Nonsense, child, nonsense," said Henry, "you must have been dreaming. Dry your eyes, while I go and see what the Earl is about." And he left the room, and (for we may as well dispose of him at once) went in search of his patron. After he had wandered about the house for some time, Jameson came to him with a message from Lord Rookbury, in obedience to which Mr. Wilmslow, with much alacrity, made *exit* from Rookton Woods without further leave-taking.

For some time after his departure Emma and Kate naturally occupied themselves with consoling their sister, and deploring the condition into which their respectable parent had brought himself. But as time wore on, and there were no signs of his return, or the Earl's, the young ladies began to grow uneasy, and at last agreed to send a servant to their papa. This was a sensible resolve, but not fated to be carried into effect, for all their researches could not detect a bell-handle in the circular room. But, they argued, there must be a bell somewhere in the house, and Kate undertook the discovery. Her travel was brief. The door of the room opened to her hand, but that of the passage which led from the gallery to the apartment they occupied was fastened from without. They were prisoners.

Then they almost began to be frightened. Still, Kate and Emma had plenty of sense; and it speedily occurred to them, that their father, in going out, had secured the door by mistake, or in caprice, and must release them in due time. Amy, however, was by no means so easily calmed, and grew hysterical, and intimated her belief that they had been lured into a dreadful tower, and were to be starved to death, and stay there until they became *skeletons*. And the child dwelt upon the word, and repeated it in a way which had a painful significance for her sisters.

Kate grew indignant, and determined to clatter at the outside door until she attracted somebody's attention. But on trying it she found that she could make very little noise, the door being thickly padded, obviously that the chamber to which it led might be as quiet—even when the house should be full of visitors—as its

wayward proprietor could desire. She gave up the idea in despair, and her next was to seek for the machinery by which the Earl had shown the rose-coloured windows.

"I know whereabouts the contrivance lies," she said, "for when Lord Rookbury touched it the second time, I laid my fork in the direction to which his hand went. Let me see—where was I sitting?"

And Kate proceeded to fix upon a spot in the wall where she was certain the handle, or spring, was placed. But all her researches failed to discover it.

"If you found it, dear, there would be no use," said Emma, "for I noticed that the windows did not open."

"They would break, I suppose," said the energetic second child of the house of Aspen. "However, if we cannot make ourselves heard, I suppose we can only wait in patience." And they did wait, beguiling the time with conjectures, and with assurances to Amy that there was no possibility of their having been left there to perish. Perhaps papa had gone to sleep off the wine.

Evening, however, drew on, and the rays of the setting sun fell upon one side of the dome-light glass roof of the room. The girls became weary and silent, and poor Amy actually subsided into a disquiet sleep, ruffled by start and sob. Dusk approached, but, just as the room was growing gloomy, a figure entered it. Kate sprang to her feet in an instant, but there was no great cause for alarm. Their visitor was an exceedingly respectable and respectful looking female servant, of a superior order, who begged to know whether she might attend the young ladies to their rooms.

"Our rooms!" said Kate, astonished. "Pray where is papa—Mr. Wilmslow? Will you please to ask him to come to us directly, or show us where he is?"

"He has gone out with my Lord, Miss, but his directions were that I was to attend you, and see that you had everything you wished for."

"A strange time to go out, in the country," said Kate. "Did you understand when he would return?"

"He did not say, Miss; but Jameson mentioned something about a late breakfast to-morrow, so he is probably coming over in the morning."

"Leaving us here for the night," exclaimed the two girls; and Amy, awakened by the voices, sat up, and gazed wildly about her.

"What *ill* mamma think has become of us?" said Emma, piteously.

"Your mamma, Miss?" said the female, as if taking a cue. "Mr. Wilmslow wrote her a letter, and it has gone off three hours ago by a messenger on horseback."

"Oh, if she knows where we are," said Emma, "a great weight is off my mind; but it is the strangest thing I ever heard of"

Strange or not, it did not appear to the girls that they had any choice. Night was coming on, and they were sixteen miles from

home. All that they could do was to follow their guide, who crossed the room, opened a door opposite to that of the entrance and so constructed as to seem part of the wall and to elude observation. It opened into another short passage which led to two small, but pretty apartments, in one of which was a single bed, muslined and fluted, and tricked out, rather after the fashion of a poetical upholsterer than an artist, and in the other, two, of similar dainty adornment. Candles were placed in each room, lighted, from which, of course, the young ladies knew that there must be another communication with the house, but they could not see it. Their attendant, after making herself as useful as they seemed inclined to permit, informed them that her name was Pearse, and that she was ordered to be in constant waiting upon them, and withdrew into the circular apartment. Kate, remembering the bell dilemma hastened after her, and to her exceeding surprise found the room illuminated with soft light sent from without through a rim of ground glass which ran round between the walls and the dome—and, to her still greater astonishment, that the table, with all its varied contents, had utterly vanished. She stood, for a moment, gazing at the changed aspect of the apartment, when light gushed up from the floor, and the table, rearranged with a perfect little dinner, complete to the finger-glass, rose once more to its place. It had not, of course, been intended that she should see this process. And, for some undefinable reason, it produced anything but a pleasant sensation in the girl's mind. She had heard of such contrivances, or at least read of them, but could not remember that such boards had ever been surrounded by the best class of company.

"One of Lord Rookbury's fancies, I suppose," she said, describing the incident to her sisters, "and he thinks it will amuse us."

"Perhaps our beds are on the same things," said Amy solemnly, "and at midnight we shall descend into some grim charnel-house and be left there for ever and ever."

"How *can* you talk such nonsense, darling," said Emma. "You do not even know what a charnel-house is. I wonder where you caught hold of the word."

"Where did the Veiled Prophet take Zelica from the dance?" said Amy, shuddering. "Did not the dead people's eyes glare out——"

"Be quiet, Amy," said Kate, anxious to break off the train of ideas upon which the child had fastened, "and just snap my bracelet for me, dear, will you?"

"Yes," said Amy, taking her sister's pretty arm between her own hands, and calmly adding, "A snake! Ah! we shall have plenty of snakes down there in the pit. How they will wind in and out among our bones!"

Emma's distressed look at hearing the child pursue this singular theme nearly set Kate off crying, but she controlled her agitation, and the three returned to the other room, where, with the aid of another discovery they made, namely, a collection of books and

portfolios, chosen as if for such visitors, the evening passed, though heavily, and Pearse reappearing, and having no tidings of Mr. Wilmslow beyond a decided assurance that he would not be seen that night, they retired early, and at Amy's express desire, to the same room, where Kate, as the most valiant of the party, occupied a solitary couch, Amy nestling to sleep in the arms of her elder sister.

How their mother passed the night is not upon record.

The rain descended heavily the following morning, which, it will be remembered, was the day Carlyon left town, in obedience to Mrs. Wilmslow's summons. Pearse was duly in attendance, but there was no news of Mr. Wilmslow.

"But where is Lord Rookbury?" demanded Kate. "It is very singular that he has never been near us since he left the room yesterday. Is he in the house?"

"We never venture to know, Miss," was Pearse's reply. "If my Lord's bell rings, it is answered, and it has not rung to-day. The Lord help anybody who should go into his Lordship's room before it rings."

"Why, he's worse than Blue-beard," plumped out Amy.

"It is not for me to say so, Miss," replied Pearse; "but let anybody offend my Lord, and it'll be more by habgrab than good cunningness, if that party gets off easy."

The bit of *patois* occasioned some speculation, and after breakfast, Kate, who had been considering for some time, said to Emma—

"I shall trust to my habgrab, whatever that may be, and explore the house. We are certainly not going to be kept here any longer." And she rang the bell, Pearse having shown her its artful concealment—an ivory plate forming one of the Pompeian flowers on the wall. Pearse came, and Kate signified her wish to be conducted to the conservatory.

"Certainly, Miss," said Pearse, "I will get the key." And she left the room. An hour passed, and she did not return, nor were all the indignant girl's performances on the ivory plate of the least avail. And the outside door was, upon trial, found to be locked.

"This is very curious, Kate," said Emma. "It looks as if we really were prisoners."

"It is something more than curious," said Kate with a flashing eye. "It is an indignity. Ah! something occurs to me." And with a light and hasty foot she went back to the chamber in which they had slept. Nothing had been touched since they left the room.

"Emma," she said, returning, "we will not bear this. Perhaps mamma has never been informed where we are. Something in the way that woman spoke made me suspect her. It is now mid-day, and no news of papa. Let us leave the place." The young lady spoke in a low but determined voice.

"It is just what I should like to do," said Emma; "but how on earth to get out. It seems to me that we are guarded on every side."

"It is very shocking to have to try a trick," said Kate, "but there is no help for it, for here we will not stay. That servant will not come back, perhaps, until night, and then we are just where we were. It is all most strange, and I do think we ought not to submit. While papa was not quite himself, it might be forgiven, but now we *must* return home. The first thing is to get out of these rooms. Oh! if they were not all lighted from above. But I have a plan. You two stay here, and talk and laugh, for I have some notion that we may be listened to. Do not come to me on any account."

And she stole very quietly into the bedroom which they had not occupied, and concealed herself in a very artful manner, crouching between the gaily bedizened bed and the wall near which it stood. Her patience was rather severely tried, for an hour must have elapsed, and Kate still continued in her hiding-place, but at last she was rewarded. She distinctly heard the tread of some one in the adjoining bedroom, which the new arriver had evidently come to arrange.

"Then the door *is* in that room," said Kate, "and yet we could not find it. Now, if she sees me she will not go out, and if I require her to show me the door, we shall have a scene, and be defeated after all. Ah! here she comes. What a pretty girl!"

The pretty girl in question came stealthily into the room, glanced round it, but did not see Kate's bright eyes gleaming at her through the muslin. She tripped forward to the passage, and silently drew a bolt, thus, as she supposed, preventing the young ladies from coming to their apartment. But pretty girls will be curious, and having drawn the bolt, the young servant paused to listen to the conversation of the prisoners. Kate, in her concealment, instantly suspected that this was the case, and darted from her lair, and into the room in which they had slept, just in time to find a second hiding-place before the servant returned. The latter went rapidly through her work, and at last Kate Wilmslow had the gratification of seeing her open the door of the room. A large looking-glass was hung against it, in a way calculated to disarm suspicion that the outlet was there, and it swung into the apartment with the door, as the girl opened it. "But if she shuts it again," thought Kate, "and I do not know the secret."

Where she had crouched for the second time, her head was just within reach of one of the toilette tables. The girl's back was towards her, and, quick as the thought, Kate snatched a small china bottle from the table, and flung it with all her force into the adjoining room. It crashed against the wall, and fell. The pretty country girl brought out an unmistakable oath, and rushed to see what had happened—another moment, and our light-limbed Kate was on the other side of the secret door. Without pausing to listen to the wonderment of the domestic as to whence in the name of All Blazes the china could have fallen, Kate skimmed along the gallery, and, taking the first inviting-looking door, found herself in the principal drawing-room of Rookton Woods. This, however, was not what she wanted, and after a rapid glance at the mag-

nificantly-furnished room, Kate turned to leave it. But, as she did so, there rose, over the back of a large lounging chair, the smallest and most fairy-like face she had ever seen, and a child's voice said—

“You just stop. You're the girl with the big eyes that's in love with St. Bernard.”

CHAPTER XXX.

A PET, AND HIS BACKERS.

THE command, and still more, the charge which followed, certainly brought up poor Kate in an instant, and the eyes to which the allusion had thus been made, opened widely enough to justify it. And then the speaker glided from the large chair and confronted the runaway. Heedful readers will, it is to be hoped, remember the fairy-like little girl who roused Mr. Carlyon from his slumbers in the library, and who now stood before Kate Wilmslow, costumed with less elaboration, but not with less care than when she presented herself to Bernard in all the miniature splendour of a full-dress toilette. She was in white, her high-made frock terminated at the neck by a delicate little frill, a blue girdle and ivory buckle at her tiny waist, and her fair hair secured by a long golden comb which went round the back of the head, and branched into ornament at the temples—it looked like an undress coronet. Unwelcome as was the apparition, Kate confessed to herself that she had never seen anything so charming.

“Well, child,” proceeded the little lady, gazing up into Kate's face. “Are you looking for the parson?”

“Looking for whom, dear,” said Kate Wilmslow, more astonished than before.

“The parson. Because he is not here, and I think that you might wait until he is sent to you. How you do stare! But papa was right, and you have beautiful eyes. I shall kiss them—sit down here.” And rather imperatively pushing Kate to a couch, Lurline sprang upon it, lightly as a bird, and brought her lips to the eyes of her new acquaintance.

“And now,” said Kate, smiling, “please to tell me who you are?”

“Me!” replied the child. “I am somebody—everybody—anybody. You may call me Lurline, or anything else, you like. But what have you dared to come out of your room for?”

“And is it the custom in this house to lock ladies up in a particular room, and call it daring if they come out?”

“Ladies, no. But we locked up the bride and her bridesmaids until they were wanted, and I should very much like to hear how you escaped. I suppose you bribed one of the servants.”

“Indeed I did not,” said Kate, rather indignant than amused at the precocious worldliness of the suggestion.

“Then tell me how you managed,” said Lurline, throwing her

arms round Kate's neck, and laying her cheek against that of her companion. "Tell me, there's a dear, and I won't tell anybody. I swear I won't. *Dieu me damne!* There, I never break my word when I say that. Now."

"O, you shocking little thing!" said Kate. "Pray don't say such words. Do you think I would not believe you if you made a promise?"

"*Sacrebleu*, I do not know why you should," said Lurline. "Why should I keep a promise to you, who are one of my enemies."

"I your enemy, dear child!" said Kate. "What nonsense has somebody been putting into your head?"

"O, is it nonsense?" retorted Lurline. "I know all about it, and if you think you can deceive me with your hypocrisy, you are very much mistaken, I can tell you. Do you see this ear?"

"Yes I do, and a very pretty little ear it is, with a very pretty earring in it."

"Ah! well. It may be a little ear, and I may be a little pitcher, but I can hear as well with it as if it was as big as Pearse's. So now you understand."

Lurline's mingled worldliness and childishness puzzled Kate, who could know nothing of the young lady's antecedents, but Kate had business of her own on hand, more immediately pressing than the solving the problem of this quaint little fairy's character. One thing was certain, namely, that her own escape having been discovered, and by such an observer, it was useless to think of farther measures unless Lurline's co-operation could be secured, and this was the next thing to try for. And Kate's diplomacy was guided by an instinct which determined her to go straight to the affections of the little girl, if she had any.

"And so you have been told that I am your enemy, Lurline?" she said, kindly.

"Of course you are," replied Lurline, rubbing her fair soft cheek against Kate's with a caressing action curiously at variance with her words. "Not my worst enemy, because she is locked up, I suppose?"

"Do you mean one of my sisters?"

"You know very well that I do. Your eldest sister, who is going to be Countess of Rookbury. I hate her."

"And you hate me?"

"I hated you before you came in, and I shall hate you again as soon as you are gone, but do you know I don't hate you so much while I am talking to you."

"But I want you not to hate me at all, nor my sister, who is the best and kindest girl in the world, and would love you very much if you would let her, and so would I."

"Bless you," said Lurline, giving Kate a little pat on the cheek, "it's no go, dear, none whatsoever, as Pearse says. We are up to the move. Of course you will try to smooth me over, and pet me, and make much of me for a little while, and then —*crac*. We

are prepared for all that, we flatter ourselves." And again she laid her face to Kate's.

What is to be done with this perverted little being? thought Kate.

"Lurline dear, I won't pet you, I promise that. But tell me something. I suppose that if I and my sisters, whom you think your enemies, were turned out of this house, you would be very glad?"

"Well," said the child thoughtfully, "it would be a good thing; but you would all come back again, so it would be no great good done, *ventrebleu*."

"No, that we *never* would," said Kate, very emphatically.

Lurline suddenly twisted her face into a singular expression of petulance, and sent out a sort of taunting sound.

"Nyeigh!" she said, or rather uttered. "I know all about it. There's a mamma in the case, and she doesn't like us, and would not honour us with the match if she could help it."

"It would be a happy thing for you, dear, if you had such a mamma," said Kate earnestly.

"*Morbleu*, you've got tears in your eyes!" said Lurline, quickly. "I did not want to make you cry—there—there," and she kissed Kate with real feeling. "Never cry," she added, desirous to give useful counsel to a weaker friend, "it show folks where to hit another time. You should bite your tongue very hard, and then you can always keep back your tears."

"Lurline," said Kate, "we want to get away from Rookton Woods as soon as we can, and you may be quite sure we shall never come back. It was very wrong indeed to lock us up, but I have managed to get out, and I am determined to take away my sisters."

"That seems fair," said the child. "I think I will go and talk to—somebody."

"If you do," said Kate, who guessed in what quarter the poor child's guides, philosophers and friends dwelt, "there will be no chance for us, because orders have been given that we shall be kept here."

"Ah! I should rather think they had," said Lurline. "And upon your soul, now, you want to go?"

"Do not talk about the soul in that way, dear. It is a very solemn thing to talk about at all. But I assure you that we do want to go. And though I do not know this house very well, I think I can manage, if you will not give the alarm."

"*Crac*," said Lurline "it's settled. But I will do it all for you, every bit of it. I will get you off in style. There shall be no sneaking about it. I will do it." And she sprang from the couch to the floor. Kate caught her by the sash.

"Stay," said Kate. "As soon as Lord Rookbury knows that we are gone, he will be terribly angry."

"Lord, yes," said Lurline, profanely, "there'll be battle and murder and sudden death, and all sorts of pleasant things. There will be the old one to pay and no pitch hot, that's certain."

"Well," said Kate, "you shall have nothing to do with it. We want to go very much, but we will not get you into any trouble. You shall not be scolded by Lord Rookbury."

"And should you care whether I was scolded or not," demanded the child, "so that you got away?"

"To be sure we should, darling, very much," said Kate; "and we should be very unhappy to think that we had caused it. So you shall have nothing to do with our going."

"I do not believe you are my enemy after all," said Lurline, throwing her arms around Kate's neck. "Your sister is, but you are not."

"If you saw my sister, dear, you would not say so."

"Oh, but I have seen her. I made Wilkins bring me into your bedroom last night when you were all asleep, and I saw you all. You slept by yourself, but the child was with Emma. I was disappointed, though, for I wanted to see your eyes, and I forgot that I could not see them when you were sleeping. Well, now, look here. You stay where you are." And she darted from the room.

Kate was in a sad state of suspense. She hardly knew whether she had gained her point or not. She had produced an impression, it was true, but the nature of Lurline had been so singularly cultivated that it was impossible to say, not only how manifold a sower might be repaid for seed laid therein, but whether the grain would not change its character in the ground, and come up something else. And then, though the immediate business of escape was the subject in hand, the child's first words insisted on claiming their share of Kate's perturbed thoughts. What, had the secret she had hardly dared to breathe to herself been made the common talk of Rookton Woods, even in the servants' hall! Poor Kate was in an unenviable state of bewilderment, when Lurline's flying feet were heard, and the next moment she was in the room.

"I have been with Lord Rookbury," she said. And she seized the bell-rope, and rung vehemently.

"We are ruined," thought Kate. "But I will not return to the other room."

A servant entered.

"Lord Rookbury desires that the Misses Wilmslow's carriage may be brought round immediately," said Lurline, with an air of unhesitating command. "Send Pearse here, and put lunch in the library. Can you drive?" she asked, turning to Kate as the servant moved away. "If you can, perhaps you will like to do so, but if not we will send somebody with you."

"Yes," said Kate, eagerly, "I can drive very well—a little—quite well enough."

"Your sweetheart, St. Bernard, taught you, I suppose," said the *enfant terrible*: but Pearse entering at the moment, Kate's blush passed unheeded.

"Pearse," said Lurline, to that domestic, who looked perfectly terrified at seeing one of her charges out of the cage, "go to the Misses Wilmslow, and say, with his Lordship's kindest regards,

that he is very sorry a fit of the gout prevents his coming to bid them good bye, and that their carriage is at the door; and you show them down into the library. You come with me, Miss Catherine."

Pearse, accustomed to obey the orders of the little fairy, withdrew, and Lurline conducted Kate downstairs. It may be needless to say that Emma and Amy were soon with them, and that the lunch was scarcely tasted. Lurline did the honours with the utmost gravity, especially patronizing little Amy, whom she encouraged very pointedly. The carriage was announced, and Lurline took a stately farewell of Emma, who wanted to kiss her, but from whom the child drew back, but embraced Kate with much warmth, and put a little packet into her hand, begging her to keep it, and think of the giver. As for Amy, Lurline merely patted her on the shoulder with a matronly smile, and insisted on putting some cake into paper for her. They entered the carriage, and Lurline, on the steps of the portico, said,

"I hope that you will allow me to say to the Earl that you forgive him for not being down to see you off, because he really feels so hurt at it."

The permission was readily given, and they drove off, with hearts in a flutter. But Kate's self-possession came to her aid, and having, as usual, observed the road, she easily made it out again. They were soon far away from Rookton Woods.

We shall have to follow them, but, as a trifling homage to the respected unities, let us here insert an observation or two which, one hour later, the Earl of Rookbury made, when having awoke and dressed himself, and breakfasted, he went to the circular room, and found there, not the three young ladies from Aspen, but Pearse, who was arranging the apartment, and Lurline, who was reading an exceedingly fast Palais Royal vaudeville. Poor Pearse, whose terror, when she found that she had been mystified, was hideous rather than piteous, had evidently a belief, founded on a prevalent Gloucestershire story, that her mildest sentence would be that she be carted off to the nearest kennel, and flung to the raging fox-hounds, but she had still enough of woman in her to shudder for what might happen, when Lord Rookbury, having heard her stuttering story through, turned to Lurline, and looked at her hard for a minute or two.

"Well," said the Lord Temporal, "I was always of opinion that your mamma was the coolest—the most infernally deliberate liar in Europe, but it is a comfort to see that the rising generation is likely to equal the virtues of its predecessors—but" (he added, with a savage look and voice, under which even Lurline turned pale), "don't try these things too often in my house." He paused for a moment, as if to let the lesson sink in, and then said pleasantly, "Now, my dear child, don't let the day slip away without taking your ride! Pearse, you goose, order Mademoiselle Lurline's pony!"

The Earl and his child mounted, and she cantered by his side for some distance, when he sent her back with the groom. Then,

striking across the country, he reached Aspen Court in time to be seated where Bernard Carlyon found him in company with Mr. Wilmslow. Not one word of what had happened that morning did Lord Rookbury see fit to reveal to his friend. It was his whim to wait, and see what happened. The young ladies had not arrived.

Nor, indeed was it exactly probable that they would speedily appear. The road from Rookton Woods to Aspen Court was sixteen miles, crow flight, and the single horse with the loan of which the Earl had chosen to oblige Wilmslow, soon discovered that his pretty driver was not one quite qualified to dictate his rate of going, and accordingly he took matters his own way. It was dusk when the girls, who were beginning to get uneasy at their prolonged journey, were about six miles from Aspen. At this point there was, as Kate remembered, a toll-bar; and, on approaching this, they were somewhat surprised to see the toll-house, a cottage of some size, full of lights, and to observe several groups of men lounging about the usually lonely spot. The fact was, a fight, of some local interest, had taken place in a field near the neighbourhood, where the Bogley Pet had been revenging a previous overthrow received at the fists of the Slogging Stunner, and, though fighting with more ferocity than science, had certainly done his work like a Briton and a bruiser. But he had lost the fight, for, after smashing the Stunner into the most unhand-some mass of livid and bleeding flesh that ever was sponged, or came staggering up to the last call, the Pet, exhausted by his own desperate efforts, slipped on the crimsoned turf, and his blow fell foul. In ecstasies, the Stunner's partizans, from whom all hope had departed, claimed the umpire's inevitable decision, and carried off their own senseless, but victorious, ruffian. The keeper of the toll-bar had been much interested in the fight, having, unlawfully, sold a good deal of liquor to the congregation, and his house was just now occupied chiefly by friends of the Pet, who were excited and exasperated at the accident which had snatched the laurels from the bull head of their man.

Mustering all her courage, Kate Wilmslow drove slowly but steadily on, nor was any particular molestation offered to the party beyond a few of those choice cuttings from the garden of ribaldry, by strewing which in the way of their betters, the lower classes in England love to compensate themselves for their inferiority of position. But, unluckily, in her desire to extricate the carriage from the throng, poor Kate, unused to travelling, forgot the ceremony of payment at the toll bar, and drove through it. The keeper, always surly, but now savage between liquor and the loss of some bets, was standing by his den, and no sooner did the phaeton pass, with intent, as he supposed, to defraud him of his dues, than he roared ferociously to those around to stop it. Too glad, of course, to annoy decent people, half a dozen fellows immediately clutched at the reins, with as many coarse shouts, the horse was nearly thrown upon his haunches, and the carriage forced athwart the road, before the frightened girls apprehended

the nature of the crime they had committed. Up came the gate-keeper, and in an insolent tone demanded what they meant by trying to cheat the toll.

"We had no idea of cheating," said Kate, "but we forgot that there was anything to pay here."

"I dare say. Devilish likely," said the fellow, with a brutal laugh, echoed of course by others round him. "Well, are you going to pay at all, or block up the road all night?"

Emma and Kate put their hands to their pockets, and to their dismay, discovered, which, indeed, could they have recollected themselves, poor things, they would have known very well, namely, that they had no money whatever. Of course little Amy had none.

"Now then," said the man threateningly, "I want my money."

Kate's spirit broke out, and she explained firmly enough, that they had come out without money, that they were the daughters of Mr. Wilmslow, of Aspen, and had come over from Lord Rookbury's, and that the toll should be sent down to him in the morning. The man replied with a jeering laugh.

"Not to be done. Don't believe a d—d word of it. Tried to chouse me by driving through, and now trying to gammon me with a pack of lies. Come from Lord Rookbury's, eh? Likely three gals in a one oss phaeton, and no servant, comes from there. Nice Lord you come from, I don't think. What should you say, Sammy."

The person addressed, a thickset debauched looking man, in a dirty white coat, responded promptly,

"I think the best thing the young women can do, is to get out and come into your house, and then we can talk it over, with something hot."

There was an applauding shout among the fellows who had now collected round the vehicle, and one of them laid hold of Kate's arm, as if to take her from the phaeton.

"Dare to touch me," said Kate, extricating her arm, with a spirit, which, despite himself, daunted the man. But the gate-keeper was less penetrable.

"Fine airs, by—," he said, "but it wont carry off cheating. You've drove through my gate without paying, breaking the law, and I've nine minds to get some of these gentlemen to drive you all off to gaol."

"But is there nothing we could leave—some ornament—anything?" said Emma, in extreme terror. "My brooch—anything—"

Kate suddenly remembered the packet which Lurline had given her. She tore it open, and a pretty little diamond heart, of considerable value, glittered before the eyes of the men.

"Come," said a lean, shabby looking person, with a keen dark eye, "that looks like business. I think if the young lady left that, you might let her go on."

But the toll-man was in a dogged and impracticable frame of mind, and retorted that he did not keep a pawnbroker's, and that he would have his money or nothing.

"I think I could venture to lend the lady the money on that

affair," said the dark-eyed man, "which would make everything pleasant. Hand it over, my dear, and let's see if it's real—people are so apt to be took in, in this wicked world."

"O," sobbed Amy, "if Mr. Carlyon was here."

"Mr. Which, my dear?" said a big man close to the other side of the vehicle. He had his hands in his pockets, and had taken no part beyond looking on.

"I said Mr. Carlyon, sir," said little Amy, polite amid her tears.

"A friend of ours."

"Barnard is it?" said the man eagerly, taking his hands out of his pockets.

"Bernard, sir," said Amy, quite brightening up.

"All's one," said the other, running round and clearing his way to Kate's side with a promptitude his heavy figure scarcely promised. "Stow it all," he said peremptorily to the toll-keeper. "Hand that back," he added, laying large hold of the dark-eyed man, (who was slinking away) and extorting the diamond heart from his dirty hand. "Keep your heart, Miss," he continued. "And here's the toll, Master Bowmudge; and now make way for the ladies, you coves ahead there."

"And suppose I don't choose to take it from you?" said Mr. Bowmudge, insolently "What then?"

I am sorry to say that the terms in which the other described what Mr. Bowmudge would, if he adopted the alternative he suggested, be also compelled to take, render his rejoinder inadmissible, but it provoked the toll-keeper to such an extent that he swore furiously that the carriage should not go on. But the morale of his party had been materially diminished by the formidable accession of the big man to the opposition, and several voices told him, with curses, not to make a fool of himself, but to take the money. He was, however, just in that condition of dogged obstinacy which is so singularly unfavourable to the adoption of one's friends' judicious advice. He seized the reins, which all the others had abandoned.

"You are a werry sad ass, Bully Bowmudge," said the big man, almost compassionately, and with a single straightforward blow, delivered without an effort, he knocked Mr. Bowmudge away from the horse's head and ever so many yards from the spot. The other got up desperately savage, and actually began to strip for fight.

"Would n't be perlite, Bowmudge, till the ladies is gone," said their protector coolly, "nor werry much for your precious health afterwards."

A horse's hoofs were heard, and the next minute up came Bernard Carlyon at a gallop. He made out the group round the carriage, at a glance, and scarcely drew rein until close at its side. A cry of delight from Emma and Amy, and a thankful look from Kate were his welcome. Before he could speak, the big man touched him, as if desirous to be recognized, and then turned away.

"You here, too?" said Bernard. "I should have been easier if I had known it. But why are you stopped?" he asked the

girls. The affair was explained to him in a minute. He turned white with anger.

"Where is the fellow?" he said.

Bowmudge, not looking much the better for the staggering blow he had received, came up, incited by some of the crowd, who were just in the temper to enjoy a little more mischief.

"Now then?" he said, confronting Bernard, with a scowl.

"What's his name," said Carlyon. "Somebody read it me off the board there?"

"Benjamin Bowmudge is his name," said the big man, in a low voice.

"And what then?" demanded the individual spoken of. "Who are *you*?" he added with an oath.

"A friend of Lord Rookbury's," said Bernard, "whose visitors you have brutally insulted. Lord Rookbury never forgives, nor do I. In our joint names, I promise you, Mr. Bowmudge, that in two months you shall be ruined, and in six transported, and I beg your friends to witness the promise. Pay him the toll," he added, giving the big man money. "And now, Miss Wilmslow, suppose we drive on."

Kate touched the horse, and the carriage went forward, Carlyon riding at her right. But Bernard's threat had driven the ruffian to whom it was addressed to the verge of frenzy. As he saw the carriage move away, he uttered a wild howl, and rushing before Carlyon's horse, again seized the rein of the other. He had better have let it alone, for the punishment he had previously received was a friend's push compared to the chastisement which now descended upon him. Swinging his hunting whip over his head Carlyon brought the thong with a fearful slash across the face of Bowmudge, who in the extremity of his pain let go the rein, the only thing Carlyon desired, for, pushing his horse forward, he effectually separated the carriage from the assailant, and, desiring Kate to drive on, he turned upon Bowmudge, and, keeping the horse prancing round him, he plied his whip so mercilessly, and with such precision, that the ruffian's head and shoulders were speedily in scarcely better condition than those of the champions who had that day battered one another for his gain. Finishing with a tremendous downright cut, Bernard wheeled his horse, and hastened after the carriage.

"I have taken it out of somebody," he found time to say to himself, half scoffingly, "and he deserved all he got. But I think he would have got off easier, but for the scene at Aspen. Justice is vigorous when the judge is a little excited."

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

If there be one great truth, which more than all others, all men theoretically recognise, but nearly all practically ignore, it is this—“The poor ye have always with you.” Truly they are always with us. East, West, North, South, in Town, and in Country, there they are clustering around us. Their sufferings—though we may not care to see them, are always staring us in the face. In good years and bad years—good harvests and bad harvests—healthy seasons and unhealthy seasons, the poor we have *always* with us. But it is only *sometimes*, and under peculiar circumstances, that we recognise the fact.

An earnest writer in the *Times* newspaper who often gives out his clear trumpet-notes, awakening men's minds to the consideration of great questions of humanity—a Christian writer and a Christian minister—has recently told us that, in these days, because the Cholera is amongst us, we are beginning again to look into the condition of the poor, and adopting a renewed system of house-to-house visitation. Truly, this system of house-to-house visitation drags to light many painful truths. Is it only when the Cholera is amongst us that these truths ought to be known? We put some such question as this a month ago. The Poor are just as much the Poor — when the Cholera is not amongst us.

This is a very transparent—but, at the same time, it is a very solemn common-place. To see *through* a thing, too, is not always to see it; and the very transparency of the fact, in this case, seems to hide it from the common eye. It is well that something should be done, from time to time, to render it a little more gross and palpable. We can hardly expect that people should voluntarily make acquaintance, in the flesh, with scenes of misery and horror, which the said flesh shudders to contemplate. It would be very instructive, doubtless, to people tenderly reared and carefully educated, with all the accompaniments of rank and wealth, to fill them with the belief that the world is a very pleasant place, to accompany one of the “house-to-house” visitants, who, in the Cholera times, penetrate the recesses of squalid poverty, and become familiar with sickness, with misery, and with vice in all its most revolting aspects. What lessons would be learnt! What astounding revelations would be made to the silken denizens of Belgravia and Tyburnia! They would see the loathsome outside of things. An hour or two would suffice for that. But there is always “a soul of goodness in things evil,” though it takes some time to penetrate to, and discover it. It is easy to discern the sufferings—easy to discern the vices of the Poor; but it takes longer time thoroughly to understand their virtues.

To expect people—beyond the exceptional few, who are worthy to be ranked among the saints, and heroes and martyrs of the age—to leave their luxurious drawing-rooms or their comfortable libraries to plunge into the “pestilent lanes and hungry alleys,” where

fever and Cholera are stabled and stalled knee-deep in filth and odour of all kinds, were only to form expectations with the stamp of disappointment, and the brand of folly upon them. But though the Mountain cannot be made to go to Mahomet, Mahomet may be taken to the Mountain; and some knowledge at all events of the sufferings of the poor may be transplanted to the luxurious drawing-rooms and the comfortable libraries of which we speak. There are those who will not see such things in their fleshly significance, but who will read of them in the printed page. They do not look quite so ugly there; and there is nothing contagious about them.

This is a sort of vicarious house-to-house visitation, which is not without its uses. People see truths in this way, with others' eyes; but they do see them, and such seeing is better than total blindness. It is well that they who lie softly, dress luxuriantly in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, should be sometimes reminded that there are thousands and tens of thousands around them, within a stone's throw of their own lordly palaces, who would fain eat of the crumbs which fall from their table, and cover themselves with the cast-off garments of the lowest of their lackeys. Books, therefore, which embody these sad truths in such words as rich men will care to read have always good teaching in them. They may not have such an effect upon us, as if we could read these truths of which we speak through a telescope and satisfy ourselves that they who claim our sympathies live a few thousand miles, removed from our own doors; still, as we have said, they may do something, and no one who evokes even one heart-throb of genuine earnest humanity has written wholly in vain.

We have often thought whether it were possible to display in a work of fiction the sufferings of the poor without, at the same time, exhibiting the cruelty and indifference of the rich—to awaken sympathy on one side without exciting indignation on the other. That there must be poverty and suffering in the world is certain; the only question is how much is the inevitable lot of humanity and how much is of our own making—in other words to what extent the grovellers in the dust are down-cast by God or down-trodden by man? It is not pleasant to believe that every man is lifting his hand against his neighbour to strike him down or setting his heel upon him when he is down. It is a chilling faith, indeed, which is exacted from us when we are taught to believe in the truth of those time-honoured words "*homo homini lupus.*" Is every man a wolf to his neighbour? Too well assured that there are many amongst us who miss our opportunities of well-doing and grievously neglect our most obvious duties, we still cannot readily settle down in the conviction that there is nothing to be looked for in this Christian England but cruelty and injustice from one's neighbour—the strong ever tyrannising over the weak—the rich making the poor still poorer by fraud and violence—lowly merit pining ever in hunger and nakedness, and only brazen presumption making its way in the world—we have not, indeed, in spite of its many dark pages, so read the great book of life.

After all this grave writing we may seem to descend, when we speak of "the last new novel." But it is the last new novel that has called from us these remarks. In the story of "Margaret; or, Prejudice at Home and its Victims," we have as solemn utterances—as weighty suggestions as these. But we somewhat differ from the writer in our interpretations of human life. The book is one of the deepest and the most painful interest. It is true—and yet it is untrue. It is the work, seemingly, of one still young, who has seen much, and suffered much, and thought much, whose journey through life has been a painful pilgrimage over sharp stones, and through deep waters and amidst briars and thorns. It is the autobiography of one whose trials have been very great—but it has this peculiarity about it; namely, that all Margaret's sufferings are the results of man's injustice, and not *her* sufferings alone, but those of all with whom she is connected. There is something very chilling in the view of life which is here taken. If the picture be a true one, man is indeed to man a wolf; and there is no other refuge for Poverty but Bedlam and the Workhouse. The Rich, it would seem, are ever devouring the Poor; and affliction meets with no solace save from the afflicted, helplessness no aid except from those who are weak. That the Poor are rich in charities to the Poor we admit. That the Rich are oft-times neglectful of their duties we admit, too—but the Author of "Margaret" has stricken DIVES with too unsparing a hand.

Still, as we have said, there is much truth in the book. It is true in its parts; but it is hardly true as a whole—the incidents illustrative of what the author calls the prejudices of the Rich, press so thickly upon one another. The world, indeed, is hardly so bad as it is here described. Even in England there are noble hearts and generous natures, and the essence of true Christianity is to be found sometimes in high places. That they are to be found in low places, too, we admit, with a glow of pleasure. There is nothing nobler than the readiness with which the poor help the poor, and nothing more beautiful than some of the pictures in "Margaret" of these helpings. Here, for instance, is one of many; it needs no introduction:—

"We stood before Jem's squalid cellar. It was under a marine-store shop, and we descended to it by three dirty steps. My grandfather knocked at the door, and opened it, just as a very forlorn-looking woman, fluttering in rags, came forward from the interior. 'He's there, poor creeter,' said the woman, pointing, on our inquiry, to where Jem lay, huddled up on a heap of straw. 'I've just stepped in to clean up a bit; for he's a'most lost, an' nobody to look arter him.' A thought struck me at the moment, Does He, who is no respecter of persons, dive into these dens of filth and squalor in search of gems of great price, and find them?—hearts like this woman's, for instance, in the right place? It was only a passing idea, that heaven would be more desirable, if the company were thus select. 'It is very good of you to look after him a little,' said my grandfather. 'I don't know about that,' said the woman; 'it comes nat'ral to us poor folks to help one another. God help us, if it warn't so. I'll step in again, Jem, presently; and now you jist get up and be talked to;" and with a delicacy of feeling that showed in her as well as it would have done in a duchess, the forlorn creature walked out."

Now, this we say is very true; and it is truth pleasant to contemplate. But what are we to think of the strong contrast, which follows only a few pages later in the book? It may be necessary to premise that Margaret obtains a situation as "companion" in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bontoft—wealthy people without children, living in St. John's Wood. The gentleman is convalescing after an attack of gout, and the lady is out shopping. Margaret is reading to Mr. Bontoft in "a new Comic Annual," at which he laughs heartily. Suddenly he exclaims, "I say, little Fawn" (he had a habit of giving pet names to every one) "give me a glass of wine. Moonface (his wife) won't be home to lunch, and we must enjoy ourselves as well as we can. What shall we have?"

"I suggested," continues the autobiographer, "several dishes that I knew he was partial to. 'Cooky shall warm us that hare soup,' he said; 'just the thing for this raw day. Skip into the kitchen, like a little fawn as you are and tell her.' I went into the kitchen and delivered the message. On my return I found Mr. Bontoft standing where I left him, on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire; but his usually smiling face wore a wrathful expression; he seemed indeed in too great a rage to speak, and pointed with his hand to one of the windows. There, in the midst of the hoar-frost that hardened the grounds, and whitened over the bare branches and the evergreens, exposed to the biting blast and the inclement sky, stood a miserably-clad woman and two half-naked children, all shivering, and all casting a mute appealing look upon Mr. Bontoft, as he luxuriated over the fire. 'Isn't this too bad?' he exclaimed, in a state of excitement; 'isn't it dreadful? Anything like this happening at Laurel Grove! Good God!' I thought his horror was occasioned by the contemplation of so much misery, and that, if only for his own comfort, he would be compelled to give something. 'Shall I,' I commenced—I was about to say, 'shall I go out and speak to them?' but he interrupted me hastily, 'Of course—to be sure directly. Tell John to take a horsewhip to them. Bless my life!' he continued, ringing the bell violently; 'what an infliction this is! what can be the meaning of it?' The meaning seemed pretty clear to me; but what he had said confused me, and I stood, not knowing what to do, when John entered—'What are you all about?' said Mr. Bontoft, again pointing to the window. 'What do I maintain a lodge for? Look there, sir.' 'Lor's mercy,' said John, in evident dismay, 'how did they come anear?' He disappeared like a shot, and I soon saw him outside, driving the poor creatures before him. 'Give me another glass of wine,' said Mr. Bontoft, 'this is enough to spoil a man's appetite for a month.'

Now we hope, and we believe that this picture is not quite as true as the preceding one. The contrast, vigorously executed as it is, is extremely painful.

There is excellent stuff in the author of "Margaret." Among the many trodden-down, but deserving people in this story of "Margaret," there is a poor author—a Mr. Graham—driven by disappointment, the unkindness of the world, and the constant sight of his suffering wife and children—to *Bedlam*. There is a poor comic actor, who visits the wife and children in a poor lodging-house, where Margaret and her grandfather are located. Margaret's sympathies are keenly excited, and she asks Mr. Smithson (the actor) if nothing can be done for poor Graham.

"'Mr. Smithson,' I said, 'considering that poor Mr. Graham was himself an author, don't you think that some of our popular writers would help his wife and children if they knew how destitute they were?' Mr. Smithson turned to me with a twist of his face that brought the larger half of it on my side. 'Oh!

that's your particular kind of worship, is it,' he said, 'you make demi-gods of authors. 'No, I don't,' I said; 'I worship nothing human; I have little faith in humanity altogether. I only speak of this as a possibility.' 'Egad, Miss——, what's your name?' 'Miss Marples,' said Mary. 'Miss Marples,' continued Mr. Smithson, 'you've the right sort of wisdom to begin life with. Distrust is said to be an ungracious thing, but it saves a great waste of feeling. Now, as you concede that authors are only men, I can come to the point at once with you. *An author revelling in fame and wealth is not the sort of man to feel for destitution, though he can afford to say a deal about it in his books.* A poor devil of an author, who can scarcely live himself from day to day, will be much more likely to sympathise and share his crust with you. James Graham, a writer of considerable power and a very voluminous writer, was little known, as his name seldom transpired. *No one could gain any glory by helping him*—another great drawback in this world, where people like to have their good deeds known. Besides, there are hundreds, and the few that will help cannot do much. Well, the fact is, a great many amongst us are born to a life of suffering, and we must fight through it as well as we can.'"

Doubtless, in the last sentence, there is a world of truth. A great many amongst us *are* born to suffering. But, leaving the general for the particular illustration here set forth, we cannot help questioning whether our author has had much experience of the character and the conduct of the class here held up to contempt—when then, indeed, all this is little more than surmise. Now, our own impression is that, in the first place, such cases as that of James Graham are not to be counted by "hundreds"—not by tens—not even by units—that powerful and voluminous writers are seldom or ever condemned to see their wives and little ones starving before their eyes. The starving author, driven by want and suffering to Bedlam, is a fiction of the past. We do not believe that if we were to advertise to-morrow for such a case as is here said to be one of hundreds, we should be able to find one. In the next place, if there were such cases to be found, we would undertake, on the other hand, to find *many* authors, not, perhaps, revelling in wealth and fame, for very *few* are so blessed—but enjoying, as the result of their literary efforts, a decent competence, who would consider it the highest possible privilege to be suffered to administer to the wants of such a family as that of the Grahams. A powerful and voluminous writer of good character is seldom or ever in these straits. Powerful writers are not so plentiful that they cannot find employment, and, if they are industrious at the same time, they are pretty certain to be able to earn a comfortable independence. At all events they are not driven by want and suffering to Bedlam; and their wives and children are not carried off to the poor-law bastille. If such things have happened, the case has been an exceptional one. We know more of authors and authorship we suspect than the gifted writer of "Margaret;" and we assert in all sincerity that Mr. Smithson does not here enunciate the truth.

It is in the unvarying picture of the selfishness and heartlessness of the upper and middle classes that the untruthfulness of "Margaret" is to be found. If a few lights were thrown in here and there the picture would be more pleasant and more true.

It may be said that there are lights, and truly; but they are

thrown in the wrong places. They only increase the darkness of the portraiture of the rich. We had almost thought, indeed, at one time that the author was about to show that the depravity of the rich is confined to our own country, and that in others, as for instance, in France, a better state of things prevails. But Margaret's experiences in France do not differ much from her experiences in England. All the virtue and all the unselfishness of the nation are to be found among the Poor. The illustrations of French Society seem to be intended to show that there is less prejudice, less frigidity, less exclusiveness, less hauteur, among French aristocrats than among our own; but just as we are beginning to be charmed with the geniality of Margaret's new friends, we find that with all the pleasantness of their manners and their general attractiveness in externals, they are rotten to the very core. With the inherent tendency to put extreme cases, which is the besetting error of the present writer, a case of conjugal infidelity of the worst kind is represented resulting in the savage murder of the injured wife,—a case, worse, indeed, than that which a few years ago obtained such melancholy celebrity throughout Europe, inasmuch as the paramour of the murderer is little more than a child, and one, too, affianced to an honourable, noble-hearted man; so that there is a too-sided wickedness about it which did not appear in the real-life tragedy, which, doubtless, was in the writer's mind. But then, as a set-off to this again, we have some charming little pictures illustrative of the homely virtues of the poorer classes in France—their kindness, their honesty, their fidelity—the general good feeling which flourishes amongst them.

We should not have written thus gravely and reproachfully, if we had not entertained a very high opinion of the work before us,—not only as a promise, but as a performance. The promise, indeed, is of the highest order; the performance is faulty, but admirable. There is more good in the world than the author of "Margaret" is willing to admit. It was well said, the other day, by a pleasant and thoughtful writer, in that pleasant, thoughtful, periodical, the *Household Words*, that if a man does his best in life, whatever may be his misfortunes, he will find more people disposed to hold him up, than to knock him down. This we entirely believe. We trust that the author of "Margaret" will, ere long, believe it too.

MY FIRST ADVENTURE IN AUSTRALIA.

A TALE OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY G. C. MUNDY,

AUTHOR OF "OUR ANTIPODES."

"This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man."
SHAKESPEARE.

"TAKE my advice, dear Frank, and loiter as little as possible at Sydney; for you will spend there in a week as much money as would keep you in the Bush for six months, and would suffice to set you up in a moderate sheep-farm.

"Leave your heavy baggage with Messrs. Smith and Co., who will forward it with my annual stores to Norambla, and get to us as quickly, and as little encumbered, as you can.

"Lodge in the —— Bank such funds as you may possess over and above the sum requisite for your journey, and keep a bright look out on the road and at the taverns where you stop, for Black Bob, they say, is on the Mountain again, and a greenhorn, such as you, will be fair game not only for bush-rangers, but for others in this country who plunder passengers less roughly perhaps, but not less surely."

Such were the concluding sentences of a letter which I found awaiting me on my arrival at the capital of New South Wales.

Let me now succinctly state the circumstances which carried me to that Colony.

Having in early boyhood lost both my parents, and, in my twenty-third year, an uncle, my last remaining relative resident in England—who had adopted and educated me—my mind recurred with a feeling of relief to a proposal I had received, some time previously, from a distant cousin and contemporary of my late father to join him in Australia, in case Fortune should frown on me at home, and, in that country, either to follow in one of the towns the profession I had studied—namely, Medicine—or to try a squatting adventure in the pastoral districts. My mind was soon made up. A letter was dispatched to Mr. Fellowes (for thus I shall designate my Australian cousin), announcing at once the demise of my kind uncle, and my determination to emigrate without delay to New South Wales. My preparations were simple enough; for I had no property to dispose of, no relatives to take leave of, no sweetheart to break my heart about or to weaken my resolve: neither had duns or bailiffs any terrors for one, who, if poor, had always been provident. Fifty pounds paid my debts, another fifty furnished a moderate outfit, a third a passage in a packet ship, and, with bills for 2000*l.* in my strong box, and a good stock of health in my frame, I felt that I was about to commute my home with worldly prospects by no means contemptible.

It was precisely six months after the date of my letter of notice to Mr. Fellowes that I made good my landing at Sydney, and found there his epistle above mentioned. Having endured sixteen weeks

of marine imprisonment on board the good ship "John Dobbs," I will not deny that to have both stretched and steadied my legs for a short space in the Australian metropolis would have suited my tastes exceedingly well; nor, indeed, was there wanting a hospitable invitation to that effect from the mercantile firm to which I had been recommended by my relative.

At this period the colony had well nigh attained the heyday of its prosperity. Its progress had been beyond example rapid, and considerable fortunes had been accumulated by almost every one possessing ordinary energy and capacity, with moderate capital for a foundation. Some persons, indeed, predicted that wild speculation and unrestricted credit might and ought to find a precipice, sooner or later, in their path; but "go ahead" was the watchword of the day,—and there would be time enough to "hold hard" when the brink was in sight!

The Sydney streets were filled with dashing equipages. Riding parties and pic-nics, and dinners and dances, were daily occurrences. The shops and warehouses groaned with costly goods and expensive luxuries. The wharves were crowded with shipping.

While meditating on these evidences of the wealth of Sydney, youthful self-reliance suggested that *here* must be a favourable opening for me—whether as a medico or a man about town, and a mode of life, besides, much more amusing and agreeable than vegetating with the gum-trees in the Bush!

This was precisely the reflection which had ruined many an incipient immigrant before. With a strong effort, therefore, I threw it to the winds at once, and after three or four days of active preparation for my trip into the interior, I made a decisive start for Norambla, my cousin's remote homestead.

My plan of travel was to take the mail, a rough sort of car, as far as Bathurst, a town about 120 miles from Sydney, directly inland, carrying with me a portmanteau and saddle bags, and, having there purchased a horse, to deposit the former article, and to ride the rest of the long journey with the lightest possible luggage.

I have no desire to dwell upon the journey further than to say that two armed policemen accompanied the mail cart on this occasion, to guard against robbery in general, and more particularly against the possible attempts of the notorious Black Bob, who, some days previously, had made his appearance on the Blue Mountain Road, and had committed divers acts of spoliation, the last of which, on account of the obstinate resistance of his victim, had been accompanied with atrocious violence. No one appeared to know whether this dreaded delinquent was an Aboriginal Australian or a negro convict at large; but, as one of this latter class had not long before escaped from Van Diemen's Land, the black bravo of the Blue Mountains was generally believed to be identical with the African runaway.

We reached Bathurst, however, without accident of any kind more serious than that produced upon our osseous systems by the

jolting of our incommodious vehicle ; and here, having published my want of a horse, the pick of fifty was given me by a neighbouring breeder for five pounds. This was cheap enough to all appearance—but not so in fact ; for the beast selected, though it had been “ handled ” and “ backed,” and was “ quiet as a lamb,” belied its character so flatly before I got clear of the town, that I sold my new acquisition on the spot for thirty shillings, and purchased in its stead, for twenty pounds, a regular-going old “ stock-horse,” which, starting from the inn-door at a canter, would have kept it up for a week, if required, or even permitted, so to do.

The distance from Bathurst to my cousin’s head-station may have been about one hundred miles, to perform which it took me four days—whereof one was wasted by losing my way in the Bush, and being compelled, therefore, to bivouac under the green gum-tree. On this evening my old horse had been for some hours in a most obstinate humour ; nor did it, until too late, occur to me that whilst my reason had been guiding me in the wrong course, the instinct of the quadruped had taught him the right one, and thus many previous hours had been spent, as precious hours often are, in a combat of opinion worse than useless. The comparative share of comfort by me enjoyed on this particular night was due, it must be owned, to my charger’s better intelligence. The shades of evening were fast closing in ; the forest around me seemed no less interminable than featureless ; nor had I been able for some time to trace the faintest indication of a road. A truly cockney feeling of helplessness weighed upon my spirit, when I reflected that I knew no more than a child, and a child reared within the sound of Bow bells, how to “ camp ” for the night ; nor had I ever made a fire, in or out of a grate, in the whole course of my life.

Abandoning my reins in despair to the will of my steed, he soon quickened his pace, and, taking a direction widely deviating from mine, in a few minutes his pointed ears drew my attention to a slender volume of smoke curling up among the distant trees. Approaching with caution, I found that no friendly cabin, as I had hoped, was there to receive me. The smoke ascended from a burning log, close to which stood a sloping “ break-weather ” of bark and branches, such as the blacks erect in their migrations, and beneath it lay a rude bed of rushes and leaves, which seemed to have been tenanted for a night or two, and but just deserted.

“ Any port in a storm,” and “ Go further and fare worse,” were of course the familiar and appropriate proverbs that first suggested themselves to my mind ; and the old stock-horse, whose countenance I consulted, having rubbed his head against a tree and given himself a good shake—thereby considering himself groomed and stabled, and having begun, with an air of perfect content, to nibble the grass—thereby announcing the source from which he expected his forage,—I felt that our home for the night was before me. Greenhorn as I had been deservedly styled with regard to Australian, and, indeed, to any rural experiences, I had, nevertheless, sought and profited by good council at Sydney as to the performance of my journey, and was, therefore, so far prepared for rough-

ing it as to have brought with me some tea and sugar, biscuit and bacon, my tin pot, blanket, pipe, tomahawk, and hobbles. At a loss for water my steed again befriended me, for on being turned loose he proceeded straight to a neighbouring water-hole, and, returning with a wet muzzle, solved my difficulty. An armful of dry wood soon made the smouldering log to blaze up again; and, helpless as I might be—and undoubtedly was, in less than an hour I had refreshed my inner man with a pot of hot tea and some grilled bacon, had smoked my pipe to the great comfort of my ruffled nerves, and had put myself with some complacency to bed. The night was fine, sublimely fine; the rushes were soft enough for a tired traveller, the saddle was a convenient pillow—where none better was attainable; the Virginia weed a powerful sedative;—and, in short, I never slept sounder.

Rising all the earlier because the mosquitos expedited as well as sounded my *réveille* with their tiny trumpets, I prepared my breakfast as I had done my supper, and was in the act of collecting my simple baggage for a fresh start, when on lifting the saddle my eyes were attracted by a shining object beneath it, which, on inspection, proved to be a massive ring of embossed silver having the appearance of a purse slide, and near it lay a small canvas bag, containing, as I found, two or three large leaden bullets. This discovery led me to examine more closely my lodging and its vicinity; and, pursuing my researches, in a thicket hard by I stumbled upon a leathern mail bag ripped open, while around it as well as under the burning log were strewed several letters and newspapers. All the former had been opened, and some of them, from their tenor, had evidently enclosed money orders or bank notes. In a black-bordered epistle, half consumed by fire, I recognised my own letter to Mr. Fellowes, announcing my arrival in the colony and my intention to join him in a few days.

It was clear that I had inherited for the night the familiar lair of some bush-ranger—the formidable Black Bob himself, perhaps! This thought was far from agreeable; nor was I much reassured by the conscious possession of a small double-barrelled pistol—one of those popgun toys which most travellers are persuaded by disinterested gunsmiths to purchase; which, in no instance, have been known to kill or wound any one but their bearer or his friends; which are suares in the way of inquisitive brats, and bugbears in the minds of their anxious mothers.

Having fastened to my saddle the rifled letter bag and its contents, I proceeded to resume my journey, without any more distinct idea of its proper direction than that afforded me by the sun. Turning my back on the rising luminary, I gave the reins to my horse, who at once breaking into his “bush-canter,” which he maintained for about an hour, at length hit upon a beaten track whereon were visible the marks of wheels, horses, and oxen. This was cheering enough,—and, patting the ewe neck of my faithful steed, I pursued confidently my journey till mid-day, when a log hut opportunely appeared in view, bearing on its front the glaring

untruth that "good accommodations for man and beast" were to be found on the premises.

Here I learned that my cousin's house might easily be reached on the following day, and that I could be put up for this night at a convenient farm about fifteen miles onwards. The landlord of the little shebeen house was absent, but the mistress, who was old and had legs of uneven length, promised me a grilled fowl on the condition of my joining in the chase of the bird which was to compose, and which did indeed shortly figure in the shape of, a 'spatch-cock. The old woman had heard of the robbery of the mail bags, and had moreover seen the carrier, who described the robber as a tall black man, who took him so greatly at disadvantage that he was unable either to defend his charge or to escape by riding off. She consoled me in some degree by the assurance that Black Bob had been since heard of in a different direction from that I was pursuing;—so having refreshed myself and my charger, we set off once more on our way.

It was, indeed, lonely travelling! For the last two days not a living soul had I seen on the road with the exception of the beladame who had just given me my luncheon. However, the track was pretty well marked, the weather lovely, the natural objects novel to my European experiences; in another day I should be with my friends; and, with the thoughtless buoyancy of youth and high health, I was whistling a merry tune to the measured and well-sustained pace of my steed, when, at a spot where a fallen tree compelled me to pull into a walk, a slight noise startled both man and horse, and, in the next instant, my left foot was firmly seized, and with a quick jerk I was *canted* from my saddle and cast to the ground.

But little hurt, I sprang lightly to my feet, when a tall and tawny man, having the appearance of an Asiatic rather than a Negro, confronted me, and, levelling a pistol at my head, commanded me to deliver my money. The chance of a rencounter with banditti had naturally and frequently enough occurred to me during my long and solitary ride; yet, when I strove to form some plan of action in case of an attack, my tactics failed me, and, as I spurred onwards, I had not even made up my mind on the grand and primary points whether I should boldly do battle, or ingloriously give in and pay my footing, should the occasion of option supervene. The question was now brought to a summary issue.

My nature had ever been placid and unpugnacious; I was unskilled in the use of any weapon; I had nothing of the knight-errant in my composition. My pistol rested in the holster in amicable company with my pipe and my spirit flask. I stood face to face with the redoubtable black bandit, far from all chance of assistance: I, therefore, am unable to account for the uncontrollable impulse which drove me to resist a fully-armed and desperate man, myself unarmed except with the stock of an ordinary hunting whip.

Be it as it might, with this apparently inefficient weapon I struck with all my force at the outstretched pistol, which exploded as it flew

from the footpad's grasp ; and, ere he could snatch its fellow from his belt, I had thrown myself upon him, and grasping him round the body, after a brief struggle had borne him backwards to the earth. Young, strong, and active, I now caught him by the throat, and, my courage rising with the consciousness of superior personal vigour, and my clutch tightening accordingly, after a few ineffectual efforts to release himself, my adversary ceased all resistance and cried for mercy. My hand on his windpipe, my knee on his breast, we came to a parley, and, recovering his breath, with sundry half-stifled gasps the bravo himself proposed the conditions upon which the combat was to terminate.

Almost inarticulate from the pressure of my fingers, he nevertheless with equal coolness and readiness drew out the verbal treaty as follows. He was to surrender his loaded pistol, the only remaining fire-arm on his person, and I was to release him on his solemnly swearing that he would make no further attempt to molest me on my journey. To this compact I assented, with the supplementary proviso, however, that his hands were to be tied behind his back before we parted. He protested that he should starve in the Bush if his arms were bound ; but a certain expression that crossed his swarthy countenance hardened my heart to this appeal, and, removing the pistol from his belt and the cravat from his neck, I quickly secured his wrists with a knot which I had learnt on board ship. Then, compelling him to rise and to walk before me until I had reached my horse, which had strayed away a few yards, I mounted and bade him begone.

" Good night, Mr. K.," said the bush-ranger with a grin, " we are quits now ; I spared your life when I could have taken it, and you mine. But keep clear of me, for, by G—, I will not be twice foiled."

" You know my name ?" I inquired with surprise.

" Oh, yes," he replied, " your kind letter informed me of that as well as of the opportunity I should have of making your acquaintance on this road. You were at my old crib last night, as I see by your letter bag. Had you found me at home you would not have got off so easily, for we were two there, and Long Tom does not stick at trifles."

At this moment the cracking of a twig attracted my notice, and, looking through the increasing gloom, I perceived a dark figure creeping towards us half screened by an acacia thicket—just at the spot where the robber had previously pounced upon me. Fully convinced that it was no friend or ally who was entering upon the scene, I stuck spurs into my horse's sides and darted away at full speed—a speed not lessened by the whiz of a ball which the newcomer sent after me with no indifferent aim.

On reaching my halting place for the night, a small farm cottage some miles further, and examining my pocket pistol, I found that the caps had been removed, and recalling to mind that I had left it for a few minutes on the table of the cabin where I had lunched, I arrived at the conclusion that the old landlady and Black Bob were confederates in mischief, and that she had thus,

as in duty and honour bound—that honour which subsists among thieves—considerately drawn my teeth before action.

The horse pistol I had taken from the bush-ranger was a heavy one, yet on trying one of the bullets from the canvas bag it proved much too large for the gauge of the weapon.

The remainder of my ride was performed without incident or accident meriting narration; and by sunset on the following day I found myself comfortably seated at the table of my father's old friend and cousin—warmly welcomed though unexpected, and the more so on account of the perils of the journey, from which I had so fortunately, and without material damage, escaped. Mr. Fellowes did not fail to compliment and congratulate me on my prowess with the footpad—assuring me that Black Bob had never before been worsted. He added that this man had some redeeming points in his character—never shedding blood unless resisted, nor even using violence if he could gain his ends without it; that he had been known to perform acts of humanity and generosity; usually kept his word for good or evil; and was so clever at expedients that he had never yet been captured, although his escapes had been little short of miraculous.

Though leagued with several comrades, the black robber generally “did business” alone, and, by taking his victims by surprise, had invariably succeeded in getting all he wanted—their money.

My friend's residence was a simple though roomy cottage of one story, having a shingled roof, weather-boarded walls, and a long, wide veranda supported on the unbarked stems of young trees. A large garden, abundant in European fruits and vegetables, was spread out in front, and in the rear, at a short distance, stood a considerable range of out-houses adapted to sheep and cattle farming. In the profusion of well-tended flowers on the garden beds, and in the trained clustering of woodbines and wild roses, clematis and passifloras around the espaliers of the veranda, the hand of woman was unmistakably betrayed;—and, indeed, the exquisite taste of Mary Fellowes, the daughter of my host, whether in horticulture or other elegant and innocent accomplishments, was not to be disputed or excelled. Mary was the last surviving child of her father and now his sole companion and solace—for her mother had been taken from him many years before. She was at this time just eighteen, and as lovely and loveable a blossom as was ever born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness in the Bush of a new and half-civilised country.

In the history of emigrants to a distant land, especially emigrants of a higher order, there is commonly some primary motive, beyond mere truant disposition or urgent financial circumstances, which finally clenched, if it did not originally suggest, the measure of expatriation; and, could the truth be traced, the real and active cause would oftener be found to rest in moral or sentimental impulse than on more tangible and material considerations. Some disappointment, some slight, some perhaps fancied wrong, even an idle word, may be the feather which turns the scale and determines the fate of a family. It *was* one word that hurried my

father's friend round the globe, and fixed his destiny at the Antipodes.

Born of a respectable mercantile family and bred to the same profession, accident threw him into the society of a young lady of higher ancestral pretensions; and, her noble and wealthy relatives scornfully rejecting an union so unequal, but on which the happiness of two lives depended, the despair inspired by this cruel parental fiat urged the loving couple to a clandestine marriage.

In this instance, Time, and the ordinary dramatic appeal to the sympathies of the recusant father, failed in their prescriptive influence. The old peer was inexorable—inexorable as Death himself! Registering a solemn vow never to forgive the shameful misalliance of his daughter, or to receive the rebellious pair as his children, he drove them in a transport of rage from his presence and his affections. The commoner had his pride as well as the peer; the term "misalliance" proved indigestible to his self-esteem; further humiliations followed the first paternal outburst—embittering the social position of the rash couple, and depriving that palladium of British hearts, home, of its very spirit and essence—domestic comfort. The thoughts of Charles Fellowes, which in the inconstant humours of his bachelorhood had sometimes vaguely pointed towards the colonies, now stood fixed in the direction of emigration; and his faithful partner forsaking and forswearing all others and cleaving to her husband, they resolved to create for themselves a new home in the Great South Land, where a new English race were already growing up, multiplying, and flourishing.

The united properties of Mr. and Mrs. Fellowes, promptly consolidated into money, afforded a nucleus whereon, with ordinary good fortune, they might hope to form a handsome competence. In less than a year after the question of quitting England had been doubtfully mooted by the husband, they had shaken its dust from off their feet for ever, had traversed the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and had built their remote and sequestered nest in the heart of an antipodal wilderness.

At the opening of our narrative, twenty years later, we find Mr. Fellowes a widower, and father of an only child, whose sole aim consisted in an unremitting endeavour to cheer the existence, and to fill the void left by her lost mother in the heart of her surviving parent.

Such was the home, temporary or permanent, as I might select, offered to my acceptance on my arrival in Australia; for I had not been many days at Norambla before my benevolent relative gave me the option to become a partner in his farming concerns, or to establish myself independently, as I might hereafter determine. It was easy to see to which of these alternatives the old man's wishes pointed. His health was infirm, his affairs demanded active supervision, and his affections, I really believe, yearned towards me as though he had re-found a lost son. As for the sweet little Mary, she had bewailed the death of an only brother,

myself had never been blessed with a sister, and I fancy we anticipated with mutual pleasure the establishment of a fraternal connection by adoption, with all the duties, privileges, and immunities of that endearing tie.

About a month after my arrival at Norambla, Mr. Fellowes announced his intention to visit his chief out-station on the Lachlan River, whither, as a matter of course, I was to accompany him, my object being to instruct myself as soon as possible in the mysteries of squatting and the avocations of a flockmaster. The out-station of Ultimo, for this was its name, and, indeed, its nature also, had been created some five or six years; and although the proprietor had annually visited it at the shearing season, his daughter had never yet been there. In the old country, it would hardly appear credible that a father could absent himself for weeks from an only and tenderly nurtured girl, leaving her meanwhile in the sole charge of a convict couple; yet such was the case in the instance of Mr. Fellowes; nor was such a course uncommon in the earlier days of the colony, when the servants, domestic and agricultural, were almost wholly drawn from the list of prisoners holding tickets of leave, or restored to conditional freedom by servitude of their sentences.

Here the trust was not misplaced; for more faithful and attached dependants than Job and Hannah could nowhere have been found; and stout Stephen, their son, a youth of twenty and a first-rate bushman, who had command of the "farm-hands" when his master and Job were absent, proved a vigilant and efficient guard over his young mistress, brave and incorruptible as his own Scotch collie.

Another hanger-on of Norambla there was, deserving of notice, an aboriginal lad, whom Mr. Fellowes, some years before, had discovered on one of his sheep-runs, called "The Blackman's Brush," half dead from the bite of a venomous snake and deserted by his tribe. The boy appeared to be about fifteen years old, a lean, lathy, supple creature, with a face like a baboon, a head like a black mop, a set of snowy teeth well adapted to cannibalism, and, withal, faculties so quick that one would have thought that to the reasoning powers of the human, he added the powerful instinct of the brute animal. He, too, was faithful after his kind, but it was a desultory kind of fidelity; for sometimes he would fall into a fit of moping during which any species of labour might as well have been expected from a sloth or a dormouse as from him; at others, more rarely, he would disappear altogether for two or three days, nor was it possible to make his wild mind comprehend that he had no right so to do. His master had never tried corporal correction upon his ebon *protégé*, but, on Stephen once attempting that experiment, it had nearly cost him his life, for Dingo* (as the farm-people had named the foundling), starting up and seizing a spear, formed of the stalk of the zanthorea, tipped with bone, hurled it at him with such force and precision,

* Dingo, the Australian wild dog.

that, had it not struck upon his belt, he must have been transfixed by the rude weapon.

Dingo's chief duties, when he chose to perform them, were cutting, sawing, and splitting fire-wood; his chief pleasure, when he was permitted it, was to assist the stockmen on horseback in driving cattle. The young savage had soon picked up horsemanship—his lank bowed legs giving him a seat wholly independent of saddle or stirrup. He was, moreover, useful in procuring game for his protectors.

On the occasion of the present periodical trip to Ultimo, as upon former ones, Mary was to have been left at home; but on my casually inquiring whether she would not prefer accompanying her father, she admitted with blushing earnestness that nothing would please her more. The ride was a trifle, she said, only twenty-four miles, her pony cantered like a rockinghorse, and she would quite enjoy roughing it in the log-hut which constituted the dwelling-house at the out-station. A man and his wife lived there in the capacities of overseer and hut-keeper—the woman a tidy body, who could officiate as abigail; and, in short; "Do, my father, let me go with you this time," proved irresistible to the loving parent, and he consented.

Stephen was sent forward with a dray, containing some few articles of comfort, and to make preparation for the first visit of a lady to Ultimo; and on a fine November morning, two days later, we started for that place—Mary, her father, and myself on horseback, Dingo, who came as a volunteer, on foot, a cotton shirt and trousers, a spear, a wommerah or throwing-stick, and a boomerang, comprising the entire stock of his personalties. A couple of baggage horses, well freighted, ran loose on our track.

The country through which we rode was gently undulating, thinly sprinkled with scorched-up grass, and lightly timbered with the several varieties of the Eucalyptus or gum-tree, save where occasional savannahs or open plains widened and improved the landscape. During the meridian heat of the day we halted for rest and refreshment at a spot offering the requisites, rare enough in Australia, of shade and water; and, resuming our ride as the sun declined, we easily reached Ultimo in time to witness his gorgeous setting.

The out-station was, indeed, of the very plainest and humblest construction. It consisted of two huts, at right angles, built of "split stuff," or slabs of timber wrought only by the axe, and roofed with huge flakes of bark, such as any good bushman can in a few minutes obtain from the nearest gum of sufficient size. Each hut had a huge chimney of hardened mud; each was divided into two rooms with clay floors, and with the rough rafters uncovered by any ceiling. The sitting-room furniture comprised a table at once rude and rickety, with three or four wooden chairs and stools, while a couple of mattresses strapped up and stowed in a corner denoted that the gentlemen were to sleep there. The lady's bower was more luxuriously arranged, for it boasted a canvas stretcher for the mattress, and a toilette table formed of the eternal slab of bark

supported on trestles, while a wool-bag hung before the two-paned window by way of curtain. The overseer and his wife occupied the second cabin; and in rear of the two buildings of higher pretensions stood a range of still rougher tenements constituting the offices. There was a stock-yard divided into four compartments, and a small fenced paddock, but no attempt at garden or cultivation of any kind.

The site had been well selected, for the land was open and well grassed, and a considerable river, fringed with the pine-like swamp-oak, but now nearly dry and broken into a chain of "water-holes," ran, or, more properly, *stood*, at no great distance from the premises. The flocks and herds browsed over wide pastures extending for several miles on either bank of the stream, until the "forest"—or sparsely-timbered tract—suddenly terminated in an impervious "scrub," which, from having formerly been the resort of an aboriginal tribe, since departed to hunting grounds less disturbed by white intruders, had obtained the name of the Blackman's Brush.

Here, backed against the thick scrub, which gave shelter to a perennial spring of water, was to be found, with one exception, the most remote European dwelling within or beyond the confines of the colony,—a rude cabin of wattle and clay, in which lived a solitary stock-keeper in the service of Mr. Fellowes—a prisoner of the Crown, who acted as a sort of frontier guard to the "runs," and prevented the cattle from straying into the scrub, which they were apt to do in sultry weather;—solitary by choice—a character not uncommon at that time, whose previous history and past crimes were unknown except to the officials of the Convict department, and who, shunning society for reasons or feelings of his own, had by long alienation from his kind almost lost the power of language and the wish to use it.

At Norambla even, Mr. and Miss Fellowes had no neighbour with whom they could associate on equal terms nearer than a long day's ride; but from the out-station of Ultimo one might have ridden fifty miles in any direction without finding the faintest indication of human occupation, with the exception of the pastoral establishments of Mr. Fellowes himself, and of one other individual, a young squatter on a small scale, whose homestead might possibly stand within the jurisdiction and be subject to the domiciliary visits of the Crown-land Commissioner, but whose live-stock unquestionably fed on pastures far beyond the boundaries of Anglo-Saxon location, and where the intrusive foot of the Pale-face had never before trodden.

Mr. Clare—for that was his name—had at first repelled the advances towards acquaintance of Mr. Fellowes, and had rejected his kindly-meant proposal that their respective wool-drays should, for security's sake, annually travel together to the sea-port, for embarkation. Having, however, just a year ago, accepted a day's hospitality at Norambla, when travel-stayed by a lame horse, his unsociable humour appeared to unbend, and from that time the recluse paid occasional visits to the old gentleman and his

daughter, when his avocations brought him into their neighbourhood. To a prepossessing exterior Mr. Clare added pleasing, though somewhat reserved, manners; he seemed well educated and informed, even accomplished—for he was a proficient on more than one musical instrument, and a clever draftsman—etching, more especially, with great skill. In speaking of himself he had tales of troubles, and dangers, and sorrows, which, from Desdemona downwards, have never failed to interest the feelings and secure the sympathies of tender-hearted and imaginative damsels; nor were those of Mary Fellowes untouched when she read in his dark and moody eyes and gathered from casual gloomy phrases the general disquietude of her young neighbour's mind.

From Ultimo, the squattage of Mr. Clare, was in a direct line not more than twelve miles, but they were separated by a wide tract of swamp and ravine, impassable except by those familiar with its mazes. Owing to this natural frontier, the flocks of the two proprietors were without difficulty or precaution kept apart, and there was, therefore, but little communication between the respective shepherds. The farm-servants at Ultimo, indeed, rarely saw Mr. Clare, and heard nothing of his doings, except on one occasion, when they were put on the *qui vive* by the report that a numerous horde of Blacks, sweeping across the country, had attacked with great fury the homestead of the young squatter, after wantonly slaughtering or mutilating several horses and cattle,—that the only two servants occupying the offices had almost given up for lost themselves and their master, when the latter, with a couple of travellers who had arrived at the station the night before, sallied out bristling with fire-arms and fell upon the savages with such impetuosity and so well-sustained a fusillade as to drive them in dismay from the field, on which they left a dozen of their tribe dead or wounded; nor did they stay their flight or recover their panic for several days afterwards. Indeed it was owing to this spirited defence and sortie that the Blackman's Brush and its vicinity had, for the last three years, been freed from these troublesome and treacherous visitants.

In talking of this skirmish with my cousin, Mr. Clare made light of it, protesting that, although his little fortalice was well armed, he owed his preservation on this occasion entirely to the accidental presence of the gallant strangers, who, as he said, were surveying the country for the purpose of commencing operations as stock-owners on hitherto unoccupied pastures, and who had thus opportunely repaid his hospitality.

At Ultimo our days were employed in riding round the different sheep and cattle runs, arranging matters for the approaching season of shearing, and in the general superintendence of the property. When the weather was not too oppressive, Mary accompanied us on her pony, nor did she confess to the hours being long or dull when unavoidably left behind at the cottage. She had her embroidery, her guitar, and her sketch-book, and was, as she asserted, quite contented with her rough boudoir and rude attendants.

After we had passed about a fortnight at the out-station, however,

an impression took hold on me that the fair girl was growing paler and thinner—a listlessness and weariness pervading, as I thought, her manner and movements, although she strove, apparently, to master the feeling. The father being of an unobservant nature, I noticed this change to him; upon which he instantly and with the utmost solicitude proposed to return to Norambla, where her life, though no gayer perhaps, would at least be embellished with some of those comforts and elegances almost indispensable to well-nurtured and refined women. This offer she rejected with so much warmth and animation, declaring her perfect happiness at Ultimo, that the old man was convinced of her sincerity; and thenceforth she either felt or forced a greater degree of cheerfulness.

Perhaps, gentle reader, you may be curious to learn whether by my close intercourse with so loveable a girl, under circumstances so likely to draw two young people together, my heart had all this time remained entirely untouched. I reply, without hesitation or reserve, that my sentiments towards Mary Fellowes were of the purest and most fraternal character, wholly free of all warmer or more selfish interest. My thoughts, I confess, were often with her, and feelings of anxiety occasionally stole over me when her father and I left her, as we now frequently did, to the care of her rough and (with the exception of Stephen and the black boy) her once felon attendants; but this might well be expected, as I was not yet thoroughly broken in to the habits of the colony.

It was, I think, the twentieth day of our sojourn at Ultimo, on returning after a long ride to our supper of tea, damper, mutton, and potatoes—ingredients which, in fact, formed the staple of all our meals—that we were received by Mary with the blushing intelligence that she had had a visitor in our absence.

“Mr. Clare,” said I, immediately; for somehow I was becoming keen-sighted in all things concerning my pretty cousin; and indeed I had guessed aright. Mr. Clare had come on horseback to pay his respects to Mr. Fellowes; he had been ill, or would have come sooner.

“And I hope, Frank, he will soon come again, for your sake,” said my host. “He is a fitter companion for you than an old fellow like me.”

“Thank you, sir,” I replied with as much truth as promptitude, “but I assure you I am perfectly satisfied with my present society, and I detest strangers, especially mysterious strangers.”

Mary coloured, and turned pale.

The month of November—the Australian summer month of November—was now far advanced. The weather was intensely sultry, yet so salubrious was the climate that the health of Mr. Fellowes and myself seemed rather improved than impaired by our constant exposure to the outward air. Mary, however, could no longer join in our daily rounds; and I was more displeased than surprised to learn that Mr. Clare now frequently visited the farmstead; and, although expressing in proper words his disappointment at missing the respectable father, appeared, nevertheless, to console himself very philosophically by a *tête-à-tête* with the ador-

able daughter. Indeed, when, at a later period, the operations of shearing, sorting, pressing, and packing the wool restricted Mr. Fellowes and myself to the premises, we were never honoured by a repetition of these visits, a peculiarity which Mr. Fellowes and I construed according to our respective natures, he attributing it to our neighbour being occupied in farm-business like ourselves, I to some motive very foreign to, perhaps less innocent than, sheep-shearing and wool-sorting.

It was during the first week of a red-hot December, that Dingo, one morning, returned home after an illicit absence of twenty-four hours, and reported that he had speared a fine kangaroo near Blackman's Brush. Mr. Fellowes wishing to ride in that direction to look up his cattle, it was agreed that he and I and the black should proceed thither on horseback and bring back Dingo's venison. It is needless to state that the acute lad conducted us with unerring accuracy to the scene of his exploit. He rode, indeed, without the smallest deviation in his course directly up to a large stain of blood on the ground where his quarry had fallen; yet no quarry was there—the kangaroo was gone!

"Ho, ho, Dingo," cried my host, "the warrigals have eaten your game. Why did not you bring home the haunch and the tail with you this morning?"

"No, massa," replied the boy, jumping from his horse to examine the earth, "warrigal not eat bones and all," and no sooner had he cast a cursory glance around than, his black cheek turning deeply livid, he hoarsely whispered—"Blackfellow, wild blackfellow, plenty bad blackfellow been here! we all tumble down murry, murry, soon!"*

Scarcely had he spoken, when a distant or suppressed "Coo-ey," the wild and peculiar cry of the native Australian, was heard behind us, and was instantly and startlingly echoed by a chorus of fierce yells from the dense brush on our front and flanks. Nor was our natural alarm diminished on observing that, with the exception of the narrow avenue by which we had entered it, the clear spot where we stood was completely encompassed by thickets impracticable to mounted men. Totally unarmed, our only and slender chance of escape lay in the speed of our horses. Dashing, therefore, at once into the defile that led into the more open forest, we had barely threaded half its length when a volley of missiles saluted us from both sides and a crowd of whooping savages sprang forward to bar our exit. The spears fortunately flew innocuously over our heads, but Mr. Fellowes' horse, struck on the legs by a boomerang, was brought to his knees, throwing his rider heavily. A score of exulting blacks now sprang boldly from the covert, and were hastily preparing their woomerabs, or throwing-sticks, for a second volley of lances, which must have proved fatal to our little and now doubly-embarrassed party—when, on the instant, the double report of a gun was heard, and two of our foremost antagonists fell dead, while several others staggered wounded away. The howling barbarians turned their

* "We shall all be killed very soon."

backs and fled precipitately into the impervious scrub as two horsemen appeared at a gallop upon the scene; and such good use did these make of the various fire-arms with which they were provided, as enabled us to assist Mr. Fellowes, not much injured, to his saddle, and finally to effect our escape from this most imminent peril.

"Mr. Clare, we owe you our lives!" exclaimed Mr. Fellowes, grasping warmly the other's hand. "This is my cousin, Mr. K——, who will thank you, as I do, for your most opportune arrival and gallant rescue."

This act of grace I performed with no very cordial manner; and, as we hastened together from the scene of action, it was with a feeling of earnest curiosity that I scrutinized the person of my new acquaintance.

Mr. Clare was tall and slim in figure, with regular features, large and rather wild-looking hazel eyes, and a profusion of dark-brown curls. His dress, though not greatly varying from the ordinary attire of the bush-gentleman or squatter, was worn with a certain air that made it becoming. A slouched sombrero of drab felt, in which there was stuck a long feather from the bustard, partly shadowing his face, which, "bush fashion," was encircled by a glossy curling beard, an open shirt-collar somewhat ostentatiously thrown back, a short fowling-piece slung over the shoulder, a broad belt garnished with pistols, and long boots of untanned leather turned down from the knees, with heavy silver spurs, produced a picturesque *ensemble*, which was enhanced by the perfection of his horsemanship, as he bestrode a wiry and well-bred dark chestnut steed which seemed a part of himself.

It was, doubtless, the anatomical acumen incident to my profession which led me, on closer examination of Mr. Clare's exterior, to pronounce it rather showy than symmetrical, his figure rather lanky than well-knit. I had no difficulty, moreover, in persuading myself that his, at first sight, striking carriage savoured less of the polished gentleman than of the melodramatic hero. The critical exacerbation of my instincts towards the handsome stranger it was difficult to account for, nor shall I attempt the task.

The young squatter's companion looked older and less refined than himself, was equally well armed, and managed his raw-boned steed as awkwardly as the other rode gracefully.

Mr. Clare informed us that one of his stockmen had crossed the trail of the wild blacks early in the morning, and finding that it took the direction of Blackman's Brush, had hastened to report to his employer the ill-boding tidings. Mr. Clare and one of his guests, immediately arming themselves, had mounted and ridden to the hut of the watchman at the Brush, where they found the body of the poor fellow pierced with innumerable spear-wounds—his brains beaten out with clubs; and, on consultation, they had just decided to proceed with all haste to Ultimo, to apprise the proprietor of the disaster and his consequent danger, when the "coo-eyes" and yells of the barbarians, after they had succeeded in entrapping our party, attracted them to the spot, and the sequel has been related.

Meanwhile, it had been observed that the black boy had disappeared, and it was conjectured that cowardice had induced his flight. Mr. Clare now suggested that the farmstead at Ultimo might be in danger from the treacherous savages, and my cousin, thoroughly alarmed at the idea, darted away at full gallop, while we, following his example, steered through the open brush directly for the station. Ere we had accomplished half the distance, a horseman was seen approaching, and in a few seconds Dingo the black joined us, and in his broken jargon, his voice shaking with emotion, gave us to understand that a party of the roaming savages had already encompassed the buildings, and, after sending forward two or three old men to beg flour and tobacco, had begun to spear the horses and cattle, and were only deterred, he thought, from attacking the premises by their fear of the fire-arms of Stephen and the overseer, who, each at the window of one of the huts, were ready to cross their fire at right angles. The invaders had made a large fire in a gully close at hand, and would probably attempt, either by a general rush, or by stealth after nightfall, to burn the buildings and thereby place the inmates at their mercy.

Overwhelmed with terror, the anxious father spurred onwards—parental love rendering him insensible to any other consideration than that of flying to the succour of his child. It was doubtless excess of brotherly attachment which inspired me with feelings no less intense. As for Clare, his presence of mind seemed perfectly undisturbed. Without checking his speed, he handed a loaded pistol to my cousin, directing his companion to arm myself in like manner,—and, thus, ready for action and filled with a thousand misgivings, we closed upon the station.

A yell, shrill and discordant as from a concourse of demons, arose upon and filled the air as, charging abreast into the open clearing, we found ourselves upon the flank of some hundred naked savages, who, spreading over the paddock, came pouring towards the dwelling-house,—hurling at the doors and windows an incessant shower of spears, under cover of which a chosen few with flaming branches approached each angle of the vulnerable tenements.

Falling upon them with a shout scarcely less fierce than their own wild war-whoops, and delivering a volley into the thickest of the crowd, we passed at full speed through their ranks,—the astonished blacks throwing themselves on their faces, or flying with the fleetness of deer into the gullies hard by, while not a few, killed or disabled by our shot or the shock of our horses, remained stretched on the field. Wheeling about to repeat this effective evolution—in which, by the way, I received a slight spear wound in the arm—the only casualty on our side—a shriek from the cabins reached us, and we perceived a huge savage hideously painted and crowned with feathers, thrusting a blazing brand through the casement of the hut occupied by Mary Fellowes. In the next moment he fell brained by a blow from the butt of Clare's fusil, who, bursting open the door, received the fainting girl in his arms—pacifying her by assurances of her father's and her own safety, and enforcing these assurances with a warmth of protesta-

tion, as it appeared to me, greatly irrelevant to the matter, and very foreign to his usually calm and reserved manner.

The wild horde had dispersed ;—but they might return and renew the attack by night. The offer of Mr. Clare and his companion to remain at Ultimo, as a reinforcement to the little garrison, was, therefore, by my cousin thankfully accepted ; and that in spite of my urgent and disinterested suggestion that his own farmstead would almost certainly become the next object of the barbarians' hostility. His other guest, he said, and his overseer were resolute men, with plenty of arms and ammunition at command, and could stand a week's siege, if necessary.

In short, the two gentlemen remained until the second day after the attack, when the lad, Dingo, having rode a ring of several miles round the station, brought the welcome intelligence that the marauders had crossed the river, and joined their women and children—sure sign of peaceful intentions, and had entirely evacuated the country.

Mr. Clare departed—carrying with him a thousand expressions of thankfulness from Mr. Fellowes, and eloquent though silent looks of gratitude from his fair daughter. Between that gentleman and myself there had arisen—as I have before hinted—a natural and irresistible, though inexplicable, repulsion ; nay, more—I have with perfect truth described my temperament as bland and placid in the extreme,—my heart a veritable pacific ocean of serene emotions (at school, indeed, I was nicknamed Quaker K—, on account of my constitutional quiescence) ; yet, somehow, towards the person of Mr. Henry Clare, from whom we had just received such substantial benefits, my intuitions and inclinations took the shape—the meditated shape—of kicks and cuffs ; and more than once I found myself ruminating deep schemes for picking a quarrel with our late preserver. On one occasion, indeed, I had nearly succeeded in this meritorious design ; for a gleam, proclaiming the fire within, shot from his dark eyes, and the sudden entrance of Miss Fellowes at the moment alone, I believe, prevented an outbreak between us.

As for Clare's companion, he was a dull, coarse, common-place character who cared little for anything but his dram and his pipe. When his hat was off he was a most repulsive-looking person—his huge round head being covered with short red bristles, and his face with scars and freckles. From the depth of my soul I wished his comrade had been only half as ugly—instead of the odiously picturesque and showy fellow which he indisputably was !

During the two days our visitors sojourned at Ultimo I was unable to exercise as strict a surveillance over them as I could have desired, and I knew not how they passed their time ; but I confess I was struck dumb with astonishment and dismay when, subsequently to their departure, I was informed that Mr. Clare had declared his passion and had proposed for Miss Fellowes, and that, after an explanation between father and daughter, and a revelation of the family history and prospects of the gentleman, this proposal had been favourably received by Mr. Fellowes.

A JOURNEY FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO ST. PETER'S.

“ROMÆ Tibur amem ventosus, Tibure Romam,” says the Eton Latin Grammar, the only classical authority which it is safe to quote; for a quotation is like an Adelphi joke, the more known the better received by the audience, each of whom applauds his own previous acquaintance with the witticism, while a jest, however good, if it be a little too new, and a quotation, however apt, if it be a little too recondite, make enemies at once of all the worthy citizens or honourable members who do not *take*, and feel uncomfortably left behind in the laugh or the cheer of the wittier and more learned minority. Are not the witty and the learned a minority?—an envied and backbitten, but still a triumphant minority—and do not you and I belong to it, my dear Wiggets? do we not here meet on the mutual ground of a gentlemanlike acquaintance in our youth with that profound classical authority I have quoted? do we not feel towards ourselves and each other, with a sort of aristocratic complacency, that we are men of liberal education, who understand each other, and converse on terms of enlightened equality? That is what I wish to convince you of, my dear Wiggets, that you may be in good humour to listen to the unadorned narration of my excursion to Tivoli. But if I had carefully turned up the index of my *Corpus Poetarum*, and found you a very appropriate passage out of Catullus, which you had never seen before, and had not *extempore* Latin enough to construe, would you not have felt that your tedious years of Latin grammar had been a clumsy sham, and that you were a mere smatterer after all. You would not exactly have said this to yourself even in the strictest confidence, but you would have felt it, though you might have paraphrased your feelings perhaps somewhat in this manner: “Here is a confounded prig of a private-school-usher quoting Latin, that nobody can make head or tail of, to show his learning.” And so you might have shut me up at once.

When you are at Rome, whether you love Tivoli or not, and whether or not you are of a windy disposition, like the exemplary author in the Latin grammar, Tivoli has to be seen. Tivoli is to Rome what Versailles is to Paris, and Richmond to London—not that it is the least like either one or the other, further than being the place in the environs which you have to see. Every familiar name of a place has a certain idea attached to it, which is usually the more radically incorrect in proportion as the descriptions you have read of it have been more graphic. A graphic description really does build you a sort of effigy of a place in your mind which you cheerfully carry about with you, till, on coming to compare it at last with the place itself, you find it about as like as Jerusalem is to Greenwich.

I had not read many graphic accounts of Tivoli, but somehow I had managed to gather a general idea that it was a Cockney watering-place, full of villas and artificial waterfalls, about which guide-books and tourists had agreed, among themselves, to be enthusiastic; who, thus exciting the reading public's imagination at home, had made it necessary for travellers to see it at any expense and trouble. So we hired a carriage, and issued forth, on a **blowy showery** March morning, from the gate of San Lorenzo.

As we crossed the Campagna, and approached the eastward mountain range, in fitful gleams, glittering on the streaks of snow that lay in the furrows of its ragged brows, the sunshine streamed through broken drifts of white cloud, piled along the summits. Lower down, a hill shoulder was crowned with the roofs of Tivoli, and, falling away from the shoulder, a great gap (let us call it a mountain arm-pit) threw up a curling volume of white smoke, which was understood to be the spray from the principal waterfall. To the left, the massive range broke itself into picturesque spurs, some topped with villages or convents, and, far away beyond Soracte, the last ripple of the mountain sea ran out into the plain.

The attention of our noses was suddenly arrested by a rather infernal smell of sulphur: we shortly came to a bridge, under which rushed a narrow torrent of what seemed seidlitz powders lately mixed, along a channel cut in the rock. The white water bubbled and steamed, and emitted the powerful smell above mentioned. We got out of the carriage to observe the phenomena: my companion pronounced this rushing stream to be the Solfatara canal, cut to drain the overflowings of a mephitic lake of the same name. The waters have a rapidly depositing quality, and the plain in which the canal is cut is composed of a laminous petrification, formed in ages past by the overflowings and precipitations of this lake-fountain. The stone is called Travertine, the material of the Colosseum. Great oblong blocks of it were lying about here and there; perhaps Vespasian cut them when he had that edifice in his eye, and Titus left them when he had carted away enough to finish it. They have missed their destiny, poor stones; they might have seen a good deal of life, and death too, if they had happened on a lucky inside place of the amphitheatre, and, in their old age, might have been honoured by a passing chip or two from the chisel of Michael Angelo, giving his workmen a hint on the friezes of the Farnese.

To return to the steaming, bubbling torrent. I knelt down on a broken declivity of the margin, which is usually sheer cut, and dipped my mouth into the gushing tide for a drink. It was new-milk warm, and the first taste was brisk and pleasant. It is highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, and would be excellent soda water, if it was not for a most unpleasant after-taste of sulphuretted hydrogen, which would strongly dissuade any one from taking a second drink. The lake lies about a mile from the road, and we turned up the bank to see it. Its shores are choked with weeds

and rustling reeds, among which, every now and then, little blobs of gas came up with a pop, like fish rising. A ruinous old building stands wet-shod among the water-weeds—said to be the baths of Agrippa. Here Zenobia came a-spawing, after having graced the triumph of Aurelian. It appears she was not satisfied with metaphorical waters of bitterness, poor dear lady.

Now for Tivoli again. The long steep approach slants up through a grove of olives—hoary patriarchs of immemorial date, and larger than any I have seen elsewhere. The olive is one of the slowest-growing, hardiest, and most long-lived of trees. The heart of the bole may have been rotted out centuries ago, and the hollow shell may have split into three or four distorted jamba, yet still it goes on flourishing in a very pale green old age. Some I had seen on the estate of a Sevillian friend of mine, which seemed mere baby olives in comparison with these, were described in the title-deeds, 300 years ago, as very old olives then. So that these gnarled giants, much hacked and hewn, to whom Time's scythe seems only a pruning-hook, may, almost in their youth, have yielded that midnight oil which smoothed the measures of the classic poets of old.

At the top we entered the town, and rattled down a narrow street, which seemed to run along the ridge of a very narrow hill, for, on either side, whenever there was an opening, we could see to the left far over the Campagna deep below us; and, to the right, down into a vast yawning ravine, full of the sound of rushing waters. These flying glimpses were so picturesque, and on so much a grander scale than we had anticipated, that our opinion of Tivoli rose rapidly. The Albergo de la Sibilla did not look very promising as we turned into its dingy gateway from the narrow street, but we were hungry, and immediately set about ordering macaroni, and eggs and bacon, our confidence in the *cuisine* not extending further. In the meantime, pending our discussion with the landlord, and the insinuating overtures of a guide, we had moved towards the edge of a terrace, where the wonders of Tivoli burst upon us all at once.

The first object of course was the great white waterfall, which crashed and thundered, as, leaping out of the flank of the mountain at the other side of the deep and vast ravine below us, it smote on some ledges of rock, and bounded over into an abyss, which, dimmed by dizzy whirling clouds of spray, seemed really bottomless. The guide-book says this cascade falls clear eighty feet; we should have guessed it much nearer eighty yards. It has neither the respectability of nature or antiquity to recommend it, for it was made in 1834, and yet I can conscientiously affirm that it struck me with a much greater sense of the sublime and beautiful than the first sight of Niagara. The sublime in waterfalls does not depend so much on absolute size as on there being plenty of water to make a clear bold copious leap into infinity, which satisfies a certain destructive diabolical craving in the human mind for vehement and violent action, and leaves room for imagi-

nation to hover in the terrible gap of indistinct depth, into which the headlong force goes booming down.

Niagara is very large, and that is its main merit. There is nothing mysterious or indistinct about it. It is a broad shallow river, leisurely lapping over a cliff. It is too wide for its height, and for its volume of water. The rapids above the great fall are poor and shabby for want of water, and the falls themselves look like a milldam on a large scale. But the great fall at Tivoli is all your heart can desire in the way of waterfalls, dashing out unexpectedly through a rock-hewn tunnel in the mountain, and lost beneath in sparkling drifts of spray.

The next thing that strikes one is a little round temple, close at our elbow, standing on the verge of our rock-terrace, and apparently included in the premises of the hotel. It is a neat pocket-edition of the temple of Vesta, only with a better-preserved top, and makes a charming little piece of genuine antiquity in the corner of the foreground.

The yawning chasm which divides us from the fall was formerly the receptacle into which the river fell over a stone-dam under the bridge which spans its narrow gorge, and Tivoli acquired its reputation from this cascade, which must have been very much lower than the present one. But the bottom of the chasm is full of strange rocks and grottos, which, with the whole foamy new-fallen river leaping and whirling over and through them, must have been very fine. The rock, which has allowed the water to fashion it into these grotesque shapes, is porous, and indeed perforated in all directions by undercurrents gushing out of pipe-like apertures, or dripping from stalactitic cavern-roofs. It is to be supposed that these undercurrents were stronger when all the water came this way, for they so undermined the rock-ledges that these gave way, and thirty or forty houses, and a church, went over into the gulf.

The civic authorities of "Superbum Tibur" dammed the obnoxious river out of its old course, and the Pope blessed the works on their completion. But "pride *will* have a *fall*," and, indeed, "Superbum Tibur" would be next to nothing without one; besides which the Tiverone must have a vent somewhere. So they cut a couple of parallel tunnels through an elbow of the mountain, round which the old channel curved, and so brought the fall three or four hundred yards forward to a point where the visible bottom of the ravine falls away in a precipice of awful depth, now clothed in spray, as described above.

We went round to the twin mouths of these tunnels, which open about thirty feet above the fall. They are divided by a startling pier, on whose narrow platform you may stand a foot or two above the level of the water, and watch the headlong current dashing along to the dreadful brink. The two streams meet below the pier in a ridge of foam. The floors of the tunnels slope considerably, and are smoothly paved. I never saw water go at such a pace before: we threw in a good-sized stone, which was carried away like a turnip, without ever seeming to touch the bottom.

We stooped cautiously over the edge of the pier, and dipped the end of a cane into the water. It sprung, and flickered, and spirted, so as to be difficult to hold. Though the platform on which we stood was only a foot or two above the water, the edge of it could not be approached without quite as much sense of dread and giddiness as if it had been a precipice a hundred yards deep. We looked up the dark tunnels, which seemed about a quarter of a mile long, showing an eyelet of daylight at the further end, and echoing with the long-drawn roar of the torrent. Following a road (lined with the remains of villas, which our guide attributed to Horace and Catullus, and other celebrated men, who, according to Murray, never lived there) which skirts the abyss, we came to a point opposite the fall. Here the cascade looked like the long white beard of some mountain and river Titan, blown a little aside, and scattered by the wind. The two sharp-arched tunnel-mouths formed the eyes, hollow and deep, with a speck of white daylight in the centre of each. The startling pier was the nose, and a grey round rock-forehead rose above.

Hence, also, are to be seen the cascattella—a fringe of picturesque little water-falls, which come from what was Mecænas's villa, and now is a manufactory, where screws are made. We saw the villa d'Este from whose terrace there is a fine broad view of the Campagna with the oval dome of St. Peter's in the horizon.

Hadrian's villa is a mile and a half out of Tivoli, at the foot of the hill. We took it on our return. It is a small city of brick ruins remarkable chiefly for its extent. It is probably the largest villa ever built, having been originally (says the guide-book) eight or ten miles round. No part of the ruins, however, is very striking—at least in this part of the world, where the eye is accustomed to gigantic masses of crumbling brickwork, like the baths of Caracalla for instance, which, by the way, is the finest sample. It rained moreover—we were in a hurry—and the guide was uncivil to us; for which three reasons, chiefly, we decided that Hadrian would have saved money and have had a better house if he had not been his own architect.

One day a party of us rode to Veii—that is, a pretty piece of extremely rural country where antiquaries have made up their minds that Veii was, and, if they are right, it really does them credit, for they could not possibly have hit on a more unsuspecting-looking combination of green hills and wild ravines, which look as if they had fed sheep and goats since the deluge. We got an exceedingly Spanish dinner at the picturesque village-crowned rock of Isola Farnese, girded by a bend of the ravine. This stronghold of the marauding Orsini of the middle ages, and possible citadel, undermined by one Camillus mentioned in Goldsmith's abridgment, is now inhabited by a few shepherds. One of these, a shaggy, slouch-hatted, picturesquely buckled-up and gartered individual, with a long goad, mounted on an equally shaggy and primitively caparisoned pony, showed us the way to the painted tomb. It was about two miles distant, with no signs of habitation

between, except a party of peasants who had apparently begun to dig at random on the brow of a hill, and were turning up bodies, and legs and arms, and heads of rude marble statues, which they were carting away for the use of the Empress of Brazil, the present possessor of the soil.

At length we came to a hole something like a large fox-earth in the side of a bushy hill; at the end of this burrow was a modern door, of which the shepherd had the key; before the door lay two rough unshaped blocks of stone, which, on careful inspection, after being told what they were, might be perceived to have been intended to represent lions couchant. Inside was a small chamber, which, having lit some very short ends of wax-taper, we perceived to be rudely adorned with frescoes that reminded me of some decorations in our granary, done in ruddle by the foreman of the farm. There was the favourite steed of the warrior, led by his favourite groom, and other designs of similar interest, done probably twenty-five hundred years ago, in colours still as fresh as if they had been done last week. On two rude stone-couches had been found a pair of skeletons. Now there were only a brazen helmet and a few spearheads on one; the other was occupied by a quantity of amphoræ. It does not seem clear whether the original owners of the two skeletons had been votaries—one of Mars, and the other of Bacchus—or whether the former possessor of this family vault was in the habit of combining the uses of cellar and sepulchre, and standing his urns of ancestral dust side by side with his best jars of wine.

On our way back we started a fox, and galloped close behind him for half a mile or so, shouting a variety of venatorial vocables with an enthusiasm that must have astonished an Italian fox, unaccustomed to be the object of such distinguished attention. All of a sudden he disappeared in a hole, whereupon the future lord-lieutenant of the county of ———, flung himself from his horse and had his head in the earth, as if he had been a terrier at home, instead of a young nobleman abroad. His intense excitement was beautiful to witness, and wonderful in my eyes, for I had never seen him take any sort of interest in anything before. He talked of riding back to Isola Farnese for a spade, but it was suggested that it was near sunset. Then he was for collecting the best pack of curs that could be found, and coming back from Rome on the morrow. I think there might be very tolerable fox-hunting in the Campagna, but then I fear the future lord-lieutenant of ——— and other counties would never find time for Etruscan city hunting. Still, in digging out a fox they might now and then find an Etruscan city, where nobody else would have thought of looking for it.

Almost everybody who goes to Rome, seeing so much of art and artists, is sooner or later bitten with some desire to draw, or paint, or model. Have we not all felt, now and then, a call from within, when our dormant faculties give a restless turn in their long slumbers, as if they meant to wake up at last and come out boldly beneath the light of day. I believe most people who have not tried, fancy that if they took the pains they could do all the things they

have taste to appreciate or condemn. One of the few advantages of smattering in too many arts to succeed in any of them, is that in passing the threshold of each, you have made acquaintance with its difficulties, and are prepared to make allowances accordingly. A critic is, or ought to be, this sort of jack-of-all-trades in literature; and the well-known leniency of these worthies to a young author arises from their personal acquaintance with his difficulties, having themselves tried all departments and prudently retired upon reviews. Thus an unsuccessful pick-pocket often becomes an excellent policeman.

Be that as it may, I resolved to "become an artist. By way of formally convincing myself that I was in earnest, I caused my name to be inscribed as a member of the academy of British artists in Rome. This is a benevolently endowed Institution, which affords a spacious and commodious apartment, lighted and warmed, benches, boards, and a living model, to such British subjects as have a friend in the establishment to write their names in the book, and are desirous of studying from the nude. But like many other benevolently endowed institutions, where there is nothing to pay, very few people think it worth their while to go. Perhaps it may be that the unbenevolent academy-keepers take more pains to procure attractive models than the honorary managers." For one reason or another I, as well as my acquaintance among the students of art, went much more to the academy of one Luigi, commonly called "Gigi's," which is a characteristic enough haunt of Roman art to deserve a description. But perhaps I had better fit it into the rest of a day's work, of which the road to Veii fills up the morning.

About half past five, society begins to gather at the English table in that apartment of the "trattoria della Lepre," which is ruled over by Calcedonio the magnificent. Some men are born to reign over their fellow-men by an inherent birthright of larger and more vigorous nature. Calcedonio is one of these, and though accident has made him waiter at the Lepre, instead of tribune of the people, he not the less rules the party, who habitually dine in his room, with a napkin of chain mail. He is a tall handsome man of five-and-twenty, with a face and figure that might become a young emperor. His manner has a bold patronizing independence, which assumes that he is doing us a favour to wait upon us, and that he is inexorably determined to do it as he pleases, not as we please. Indeed, on any English system it would be difficult for him, with only one understrapper, to wait on forty impatient people at once. You see him moving leisurely down the tables, distributing bread and wine to the new comers, change to the departing, and hopes and sarcasms to the impatient who venture to complain they have been waiting longer than suits them. All this time he has been collecting twenty or thirty different orders, with which he finally disappears to the kitchens. After a while he re-appears with an incredible armful of dishes, which he deftly distributes.

"How is this, Calcedonio? I ordered wild boar, and you have brought me boiled mutton?"

"Non c'era piu ciquale" (there was no more wild boar), says he blandly, and there is no appeal. The most sublime triumph of his functions, however, is when he resolves the chaos of an hour's outcry and scramble for food into thirty or forty separate accounts in bajocchj, unravelling an accurate string of items with wonderful rapidity. "Pane uno, vino due, zuppa undici, anitra, vent otto, fiocchi trenta due, crema zingari, quarrata quattro." And while you are getting out your money, he rattles off three or four other little accounts to your neighbours. It is in vain you attempt to get the smallest bit of silver in change for a papal note; he honourably keeps his small silver for customers who pay him in hard money. The papal notes are 5 per cent. below the silver currency. Travellers drawing from their banker, eager to realise this 5 per cent., invest in notes, and subsequently lose more than the money's worth in trouble and vexation to get them changed first into small notes, for the banker gives you notes of 50, 30, 20, and 10 dollars. You have to pay a per centage for the convenience of small notes, and when you have them you get huge piles of Spartan money in change, so that anybody who wishes to make his 5 per cent. comfortably should take about a mule and panniers to carry his five bajocchi pieces.

Besides the immediate business in hand and mouth, there were always a great many jokes flying about the table, good, bad and indifferent, but principally bad, which answer just as well for all purposes of interprandial merriment. Our dinner-hour was never tedious in spite of the waiting, and usually those who had finished their repast waited over their cigar for a knot of later arrivals, who were still dining, or to see the last of a herd of buffalo drawn in charcoal all along the dirty table-cloth, with wonderful skill and rapidity, by Poingdestre the Landseer of a future day; this being his manner of hinting to Calcedonio that the table-cloth wants washing.

We now adjourn to the Café Greco over the way, where in an atmosphere of dense tobacco-smoke from two or three hundred rank cigars of Roman manufacture, in the mouths of all nations, besides the long voluminous clouds from the nargile to the Turkish mercer, who has spread his wares on one of the slabs—slippers and pouches of rich oriental silks, embroidered with gold—and sits over his pipe and coffee-cup calmly waiting for customers.

The Café Greco is a filthy, sloppy, windy, uncomfortable den, but it is frequented by all the artists of Rome, for want of a better. The English club, formed a few years ago by some liberal-minded military man, does not admit artists, and if it did would be too expensive for them generally. I was not tempted by the specimens I saw, to become a member of this aristocratic society, before compromising myself in the list of the proscribed, and, I suppose, afterwards I was ineligible.

Now, having drank one cup of weakish and very sweet coffee (they sweeten it for you with despotic benevolence), having smoked as much of our rank and damp cigar as can be coaxed to burn, and having generally contributed to the sloppiness of the tables and the spiteous condition of the floor, let us make a party and adjourn to Gigi's.

Of course it rains—the weather is rehearsing for the Holy week, now at hand. We have an animated skurry through dark narrow streets with copiously dripping eaves, and at last take shelter beneath an unlighted slovenly arched gateway of a deserted palace. One of us lifts the latch of a door in the side of the gateway, and we enter Gigi's academy. The first facts which strike you in reference to Gigi's academy are that it is intensely hot, crowded, and full of tobacco-smoke, through whose densely tangled wreaths a strange constellation of dim lights in all directions confuse the eye.

The room is square, and arranged with three horse-shoe tiers of drawing desks rising like a theatre. The stage is a small platform, without other furniture or decoration than a rough wooden cross, on which is extended a living human figure—the wrists lashed with cord to its upper member. A strong light from two reflecting lamps, hung above his head, bring out all the unfortunate victim's strained and starting muscles in bold relief. The expression of the face indicates a good deal of physical suffering and weariness, which is not to be wondered at, considering that he is now near the end of his second hour.

There is something startling to the feelings of a Protestant in seeing this sort of gross real life representation of the most sublime and terrible scene of his religion's history. But in Catholic countries, where there is a great demand for pictures of the crucifixion, artists must learn to paint it, and this is the way.

Pictures and statues of the crucifixion, however beautiful, almost always shock a grown-up Protestant when he sees them for the first time. They present a visible image, which falls far short of the vague ideal he has formed:—the highest type of beauty and of dignity—the fullest extent of human anguish subdued into supernatural calm, by the consciousness of love made perfect and his mission of divine mercy fulfilled:—all the glory of the supreme Godhead that could be made manifest in a human nature and a human frame, and at that last solemn hour of separation from the flesh, wherein the Majesty of Heaven was veiled for a life-time, that the world might behold a miraculously perfect man, whose life and death here on earth was to be a gracious link of closest kindred between man and that unseen God in whose image he was made.

It is difficult enough to give a vague idea, in uncertain words, which each person may interpret by his own idea; but to paint something which leaves nothing to the imagination where the imagination looks for a realisation of all it has been able dimly to shadow forth, has proved a task too great for the most inspired artists. We always feel inclined, when we see one of their divine personages, to say with the poor sailor who took a great deal of trouble to see King George, "Why, he's only a man!"

But when, instead of an inspired master deified ideal, we see the base model from whom he has to work—a handsome deity, sensual-featured lazzaron, very tired of being crucified at seven-pence halfpenny an hour, the travestie of such a subject becomes

painful, if not horrible. Yet the artists do the face last, that they may gather some useful hints for the expression of bodily suffering.

The second hour is up; the victim's hands are unbound. The first thing he does, in descending from the cross, is to make a sudden darkness around him by blowing out the two lamps. There is a noise of many artists rising from their benches, and a flapping of the wings of many portfolios. Meanwhile the released culprit stretches himself, yawns, writhes about his wrists as if to convince himself that he is really unbound, and finally puts on a very dirty shirt.

The stage is cleared for the costume model. The crucifix gives place to an easel for a very smartly dressed Velasquez painting, in a slashed doublet of orange satin, with crimson silk hose of wonderful length, and a pair of bunched-up sky-blue damask inexpressibles, of equally wonderful shortness. The students of the *nude* are gone, and the costume students have taken possession of the horse-shoe tiers of drawing-desks. And now there is a terrible Babel of all tongues discussing and proclaiming in what position Velasquez should stand at his easel. The German language is predominant, and its harsh gutturals overpower the nasal expostulations of the French, the fluent insinuations of the Italian, to say nothing of the hissing grumble of a few discontented Britons. The Teutons accordingly, after a good deal of contention amongst themselves, have it their own way, and five or six of them scrambling up on the platform, mould the unresisting limbs of the acquiescent Velasquez at pleasure, while the rest cry, "Dass is viel besser."—"So ist hübscher."—"Jetzt steht er wahnsaftig wohl."—"Doch! gewiss; ganz anders!"—"Oh nein! ach Gott."—"heilez ge wieter—tausend teufel," &c., &c. At length Velasquez is left standing very much on one leg, his right hand to the canvas, his left full of a little forest of brushes, with a broad bright palette on its thumb, his head turned gracefully over his shoulder looking at a large black spot on the wall, which is supposed to represent his Catholic majesty, Philip the Fourth.

And now let us stand beside the model for a moment, and take a look at the artists who are beginning to draw. Three horse-shoe tiers of strange heads, adorned or otherwise, with every modern or antique cut of hair and beard, each bobbing up and down, in and out of the strong glare from beneath its several lamp-shades, as they take a look at the model, and pencil-in the result on their drawing-block. All these automaton heads, lifted and bowed in serious silence among the curious lights and shadows of the triple horseshoe constellation of dark funnels pierced with flickering tongues of flame above, and shedding a flood of yellow light on the desks beneath, formed, what is usually termed by polite tourists, a study for Rembrandt or Domenichino.

It is curious to go round the outer circle and watch the progress of the drawings: in some, bold and dashing effects come out with every touch of the brush; others linger in the pencilled outline, gaining a smudgy correctness under much india-rubber; some re-

main hopelessly meagre and spiritless to the end. Some few of the students do their sketch in oils, but the great majority in water-colours. There were not above three or four out of all the fifty or sixty, whose drawings showed any great talent or promise.

Now for the holy week. Palm Sunday morning was as wet as could be desired, even by the Roman hackney-coachmen, who have no fixed tariff, and accordingly raise or lower their price in exact proportion as the supply of carriages exceeds or falls short of the demand. As everybody wanted to go to St. Peter's this morning, and as it rained too much for them to walk, the vetturini took occasion to multiply their ordinary remuneration by from five to eight, and were very wet and happy, like ducks in a shower, when they know worms will have to come out.

Everybody intends to be in excellent time, but practically gets there a little after everybody else, and finds St. Peter's very full of moist peasants, who have come in from the Campagna regardless of the weather. You have to elbow and push through these innocent and pious people, who, seeing you are dressed in black with a white neckcloth, make way for you under the impression that you may be some relation of the Pope's. Under the dome you come to a barrier, guarded by a parti-coloured Swiss with a halberd, who, seeing you are in evening dress, lets you through into a railed enclosure of the select, who stand round the high altar beneath the dome. Behind you slopes up a large pit, full of ladies in black veils, with opera glasses, through which they are eagerly looking out in all directions.

In the midst of a solemn anthem of hosannas, the Pope makes his appearance, born aloft above the heads of the crowd between two great fans of nodding ostrich plumes. The slow, slightly undulating motion of this venerable mitred figure in white and gold, whose throne is supported on the shoulders of unseen bearers, and glides along towards us by almost imperceptible degrees, has something very grand, and mysterious, and impressive, entirely irrespective of any allegiance to the head of the greatest part of Christendom. Indeed the scene awakens in the Protestant's mind much more Pagan than Christian associations. He thinks of Jupiter appearing between a couple of white clouds, or a procession of some gilded Indian idol.

He comes nearer and nearer, only moving his hand now and then as he inwardly blesses his people. His face is calm and benevolent, his figure portly and dignified. He seems eminently qualified to enact the part of an august looking live puppet, to be carried about for show on state occasions, and is, I believe, of very little use for any other purpose, though a very amiable and respectable individual in private life. They carry him from one end of the church to the other, and set him up on his golden throne, among his scarlet stockinged cardinals.

The procession of people to receive palms now begins to move up towards him. An endless string of mitred bishops, some in strange starry robes, from out-of-the-way Grecian and Syrian dependencies of the Church of Rome; then come abbots, and priors,

and parish priests, and lastly a crowd of glittering military costumes, among whose infinite variety, the scarlet and silver of British deputy lieutenants were not wanting.

The distribution of the palms was an immensely long ceremony; each had to kneel and kiss the Pope's scarlet slipper, while a chamberlain, with an armful of palms, waved one over the kneeling figure, as if he was going to apply it to a corporeal rather than spiritual end. He, however, only hands it to the Pope, who blesses it and gives it to the supplicant, who rises and moves on. This ceremony, over and over again, becomes rather tedious in the course of two hours or so, especially when you can only see what is going on by stretching up on tiptoe to look over innumerable shoulders. I don't know how my patience would have lasted, if I had not been unexpectedly singled out of the crowd by a young man in ecclesiastical robes, who, addressing me in English, said he thought he could find a better place for me. I was rather surprised, but said I should be very much obliged, and followed him to where we could both stand on the corner of a marble balustrade, which commanded a good view of the whole ceremony. My companion said he remembered my face at Cambridge. It appears that since then he had taken orders in the English Church, and gone over to Rome. "At Cambridge he had principally devoted himself to billiard playing," whereupon I remarked, "that should have taught him not to cut the cloth, and how to make a good canon;" but he seemed to think my remark wicked. He asked me how long I had taken orders. I was rather surprised, for I had forgotten my black dress and white neckcloth, and had no idea I looked so clerical. But he had now only one idea of coming to Rome, and as I had come to Rome it could be for no other purpose than to be converted; and as I was not already converted, he made up his mind to do it there and then, though I had turned out to be a wicked layman, instead of the promising young Puseyite he had calculated on.

So we discussed the merits of our respective religions on the coping of the marble balustrade, while the Pope was giving away his palms. I cross-questioned him narrowly as to what he considered a saving faith in doctrinal mysteries, whether he thought a blind consent to certain words or formal phrases, which conveyed no distinct idea to the mind could do the soul any good; in fact, was it the word that did the good or was it the idea? What particular idea did he attach to the word transubstantiation? Everybody agreed that the wafer could not be anatomically proved to be flesh—therefore it was only flesh in a spiritual and mystical manner. Provided the divine blessing was communicated through it, what signified what the matter was in a material sense—was not the spiritual efficacy the thing required? was not God a spirit, and the human soul a spirit also, and did not all material things whatever become of importance only so far as they affected the soul? We both talked a great deal of what I am firmly convinced was very unorthodox theology, whether measured by the standard

of the Church of England, or the Church of Rome, and parted convinced alike of each other's deplorable errors.

When the palms were distributed, the Pope came down from his throne with an immense train of white satin, and an immense petticoat, outspread like a tent with living picket pins, to kneel at a little gilded table to hear mass in the midst of an open space before the high altar. The vast petticoat was lifted over the table in front, and the train spread out behind. He knelt in the midst with his elbows on the smothered table, and went through his devotions which must have been rather disturbed by the consciousness of having so many thousand eyes fixed upon him. All went smoothly for the first ten minutes, but Popes in any amount of pomp and petticoat are but mortal, and something caused the end of the papal nose to tickle. A shade of evident distress passed over the benign countenance, but after a struggle of some moments he made up his mind it must be done, so he removed one of his palms from that upward pointing posture, with which we are familiar in monumental brasses, rubbed the end of his nose, and joining his hands again, continued his devotion. I don't think any other European potentate could have scratched his nose on the solemnest occasion with more propriety, and yet there was something ludicrous in it. Our conversation had got upon the Papal function, and I said,—“There now! does not that show you that you try to make your sovereign pontificate too great and sublime a piece of pageantry for a respectable old gentleman to support, when you place him in a position where he cannot scratch his nose without a painful mental conflict.”

The finest sight in the holy week is the blessing of the people from the balcony; a hundred and fifty thousand people all blessed in a breath, and acres of military going down on their knees to receive it. The next greatest sight was St. Peter's illuminated, which I saw from the Pincian hill, over a mile and a half of roofs, and minor church towers and domes, with that great mountain of solid fire, not diminished, but magnified by distance—that was the last I saw of St. Peter's.

MOUNT LEBANON.*

A TEN years' residence in a country is sufficient to warrant a knowledge of its customs, manners, and institutions; and the position of Colonel Churchill must have afforded him unimpeded leisure to observe and to learn. After the war in Syria, the author seems to have fixed his habitation there, and the choice shows a predilection for the country, while the extended term of his residence indicates those predilections unchanged and confirmed. We may therefore be prepared for an account as favourable as the fairness of the author will allow. In his well-written preface, he avows the various sources from whence his information was derived, and though evidently imbued with the poetry surrounding the land of his adoption, looks at it with a soldier's eye, and in the magnificent heights of the Lebanon rather shows us the military than the artistic view. We congratulate him on the thorough preservation of his European energy amidst the listless effeminacy of Asiatic indolence; and he seems, while alive to the delights of Kief, to be as eager as ever for the bustle of life.

Although disclaiming the vivid terms and glowing descriptions of the poet-eyed tourists, who, so often issuing from the press, entrance our minds, while they feed not the understanding, the first chapter opens with a panegyric, vigorously written and graphically beautiful, on those ancient trees, the head and crown of the spot whence his volumes draw their names, familiar as we are with that place, that sacred fane-forest, the steeple of that cathedral of which the Holy Land is the building, read, albeit, in each description, tale and story of them, we remember none where they have been better described—more vividly depicted.

"When Sennacherib, king of Assyria," says our author, "declared war against Hezekiah his boast was, 'with the multitude of my chariots I have come up the height of the mountains, to the sides of Lebanon, and will cut down the tall cedar-trees thereof and the choice fir-trees thereof.' To display his conquering standards on those far-famed heights was to him a more glorious object of ambition than even the taking of Jerusalem itself again.

"Ezekiel, in portraying the Assyrians, summons not before him his battles and triumphs amongst the surrounding nations, his invincible armies with their wide-ranging and almost interminable marches; one simple but magnificent metaphor is sufficient, in the prophet's mind, to make his hero's apogæon.—'Behold the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches and with a

* "Mount Lebanon: a Ten Years' Residence from 1842 to 1852, describing the Manners, and Customs and Religion of the Inhabitants, with a full and correct Account of the Druse Religion, and containing Historical Records of the Mountain Tribe from personal intercourse with their Chiefs and other authentic sources." By Colonel Churchill, Staff-officer of the British Expedition to Syria.

shadowing shroud and of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field.'"

Again he says, still speaking of the Lebanon:—

"Down those rugged declivities the myriads of Sennacherib, those heads already devoted to the sword of the destroying angel, rushed down in tumultuous array, flushed with the pride of conquest and fresh emerging from the furnace of destruction which their firebrands had kindled around them. Through the defile the Grecian phalanx slowly wound its cumbrous way, laden with the spoils of Issus, and exulting in the promised spoils of Tyre. These coasts still bear the impress of the legions' toil. The very works attest the genius of imperial Rome.

"Through these passes Godfrey, Bohemond, and Tancred led on their deluded hosts, miserable victims of folly and superstition. There is Sidon and Tyre, the one the birth-place of letters and navigation,—the other, the mother of commerce and ocean's earliest queen. In the distant verge of your horizon arose that mighty wave of force and fanaticism, which, after having deluged Asia, Africa, and half of Europe, and expended its brute force, is gradually being absorbed, leaving behind it, wherever its traces yet exist, the slime and scum of malignant corruption and fœtid decay—a moral pestilence—which if not, as once, the scourge, is still the shame and opprobrium of humanity and civilization.

"Yonder azure mountains which blend so softly with the ethereal skies around them, enclose the scenes of his career, whose weapons were the words of peace, whose doctrines fell on the hearts of his followers like the gentle dews of Heaven, with ever fresh and invigorating influence, summoning them to patience, humility and endurance, as the ensigns of their warfare and the basis of their triumphs; and who consigned to them the mission—sacred and lasting as the world itself—of uniting together the great family of mankind in one common bond of Faith, Charity, and Love."

The following chapters give us ample details of the tenure of land, and the several relations of landlord and tenant; of the systems of agriculture; silk, crops, and vineyards; and it is the more interesting as showing how the evil effects of bad government, while it drives its subjects for refuge to the mountains, has taught them to render their rugged sides as fruitful and productive as any spots on earth. Thus we see those races, generally the Mohammetan, or dominant ones, half starving on the most fertile plains, while the outcasts of other creeds, taught by necessity, draws abundance from crags and precipices. The ignorance and superstition of the Maronites, and their blind subservience to priestly rule, is freely commented upon. The more than feudal attachment of the people to their priest, may be judged of from the story of the outrage committed on some American missionaries, who had left their station at Tripoli with the intention of passing the hot summer months in the village of Edhen, well-known to travellers, and situated in the heart of the Maronite districts. Whether they came with proselyting motives cannot be known, as scarce had they arrived and entered their houses, when the tocsin sounded, the bells of the villages about pealed, and a vast mob, with torches, stones, and yells, clustered round them. The missionaries scarce obtained the grace of a hurried and night retreat. The great cause of enmity against them was the usual one of all

rages beneath a priest's rule, "we want no Bible men: no Bible among us."

Such an outrage could not, of course, be allowed to pass by unpunished. Representations were made to the Turkish government, by the American ambassador, upon the subject, and a firman was promptly procured, giving the required satisfaction. It was difficult, however, to persuade the mountaineers that they were under the Sultan's jurisdiction in such matters as these. "The Patriarch is our Sultan," was the haughty reply to the summons of their local authorities, demanding compensation for the losses incurred by the missionaries in their midnight flight.

In the eyes of the Maronites, every authority, civil or otherwise, is merged and absorbed in the authority of the priests; and, with lynx-eyed vigilance, do their priests and bishops, in the present day, as indeed of yore, watch every movement, every tendency, which may menace their long-established dominion.

While, however, the race is thus described and condemned, full credit is given them for their industry and energy—an energy which has rendered the most barren portion of the Lebanon range the most fruitful and productive—we find that there have not been wanting men, even among this mind-bound race, who saw the errors of their church, and sought to open the eyes of others. The priests, however, seem to have crushed such a bud more successfully than was done in the west, and were rewarded and extolled by popes and cardinals as their success deserved. Their habits of begging are described, and their reason and example for it is certainly ingenious.

It is curious that as our own newspapers are describing the desecration of the heart of our own lion-hearted Richard, we should here read of the fate of the descendants of his chivalrous foe, the great, the mighty Sallahedeem. At page 68, we read:—

"At a village called Rasen Haash (just inland of Bartoon) may be seen the humble descendants of the great Saladin, to this day styled the Emirs of the house of Ayoob. Unconscious of the glory of their great ancestor, they merely know that they are of noble descent, and though gaining their bread by the labour of their hands, and performing the commonest offices of the serf and the peasant, they haughtily refuse to return any salutation which does not give them their proper rank and appellation."

The Maronite priests show great ingenuity in their profession, foretelling events that will occur in the natural course of things with wonderful precision, and when they venture on bolder predictions, if the result is contrary to their augury, they ascribe their failure to the faithlessness of the people: thus preserving in all cases their character for infallibility. The agency of the French is much dwelt on, though they do not seem to push it with such substantial gifts as the Russians use among the Greeks; they choose a cheaper mode and circulate prints, cheap and rough enough, but stamped with papal authority, of a vision of a pious nun, M—, who sees the Virgin standing on the globe, on which the one named La France is conspicuously marked, while a voice informs her that the lays are the lays of Grace obtained by Mary

for mankind, and that the spot where they more especially fall, is the said La France. Well, they are very much required there, so our charity will lead us to hope they may fall more and more. We could have wished an explanation of how the joint Convents of Elias Shevya are conducted; for Greeks and Maronites living together in unity and love would indeed be a pleasant sight, the sects generally hating each other far more than they hate Turk or Druse; in fact, the few Greeks in the Kesronan, an entirely Maronite district, are more illtreated than Christians among the Turks. Our author also seems to expect for Beyrout a higher *avenir* than it is likely, or has a right to enjoy; its want of a harbour, or even a safe anchorage, must ever prevent its becoming an emporium for trade; and it owes its present prosperity more to fortuitous circumstances than any just claims for convenience or position. The mountains in its rear form an insurmountable barrier to trade with the far interior, as here the Lebanon is lofty, steep, and precipitous, whereas, either at Sidon on the south, or Tripoli on the north, they can be passed with scarce an *inter-vening* difficulty; and at Tortosa, further north, the island of Ruad forms a natural breakwater, while a plain road conducts to the plains of Cœlo-Syria, and the vast countries beyond the Euphrates. The pine-planting also to the south of Beyrout, to protect the environs from the rapidly approaching and all overwhelming sand, we suspect is entirely confined to what nature does; for, during our last visit, after a lapse of ten years, we found the Desert had far encroached on the gardens, and the tops of palms scarce emerging from sand, marked where once a homestead smiled. The author's account of the Arab invasion under the immediate successors of the Prophet Mahomed is full of interest and information, and sets that wondrous fact before us in all its details and causes. We welcome also the first true account of the Beit Shehaab, those myths so often and variously accounted for by tourists, who have derived their histories from the pure fount of a Dragoman's intellect. Their history is a precious addition to the peirage of the world, and worthy of place in the most romantic of tales. Arab nobles, from the earliest ages, noble and ancient when Mahomed preached, we find them figuring in every page of Eastern history, now rulers, now fugitives, now noblest, now basest, they seem ever to have borne themselves prominent, in evil or in good; and now their feudal sovereignty is over, they wrap around them the tattered robe; fate may conquer, but they will not succumb, and if Fortune has deprived them of rule and power, she has failed to teach them experience or conformity, and we see now the poor emir or prince of that ancient house as proud and haughty as when they ruled provinces or ravaged principalities. The single combat at Merjyoom recalls all the poetry of romance; the pages of the "Talisman" might have been copied for the account; the whole scene is strikingly Oriental; the skill and bravery, yet the cunning and treachery, the greatness of soul to do a glorious action, yet not *resistencia* enough, as the Spaniards would say, to avoid a mean one, it cannot

be better described than in the author's words. We must suppose that the Shehaabs, who dwelt in the plains of Shobbah, began to tire of the perpetual calls made on them for service in the warlike expeditions of the Sultan Nouradeen, from which, though they reaped booty and plunder enough, small time was granted to enjoy their gains, they therefore resolved to migrate to the Lebanon, where, though they intended to remain faithful to the Sultan, they resolved their services should be more optional than it was on the open unprotected plains, and that the mountains should be a protection against friend and foe.

They accordingly crossed the Jordan, and ascended the eastern side of the Lebanon, as they approached Hasbeya, Count Eva, the Frank governor, sallied forth to meet them; the fight was long, and evening set in without much result: on the following day the Franks sent forth a herald, proposing that the fortunes of the day should be decided by single combat, and a warrior fully accoutred, accompanied by his retinue, was seen descending to the Jordan, which then separated the adverse armies. The Emir accepted the challenge; the spot, the only one affording space for the combat, was on the Arab's side of the river; the Christian knight had therefore to cross and fight, surrounded by his foes, who took possession of the ground around:—

“On the signal being given the two combatants rushed to the conflict. At one blow with his battle-axe the Frank broke his adversary's spear in two. The Arab Emir's chief weapon was gone. To attempt to prolong the fight by a sword attack against one who stood encased in iron, he felt would be both useless and dangerous; wheeling his steed therefore suddenly round, he sprang out of his saddle, and throwing himself boldly on his enemy rolled with him to the ground. The struggle now assumed the appearance of a wrestling match. It was long and desperate; and the Frank, though clad in armour, might from his size and strength have gained the day, had not the Emir perceived and by a sudden and dextrous movement snatched the dagger from his adversary's girdle and stabbed him with it in the groin.”

The account of the Protestant American missionaries is most promising; and there is an appearance of truth about the results they proclaim which makes the promise more. At present there is no great outward show, but the seed has been broadly sown, and doubtless with His mighty help the crop will be abundant. The contrast between the simple purity of the reformed religion must strike even the most superficial, while the appeal to scriptures for all and in all, and the oneness of spirit, exhibit a striking contrast to the disgraceful feuds among other sects. The American missionaries themselves appreciate these advantages, and as the author well observes,

“Conscious of the goodness of their cause, the purity of their doctrines, and the apostolic simplicity of their ecclesiastical regulations, they avoid all theological disputes or open denunciations of error, and, in the literal sense of our Lord's injunctions, ‘preach the Gospel,’ leaving the consequences and effects to the operation of the Holy Spirit, whereby they have been called to the labours of the ministry.”

We have a biography of the late Emir Beckir, evidently a favourite character with the author; his deeds merit a page in

history, for when we remember his rule we must remember his means, and the state of the country he was ruler over. The description of his character is very Oriental, and we should imagine a transcript of what was told by Orientals themselves.

The effect produced by his personal appearance was of itself sufficient to reduce, and often did reduce, the most rebellious to abject submission. On entering the divan of audience, the first sight of the Emir acted on the beholder with the power of fascination. Apart in one of the remotest corners of the room, might be seen the figure of a venerable looking man, in a kneeling position—sitting, in fact, on his heels, and reclining his back against a cushion, his temples encircled by the voluminous folds of a Cashmere shawl; thick shaggy eyebrows overhanging and partially concealing eyes replete with fire and vivacity; from one side of his girdle arose a dagger's head covered with the choicest diamonds, glittering amidst the silvery hairs of a broad massive beard which reached down to his waist, while thick fumes of tobacco, incessantly ascending from a bowl of extraordinary dimensions, and enveloping his whole person in a cloud, gave a mysteriousness to his presence which excited sensations of awe and terror.

The tone of his voice was deep, hollow, and sonorous. When angry, the hairs of his beard stood on end like a lion's mane. Few if any, even of the principal magnates of the mountain, could stand before him without trembling, which, however, as soon as he perceived, he used considerably to address them with some words of encouragement. Nevertheless, instances have been known of persons of rank, when seated with him at dinner, losing the power of swallowing; while all his guests used invariably to take merely a few hasty morsels and withdraw, anxious to escape from a state of embarrassment, which almost paralyzed the organs of nature. We must refer the reader to the volumes themselves for a further account of this wonderful man, by profession a Mahomedan, in heart a Christian; on the death of his wife he sent to Stamboul for three Circassian slaves; on their arrival he selected one and ordered her to be instructed in Christianity; the fair odalisk rejected the proffered creed with horror. "Take her to the kitchen," was the quiet answer of the Emir to the informer of her refusal. This acted more powerfully than the confessor—she became a Christian and was married to the Emir. We must leave a further account of these interesting volumes to a future occasion, meanwhile assuring the reader they will well repay the perusal.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMPAIGNS UNDER THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

IN September of 1811, after Marmont had relieved Ciudad Rodrigo, and subsequently replaced the cattle and Governor stolen from it by Julian Sanchez, the French Commander fell back to Salamanca, and eventually to Valladolid, with the greater part of his forces. "At this time also, 17,000 of the Imperial Guards were withdrawn by Napoleon for his Russian Campaign, and above 40,000 troops of the enemy, of different arms, had quitted Spain on the same errand. The rest of their armies were spread over an immense extent of country. Marmont, deceived by the seemingly careless winter attitude of the allies, and for the accommodation of provisioning his troops,"* and watching the Guerilla Corps, was at a greater distance from Ciudad than would enable him to assemble his army with facility to succour and support it on a sudden emergency—besides, his attention at this time was turned towards the operations going on in the East of Spain. Lord Wellington, well prepared, seized the opportunity he had long looked for, and, in spite of the inclemency of the season, suddenly and at once invested the Fortress and commenced the siege.

It was at daybreak on a bitter cold morning, on the 4th of January, that our Division started from their cantonments to take part in this siege, and commence the campaign of 1812. The Light, First, Third, and Fourth Divisions, with Pack's Portuguese Brigade, were destined for this service, and were concentrated, in the first days of January, in the neighbourhood of our old battlefield, the banks of the Azava and Agueda. Across this latter river a bridge had been thrown at Marialva by Lord Wellington.

Our first day's march of sixteen miles towards the scene of our new operations was bad enough in respect to weather and roads; but, on reaching the half-roofless houses of As Navas, matters were still worse. He who had a soul for music might possibly view the creeks and crannies of our shelterless habitations with harmonious intentions, for many were the sites admirably adapted for the introduction of the Æolian harp; the less tasteful, however, and the unmusical, who felt not the attributes of that which "soothes the savage breast," did not appear to have an adequate sense of the pleasures of their situation. In addition to other difficulties, we had to depend, for the *transport* of food, and all the requisite material for our operation, on our friends and allies, the Spaniards and Portuguese. The way in which this was accomplished is best shown by Lord Wellington's own words. In writing to Lord Liverpool, he says:—

"What do you think of *empty* carts taking two days to go ten miles on a good road? After all, I am obliged to appear satisfied,

* See Napier.

or they would desert! At this season of the year, depending upon Portuguese and Spaniards for means of having what is required, I can scarce venture to calculate the time which this operation" (the siege) "will take; but I should think no less than twenty-four or twenty-five days. If we do not succeed, we shall, at least, bring back upon ourselves all the force that has marched away—and I hope we may save Valencia, or, at all events, afford more time to the Asturians and Galicians, &c. If we do succeed, we shall make a fine campaign in the spring."

On the 6th, Head Quarters were moved to Gallegos. Lord Wellington, attended by Colonel Fletcher, Chief Engineer, and some officers of the staff, made a reconnoissance of the place; they crossed the Agueda by the fords about two miles below the town, and, unattended by any escort, reached several points from which they obtained a sufficient view of the defences (of the Fortress) to decide on the attack.* Encased, but scarcely covered, we remained in a state of *ventilation* within the half-wrecked houses of As Navas till the 8th, when we joyfully moved to Espeja, as a village nearer the scene of our future operations, and affording better shelter from the frost and snow. Towards sunset we reached the quarters, intended for us during the siege—once ensconced in our different cottages we refreshed ourselves with whatever provisions the Commissary, our own industry, and a few dollars, permitted us to obtain. About eight o'clock P.M. we were contentedly sitting round a fire, in the full enjoyment of cigars and mulled wine, when a sound greeted our ears—not of Æolian chords—but the soldier's music—the cannon—booming forth, through the calm frosty air of the night, its sonorous eloquence. We went forth into the village street—the cannonade continued and became heavy; distance and the wind in an adverse quarter prevented our hearing any sound of musketry, but we saw, by the flashes from the guns, the horizon lighted far above the woods and undulating ground, which intervened between our village of Espeja and the town of Ciudad Rodrigo. A large assembly of officers and men were collected in order to try to make out results from sound, but to little purpose, beyond ascertaining that, as the cannonade continued throughout the night, the siege had begun. We thought that we should have had the honour of taking the initiative in this affair, but it was commenced by the Light Division in a clever, dashing style, and in the following manner. Here, before inserting a further quotation, let me plead my excuse for so doing. As often as I was not on the spot, when some occurrence took place, on which the subsequent narrative turns, I have left the relation of it to the authority either of an eye-witness, or of the able historian of these campaigns. For, were I to describe what I did not see with my own eyes, I might be accused of presumption, and render myself liable to the rebuke which Hannibal conveyed when he happened to hear a distinguished orator discoursing on the subject of war. He was asked what he thought of it; Hannibal replied, "that he had heard many absurd things in his life, but never

* See Jones's Sieges.

anything *half* so absurd as this." Would that some could recall to themselves the Italian proverb: "Chi non sa niente non dubita di niente!" It would save many a controversy occasioning loss of valuable time and invaluable patience. But to return from this digression.

"During the day, everything was kept as quiet as possible, and an equal examination made of every side of the town, so as to prevent any suspicion of an immediate effort, or of the point about to be attacked; the Light Division and Pack's Portuguese Brigade forded the Agueda, near Caridad, three miles above the Fortress, and, making a circuit, took post, without being observed, beyond the Tesso Grande, a round hill rising gradually from the city, on which the enemy had constructed a redoubt," called after the *abstracted* Governor, Fort Renaud. This was distant from the fortified Convent of St. Francisco 400 yards, and some 600 from the Artillery on the Ramparts of the place. "The Light Division remained quiet during the day, unperceived by the enemy, and, as there was no regular investment, the enemy had no idea that the siege had commenced, but as soon as it became dark, a brigade formed under arms on the Northern side of the Upper Teson, and a working party of 700 men paraded in their rear, in two divisions of 300 men and 400 men respectively, the former intended to make a lodgment near the redoubt, as soon as it should be carried, and the other to open a communication to it from the rear. At eight p.m. Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne,* with three Companies of the 52nd Regiment, advanced along the Upper Teson to the assault of the redoubt. The garrison of the work discovered the assailants, when about 150 yards distant, and had time to fire two or three rounds from their artillery (two guns and a howitzer) before the escalade commenced. Lieutenant Thomson, of the Engineers, who accompanied the detachment with a party of Sappers, carrying scaling ladders, fascines, axes, &c., on arriving at the Counterscarp, finding the palisades to be within three feet of it, and nearly of the same height, immediately placed the fascines from the one to the other, and formed a bridge by which a part of the storming party walked over the palisades, and jumped into the ditch; when, finding the scarp without a revetment, they readily scrambled to the top of the parapet and came into contact with the bayonets of the defenders. Whilst this was going forward in front, another party went round to the gorge, where there was no ditch, and forced over or through the gate; thus enveloped on every side, the resistance was short, and of fifty men, the garrison of the redoubt, four only escaped into the town, two officers and forty men being made prisoners, and three left dead in the work. The British loss was six men killed and three officers and sixteen men wounded. Instantly the redoubt was carried, the precaution was taken of making its rear perfectly accessible, by breaking down the gates, and forming openings in its rear inclosure wall; but in a very short time, the garrison directed such a quick fire into the work, that it was

Now Lieut.-Gen. Lord Seaton.

thought right to withdraw every one from its interior. The first division of workmen opened a trench on the flank of the redoubt, as a lodgment, and the second division opened the communication to it from the rear across the Upper Teson, both of which operations were accomplished with little loss, as the garrison continued to direct nearly all their fire into the work throughout the night.* Thus the Light Division commenced the siege. My friend Gurwood of the 52nd was of the party, and says,—“ In my attempt to force the gate at the gorge we were interrupted by the enemy throwing over lighted grenades, but as I saw the gate was low, I went round the angle of the fort, where I told Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, that I thought if I had a few ladders I could get in at the gorge—the ladders were furnished, but were, however, of no use, for before they were placed, the gate was suddenly blown open. I rushed into the fort, accompanied by Lieut. Anderson of the 52nd, and our men, and we met our other storming party coming over the angle of the redoubt. On our return to camp, I went to a shed in the rear, where, after receiving their wounds in the assault, Captain Mein and Lieut. Woodgate of my regiment had been carried for the night, and where the lately captured prisoners were also lodged until daylight. Here, in conversation with the French officer of the Artillery, I learned the cause of the gate at the gorge of the redoubt being blown open, which had appeared so extraordinary to Lieut. Anderson and myself. The French officer told me that a Serjeant of Artillery, in the act of throwing a live shell upon the storming party in the ditch, was shot dead, the lighted shell falling within the fort; fearing the explosion of the shell among the men defending the parapet, he had kicked it towards the gorge, where, stopped by the bottom of the gate, it exploded and blew it open.” The successful night attack of the redoubt on the hill of San Francisco, otherwise called the Upper Teson, enabled our people immediately to break ground within 600 yards of the place, notwithstanding the enemy still held the fortified convents flanking the works of the town. This was at once a great step gained in time and progress. The rise on which stood the captured redoubt was a plateau that extended towards the city, but suddenly descended to a valley and small stream. On the opposite side of this, and within very commodious musket range of the ramparts of the town, rose a small round eminence called the Lower Teson. The ground was rocky and in some parts shingly, and the fire brought to bear on this attack by the enemy was greater than on some other points that might have been chosen; but Lord Wellington selected this in preference to any other—for he was fighting against time as well as against the garrison, and wished to make short work of it, by taking the town before Marmont could possibly attempt to relieve it. On arriving at Espeja on the evening of the 8th, our Division had been ordered to cook a day's provisions overnight, for the next day's service.

On the morning of the 9th, in darkness, our Battalions assem-

* See Jones's Sieges.

bled for the purpose of relieving the Light Division. The noise of the city's guns still continued to disturb the calm of the night and its echoes accompanied us as we moved from the cover of our village to take our share in the operations of the siege. From the assembled columns at our alarm post we broke into line of march, and, about nine o'clock, reached the ford of the Agueda. The river was partially frozen, and the stream both rapid and deep, with much ice on the sides, and two or three feet depth of water in the shallows. Previous to our descent to take water, which our fellows did like good poodle-dogs who had something to bring out of it, the column was halted and orders received for our men to strip off their shoes and stockings. On commencing the unusual operation of denuding their lower extremities, between two high banks in a close and narrow lane, we were made fully aware of the absence, in our neighbourhood, of Houbigant Chardin or any other dealer in perfumery. Our Commander's act of consideration for the men, however, proved of no small comfort as well as benefit to them, destined as they were to be exposed to atmospheric influences for twenty-four hours in a hard frost, and thus saved both their feet and their shoes. Passing a second small stream, we arrived about mid-day in rear of the Tesso Grande. This hill concealed our bivouac from the sight of the enemy's guns, and here were assembled the materials for the siege and the relief of the Divisions destined to use them.

The German Legion were the first to relieve the working parties and guard of the trenches, previously occupied by the Light Division under Major-General Sir Robert Craufurd. Our predecessors had obtained for themselves a pretty good cover during the night; in the day our relieving parties were occupied in deepening, widening, and perfecting the approaches to the first parallel. The garrison threw a good many shells from heavy 13-inch mortars, and some round shot from the Convent of San Francisco and the ramparts, but not with the effect or damage they intended, although the ground was hard from frost and flinty by nature, and the enemy's missiles were increased by driving the stones their shot encountered, like grape, amongst and over our men at work. Soon after four P.M. our Brigade relieved the Germans; we had a covering party of 500, and a working party of 1200 men. The enemy appeared already to have discovered the time fixed for our reliefs, being able to see, probably from the top of the Cathedral, the movements on the plateau of the Tesso Grande. On entering the trenches they welcomed us with a pretty brisk cannonade and fire of shells, a species of cricket-ball that no one seemed in a hurry to catch. Indeed, as an old cricketer, I may presume to say, that fortunately the "fielding" was *most* indifferent. No great mischief ensued, although some few casualties occurred, and we commenced working on the first parallel and intended batteries at one and the same time. It snowed, and the night was intensely dark and cold,—one of our comrades, a good-natured, agreeable little fellow, who sang beautifully, put on three shirts to preserve his *voice*, for which care of himself, though his appearance verged on the globular, we all

felt sincerely obliged to him.* As far as the fire from the ramparts could keep us warm, the enemy were considerate, both as to abundance and variety of fuel. They poured a very heavy shower on our trenches and our continuation of the first parallel, their calibre of gun being 24 and 32 pounders. They knew pretty well our intention to break fresh ground in the dark, and were uncomfortably curious to discover the exact spot of our operations. During this work my observation was occasionally drawn to the features and general bearing of our soldiers—they seemed “as men on earnest business bent”—stern and not to be frustrated. The frequent cry of “shot” or “shell” from men posted on the look-out, to warn us, when such left the enemy’s mortars, was very harassing. That of “shot,” however, was nearly unheeded, as the ball either passed, struck the outside of the trench, or knocked some one over, almost as soon as the cry was uttered. Our party were occupied in breaking ground, by placing gabions and filling them as fast as possible; we excavated the earth on the inner side, and thus covered ourselves as quickly as we could.

Captain Ross, the directing Engineer of the night, a most intelligent and excellent officer, was killed by a round of grape from a gun on the Convent of San Francisco, as he was in the act of giving us orders. Scarce a moment had elapsed, before a sergeant of our detachment was knocked over by one of the stones that the round shot from the town scattered in all directions. Light-balls flew from the ramparts, in frequent parabola, shedding a red glare on all around, bright enough to indicate, not only our points of operation, but the very forms of our men as they were working. Thither the enemy directed their guns, and salvos of shot and shell immediately followed the discovery. While the glare of light lasted, the shower of missiles fell so thick in its vicinity, that we were ordered to conceal ourselves till it was over. Then, again emerging, we recommenced, like moles, to bury ourselves in the earth—a curious expedient to avoid that ceremony at the hands of others. The French, *par parenthese*, doubtless imagined, that like Charles the Fifth, we were rehearsing our own funeral, and gradually inuring ourselves to being dead:—many of us, with a success even more prompt than attended the apprenticeship of that hypochondriacal potentate. Although supperless, we worked throughout the night, actively and to the satisfaction of the Engineer officers. We were anxiously looking out for dawn, which would test the worth of our night’s exertions. At last early light appeared in the east, streaking like a thread the sky above the mountains. An interesting panoramic view presented itself from our trenches on the Tesso Grande. The atmosphere was clear, frosty, and bracing, the surrounding scene bold and beautiful. In the centre of a large undulating plain, backed by broken ground, covered with ilex and cork-wood, stood the tall city, rearing its head over the surrounding level. The absence of foliage in its immediate vicinity caused the forms of its buildings to stand out

* Many years have sped since then; I hear, however, that he still favours his intimate friends with the charms of his song.

in hard relief beneath the morning light. The sun's young rays glanced on the cupolas of its churches and convents, and made the rising smoke from the city's early fires look still more blue. In the far distance were seen the snow-covered Sierra de Francia and de Gata warmly tinged by the sunlight, contrasting well with the silver-coloured stream of the Agueda. For a moment there was a dead calm, broken only by the occasional booming of a gun, fired as if in sleepy laziness, which, perhaps, the unusual activity of the previous night had engendered. The sounds from the guns echoed through the pure thin air to the distant hills, bounding back again in three-fold repetition of defiance—while in our front sternly stood the bold Fortress flouting its hostile flag in the morning breeze. The cannonade was for the present confined to our opponents; as yet we made no response, but were merely preparing a reply; when the time *did* come our iron-tongued oratory was the most convincing and prevailed. After fourteen hours' occupation of the works, and having traced out the three batteries (Nos. 1, 2, and 3), we were relieved, and found the enemy as much *aux petits soins* for us as when we entered the trenches, dismissing us with all the honours of war. They blazed away with much noise, but to little purpose. Of our Brigade we lost, during the whole night's operations, not one officer, and only six rank and file killed and ten wounded. Colonel Fermor* of the Guards, the field-officer commanding in the trenches, had his hat shot off by the splinter of a shell, which was the nearest approach to promotion in his corps during the night. We reached our bivouac in rear of the Tesso Grande, where neither hut, tent, nor scarcely a fire was to be seen, there being a melancholy deficiency of material for such accommodation. Tents there were none, for not until the year after, in the campaign of 1813, were such save-health essentials issued out to our army. We formed column and moved off in march from our barren place of assembly to return once more to our country village quarters, judiciously using the same salutary precaution in repassing the streams, we had adopted in fording them on our advance to the trenches. About four P.M. we again arrived at Espeja, and right glad we were to find ourselves under cover, for—

Condisce i diletti
 Memoria di pece,
 Ne sà che sia bene,
 Chi mal non soffrì.

Much to our satisfaction we here greeted Sanguinetti the sutler, that man of elastic views in moral and monetary obligations; he had reached our village from Lisbon, with a cargo of hams, porter, brandy, champagne, tea, cheese, and other comestibles with which to warm the inward man and strengthen the body. We now learned that the enemy had some 15,000 men upon the Upper Tormes, and that Marmont might be expected to make every possible exertion to relieve Ciudad Rodrigo from our attack. Still, we well knew the rapid and prompt action of our Chief in anything he undertook, and with perfect confidence we awaited the result.

* Afterwards Lord Pomfret.

On the 11th, at daybreak, most part of our battering train from Almeida passed through Gallegos for the trenches on the Tesso Grande, and on the 13th we again moved towards the city, to resume our share of industry in accomplishing the batteries and advances of our works of attack. On our reoccupation of the trenches, we found progress had been made, but not so rapidly as could have been wished—the weather was so cold and the enemy's fire so warm that, in conjunction with the want of transport for the necessary materials, the labour had been greatly impeded; even the greater portion of ammunition for the battering train was still waiting conveyance from Villa de Ponte, and we again heard that Marmont was collecting his forces to succour the place. Every exertion was used to complete the batteries, but the front they occupied was so very limited, and the garrison directing their fire against them only, had now attained the range so accurately, and threw shells so incessantly and with such long fuses, that half the time and attention of the 1000 workmen of our Brigade were directed to self-preservation. To oppose this heavy fire it became necessary to persevere in making the parapets of the batteries of sufficient thickness, and all the excavation being confined to the interior, both night and day, the progress of the work was very unsatisfactory, particularly as, the batteries being on the slope of the hill, it required considerable height of parapet to secure their rear.* These causes induced Lord Wellington to change his plan, and he resolved to open a breach from his counter-batteries, which were from between 500 to 600 yards distant from the curtain of the enemy's ramparts, and then storm the place without blowing in the counterscarp. We found that during the night of the 12th, and early on the morning of the 13th, in a fog, which occasionally arose from the Aguada, the Light Division had dug pits beneath the walls of the city, in which the 95th Rifles were placed for the purpose of picking off the enemy's gunners, while too correctly and to us inconveniently serving their guns. These pits were little separate excavations in the earth at some few yards' distance from each other, and about 150 from the enemy's embrasures. From our sloping eminence they looked like so many little graves, and had all the convenience of such, for once arrived in them, the occupant was *safe* enough; but as neither sap nor cover of any kind assured the communication with such deadly holes, the great danger was in reaching these spots of interment, except under cover of fog or night. From these counterfeit graves many of the enemy's gunners were put in preparation to inhabit real ones, that is, if any of their friends had sufficient delicate attention for them to take the time or trouble to dig them. During this night we again had sharp work from cold, labour, and our opponents' destructive intentions. A dropping fire of musquetry from the ramparts continued to visit us, and two of my party at work on the parapet of No. 2 battery, were hit, which, considering the distance (about 600 yards) and the darkness, was accidental, although looked upon by us in those days of *short ranges*, as an extra-

* See Jones and Napier.

ordinary circumstance. The enemy's light-balls were constant, and their round shot and heavy 13-inch shells followed in abundance.

On one of these machines falling perhaps within a distance from us of only some few feet, the general order for immediate prostration was given, and it was curious from this posture to look on our men's impatient faces, while watching the hissing fuse, and awaiting its expected explosion, which generally covered those in the neighbourhood with dust and dirt; then up once more they were, and to work again like "good uns." On passing down the trenches with Lieutenant Marshall, of the Engineers,* from whom I was receiving instructions for my portion of the working party, a shell lit close to us and immediately burst, carrying a splinter near to Marshall's head,—he showed his disapprobation of such a liberty by impatiently exclaiming, "Oh, you brute!" as if the cold projectile had had any choice in the course it had taken. A simultaneous flight of these monsters was puzzling, as it rendered them difficult to avoid, and had not traverses been thrown up in the batteries, the casualties must have been much greater than they were. At first, these unwelcome visitors were regarded by us as *no joke*, but when accustomed to them, our men would laugh at the inconvenient accidents they occasioned, such as some fellow in the dark, in endeavouring to avoid one of these noisy intruders on our privacy, throwing himself into a spot more immediately handy than *choice*, and rising from his recumbent position adorned with the *fortunate* attributes of the Goddess Cloacina. One incident of this kind, I well remember happened to poor Rodney of the Guards. This night we got twenty-eight guns into the trenches, laid the platform, began the second parallel, and continued the approaches by the flying sap. The Santa Cruz Convent was surprised and stormed by the Light Infantry of the Germans of our Division. This last success relieved us from a very ugly flanking fire, brought on our working parties from this most ecclesiastical habitation, and the right of the trenches was thus secured. Some of the German officers suffered severely during the night's operations; one poor fellow, whose name time has obliterated from my memory, had both his legs carried off by a round shot. At three A.M. we were relieved, our Brigade having made good progress during our eleven hours' work. In the morning, we once more took our road to Espeja and again made our pedestrian ablutions, in re-passing the Agueda.

Restored to our village cabin homes, (for a soldier's home is wherever he may happen to sleep,) and cordially greeted by the Spanish peasants, we indemnified ourselves for past fatigue, by rest and provender.

About four or five P. M. of the 14th, we heard the increased fire of artillery from the siege, and knew from it that the medicine we had been preparing over-night, was now in course of administration. We were also informed the following day, that a

* Afterwards Lieut.-Col. Marshall, an energetic man and good soldier, who was wounded later in this siege.

sortie had been made by the garrison, but was checked by the working parties in the trenches, who took to their arms and repulsed the attempt. In the evening our batteries opened—twenty-five pieces were directed on the *fausse braie* and rampart, and two against the Convent of St. Francisco. Fifty pieces of cannon replied in hot haste to the opening of our guns, and the distant hills reverberated the hostile sound of eighty contending pieces of artillery. In the night, the other religious sanctuary of St. Francisco was stormed, and taken by the 40th Regiment. It would be tedious to recapitulate the same scenes which have already been described; suffice it to say, that on the 17th our Division again took its turn of duty, and once more occupied the trenches. The only difference was that our works now approached nearer to completion, and to the fated city. Lord Wellington, who never procrastinated, had ordered a battery to be formed and armed, to create a smaller breach in a turret to the left of the larger one. The cannonade became sharper and more animated. We were no longer, as when last in the enemy's vicinity, the only objects acting as targets, the "reciprocity" now was not all on *one* side.

We laboured in repairing the batteries and platforms injured by the enemy's shot. The second parallel was pushed to the Lower Tesson, within 180 yards of the ramparts: our defences were made higher as we descended the slope—firing parties were mixed with our workmen, to keep up an incessant discharge of musketry on the breach. The occupants of the little graves, as we called them, in spite of the infliction of showers of grape from the town, rendered good service. Still the garrison's shot knocked about our new-laid gabions, injured some of our guns in the batteries, wounded the Commandant of our Artillery, General Borthwick, and entirely ruined the sap, without the slightest regard to our taste or convenience. The casualties of our Division, however, were fortunately very few, in proportion to the quantities of hard material flying about, and the weight of fire brought on our works. In the morning, in a fog, we left the trenches. During these duties a feat of gourmandising was performed by a soldier of the 3rd Guards; vegetables were scarcely ever to be heard of, gardens hardly to be seen, and the constant visitation of this portion of the frontier provinces by four armies of different nations did not assist horticultural pursuits, but rendered the produce of such industry in marvellous request. The Guardsman was on piquet in a garden under the city walls, wherein he devoured so large a portion of raw cabbage, that, not having the stomach of a cow, he died, poor fellow! others in the same *paradise* of an outpost, more prudent or less voracious, secured these rarities to carry off,

And with sense more canny and less savage,
"Took the liberty to boil" their cabbage.

Considerable progress in achieving their object had been made by our breaching batteries, and again, as we dragged our slow length along towards our village shelter, we conversed on the chances of our Division storming.

On the 20th, we should again have charge of the trenches, and we trusted that by that day, the breach would be practicable, and as we had had our share of the *dirty* work, we hopefully looked forward to obtain some of the honors. But in this we were unluckily disappointed.

On the 18th our fire was resumed with increased violence, and our guns were right well served.

On the 19th, Major Sturgeon,* of the Staff Corps, having closely examined the place, both breaches were reported practicable; our battering guns were then turned against the artillery of the ramparts, a plan of attack was formed, and Lord Wellington ordered the assault for that evening. The general order to accomplish his intent was issued in that direct, succinct, and terse language so peculiar to himself.

“Head-Quarters, Jan. 19th, 1811.

“The attack upon Ciudad must be made this evening, at seven o'clock,” which sounded very much like, “the town of Ciudad must be *taken* this evening, at seven o'clock.” The assault occurred under the eye and immediate superintendence of Lord Wellington. In giving a sketch of the storming of the town, I shall confine myself to some few details drawn from memoranda of my own made at the time, information obtained from others, actors in the scene, and a pamphlet printed for private circulation, but not published, given to me by my friend Gurwood, who led the forlorn hope at the little breach. The operation of the assault was confided to the 3rd Division under Picton, who was charged with the right and centre attack, and that of the great breach; the Light Division under Craufurd, with the left attack on the small breach; and Pack’s Portuguese with a false attack on the reverse side of the town. As soon as it was dark, the 3rd Division was formed in the first parallel, the Light Division behind the Convent of San Francisco, and the Portuguese Brigade on the Agueda above the Bridge.

They all “in silent muster and with noiseless march” moved simultaneously to the posts allotted them. Hay-bags, hatchets, and scaling ladders were provided and distributed to each advance party according to the requirements of their respective services. The right attack was led by Colonel O’Toole, of the Portuguese Caçadores, the centre to the great breach by Major Manners, of the 74th, with a forlorn hope under Lieut. Mackie, of the 88th. The left was commanded by Major Napier, of the 52nd, with a forlorn hope under Lieut. Gurwood, of the same regiment. The advance or storming parties were composed, both men and officers, of volunteers—the number being limited, the selection of the can-

* Not he of the Mayor of Garret, who, with “Captain Tripe and Ensign Pattypan, returning to town in the Turnham Green stage, was stopped, robbed, and cruelly beaten by a single footpad.” This Sturgeon was a different *guess* kind of character. He was unfortunately killed by a French *tirailleur* in the south of France in 1813, while reconnoitring from a vineyard some of the enemy’s columns.

didates for this service created amongst the rejected great jealousy and discontent. All the troops reached their posts without seeming to have attracted the enemy's attention.* Lord Wellington, who had been reconnoitring the breaches in the ramparts, was standing on the top of the ruins of the Convent of San Francisco, and in person pointed out the lesser breach to Colonel Colborne and Major Napier; he addressed the latter, by saying, "Now do you understand *exactly* the way you are to take, so as to arrive at the breach without noise or confusion?" Napier's answer was, "Yes, perfectly." Some of the staff observed to Napier, "Why don't you load?" He replied, "No, if we cannot do the business without loading, we shall not do it at all." Lord Wellington instantly turned round and exclaimed, "Leave him alone."

Craufurd on all occasions of this nature, like some Greek hero or Roman leader, was much given to eloquence, and always addressed to his Division *a speech*. It was his usual way and was more a habit of his own than one requisite to such men and officers as composed the Light Division,—they would have done his bidding and *their* duty at a simple word of command. The General not speaking Portuguese, called upon Lieut.-Colonel Elder,† commanding the 3rd, or Villa Reale Caçadores of the Light Division, to address some expressions of encouragement to his men. Elder, though in command of a corps of that nation's troops, unfortunately was as innocent of the vernacular of their language as the General himself; Elder's powers of speech even in his own tongue did not run to seed or into anything at all approaching to the oratorical or classical,—more prompt in deed than word, he conveyed his communications to his corps in a kind of Anglo-Portuguese, or rather Portuguese English, a species of lingua franca peculiar to himself, but which *they* understood. His men admired his courage, liked his conduct, and would have followed him anywhere and everywhere. It is but justice to this officer to say that his battalion was in the very best possible state of discipline, and set an example advantageous for other corps to follow. At this moment the firing commenced on the right with the 3rd Division. Craufurd again impatiently called out, "D—— it, sir, why do you not obey my orders and speak energetically to your men?" Elder was puzzled and at last he roared out, "Vamos, Villa Reales!" which was about one of the greatest efforts at eloquence he had ever attempted in his life in any language. But it was effective. Elder's people were destined to carry hay-bags to throw into the ditch to lessen the depth for the men to jump down, but as some delay and mistake occurred in their delivery to the Caçadores the signal to advance was given in the meantime. Away went the storming party of 300 volunteers under Major Napier with a forlorn hope of 25 under Gurwood,—they had about 300 yards to clear before reaching the ditch of the town; these troops at once jumped in, the *fausse braie* in the centre was scaled and the foot of the breach was gained, but the ditch being dark and intricate,

* Gurwood.

† Afterwards Major-Gen. Sir George Elder.

Gurwood at first led his party too much to the left and missed the entrance to the breach, but placed his ladders against the wall of the *fausse braie*, and thus taking in flank the enemy who were defending it, they hastily retired up the breach. The other stormers went straight to their point. At this moment the leader of the forlorn hope was struck down by a wound in the head, but sprung up again and joined Major Napier and Captain Jones of the 52nd, together with Captain Mitchel of the 95th Rifles, Ferguson of the 43rd, and some other officers, who, at the head of the stormers, were all going up the breach together. When two-thirds of the ascent had been gained, the way was found so contracted with a gun placed lengthways across the top which closed the opening, that our leading men, crushed together by its narrowness towards the summit, staggered under their own efforts and the enemy's fire. Such is the instinct of self-defence, that, although no man had been allowed to load, every musket in the crowd on the breach was snapped. At this moment Major Napier was knocked down by a grape shot which shattered his arm, but he called to his men to trust to their bayonets. All the officers simultaneously sprang to the front, when the charge was renewed with a furious shout, and the entrance was gained.

The supporting regiments followed close and came up in sections abreast — Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, although very badly wounded in the shoulder, formed the 52nd on the top of the rampart, wheeled them to the left, and led them against the enemy. The 43rd went to the right, and the place was won.* During this contest, which lasted only a few minutes after the *fausse braie* was passed, the fighting had continued at the great breach with unabated violence, but when the 43rd and the stormers came pouring down upon the enemy's flank, the latter bent before the storm. Picton's Division carried the great breach after innumerable obstacles, and a continued smashing fire from the enemy. Pack, with his Portuguese Brigade, converted his false attack into a real one, and his leading parties under Major Lynch followed the enemy's troops from their advance works into the *fausse braie*, and made prisoners of all who opposed them.

All the attacks having succeeded, "in less than half an hour from the time the assault commenced our troops were in possession, and formed on the ramparts of the place, each body contiguous to the other; the enemy then submitted, having sustained considerable loss in the contest."† Unlike Baillie Nichol Jarvie's description of "fellows that would stick at nothing," our fellows stuck at everything they met. High stone walls, well-defended ramparts bristling with musketry, mines, loop-holed houses, live shells, and grape shot are irritating obstacles and likely to create delay to forward movements. It is difficult in storming a town of a dark night to know exactly the moment when resistance really ceases and forbearance should begin. The very nature of this kind of service gives great licence to dispersed combatants to form their own peculiar opinions on this very delicate subject. In such moments of

* See Napier.

† See Duke of Wellington's Dispatches.

excitement individual responsibility becomes great and the decent duties of forbearance are too frequently apt to be thrown aside in favor of settling all doubts by the bayonet. Our Division not having *assisté* as the French call it, in the storming, I shall continue to give its details as they came to my knowledge from those who were present. I will now, therefore, more at large allow my friend Gurwood to tell his own story of the assault of the place and the surrender of its Governor.

“On leaving the Bastion, to go along the rampart to the left, my attention was attracted by a cry, and I saw some soldiers of my party, one of whom was Pat Lowe, in the act of bayoneting a French officer who resisted being plundered. Having lost my sword in the breach when stunned, I picked up on the rampart a broken French musket, knocked Lowe down and saved the French officer, who complained to me of being robbed of his epaulette or something else. I told him that he might think himself lucky, after the garrison had stood an assault, to have his life saved. I said I would protect him, but that he must accompany me to the Salamanca gate, which I knew to be close at hand. He said it was useless to attempt to open it as it was *murée*—blocked up with stones. I went down, however, by one of the slopes from the rampart to examine, and found it as stated. On questioning the French officer where he thought the Governor might be, he told me, that previous to the assault he had been seen going in the direction of the great breach, but that if not killed, he would no doubt be found either in his house, or at La Tour Quarrée, or Citadel. The ramparts were filled with men of the Light Division descending into the town. On passing over the gate of St. Palayo I saw from the wall a large party of French in the ravelin of the *fausse braie* outside, crying out that they had surrendered, but we could not get at them. We then heard an explosion, and from the smoke, saw it was in the direction of the great breach. This explosion was followed by a dead silence for some moments, when it was interrupted by the bugles of the Regiments of the Light Division sounding ‘cease firing.’ I was thus assured that all was safe. I continued along the ramparts until we arrived at the Citadel or Tour Quarrée, which commanded the bridge over the river. The gate was closed. McIntyre, one of the men with me, proposed blowing the gate open by firing into the lock—but on seeing some of the enemy on the top of the turrets of the Tower, and at the recommendation of the French officer who was with me, I went round from the gate to the rampart, from whence I called out to them to surrender or they would be put to death, as the town was taken. The answer being to return to the gate, which would be opened, I did so and found admittance. I proceeded with the person who opened it to the square Tower, inside, the door of which was closed. The officer who had opened the outside gate, told me that the Governor and other officers were within the Tower. I repeated the threat that they would certainly be put to death if they did not surrender, but that I would protect them if they did. I was answered from within, ‘*Je me rendrai*

qu'au Général en Chef.' I replied that the Général en Chef would not take the trouble to come there, and that if the door was not immediately opened it would be blown open, 'qu'ils periraient tous.' After some slight hesitation, the door was unbarred and I found my way in with Corporal McIntyre and Lowe behind me. It was a square chamber, and, as I saw by the light of a lantern held up by one of them, filled with officers. The lantern was immediately knocked down by a musket from behind me and Lowe, who did it, cried out, 'Dear Mr. Gurwood, they will murder you.' All was now dark, excepting from the light of the moon then rising and shining through the open door from behind us. I was seized round the neck, and I fully expected a sword in my body; but my alarm ceased immediately on the person kissing me, saying, 'Je suis le Gouverneur de la place, le Général Barrié; je suis votre prisonnier.' He then took off his sword and gave it me. I received it, telling him that I would take him to the Général en Chef, to whom he should surrender his sword. I conducted him out of the Tower, saying that I would protect any of the officers who chose to accompany me. I told McIntyre and Lowe that I no longer required them, and I descended with my prisoners from the Tower into the town, proceeding by the main street which led from the bridge to the Plaza Mayor. There was still some firing going on, but chiefly from plunderers blowing open the doors of houses, by applying their muskets to the locks. At the request of the Governor I proceeded to his house in the Plaza. The troops were pouring in on all sides, most of them of the 3rd Division. I called out as I went for Lord Wellington, when a gruff and imperious voice, which I knew to be that of General Picton, said, 'What do you want with Lord Wellington, sir? you had better join your regiment.'

"Fearing to lose my prisoners, I made no reply, but having ascertained while in the Governor's house, from Captain Rice Jones, of the Engineers, that Lord Wellington was coming into town from the suburb of St. Francisco, by the little breach, I followed that direction. On leaving the Plaza Mayor, and when out of hearing of General Picton, I continued crying out, 'Lord Wellington, Lord Wellington!' In the care and protection of my prisoners I necessarily overlooked and abandoned many things, and heeded not the excesses I witnessed in my passage through the town, and on arriving at that part of the rampart in the vicinity of the little breach, I again cried out 'Lord Wellington!' when a voice which I recognised, exclaimed, 'Who wants me?' I immediately proceeded up the slope near the rampart—I crossed the trench with the Governor, the officer commanding the Artillery, and three or four other officers, and I presented to Lord Wellington the Governor, to whom I gave back his sword, which I had carried since his surrender. Lord Wellington immediately said to me, 'Did you take him?' I replied, 'Yes, sir, I took him in the Citadel above the Almeida gate.' Upon which, giving the sword to me, he said, 'Take it, you are the proper person to wear it.' The rising moon and some few houses on fire near the little breach

rendered everything around visible. Lord Wellington, turning to Colonel Barnard* (of the 95th Rifles), said, 'Barnard, as Generals Craufurd and Vandeleur are wounded, you command the Light Division; you command in the town, have it evacuated *immediately*.' Lord Wellington then spoke to the Governor and the officer of the French Artillery, respecting the gates and magazines, and gave other directions, at which moment Marshal Beresford asked me what was going on in the town, and on my telling him of the plunder and excesses I had witnessed on my passage through it, he repeated this to Lord Wellington. General Barrié interrupted them, on which Lord Wellington turned round to his Aide-de-Camp, Lord Clinton, and said, 'Take him away.' Seeing the Governor look very much cast down, I was in the act of giving him back his sword, when the Prince of Orange † or Lord March, ‡ pulled me by the skirt of my jacket, and one of them, I believe Lord March, said, 'Don't be such a — fool.'

Now Lieut.-Gen. Sir Andrew Barnard, Deputy Governor of Chelsea.
Late King of the Netherlands. † Now Duke of Richmond.

PLEASANT DAYS.

WHEN the opening flowers,
Heralds of the spring,
Freshened by soft showers,
Sweetest odours bring;
When with merry voice,
Birds begin their lays,
And in spring rejoice—
These are pleasant days !

When the summer's glow
Shines upon the ground,
Light and warmth bestow
Brighter colours round—
In cool shades we lie,
While the sunbeam plays
Through the clear blue sky—
These are pleasant days !

Summer's lingering prints,
When cool breezes chase ;
When rich autumn's tints
Gayer hues efface—

When earth plenty yields,
When the footstep strays
Through rich harvest fields—
These are pleasant days !

When with dazzling white
Winter clothes the earth;
When the bright fire-light
Wakens song and mirth ;
Friends we love to greet,
Round the cheerful blaze,
Oft in twilight meet—
These are pleasant days !

'Tis a fool who lives
For one time alone ;
Every season gives
Pleasures of its own.
Happy he who finds
Each to merit praise ;
To contented minds
All are pleasant days !

M. A. B.

LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

“ In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. Why then, faint youth,
Do you with cheeks abash'd shrink from your fate,
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistivè constancy ?”

SHAKESPEARE (with a varied reading).

HERE I am, then, adrift again on the wide waters of uncertainty; sitting, with my arms folded in the “sad knot” of perplexity’s stupor; while the boat of my destiny, sail-less, rudder-less, and unprovisioned, passively awaits any good or evil that the waves or the winds may bring to bear upon it. The sea-sickness, produced by the heavings of a calm which succeeds to the tempest, is, to a bad sailor, of all such maladies the worst; and I remained for some days, after the lull of the Soanean storm, prostrate, as it were, in the bottom of my rocking barque; incapable of lifting my head over its gunwale;—a very wretch; unworthy, perhaps, even of pity. To conclude this sad and silly paragraph, with the preservation of my nautical simile, I was at length taken in tow by a friendly craft, harboured for a while in the comfort of repose, and rigged out anew for fresh enterprise.

My kind benefactor H. B. having invigorated me with a week’s breathing of the bracing air of Hampstead Heath, and the cheerful tone of my mind being restored by the lively but sympathising socialities of his family, he thus addressed my no less astonished than grateful apprehension. “W——,” said he, “to show you the confidence I have in your future success, as my only, but all-sufficient, security, I propose to become your banker, with an advance to the amount of three hundred pounds; and, to relieve you from all sense of obligation, you shall hold yourself liable to pay me interest at the highly remunerative rate of five per cent. for the whole, or for so much of it as you may require. Engage, instantly, apartments of a respectable official character in a good professional locality. Put a brass plate on your door, announcing ‘Mr. W——, ARCHITECT.’ Get your views of the Roman Ruins handsomely mounted; obtain an estimate for having them well lithographed, and for the printing of a suitable accompanying letter-press. Let one lithograph be immediately prepared, and have something more than the full number of required impressions taken. By showing the drawings and the sample print, obtain as many subscribers as you can from the profession and other influential persons. So much of your time as remains unoccupied by conducting the publication of your pictorial work, and in filling your subscription list, you will of course give to (at least apparent) professional work in your office. Seek work—and, if you cannot obtain it, *make* work. Let those who come to see your Roman Views and to enter their names as subscribers, find you occupied upon plans for things,—you know what:

town-halls, and churches, and literary institutions, and national academies. Look out for advertisements 'to architects;' try for premiums, and never mind not obtaining them; meanwhile, I'll venture to predict your work's subscription list will support you; and if it do not, something else will, depend upon it!"

So spake my friend H. B. Another friend (previously introduced to the reader, Jack R——), was of opinion, that I required "nothing but to be known;" to which end he facetiously suggested that I should put on a pair of tight "inexpressibles," with one red and one yellow leg, and walk daily from Charing Cross to the Mansion House, till people should become universally bent on learning who the d—l that most distinguished and party-coloured individual might be? Then would follow the answer: "O, that's W——, the author of 'Twenty Select Views of the Roman Antiquities,' and the prospective designer of the countless architectural works which will be hereafter similarly illustrated by some young aspirant of posterity, under the title of 'Select Views of the London Remains.'" About that time the celebrated Romeo Coates had been manifesting all the advantages that belong to personal eccentricity, by driving about in a car like a cockle-shell, and by dying over and over again, as an amateur Romeo at the Haymarket Theatre. Perhaps I should have done well, could I have emulated the conduct of the redoubted Coates; but though I lacked not ambition, yet was I passing cowardly; and, if a pun may be excused, in connection with so serious a subject, I fancy that the advice of my friend Jack would have been "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

I therefore adopted the counsel of my friend H. B., who, although as alive to fun as the well-known caricaturist signing with the same initials, had yet as grave a purpose in his significant performances. I took the front ground-floor room of No. 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, with a sleeping garret in the roof. A brass plate announced me as aforesaid; and I was thereafter to be found as hard at work at my drawing-table, with as much solemnity of aspect, and as much seemingly important occupation, as ever gave professional dignity to the Pecksniff of world-wide celebrity. Ah! that dear old drawing-table! I'm writing on it now. It cost me six pounds. It was the first real piece of furniture I ever bought, and it is the last I will part with. It has had three or four new black leather coverings; and has been, for near thirty years, the stage of pleasurable, painful, interesting, harassing effort; the support of my sedentary diligence; and the silent witness of that minute industry by lamp-light which prematurely mounted on my nose a pair of spectacles. My next purchase was a glazed mahogany book-case, with a most official-like *escritoire*, fascinatingly furnished with drawers gemmed with ivory buttons; with pigeon-holes for folded papers; a falling front, sustained in its horizontal position by brass quadrants, so as to serve as a writing-desk, charmingly verdant with green baize; all required fitments for ink and pens, wax and wafers; and large drawers underneath admirably adapted for store of drawing paper and miscellaneous stationery. What with a few books already in hand, some others presented me by

D. B., and my third grand purchase, "Nicholson's Architectural Dictionary," I so contrived their "thinly scattered" disposition as "to make up a show." A large geometrical and practical-looking drawing in a plain flat oak frame, hung over the mantel-shelf, completed my official insignia; and, thus, the scenery and the "properties" being prepared, the next thing was to act the drama in real earnest.

My father-in-law had a rich acquaintance, a member of the stock-exchange—and, more than that, a Member of Parliament! "Don't talk of *my* suggesting the publication of your 'Views,' said my friend H. B. Get the M.P. to do it." I obeyed. The drawings were displayed; my intentions modestly put into the form of question; their reasonableness confirmed, and their fulfilment "suggested" by the very persuasive argument of a present of thirty pounds in earnest of my patron's sincerity, and, probably, in kindly recollection of the fact, that he was the godfather of my affianced lady-love. Here was a brave beginning! Estimates were obtained from the lithographer, Mr. T. M. Baynes, and from the lithographic and letter-press printers. I prepared outlines of all the drawings in soft pencil, so that my artist might at once, and without trouble, obtain accurate transfers of them, in reverse, upon the stones; and a beautiful proof was soon furnished, of the Roman Forum, as the specimen plate. The buildings were as truthfully treated as in my own drawings, while the clouds, the foreground, the figures, and other characteristic local accessories, were touched off with an artistic effect, greatly, enhancing the pictorial character of the subject. The circulation of this print seemed all-sufficient. The visitors to see the drawings were few indeed; so that my opportunities for Pecksniffian display were next to *nil*. But I have no doubt *my* many friends "bored" *their* many friends with industrious importunity; and the result was a speedily-obtained list of names, including many of all grades, from dukes and bishops to commoners and small salaried clerks; and, to say the least of it, the security of my speculation was made good, so far as related to the return of my outlay on three hundred copies; for which return, the sale of two hundred copies would suffice. Then, putting down twenty-five copies for the gratuitous presentation required by the Government to certain national institutions, and by the critics for the privilege of their published notices, I reckoned on a clear profit from the sale of the remaining seventy-five.

One morning a remarkably handsome looking youth, some years my junior, called by request of one of my well-wishers to enter his name on my subscription list. He came, intending only to stay a few minutes; but he remained as many hours; and, in the course of that morning's colloquy, I had the good fortune to excite the interest, attach the heart, and confirm the established friendship of Edwin L—— for ever. At all events, it is rather late in the day to doubt the fact, since we have maintained our affectionate alliance for near thirty years; and, thank God, I see no sign of its decay. I have alluded to him before; but it is

only now that he first appears with chronological propriety. There can have been, at the time, nothing to engage him, save my past struggles and my present dependence, unless, indeed, he conceived that generous regard for my intended wife, whom he saw soon after, and for whose sake possibly he continued the more to exert himself for the future husband.

The preparation of manuscript for the letter-press of my pictured folio, the continued reception of lithographic and printer's proofs, the pride of appearing at once as artist and author on India and fine wove paper, the employment of stitching women in clothing the successive numbers in their covers, and the varied remaining occupation in conducting the work and forwarding it to my subscribers, was healthful excitement of the most pleasing quality; and, as the notices from the public press were all of a kindly indulgent and eulogistic character, I had reason to be happy in the relief of my mind in relation to the singularly liberal (though, as I feared, the rashly imprudent) assistance offered me by my friend H. B. I soon ceased to draw upon him; and, long before my work was out, repaid him what I had taken,—though not with interest, since he would receive none; “for when,” said he, with the Merchant of Venice, “did friendship take a breed of barren metal of his friend?” He took a few copies of my work instead; regaining the amount of his loan, minus the “value of goods received.”

Well, the “Twenty Select Views of the Roman Antiquities, by G. W.—, Architect, of No. 2, Duke Street, Adelphi,” were at length completed. The friendly debt was redeemed. The cost of the work was liquidated. As reckoned on, between seventy and eighty copies remained, to afford the sweets of well-earned remuneration, in the substantial form of between one hundred and fifty and two hundred pounds. This would reimburse the outlay of my year's travel in Italy. The out-goings of my professional education were about to be balanced by the in-comings of my professional industry. The dawn of a bright future was breaking, and “the winter of my discontent” was on the eve of being “made glorious summer” by the rising sun of success! It is true, I had little to hope from “the trade;” *i. e.* from the booksellers. Copies had been forwarded to them from time to time “on sale or return;” but, though their 30 per cent. commission on 2*l.* 10*s.* was not a thing to be despised, there were but very few copies sold from the shops. The manner, too, of those who did sell, was so superciliously mild, that my pride would not allow of my taking their money; so like an exemplary simpleton, I took out the amount in books or prints. This, however, gave me that modest impression of myself and book, which otherwise might have been wanting, to my subsequent detriment; and I was left to the very wholesome reflection, that, whatever the merit of my industry, abstractedly considered, its results were almost wholly attributable to the exertions of my friends, and to the submissive, rather than impulsive, liberality of those to whom they had applied for subscriptions. Instead of feeling that my subscribers had received their *quid pro quo*, I was bound, in becoming lowliness, to consider that I had

received their *donations*, and that the pictured and printed paper, supplied by me in return, was little more than a handsome form of *receipt*, in acknowledgment of money given. The conditions of benefactor and recipient were liberally maintained on both sides ; but the obligation still rested wholly with the latter. " Be it so," said I, " there is yet a considerable reserved opportunity for benefaction to exercise itself, and I will continue to be humbly grateful."

One of the booksellers, having had by him for some weeks the two copies sent for sale, met me, on the occasion of my calling to learn progress, with an originally applied quotation from a book which is usually deemed of an unsecular character. " As it was in the beginning, sir," said he, " it is now, and ever shall be." Another, more practical in his views, recommended me to find out some respectable itinerant vendor, with the gift of persuasion, who might dispose of my work as many others of the kind had been disposed of. He named such a person ; but he forgot to enjoin me to that caution which he had himself (as I afterwards learned) so prudently observed. He had, however, no reason to suspect his man ; and as little reason, perhaps, to mistrust *me* in the practice of that common sagacity which was intuitive in himself and men of the world in general.

I engaged my peripatetic agent. He was a little sharp-looking busy man. He went forth taking five copies of my book ; and, with unexpected promptness, returned to deliver me the money, and start with five more. " These," said I, giving him something less or more than that number, " are all that I have prepared for sale. The remaining copies are all in sheets, and I should like you to name me some binder with whom I may bargain for putting them into boards." He knew " the very man ;" and, on the following day he brought him ;—Mr. Thomson : not only a man of paste, but of piety ; a most grave-looking and conscientious Methodist. So the bargain was made : and Mr. Thomson soon after returned with a hand-cart, and took off the whole of my residue copies " to do them off hand, at once." Two or three copies were to be handsomely bound for especial service, and these were to be sent home alone, and as soon as possible. In a few days the latter were brought, and their binding paid for. Next came my peripatetic, with more gold, and abundant encouragement ; and I began to dread the workings of " the Enemy" in respect to that augmenting love of money which is said to be the natural consequence of its increased possession ! My active friend, however, must wait for *me* ; and I must wait for *Mr. Thomson*.

I waited long : long beyond the appointed day. Mr. Thomson came not ; and, what was extraordinary, my little Jackal came not to inquire of him. I understood, the former lived somewhere in Chelsea, and the latter somewhere in the neighbourhood of Golden Square,—a proper locality for such a money-maker. My original informant, the bookseller, could not assist me ; but, when I told him the circumstances of my case, he seemed intensely interested in it, and profoundly full of pity for myself. The joke was too

good a one for him to laugh at. The smile, which played for a moment on his lips, gave way to their suddenly fixed compression; and, after a few moments pause, he gave me a significant look and most portentous nod, concluding with the emphatic observation,—“Sir; I’m very much afraid—you are *done!*” “Very likely,” said I, “for Mr. Thomson’s engagement, when he took away my surplus cargo of copies, was, in his own words, ‘To do them off-hand at once!’” “Doubtless,” rejoined the bookseller, “they’re off *your* hands at once and for ever; and into whose hands they may now be transferring, is a secret which you will be a clever man to discover.”

Chelsea was pestered by me for some time, just as poor *Mons. Morbleau* was persecuted by inquiries for *Mons. Tonson*. The neighbourhood of Golden Square refused to give up its little man of metal. I have never since heard anything of either; and have only to hope they have been honest towards one another in equally dividing the spoils of their united cunning. To those ladies and gentlemen who are possessed of G. W.’s “Twenty Select Views of the Roman Antiquities,” through the exertions, and to the exclusive benefit, of Mr. Thomson and Co., G. W. begs to return his most grateful acknowledgments. He “thanks them,” as the saying is, “all the same;” and he feels flattered in the assurance, that, at whatever cost to himself, the remainder of his work should have found its way at last, through whatever means, into such very good company. Out of some eighty of its possessors, who received it from my little peripatetic or his agents, seventy have handsomely rewarded a couple or more of very *deserving* missionaries; and, for a time at least, may have preserved them from the persecutions of a fanatical police, and from the trying routine of the tread-mill.

So much for my first grand professional move as an author.*

* The following extract, from a notice in the “Atlas” newspaper, is pertinent to the subject of this chapter; and bears not less on the presumption of the incompetent pretender, than on the trials which cultivated capability has often to encounter:—

“Antiquities of Rome, by George Wightwick, Architect. No. I. — The mere draughtsman in the office of an architect, is as much an object of commiseration as the mere writer in the office of an attorney; both are worked and jaded like Hounslow post-horses, and both are as inadequately rewarded for their labour. In the former situation, unless a youth exhibit some considerable portion of original talent, which will propel him into notice, or possess the golden fortune of powerful patronage, his almost infallible doom is to be a drudge all his days, and it would have been better for that youth had he been apprenticed to a bookbinder or a shoemaker. But whether the boy who is intended for an architect possess the original talent, or have the prospect of patronage, or whether he be deficient in one or other of these requisites towards his future advancement, it is as necessary for him as it is for the shoemaker or bookbinder to acquire an intimacy with the *materiel* wherewith he is to work. This must be so obvious, that the observation may appear a trite one; there are, notwithstanding, geniuses in this country who subscribe ‘architect’ to their names, that are as ignorant of the qualities of timber, and of the mechanical properties and powers of joinery, as if they were newly-imported Esquimaux. We knew one lucky numskull who made a series of drawings for a roof, which rneyman carpenter told him would fall in before the slates were put on

Although its expected sequent benefits had been suddenly cut off, my work had paid itself, and, during its bringing out, had supported me. The prophecy of my friend H. B. had, so far, been fulfilled; and I had faith in its yet uncompleted promise, that when my subscription money should fail, some other means would be provided me. "Remember," said H. B., "I am still your banker to the same amount, and *on the same terms* as before: therefore draw upon me when you will. I would have availed myself of this, had it been necessary, so far as to enable me to complete an entire twelvemonth's trial as an architect on my own account, in London; for my title to that distinction was wholly confined to the simple manifestation on my brass door-plate. I had found time to work hard as a candidate in one or two competitions; but I did not then,—I have not since,—and, were I still in the profession, I never should succeed. The necessities for my own personal economy always subdued me to a belief in the economical limits of the advertisers. My designs were ever such as I should have made for myself, under a determination of being rather under than over the means positively in hand; but all experience has proved, that such spiritlessly correct, such parsimoniously conscientious efforts, will be trodden down, or kicked out of the arena, by the exhibitory display of columnar and other decorative accessories, though the whole of them may thereafter be omitted for want of funds, or executed to the amount of a large bill of extras. To this subject I may, hereafter, have to recur. It is enough for the present, to say, that I neither obtained a premium for the Town Hall, at Brighton, nor for the Corn Market, at Bishop Stortford. My fishing-tackle was thrown out also, in a few other directions, and I had one or two nibbles; but, just as I seized my rod, the float lay still again on the water, and seemed, with smiling maliciousness, to wink at me, as much as to say, "I wish you may get it." It is true, a Blackheath gentleman gave me the opportunity of advertising myself, by saying, if I would *give* him a design for a porch, he would be at the expense of building it. The design was given,—the porch built: but its influence upon the discriminating public of the locality, though including many of my acquaintances, was catholic only in respect to the approval it obtained,—the inference being, of course, that such approval was "a little more than kind, and less than critical." I was also commissioned to survey, on the part of the insured, a house that had been damaged by fire; and I had the honour of meeting a certain renowned architect, who acted on behalf of the Insurance Office. I knew not whether *he* was paid; being only

it. There are numbers in the profession who are not only good draughtsmen and clever designers, but have an excellent practical knowledge of the inferior though important branches of the science, but who nevertheless are doomed to struggle on in obscurity; and Mr. Wightwick has, with honest candour, acknowledged in the preface of his work, that so completely are the advance-posts in the profession occupied, that young aspirants have no resource left, but to make themselves known by a patrician species of puffing; and he concludes by stating, that he has undertaken the present work as 'a card, a notice, an advertisement.'

sure that *I* was not. I had also, in my twelvemonth's work, produced designs for an "Academy of the Arts," a "Hall of Science," a "Theatre," and a "Temple to Shakspeare, and the Dramatists of the Antique and Middle Ages." In short, I had done all I could to be-Pecksniff those who might call upon me; but the callers were few indeed, and, with equal certainty, none were be-Peck-sniffed.

My landlord was a man of much gentle sympathy and feeling. He had never recovered from a nervous depression, which he attributed to the loss of his wife, whom he ever and anon alluded to, with tears in his eyes, as "one of the finest women that ever God made." He would lie in bed the greater part of many days, enjoying the only relief he could find, in what he termed "a gentle perspiration." Judging from the peculiar character of the atmosphere of his room, it would appear that he followed the intimation given in the song, which speaks of keeping the spirits up by pouring spirits down,—the flavour of his bed-chamber being unmistakeably that of gin. But it was said, that any kind of beverage partaking of the alcoholic came not amiss to him. He kindly let me have the use of his cellar, *i.e.* of a spacious vault, in one corner of which lay its only contents,—my half-dozen, or less, of port, and my half-dozen, or less, of sherry. That dozen, in all, was my only deposit during the twelvemonth. The maid-servant had brought me up a bottle from time to time, without particularly marking the extent of my stock, and supposing, that on certain occasions of her not being at hand, I had been my own butler. My "cellar book" showed, that eight or nine bottles had been abstracted; but, on seeking another bottle, to celebrate the completed publication of the "Twenty Select Views of the Roman Antiquities" the cellar itself, with an expression of vacant significance, intimated the departure of the entire dozen! The maiden had observed, she did not think her poor master had taken quite so much gin of late, and I allowed the good honest creature—I mean the said maiden—to remain ignorant of my apprehensions; but I could with difficulty resist the impression that some of my juice of the grape had been promotive of a little "gentle perspiration," or that it had been religiously quaffed to the immortal memory of "one of the finest women that ever God made."

THE BOX TUNNEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE."

THE 10.15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, singularly enough, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly-marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change colour, and a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth, her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending greyish dress, buttoned to the throat, with lozenge-shaped buttons, a Scotch shawl that agreeably evaded the responsibility of colour. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand and a *souçon* of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it. Her opposite neighbour was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation, that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young man. He was a cavalry officer aged twenty-five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one; it was far from being one of those sub-nasal pig-tails, on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the colour of tobacco juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang on him, they sat on him; he had an engaging smile, and, what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other peoples', who have none:—in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets—a *young gentleman*. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow-officer—they were talking about, what it is far better not to do, women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance at his fair *vis-à-vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, and in that whisper (the truth must be told) the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three, that he who was going down with us to Bath and immortality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road.—“Done!” “Done!” Now I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised, should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation, but “nobody is wise at all hours,” not even when the clock is striking five-and-twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and, the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twyford one lady dropped her handkerchief, Captain Dolignan fell on it like a tiger and returned it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading, the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day, he bought a “Times” and a “Punch;” the latter was full of steel-pen thrusts

and wood-cuts. Valour and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctured by Punch. Now laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon, who so devoted as Captain Dolignan—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and cochinealed* one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other; on their return to the carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter, the average one would have stayed with us, till all was blue, ourselves included: not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, dragoon—so Venus remained in *tête-à-tête* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how *empresé*, how expressive he becomes:—such was Dolignan after Swindon, and to do the dog justice, he got handsomer and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream,—such was Miss Haythorn, she became demurer and demurer: presently our Captain looked out of window and laughed, this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn. “We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel.”—“Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?” said the lady.

“Invariably.”

“What for?”

“Why! hem! it is a gentleman's joke.”

“Oh! I don't mind it's being silly if it makes me laugh.” Captain Dolignan thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following:—“A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel—there was one gentleman opposite, it was pitch dark; after the tunnel, the lady said, ‘George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel.’—‘I did no such thing!’—‘You didn't?’—‘No! why?’—‘Why, because somehow I thought you did!’” Here Captain Dolignan laughed and endeavoured to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn. “Ah!”

Dolignan. “What is the matter?”

Miss H. “I am frightened.”

Dolig. (moving to her side), “Pray do not be alarmed, I am near you.”

Miss H. “You *are* near me, very near me indeed, Captain Dolignan.”

Dolig. “You know my name!”

Miss Haythorn. “I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place.”

Dolig. “I could be content to spend hours here, reassuring you, sweet lady.”

* This is supposed to allude to two decoctions called port and sherry, and imagined by one earthly nation to partake of a vinous nature.

Miss H. "Nonsense!"

Dolig. Pweep! (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means.)

Miss H. "Ee!"

Friend. "What is the matter?"

Miss H. "Open the door! open the door!"

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer, with all the insolence I can command at present, "Hit boys as big as yourself," bigger perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, *sore* against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost a part of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door,—his late friends attempted to escape on the other side,—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his foot a look of gentle blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon balls and linstocks; he had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, but with it some sort of moral poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentleman-like word or action, as to brush his own trowsers below the knee.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly and as coldly answered that he had known a man lose his life for the same thing; "*That is nothing,*" continued the Major, "but unfortunately he deserved to lose it."

At this the blood mounted to the younger man's temples, and his senior added, "I mean to say he was thirty-five, you, I presume, are twenty-one!"

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing; will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the £3 that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard when I won it!"

"Do it for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this

dragoon capable of a blush did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance, and this was his first damper. A week after these events, he was at a ball, not the first, since his return, *bien entendu*. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking, in vain, for a lady, equal in personal attractions, to the idea he had formed of George Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look: “It can’t be!”—“Yes, it is!” Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name!) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a pea-hen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—and he, alone, must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing, but having begun with kissing, it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignan was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured: “Who was this man?” “and what right had he to go on so?” “He had never kissed her, I suppose,” said Dolly. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight, trying to find out who this beauty was,—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her, in this way; a lawyer’s clerk paid him a little visit and commenced a little action against him, in the name of Miss Haythorn for insulting her in a Railway Train.

The young gentleman was shocked, endeavoured to soften the lawyer’s clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady’s name, however, was at least revealed by this untoward incident; from her name to her address, was but a short step; and the same day, our crest-fallen hero lay in wait at her door—and many a succeeding day without effect. But one fine afternoon, she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest Parade. Dolignan did the same, he met and passed her many times on the Parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look, nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone,—then her culprit summoned resolution, and taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous for the first time, besought permission to address her. She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he *was*

* When our successful rival is ugly the blow is doubly severe, crushing—we fall by bludgeon: we who thought the keenest rapier might perchance thrust at us in vain.

punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was; and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man, who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation; he told her the action had been commenced in her name; she gently shrugged her shoulders, and said, "How stupid they are." Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

"She did not know—"!

"She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the crescent, where *everybody was to be*. They parted, and Dolignan determined to be at the ball, where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident, when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke,—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last with joy, that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box Tunnel, that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R.N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listing to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quarter-Deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "It was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose." My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness which encouraged him; that consciousness deepened into confusion—she tried to laugh, she cried instead, and then she smiled again; and when he kissed her hand at the door it was "George" and "Marian," instead of Captain this and Miss the other. A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays)—these two were very happy—they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before—ducklike, and delicious; all bright, except her clothes: but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite; and she

drank him in gently, from under her long eye-lashes. "Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—no—" "Yes! yes!"

"Well then! you remember the Box Tunnel," (this was the first allusion he had ventured to it)—"I am ashamed to say—I had bet \$l. to 10l. with White, I would kiss one of you two ladies," and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

"I know that, George; I overheard you;" was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me? impossible."

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet, how singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know, but what about it?"

"That if you did you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh!—but stay—then you could not have been so very angry with me, love;—why, dearest, then who brought that action against me?"

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

"I was afraid you were forgetting me! George, you will never forgive me!"

"Sweet angel—why here is the Box Tunnel!"

Now reader—fie!—no! no such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way, every time we come to a dark place—besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people—no such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time!

TO THE CYPRESS.

SLOW-WAVING Cypress of the land of song!
 Perennial mourner!—though thou art
 Amid the glories of the sylvan throng,
 Most eloquent of sadness to the heart;
 Yet ever welcome to the weary eye,
 Thy graceful shaft of foliated green,
 Against the azure of the morning sky,
 Upreared in beauty, solemn and serene.
 And where afar Day's vesper-beacons blaze
 Upon Fiesole or Mario's height,
 Touching with flame each mountain altar round,
 Shed on thy verdant cones a rosy gleam,
 And winds among thy boughs a requiem sound,
 What fitting cenotaphs for man ye seem!

CAMPAIGNS OF TURKEY ON THE DANUBE.

THE general opinion is that the Turks, having established their power in Europe by the capture of Constantinople, proceeded to extend it gradually for two or three centuries, until they at length menaced Vienna, and put Christendom itself in jeopardy. The truth, however, is not so. Mahomed the Second, who made himself master of Constantinople in the middle of the fifteenth century, pushed his victories and conquest very nearly as far as any of his successors on this side of the Bosphorus. And the marvel to one who contemplates Turkish history is, not so much the wonderful progress or advance of their arms over the prostrate lands of the Christian, as the wonderful hardihood with which the few, scattered, and ill-armed people and princes of the south-west of Europe struggled against the terrible concentration of military power in the hands of the Turks, and kept them two centuries at bay, till European and Christian kingdoms learned to unite, and present the weight, number, and seal of their soldiers, equal to those of the Turks.

Mahomed the Second, who captured Constantinople, overran and made his own, in a very little time after that conquest, all the countries south of the Danube. Servia became his more completely than it belonged to many of his successors. Bosnia he subdued. He made Wallachia tributary. He overran Carinthia and Carniola. He pillaged Styria and the Tyrol, took Otranto by storm, and massacred its inhabitants. In short, the Turkish armies advanced as far into Europe in the few years immediately subsequent to the capture of Constantinople, as they did in the course of the two following centuries.

The first important battle that the Turks fought with the people of the nations north of the Danube, was that of Mohatz. When Mahomed and Selim turned their arms in that direction there were none but petty princes to oppose them: the country was not roused against inroads which were new, and which did not yet manifest themselves as the forerunners of a system of conquest. But when Solyman ascended the throne, in 1520, it was evidently his intention and design to humble and subdue every Christian power that he could reach. His first act, that of the capture of Belgrade, was startling; his reduction of Rhodes as alarming. When, therefore, in 1526, Solyman passed the Danube with upwards of 100,000 men and 300 pieces of large artillery, directing his course towards Ofen, the Hungarians were called on to defend the independence of their soil. King Louis of Hungary could not number 25,000 men against the 100,000, or, as Montecuculi insists, the 300,000 Turks of Solyman. The battle of Mohatz is briefly told. The troops of the king of Hungary were, as is still usual in that country, chiefly horse. They charged in a mass at the com-

mencement of the battle, burst through the two Turkish lines, and came to fight the band around Solyman himself, who was in the third line. But the Turks were in such numbers, that they were able to turn the Hungarians, and attack them in flank and rear. So that, although the Hungarians slew and destroyed, they were not numerous enough to rout their foes, or to support a lengthened contest. In two hours the battle was over, the Hungarian king slain, the horses of his cavalry hamstrung, and the bodies of their brave cavaliers floating down the Danube. But four thousand Hungarians were taken prisoners, and Solyman caused them all to be massacred.

The results of the battle were the election of Ferdinand of Austria to be King of Hungary, whilst his rival Zapolya did obeisance to Solyman for the same crown. The Turks took Ofen. It was retaken by Ferdinand, but captured again by Solyman, who then raised Zapolya to the throne. On the 27th of September in the same year Solyman encamped before Vienna. He had 250,000 men under his command, and Vienna had but a garrison of 16,000 men: with such unequal forces did Christendom, in the palmy days of Charles the Fifth, resist the Turks. The artillery, too, of the Turks was vastly superior to that of their adversaries, and a breach was soon made, both right and left of the Carinthian Gate. The breach was stormed three times by the Ottomans, and three times were they repulsed by its gallant defenders. The Sultan gave twenty ducats to each of his soldiers to encourage them, and again they rushed to the breach; the Grand Vizier Ibrahim drove them with his stick. But it was in vain; the German defenders of the breach stood firm, and, Turkish confidence having evaporated, Solyman the Magnificent was obliged to beat a retreat with his 200,000 men from before the few thousands that manned the walls of Vienna. Solyman, having set fire to his camp and burnt his stores, set free all his prisoners, except the young women, whom he carried off. On the 14th of October the steeple bells of Vienna sounded a peal in token of the city's deliverance. Von Hammer denies, and indeed disproves, the random assertion of Robertson, that the raising the siege of Vienna was owing to treachery on the part of the Grand Vizier.

The defeat of the Hungarians at Mohacz, coupled with the success of the Germans in the defence of Vienna with so small a force against so powerful an army, suggested the most prudent and efficacious way of checking the progress of the Turkish arms. It was, in fact, the same which the Germans and French employed in the 9th and 10th centuries against the barbarian tribes which menaced the different kingdoms which composed the Empire of Charlemagne with a fate similar to that which had befallen the Roman empire. Instead of meeting the Turks with their forces collected in an army, and led by a monarch, the Hungarian nobles fortified each his castle or his tower, and from behind their ramparts defied the hosts of janissaries and spahis. The reign of Solyman was long, but after the battle of Mohacz, the Germans and Hungarians, under the direction of the crafty and subtle brother

of Charles the Fifth, never gave the opportunity of a defeat in a general engagement. War became pretty much then a series of sieges. In these the Turks showed infinite valour and skill, their artillery breaching every fortress, and the janissaries then marching to the assault with exemplary hardihood. But the valour of the Christian defenders was no less exemplary, so that, after a quarter of a century's hard fighting, Solyman was master of far less of Hungary than he had been in his first campaign.

The most striking and most worthy of being recorded of these sieges, was that of Zegeth, in 1566. Dispatching an army into Transylvania, Solyman the Great, at the head of the greater part of his force, advanced by Belgrade into Hungary. The old Sultan was obliged to travel in a carriage, the gout rendering the fatigue of horseback too great for him. At Semlin, the Sultan received in great pomp young Sigismund, to whom he promised the inheritance of the crown of Transylvania, and of the country east of the Theiss. He then pushed forward for the purpose of taking Erlau, which a little before had made a most vigorous resistance; beat off an army of Turks, and defeated their whole plan of campaign. Whilst on the march, Count Zriny, of Zigeth, surprised a pasha with a division and slew them. Goaded like a lion at the wound, Solyman turned short upon Zigeth. He brought one hundred and fifty thousand men before it, and a numerous artillery. But Zigeth, well protected by the river Almas, defied him. After fifteen days of siege, the Turks became masters of the new town. But the citadel held out, and Solyman suffering in health, offered Zriny all Croatia, if he would surrender. Zriny would not listen. Solyman made breach after breach, and ordered assault after assault. All in vain. At last, the Turks directed their efforts to a huge mine, which they sprung under the principal bastion. Its explosion was terrible. The bastion itself flew into air, and illumined country and town with its lurid glare. It might well appal the besieged, for it slew Solyman the Magnificent. The Sultan expired in his tent. Such an event, if known, would have distracted the army, and caused the siege to be raised. So the grand Vizier strangled the imperial physician, who alone knew of the Sultan's death, and kept it a profound secret, issuing the usual orders, and giving things their due form, as if Solyman, though indisposed, was still alive. The explosion of the grand bastion rendered an assault no longer dangerous and uncertain; in fact, Zriny saw that he could not resist. He therefore called his chamberlain, clothed himself in his silken tunic, put his golden chain about his neck, and his hat with heron plumes and diamond aigrette on his head. He then took the keys of the citadel, and with 200 golden ducats threw them in his pocket, saying, he who slays me, shall not complain of want of reward. Swinging his sabre, Zriny exclaimed, "It was with this weapon that I won my first honour in war, and with it will now appear before the throne of the Eternal to hear my judgment." He then descended without casque or armour, leading six hundred of his garrison who consented to die with him. The Turks were already enter-

ing the walls, and forcing the breach. They arrived close to the bridge which led to the great gate. Zriny ordered the gate to be flung open, and a great mortar loaded with grape to be discharged, which swept the bridge clean. Zriny and his six hundred brave followers then rushed upon the Turks, and perished to a man. The dead body of Zriny was at last brought to the Turkish commander, who caused it to be decapitated on a cannon. Some of his followers were, however, taken alive, and one, a young cup-bearer, was asked where Zriny held his treasures? "Count Zriny," said the youth, "possessed a hundred thousand ducats, a hundred thousand crowns, a thousand cups of gold of different sizes, and plate of great value. Seek them. But look first to the treasures which he amassed in gunpowder, for the fire is to it, and it is on the point of exploding as I speak." The youth's warning was true. Few had time to escape, when the tower blew up, and buried three thousand Turks beneath its ruins.

We have given this little episode of the war, to show in what manner and in what spirit the Hungarians resisted the Turks, even when led in person by the great Solyman, accompanied by his innumerable armies.

Thirty years elapsed after these events without there being any serious war between Austria and Turkey. One of the most talented and resolute Viziers that the Porte ever possessed, Sokolli, was the ruling personage during this period. But he avoided any great expedition against Hungary. When Sinan Pasha was made Grand Vizier, however, towards the close of the century, this prudence vanished. The fact was, that the Turks retained their superiority in Asia, after they had lost it in Europe. Sinan had commanded in Asia; he conquered Arabia, subdued Tripoli, and he thought Hungary an easy conquest. He therefore precipitated war. In the first battle which ensued, fought in the angle formed by the rivers Koulpa and Odra, the Turks suffered a signal defeat, and left eighteen thousand dead upon the field. The Turkish general and two inferior princes were amongst the slain. The loss of a second battle made Sinan aware of his mistake, and he regretted having provoked the war. But it was too late. The absence of the Khan of the Tartars caused the Turks far greater losses. And as the military superiority of the Ottomans was evidently contested, the Princes of Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia, all tried to shake off the Turkish yoke. The Turks with no less spirit rushed to the field to prevent them; and this led to the remarkable campaign, and to the great engagement between Austria and Turkey, in the closing years of the sixteenth century. The imperialists began by capturing Gran, and after it a number of towns and fortresses. Mahomed III., a sensual and indolent prince, was roused by his officers to take the field in person, and hoist the sacred standard of the prophet. The Sultan ordered the army to invest Erlau, whilst the Archduke Maximilian and Prince Michael of Wallachia advanced to succour it. The Austrians and Hungarians, who in Solyman's time fought

behind the battlements of their fortresses, now invariably met the Turks in the field. A battle or a series of battles were then fought at Kherestes, in October 1596. The Sultan Mahomed with the sacred standard took post in the centre of his army, with his viziers, his judges, and his guards. Before them, the artillery was drawn up; the cannon tied together by chains, and forming an impenetrable barrier. To the right were the hosts of Asia, and to the left were those of European Turkey. The Austrians and Hungarians, though considerably less in number than the Turks, commenced the action by a general charge upon the enemy's centre, where the Sultan was. Their impetuosity was so great, that they broke in through the line of cannon, scattered the troops around the Sultan, who drew back to take refuge behind the baggage. Mahomed would have fled altogether, if one of the followers had not restrained him, and flung across his shoulder the sacred standard of the prophet. The victorious Austrians, instead of following their victory, scattered to plunder the baggage of the Sultan; and the consequence was, that the vizier Cicala, rallying the cavalry, charged the Christians in the rear, and totally defeated them. Fifty thousand of them perished. Thus victory seemed for a time to have rallied back to the Mahomedans. But the Austrians continued to gain many advantages, and although in the peace which followed, the Turks kept Ofen, as the Austrians did Raab, the pashas and commanders of armies in Hungary, as well as the two courts, treated for the first time on a footing of complete equality. The treaty signed the 11th of November, 1606, annulled the annual tribute paid by Austria, substituting for it one payment of 200,000 crowns. There was to be equality between the ambassadors of the two powers. The greater part of Hungary remained, indeed, to Turkey, but the chiefs of the Turkish army and councils seemed to admit that the future progress of Turkish power in Europe was arrested. This peace was called that of Sitvarok.

From 1606 to 1662, there was no war of any importance between Turkey and the Austrians north of the Danube. The affairs of Asia and the growing difficulties, with the cares of internal government, chiefly occupied the Sultan; with the exception of a naval war against Venice, which was not always attended with glory or success to the Turks. The want of a warlike Sultan to lead armies into the field, and the prevalence of wars remote from Europe, allowed the military institutions of European Turkey to fall into decay. Thus under the Grand Vizier Osman, the province of Roumelia, instituted to provide regularly 40,000 cavaliers, could not send forth more than eight. The number and good order of these feudal hosts had the effect of awing the janissaries, and keeping them in order. But the feudal troops declined in numbers and in spirit; the janissaries became turbulent, undisciplined; they rebelled, and murdered sultans and viziers. At length, the two Kipriulis, father and son, managing grand viziers, restored some order and energy to the empire, and the statesmen of the Porte saw, that the only way to reduce the

jannissaries to order, and restore the military energy of the empire in its European provinces, was to make war no longer a naval war against Venice, but a land war of regular campaigns beyond the Danube.

Austria and the German empire, as well as Hungary and Poland, were taken considerably aback by this unexpected and new-born vigour of the Turks. For Germans and Hungarians had allowed their army and military organization to drop also into disuse. It was remarked, that whilst in the days of Solyman the Hungarians and Austrians chiefly resisted behind battlements, they had afterwards become emboldened, and mustered in numbers sufficient to take the field. But when the Grand Vizier, Kipriuli, in 1663, once more burst into Hungary (the nomination of a Prince of Transylvania was the pretext of the war), the Christians had no army to oppose to him, and, indeed, not more than 6000 men altogether, with 12 pieces of artillery, against 250 large guns brought by the Turks. There being literally no army to combat, the Grand Vizier formed the siege of Neuhausel. Its governor mustered some 6000 men to defend it, but it was scarcely invested, before, in a sortie, he fell into an ambuscade laid by the Turks, and lost the greater part of his men. In addition to the great army of the Turks, the Khan of the Tartars came with almost an equal number of his wild horse, and 15,000 Cossacks, so that if cavalry could take a town, there were sufficient to eat up Neuhausel. After a gallant defence it was taken. But the multitude of horse did not tarry with the besieging army. They penetrated into Moravia, which they ravaged as far as Brunn and Olmutz: Silesia on the one side, Styria on the other, were wasted by the Turks and Tartars, who, when nothing else was left to pillage, carried off upwards of 80,000 young men and women as slaves. It is startling to find such devastation committed in Europe, not 200 years ago, by the Mahomedans.

The campaign of the following year, 1664, was one of the most remarkable in the war of Mahomedans and Christians, and decided anew, and in a great battle, the military superiority of the former, when they did bring a sufficient number of forces to resist the enemy. Early in the spring, the Grand Vizier, as usual, crossed the bridge of Essek, over the Danube, with his army. Hungary, east of the Danube, was left to the Turks without dispute; and all the efforts of the Christians were at that time limited to the protection of Austria and Styria, by a line of fortresses and defences, extending from the Danube, at Raab, to the junction of the Drave and Mur. Thus, it will be seen, that the Christians had well-nigh lost all Hungary. What troops they had ready were flung into the fort of Scrinvar, at the confluence of the Drave and the Mur. The Grand Vizier laid siege to this fort, which defended itself gallantly till, Strozzi and the principal officers being killed, the command devolved upon Montecuculi, who withdrew from it to rally the different reinforcements that were approaching. When they had joined him, the army consisted of three bodies, the Austrians, or, as he calls

them, Cesarians under Montecuculi, the German troops of the Emperor, and foreign auxiliaries, chiefly French, under Coligny.

After the capture of Scrinvar, the Grand Vizier was determined to reduce Presburg or Raab, previous to getting possession of Komorn, the great desire of the Ottoman, who knew it to be the key to Austria and Moravia. The Turkish commander therefore marched up the right bank of the Raab, whilst the Christians under Montecuculi followed the left bank. The Vizier tried to pass the river at Kermond, but the Imperial general was strong enough to prevent him. Both armies then followed the river, till they arrived, one at the town of Raab itself, the other at the convent or village of St. Gothard. There the Turks must pass or abandon the object of their march; and there accordingly Montecuculi prepared for the battle, which took place on the 1st of August, 1664.

The Raab formed an angle immediately opposite the camp of the Turks, the point of the angle receding from them. Montecuculi posted the troops of the German Emperor immediately opposite this angle, took his own station on the right side of the Austrians, and confided the left to the French. He drew up the army six deep—four rows of pikemen, with two rows of musqueteers behind them. There were besides, bodies of thirty or forty musqueteers by the side of each squadron of horse. The order to the musqueteers and artillery was not to fire all together, but in succession.

The Turks sent over large bodies of cavalry in the morning to deceive the enemy. Under cover of the distraction thus caused, the Grand Vizier pushed forward his best troops, his spahis, with each a janissary mounted behind him. They thus pushed across the river and occupied the village of Moggerdorf on the left bank, before the German troops were aware, or could resist. They did their best to remedy the disaster, but the Turks were amongst them. The regiments of Nassau and Schmidt from the right came to aid their comrades, but were cut to pieces. The French were then ordered up from the left to where the chief struggle was. The Grand Vizier, Kipriuli, on seeing them advance with their powdered perruques, asked, what young women were these. But the French behaved gallantly, and although the Ottomans were not driven back across the river, they were checked in their advance on the centre. Kipriuli, to prevent the concentration of the forces of the Christians against him in the centre, passed over his cavalry, and advanced it to attack at once the two wings, French and Cesarian. At the same time he ordered the janissaries to entrench themselves in their position at Moggerdorf, so as to make good the passage of the stream.

Here it was that Montecuculi's generalship showed itself. He perceived that, for the moment, the Grand Vizier had withdrawn his chief efforts and reinforcements from the centre, where he had at first advanced, to the wings, as if first determined to gain the victory at both extremities, ere he again pushed forward on the centre. Montecuculi therefore ordered all the forces under

his command to advance simultaneously, and concentrate upon the Turkish centre and the janissaries at Moggerdorf. He said and saw this should be done at once, and speedily, if at all, and he harangued officers and generals to conquer or die in doing it. They comprehended and obeyed him, charging with such concert and such vigour, that the janissaries could not stand. The Turkish centre was broken, driven into the river, and destroyed: 17,000 Turks, and of the very best of their troops, perished. They lost all their artillery and standards. Nor did the Ottomans ever fully recover the consequences of their defeat at Raab.

But although it were possible to muster these different German and French contingents to fight a successful and defensive battle, the same disjointed army could not be ordered in pursuit, for want of provisions, commissariat, or any of the necessaries of a regular army in the pay of a powerful prince. The advantages of the victory of Raab were therefore more in intimidating the enemy, than the conquering force; and the Emperor was glad to make peace on the identical terms of the last treaty, leaving the Turks, as before, virtual masters of Hungary.

The Turks have the advantage and the disadvantage, common to barbarian people, of not knowing when they are conquered, although, immediately after a defeat, a routed army and a beaten general may be willing to consent to terms of peace. A very few years in Turkey brought new pashas, new courtiers, new viziers, who attributed such reverses to the want of fortune and skill in their predecessors, and who were anxious to set once more about campaigning, first of all, because war was the only road to eminence in the Turkish system of empire, and because the state was organized for no other end. When the family of Kipriuli died out, in which their tradition of political wisdom was preserved, and when Kara Moustapha became Grand Vizier, in 1676, the Turkish armies were again mustered on the Danube.

Austria, however, was not at first the object of attack. The Turkish power, checked on the frontier of Austria, had spread itself eastward of the Carpathians, into the kingdom of Poland, and to the borders of Russia, where it claimed and held a great part of the Ukraine. It was enabled to wield this power, by the *suzerainié* which the Sultan exercised over the Khan of the Tartars, whose immense hordes of cavalry he could command each season. The Russians now began to resist the encroachments of the Mahomedans; and the Turks, who held the new and distant Czar in scorn, marched to capture Ceyrin, a frontier fortress of the Russians. Repulsed from thence, the Grand Vizier vowed that he would march upon Moscow. He returned in much choler to Ceyrin, and took it by assault, although the triumph was dearly bought by the loss of two-thirds of his army. A peace followed, in 1681, between Russia and the Porte, by which the Czar was allowed to retain Kiow, and it was equally prohibited to the Turks as to the Russians to raise any fortified places between the Bug and the Dneister. This sufficiently marked the limit between the empires.

His success against the Russians, and the capture of her most important frontier fortress, followed by peace, encouraged Kara Moustapha to declare war against Austria. He accordingly marched into Hungary in 1783, and, as usual in the first year of a war, the Turks found no army to oppose them. Montecuculi had no longer an army to defend the passage of the Raab, which the Grand Vizier traversed; and finding very few impediments in his way, he determined to lay siege to Vienna. On the frontier he came up with a portion of the Imperial army and routed it. On the 14th of July the Turkish army, 200,000 strong, pitched their tents in the plain before Vienna, having burnt every village around, and committed every licence on the unfortunate inhabitants. Nor were these confined to Vienna. In the midst of sacked villages and surrendered towns, three abbeys rendered themselves famous by their resistance, those of Mœlk, Lilienfeld, and Kloster-Neuberg. The latter was most gallantly defended by its sacristan, who beat off 13,000 Turks and saved his convent, which still rises within sight of Vienna.

The immense army of the Turks, well served with artillery and engineers, soon erected batteries to destroy the bastions of the Lion and the Castle; and at the same time the Turks made themselves masters of the Leopoldstadt, on the other side of the small arm of the Danube that waters Vienna. So close became the blockade, that not more than five persons were able during the siege to penetrate into Vienna, and communicate news from without. One of these was a Pole, named Kolschitzky. He asked and obtained as recompense, the privilege of opening a shop to sell coffee, the first that was established in Vienna, though it was common with the Turks long before.

The Turks did not make a practical breach till the siege had lasted forty-six days. They had worked by mines, but did not succeed till that time had elapsed in throwing down any portion of the bastions. No sooner was this effected, than the Turks marched to the assault. Though the besieged were reduced to 5000 men, they repulsed it, as well as an assault and contest which lasted twenty-four hours, and during which the Turks more than once planted their standard in the breach.

At last, on the 9th of September, the allied forces of the Christians began to make their appearance on the hills west of Vienna. They took seven weeks after the arrival of the Turks before Vienna to come up to its succour. The Count of Stahrenberg, who commanded in Vienna, was able to warn them that they had no time to lose. And Sobieski, King of Poland, who commanded the succouring army, was determined to lose no time. On the morning of the 12th of September, the King having heard mass on the Leopoldsberg, gave orders for a general advance against the Turks. Sobieski with his Poles fought on the right wing near Dornbach; the left wing advanced along the Danube, and was led by the Duke of Lorraine; the Bavarians and Germans were in the centre. The Turks first directed their resistance towards the division which marched along the Danube, and

against which, as well as against the centre, the Grand Vizier directed his efforts. But whilst he did so Sobieski advanced from Dornbach, and drove in the Ottomans opposed to him, took their camp, and in a very short space of time converted the battle into a rout. It was not with the cordial assent or support of either his generals or his army, that Kara Moustapha had undertaken so difficult a task as the siege of Vienna. Then the siege had lasted too long for Turkish constancy; the maxim of the Turks being, that a siege should never pass forty days. The Mussulmans accordingly did not behave at Vienna with their usual fortitude and valour, and the battle begun by Sobieski a little after sun-rise, was over in an hour or two. 300 cannon were captured, 5000 tents, 600 standards, all the wealth and rich accoutrements of the Grand Vizier and his staff.

Sobieski gave an enumeration of the spoils in a letter to his wife. His share of the booty was, "five quivers adorned with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, and a belt set with diamonds." There were many of these belts, and he knew not what use the Turks made of them. The harem had likewise been plundered. The Grand Vizier had taken a fine ostrich in some imperial chateau, and he cut off its head, rather than let it fall again into the hands of its original master. Such refined luxuries in the tents of the Grand Vizier—baths, garden, fountains, rabbit-warrens, and even, says Sobieski, a parrot!

The King of Poland and his army followed up their victory by the conquest of Gran, which they only took after a hard-fought battle before it. The Christian army kept together for the campaign of the following year. They concentrated their efforts against Ofen, which they besieged with the same earnestness that Kara Mustapha had given to the capture of Vienna. The result was the same. The Turks made too stubborn a defence for the Christians to overcome them, and Ofen remained in their power. It was in this campaign that Hamza Beg, a Turkish chief in Hungary, having captured his rival, Count Szapary, harnessed him, along with a horse, to a plough. Count Bathiany came with a troop to the relief of his friend, liberated him, and made Hamza Beg in turn his prisoner. Szapary refused to take any vengeance.

The King, generals, and soldiers of Germany and Poland were all now anxious to prosecute the war against the Turks. There was booty to be won for the soldiers, and provisions for their maintenance. Thus the Duke of Lorraine remained at the head of 80,000 men. With these he took first Neuhausel, the bulwark of Upper Hungary, and, in a short time after, Ofen, which city, considered the capital of the Turkish power in Hungary, was taken by assault, on the 2nd of September, 1686. These successive defeats of the Turks cost the Grand Vizier his life, and the Sultan his throne, placing the Empire for a long time under the control of the janissaries and the mutinous soldiery.

The Christian Powers, one might have thought, would have made better use of such an opportunity. But they were incapa-

ble of any sustained efforts or lasting alliance. Sobieski, notwithstanding his triumphs in Hungary, was not able to turn them to the profit of Poland. He marched into Moldavia, and aimed at striking such a blow to the Tartars, as would leave Poland free from their hostility. But he was unable to gain any decisive advantage. The Imperialists, on their part, continued the war by attempting to reduce Belgrade, which they invested. But in this they also failed; and at length both parties, weary, agreed to treat, under the joint mediation of England and Holland.

The peace of Carlowitz was the result, concluded in the last year of the 17th century. By it the Porte entirely ceded its claims to Hungary, reserving merely the Bannat, with the line of the Save and Unna as a frontier. East of the Carpathians, the Dniester became the Turkish limit, the Sultan giving up all claim to the Ukraine. Venice kept the Morea. As a military power the Turkish negotiators frankly owned their decline. Whether they were not still superior in civilisation may be doubted. In the negotiation for the treaty, the Imperialists demanded that he country on the Theiss should be laid waste. The Ottomans replied that their law ordered them to people the earth, not to leave it void. The monarch who made most resistance and objections to the Peace of Carlowitz was Peter the Great, who nevertheless retained Azoff.

MY MONKEY JACKO.

THOSE who have visited the French sea-port of Havre de Grace, must well recollect the innumerable curiosity shops which therein abound; curiosity shops, not like those in the Wardour or the Dean Streets of London, where are exposed for ignominious sale the cast-off Penates of London folk, both rich and poor; but real curiosity shops, on whose shelves are arranged in a strange medley the products, animal, vegetable, and mineral, of far distant and little known climes; brought home by the sailors who navigate the numerous and busy trading ships which line the quays, and we may almost say the streets, of this French Liverpool. Let us enter one of these and examine its contents. On the one shelf we see curiously carved baskets, cut with ingenuity from a cocoa nut brought from the South Sea Islands, and beside it armlets of the same all-useful nut, from the Storr and Mortimers of the Islands aforesaid.

On the neighbouring shelf are displayed the products of the Arctic Regions, snow spectacles used by the Esquimaux in his journeys over the frozen snows of his ice-bound but well-beloved home, bartered most likely to the mate of yon tall-masted whaling ship, for a drink of brandy from his flask, or a sixpenny Birmingham knife. Teeth of that monster of the deep, the Cachelot whale, lie here, mixed with the whalebone from the capacious mouth, or,

as we may justly call it, infusorial trap of the true, or right whale; the oil from whose sides fills those greasy-looking barrels just hoisted out of the hold of the floating oil shop close by.

On the largest portion of this whalebone, behold a rude but correct portrait, carved with a sailor's jack-knife, of the brave and sturdy vessel whose comfortable berths formed the only home of the artist when daring the perils of the Northern Ocean.

From the ceiling are suspended cages full of tropical birds. Here, in a dark and gloomy-looking wired box, we can hardly call it a cage, huddle together a crowd of Java sparrows, and wax-bills thinking of their native jungles, and making, in their own language (could we only understand it), unpleasant comparisons between the stale and mouldy food in their feeding troughs, and the sweet and pleasant fruits so agreeable to their epicurean palates, when free and at liberty in their far distant homes.

What is that harsh and unearthly noise as of a duel between two rabid cats, which brings the proprietor (probably not a fat one, for this sort of business is not the most profitable in the world) breathless to the door, "Bella, horrida bella," the tailless African monkey, green-coated, who hangs suspended from an old parrot's cage outside the window, has seized the incautiously protruded tail of his prettier, and therefore more favoured brother, the monkey from South America; he, unfortunate creature, has crossed the herring pond in a hen-coop, which is much too small to contain himself tail and all. His appendage, which in his present condition of life is neither useful nor ornamental, is perpetually getting him into scrapes which the honourable representative of Africa, being per naturam tailless, escapes.

Conscious of his condition, the poor Yankee monkey pulls in his tail, coils it up as well as he can, and gives it a most malicious bite, as much as to say, "I wish you were off, you are of no use to me now, and you look terribly shabby." He then covers it up with straw and looks miserable.

"How much for that monkey," say I, "the one in the hen-coop?" The monkey looks up as though he understood what was said, and with a face which evidently says, "Please buy me." The merchant's price is too high; the African rascal he will sell for half the sum, but this gentleman grins so maliciously at the customer that the bargain is off.

The wanderings of the Yankee are not, however, yet finished. He is bought by a knowing innkeeper at Bayeux, near Havre, and for half the price previously set upon his head; and over he goes to his new home. His master, finding out his fond and quiet nature, turns him out with a light chain round his neck, into a comfortable stable, where he can nestle under the hay, and get his sea-worn coat into a respectable condition.

The recollection of this poor monkey haunted me for some time, and I often thought I should like to own him. In the course of time, the celebrated tapestry of Bayeux, worked by the hands of the wife of William the Conqueror, attracted me to that ancient and venerable city. After seeing and wondering at the lions of the place, I went into the stable to find out the coachee, and to

order the horses to be re-fastened to the rickety vehicle which had brought the sight-seers there—carriage it could not be justly called. What was my delight to see my old friend of the hen-coop perched on the manger, looking as happy as a monkey could look. He really was a pretty little fellow; his bright eyes sparkled like two diamonds, from beneath his deep-set eyebrows; his teeth were of the most pearly whiteness; of these, whether through pride, or whether through a wish to intimidate, he made a formidable display on the entrance of the visitors. His hands were certainly not similar to those of Fair Rosamond's, of Woodstock renown, but more like the shrivelled and dried-up palms of the old monks at St. Bernard, whose mortal remains are made an exhibition of in that far-famed convent. A more wicked pair of pickers and stealers we may, however, with confidence say were never encircled with Queen's bracelets by Sir Richard Mayne. His tail, which had now recovered its good looks, gave additional charms to his personal appearance, and, moreover, was most useful, inasmuch as it performed the office of a third hand to its owner; with this he could cling on to the bar of the rack above the manger, and swing himself about, a perfect living pendulum. Well, too, he knew the use of it, for if a nut or apple thrown to him lodged just out of the reach of his hands or feet (for he could use the latter quite as cleverly as the former), he would run to the full length of his chain, and turn his face round to the place where it was attached, so as to get as much length as possible, stretch out this member, and pull towards him the coveted delicacy. If pursued, moreover, and the chain, dangling after him, got in his way, he would invariably coil it round the links, and carry it high over his head, by means of this most useful extremity, out of the way of his spider-like legs. Should human beings, blessed with tails, be ever discovered in some hitherto unexplored regions, as travellers have it, we doubt much whether they will be as useful to their proprietors as Jacko's was to him.

After some considerable amount of bargaining (in which amusing, and sometimes animated, not to say exciting, exhibition of talent Englishmen generally, by the by, get worsted by the Frenchman, as was the case in the present instance), Jacko became transferred, chain, tail, and all, to his new English master. Having arrived at the hotel, it became a question as to what was to become of Jacko, while his master was absent from home. A little closet, opening into the wall of the bed-room, offered itself as a temporary prison. Jacko was tied up securely—alas! how vain are the thoughts of man!—to one of the row of pegs that were fastened against the wall. As the door closed on him, his wicked eyes seemed to say, "I'll do some mischief now;" and sure enough he did, for when I came back to release him, like Æneas,

"Obstupui, steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit."

The walls, that but half an hour previously were covered with a finely-ornamented paper, at "I don't know how much per yard," (as the young lady said) now stood out in the bold nakedness of lath and plaster; the relics on the floor showed that the little

wretch's fingers had by no means been idle. The pegs were all loosened, the individual peg, to which his chain had been fastened, torn completely from its socket, that the destroyer's movements might not be impeded, and an unfortunate garment that happened to be hung up in the closet was torn to a thousand shreds. If ever Jack Sheppard had a successor, it was this monkey. If he had tied the torn bits of petticoat together, and tried to make his escape from the window, I don't think I should have been much surprised.

It was now quite evident that Jacko must no longer be allowed full liberty, and a lawyer's blue bag, such as may be frequently seen in the dreaded neighbourhood of the Court of Chancery, filled, however, more frequently with papers and parchment than with monkeys, was provided for him, and this receptacle, with some hay placed at the bottom for a bed, became his new home. It was a movable home, and therein lay the advantage, for when the strings thereof were tied, there was no mode of escape, he could not get his hands through the aperture at the end to untie them, the bag was too strong for him to bite his way through, and his ineffectual efforts to get out, only had the effect of making the bag roll along the floor, and occasionally make a jump up into the air, forming altogether an exhibition which, if advertised in the present day of wonders, as "Le bag vivant," would attract crowds of delighted and admiring citizens.

In the bag aforesaid, he travelled as far as Southampton on his road to town. While taking the ticket at the railway station, Jacko, who must needs see everything that was going on, suddenly poked his head out of the bag, and gave a malicious grin at the ticket giver. This much frightened the poor man, but with great presence of mind, quite astonishing under the circumstances, he retaliated the insult, "Sir, that's a dog, you must pay for it accordingly." In vain was the monkey made to come out of the bag, and exhibit his whole person, in vain were arguments in full accordance with the views of Cuvier and Owen urged eagerly, vehemently, and without hesitation (for the train was on the point of starting), to prove that the animal in question was not a dog, but a monkey. A dog it was in the peculiar views of the official, and the three-and-sixpence was paid. Thinking to carry the joke further (there were just a few minutes to spare), I took out from my pockets a live tortoise I happened to have with me, and showing it, said, "What must I pay for this, as you charge for *all* animals?" The employé adjusted his specs, withdrew from the desk to consult with his superior; then returning, gave the verdict with a grave but determined manner, "No charge for them sir, them be Insects."

On arriving at his ultimate destination in England, a comfortable home was provided for him in the stall of a stable, where there was an aperture communicating with the hay-loft, so that he could either sleep at his ease in the regions above, or, descending into the manger, amuse himself by tearing everything he could get at to pieces. This stall was usually unoccupied, except by his serene monkeyship; but he was not destined to remain lord of

the man in perpetuo. One cold winter's evening, when the snow lay thick on the ground, the family donkey was brought up from the field, where it was endeavouring to keep itself warm by the side of a haystack, and placed in these more comfortable quarters. A plentiful supper of hay was placed before the hungry animal, which it began to devour with great eagerness. About an hour after, the groom happened to go into the stable to see that all was right; what was his great astonishment to see Jenny, without any apparent cause, pulling away at her halter, and trying to keep her head as far away as possible from the bundle of hay, which had suddenly acquired some invisible noxious properties.

Not knowing what to make of it, the man gave the poor donkey a blow, to make it "come up," in the stable parlance; no sooner had the long ears approached the hay, than the mystery was explained. A tiny pair of hands were suddenly thrust out from under the cover, and the ears seized; at the same moment, master Jacko's face appeared chattering his teeth, as though he had an attack of ague, and as quick as thought their sharp points met in the unfortunate Jenny's aural appendages. Jenny instantly retreated with force enough almost to break the halter, and Jacko covered himself up again in the hay, keeping, however, a small opening patent, through which he could observe the movements of the enemy. The little rascal, from the hole in the loft, had seen the hay spread out by the man, and thinking it would make a capital warm bed for himself, had quietly taken possession, quite regardless of the inward cravings of poor Jenny, who would, if she dared, have most rudely devoured the Signor's bedclothes. I remember well in an old *Æsop's* fable book, illustrated with quaint woodcuts, the fable of "The dog in the manger," and also a pictorial representation (certainly not after Landseer) of this same well-known event, but I never had hoped to see the actual drama performed by two quadrupeds. I must not, however, omit to say, that I, and doubtless the reader, has also frequently seen a very fair representation of it admirably performed by two bipeds. If *Æsop* had lived in the time of Jacko, (no—I mean, if Jacko had lived in the time of *Æsop*,) doubtless the former would have been immortalized by the latter; and "The monkey in the manger" been now as familiar in our mouths, as "The dog in the manger." It is, however, a curious fact, that this monkey, at the same time that he conceived too great an animosity against the donkey, took a great liking to a dun pony of a neighbour, who, on paying his visits, usually tied him up on Jacko's territory. On these occasions Jacko seemed delighted to see his four-footed ally, running frantically about as far as his chain would allow him, and when the pony was fastened up, and the corn placed before him, jumping on his back and nestling down there, or searching eagerly in the mane for imaginary parasites.

When sitting on the rack of the manger he had one peculiar amusement, and that was catching mice. These unsuspecting little animals would come out to pick up the corn left by the horses in the next stall. To get at their feeding ground, they had

to run the gauntlet of Jacko's premises. He was up to this, and would pretend to be asleep, keeping, however, one eye half open. The trick answered, the mouse made a rush—in vain; Jacko, as quick as lightning, had his paw upon him, and with a tight squeeze crippled the poor little brute; he would then play with him for some minutes, every now and then giving him a pat to make him crawl faster. When the poor victim thought he had got away, Jacko caught him again, made a complete search through his hair for parasites, and then, oh, carnivorous representative of the class *Quadrumana*, eat him up (as a child described it to me) like a sugar plum. The fun over, he would again assume his manœuvres and catch another member of the murine family, to be treated in a similar way as the last unfortunate. In this way I have known him catch as many as seven or eight mice in one afternoon. The servants having observed Jacko's talent in this line, bethought themselves that they would turn it to some account, and as the cat of the house, the *Felis domesticus* of the place, was ill, and unable to perform her duties, they, not having undergone a severe training in the logical school of Aristotle, or committed to memory the rules which are summed up in those most delightful and at the same time most poetical lines of dreaded Little-Go memory, viz. "Barbara celarent Darii feroque prioris," reasoned to themselves as follows: cats catch mice in the dark; therefore monkeys catch mice in the dark.

Upon this untenable syllogism, therefore, pinning their faith, they one evening took poor Jacko out of his comfortable bed in the loft, and chained him up in the larder, having previously removed every eatable or drinkable thing, except some jam-pots, which were put seemingly out of reach, and moreover were well secured with bladder stretched over the tops. The night passed long and miserable to poor Jacko, who was evidently much astonished at this unwonted treatment; all night long the mice scampered about the place, regardless of their enemy, while he, most uncatlike, was coiled up in a soup tureen fast asleep. The morning waned, the mice retired to their holes, Jacko awoke, scratched his shivering hide, and having first pushed the tureen, his bed, from the shelf to its utter demolition, looked about for something to eat. The jam-pots attracted his notice. "There is something good here, thought he," as he smelt the coverings. "I'll see." His sharp teeth soon made an aperture; he was not disappointed. The treasured jams, raspberry, strawberry, plum, the vaunted Scotch marmalade, the candied apricots, the pride and care of the cook, disappeared in an unaccountably short time down into the seemingly small gullet of the sweet-toothed Jacko. Not if I had a hundred mouths and a hundred tongues, could I describe the imprecations hurled at the devoted head of the now sick and overgorged gourmand by the disappointed and illogical cook, the owner of the jams, as she opened the door of the larder at breakfast time to see how many mice the monkey had caught. Great was the anger of the female gaoler; great the malicious grins of the captive. Tastes differ as much in

animals as in man, and, moreover, there is no accounting for them in either case. Some few days after this *affaire de jam*, Jacko, having been reinstated in favour, was warming himself before the kitchen fire; a cricket that had been singing merrily in the ashes, came a little too far out on to the hearthstone: his fate was sealed—the next jump he made was down the throat of Jacko, who munched him up as an epicure does the leg of a woodcock. The next tit-bit was a black beetle, who ran out to secure a crumb, spilt from the servants' supper table. He, too, became a victim to his rashness, and not he alone, but many of his black friends and relatives, who incautiously exposed themselves before the candles were put out. Having ascertained that these beetles were nuts to Jacko, I one day gave him a great treat by upsetting the kitchen beetle-trap in his presence—both paws instantly went to work—whole bunches of the unfortunate insects he crammed into his pouches, which he, like most other monkeys, had on each side of his mouth, and which serve as pockets, munching away as hard as he could at the same time. His paws could not catch the prey fast enough, so he set his feet to work, and grasped with them as many as he could hold. This was not enough. He swept a lot together with his tail, and coiling it up closely, kept them there close prisoners till his mouth was a little empty, and he had time to catch and devour them. This was really too greedy. I took him away from the feast, still, however, munching with all his might, and looking back at the box with wishful eyes. If we wanted at any future period to make him in a good humour, his flagging spirits were instantly roused by the sight of the beetle-trap.

His insectivorous propensities were not confined to this class alone.

Spiders formed a pleasant variety; not a spider was left alive either in the stable or outside the stable where he was confined, and most enormous stones would he pick out of this wall with his little fingers, in search of a run-away web spinner. He was really of great use in clearing the house of this housemaid's pest. I often used to put a bit of string to the end of his chain, and make him run up the curtains of the rooms of the house. He would then completely rummage out and devour every spider, who having frequently had their webs so frequently knocked down by the relentless broom, had thought to spin them in security on the top of the cornices and among the curtain rods.

On one of these occasions, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly snatching the string out of my hand, straightway bolted out of the window, the top part of which happened to be open. Away he went, the chain held up aloft in his tail, as was his wont when he found it in his way, over the garden wall, down the village road, up into the village. The parish school turned out from their lessons at this moment, and a regular pursuit took place, the boys shouted and threw up their parochial caps, the girls did not know whether to laugh or be frightened. In an instant Jacko was on the top of the nearest cottage, and returned the derisive shouts of the boys by angry and incessant chattering; he grinned from ear to ear, and showed an array of sharp teeth, as much as to say

‘Touch me if you dare.’ His hair was all erect, as was always the case when he was alarmed or excited, so that he looked double his natural size, and he shook his tail in angry defiance. The numerous stones and sticks thrown at him in fun by the boys, for they knew him well and did not want to hurt him, soon made him decamp, and off he went along the roofs of the cottages, his chain making a fearful clatter on the tiles, to the alarm of the aged inmates sitting at their ease within. The crowd collected, the excitement became immense; the police were not called out, because there is only one constable; he, being a baker, turned out in his white cap, and sleeves tucked up; armed with the official wand of office, determined to take up somebody. Next came the churchwarden: ‘Lay hold of the rascal, boys,’ cries he, ‘and we will put him in the pound.’ ‘Like I’ll stay there,’ clatters Jacko, ‘and, moreover, you must catch me first,’ and off he goes again, followed by the whole village. The fun gets warm, Jacko begins to repent, jumps on to a tree, and slips down one side while the boys are watching on the other; he bounds across the road, over the garden gate, through the broken stable window, to his own bed in the hay-loft, where he lies, his eyes closed, his little sides ready to burst from running, and his mouth half open; doubtless, at this moment he came to the determination never to leave home again, for he certainly never did, and likewise to have his revenge upon the parish boys for persecuting him, for from this day he always flew at, and tried to bite, any boy wearing the parochial livery.

On a future occasion, when he got loose, remembering his previous determination, he ventured not beyond the premises, but quietly sneaked into the knife-house, and tried his hand at cleaning the knives; in this attempt he was evidently not successful, inasmuch as the handles were the parts he attempted to polish on the brick-board, and a cut was found in the middle of his hand the next day. Resolved, however, not to be done, he set to work to clean the shoes in imitation of the man William, his kind and indulgent *custos* here; again, he had not distinctly recollected the various steps necessary for the right performance of the operation, for he covered an unfortunate shoe all over, sole and all, with the blacking which he got out of the blacking bottle, and then he emptied what was left of the precious Day and Martin into the hollow of the shoe, nearly filling it—his coat was in a nice mess for some days afterwards. One morning, again, when the servants returned from the parlour into the kitchen, they found Jacko had taken all the kitchen candlesticks out of the cupboard and arranged them on the fender, before the fire, as he had seen done before; finding the black-lead in the same place, he took it to a bowl of water which was on the table, wetted it, was diligently rubbing the table all over with it when he was caught in the act; on the entrance of the servants, he immediately retreated to his basket in the corner, and tried to look as though nothing had happened. A great treat to this would-be kitchen maid was to have a large bowl of warm water given him; he would first of all cunningly test the temperature with his hand, and then gradually step into the bath, first one foot and then the other, finally, completely sitting

down in it. Comfortably placed, he would then take the soap in his hands or feet, as the case might be, and rub himself all over. Having made a dreadful mess on the table, and finding the water becoming cold, the next part of the play was to get out and run as quick as he could to the fire, where his coat soon became dry. If anybody laughed at him during this performance, he would chatter and grin at them, and frequently even splash water out of the bath towards them and sometimes over them.

There was a story told of this pattern of cleanliness in animals, for the truth of which I cannot vouchsafe, but it is that Jacko one day nearly committed suicide in a most extraordinary way, namely, by boiling himself to death. The large kitchen kettle was left on the fire to boil for tea: after a time Jacko jumped up and took the lid off, finding it becoming warm he got in and sat down with his head only appearing above the water; this was all very comfortable for some little time, but the water, heated by the flames beneath, began to get hot, the latter raised his body a little, but finding it very cold immediately sat down again. This he continued for some time, never having, or rather being able to summon up, the courage to face the cold air; the consequence was that the poor little wretch was nearly boiled to death, and, if had not been for the timely interference of a bystander, who took his parboiled carcase out by main force, for he never would have got out of his own accord, he would have become a martyr to his own want of pluck and firmness in action.

If phrenologists had made out that there was a part of the brain especially devoted to mischief, I am certain that it would have been found largely developed in Jacko. He was for ever tearing things to bits. Whenever ladies came near him, his first object was to get hold of their dresses, and bite or pull a hole in them. Being a most ungentlemanly monkey, he never could bear the approach of the softer sex, except one lady; why or wherefore he took particular fancy to her I don't know, except that he followed the example of all those, whether biped or quadruped, who came near her. In this lady's lap he would quietly repose, when she allowed him to take this liberty; but the little rascal very frequently took unfair advantage of this allowance, by quietly munching up a portion of her dress when not closely watched.

This tearing propensity was nearly bringing vengeance down on his master's head, and his own at the same time. On going to Oxford of course I took Jacko with me; his presence was soon ascertained by the sharp-sighted regulator of fines for dogs, and many a fine I paid for Jacko, who has been before demonstrated to be a dog in the sight of railway as well as college authorities. Still, however, I left him in my room, teaching him to retire into his bag at the word of command, when any suspicious footsteps approached. The end of term arrived, and with it the day of examination, commonly called collections, to be dreaded by delinquents, as then all the evil deeds during the term of the examinee were summoned up by the tutor, and judgment pronounced by greater authorities. For some days previous to this ordeal I had feared that I should be called to task for harbouring such an unclassical animal as a

monkey, and therefore redoubled my exertions; principally by taking great pains to make a very careful written analysis of one of the tutor's lectures in a well-ruled note-book. So that were the monkey mentioned, the note-book might by chance save me from presentation to the good-natured, but stern interpreter of the law.

The vivâ voce examination on the appointed day went off well; "Where is your note-book, sir," was the question—woe be to the man who has no note-book on such an occasion. Off I went to fetch it; on opening the door of my rooms, oh, horror, it was torn to a thousand pieces.

"Jacko, we are both ruined," I exclaimed. Jacko did not seem to mind in the least, but continued his work of destruction; not a page was left in the book, the diagrams were torn into shreds, and even the paper from the covers had not resisted his relentless fingers. The perpetrator of all this simply grinned a grin of delight, while watching me pick up the bits, which I did with a trembling hand and misgiving heart. I had not even courage to scold him or pitch him out of the window, so terrific might be the consequences of the deed of the rascal to his master. Gathering up the scattered relics of many an hour of weary writing, I made as decent a bundle of them as possible, and pale, half with anger against Jacko, half with fear of impending consequences, re-entered the hall, and presented them to the expectant tutors who wondered what had kept me so long gone. Still more did the good man wonder when he saw such a note-book presented to him. In a few words, I explained what had happened, and awaited my doom in silence; most good-naturedly, however, he examined the fragments, more particularly the diagrams, (which, by the by, I had not drawn myself, but had entrusted to the clever hand of the good-natured lady mentioned above as taking such notice of Jacko,) and said, "You have evidently taken much pains with your notes, sir, you may go." So great was my glee, that I had mercy on Jacko, and did not shake him well, the greatest punishment I could inflict on him, but merely shut him up in his bag, and for three hours hung him up for penance, on to a hat-peg.

But alas!

*"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Monkiumque tubbos."*

Jacko escaped not; he got an attack of bronchitis, was wrapped in flannel, and placed before the fire. Invalid's diet was administered, but in vain,—he died, and his remains were sent up to London. Not wishing to lose sight of him altogether, and knowing what hideous objects stuffed monkeys generally are, I made his skin into a mat for the table, and the rest of him into a skeleton. The black beetles on this occasion had their revenge, for placing them in a box where they could get no other food, they very soon cleaned the bones of their enemy and devourer.—And now,

In a cabinet, high on a shelf,
He lies as a monument rais'd to himself.

CAMPAIGNS OF TURKEY ON THE DANUBE.

Up to the peace of Carlowitz, at the commencement of the 18th century, Austria was the foe which Turkey threatened, or which threatened Turkey, Hungary being the battle-field between them. In the first centuries of the war the Ottomans had decidedly the superiority from the numbers which they brought into the field, and the more perfect nature of their artillery, provisionment, and equipment. Against these incontestable advantages the Germans chiefly resisted by opposing fortresses and castles to the fury of the Turks; the latter, never fighting in winter, and seldom mustering till late in spring, were balked of the results of a whole campaign by one fortress, which offered lengthened resistance. Latterly, however, the Germans, and especially the Poles, came to muster in greater numbers and in larger armies. The Turks having once or twice menaced Vienna, alarmed the powers of Europe to arm to its rescue. And the 16th century produced in Europe increased hardihood and experience in war, and, at the same time, a more than usual amount of religious zeal. In the 17th century these were both turned against the Ottomans, and the strength derived from them enabled the Germans to recover their superiority, and to drive the Turks more and more south of the Danube.

This was rendered more easy by the rise of Russia to be a power, far more formidable to the Turks than Poland had proved. Peter the Great had a peculiar policy or mania which, though not founded on reason, still had great results. Peter imagined that the sea was the field of empire, and that a coast was a far more valuable acquirement than any amount of inland kingdom. It was for this reason that he turned to the shores of the Black Sea, conquered of them all that he could, and proceeded to build fortresses and ships, in every spot that was, or promised to be, a sea-port. This ambition alarmed the Porte even more than expeditions by land, as well it might, since the ambition of Russia to grasp all the northern shore of the Black Sea, shut out the Sultan from his valuable allies, the Tartars, Mahommedans of the same wild and warlike race as that from which the Turks themselves sprang.

Peter, discontented with the Peace of Carlowitz, did not abandon the augmentation of his fleet in the Black Sea. He fortified Azoph and Taganrog, and evidently prepared for fresh aggressions. The Grand Vizier Ali longed to avenge and repress these acts by war, which the more pacific Sultan opposed. The Grand Vizier, however, opened communications with Charles the Twelfth, then intent on invading Russia. The day of Pultowa followed (1709), and Charles was soon a fugitive on Turkish territory. The Sultan was still more alarmed at this new triumph of Russia, and the Grand Vizier was sacrificed to the maintenance of peace. War,

however, was not avoided, for Russia was too exultant after the defeat of its arch-enemy Charles the Twelfth. The Porte, therefore, under a new Grand Vizier, Baltadschi, was obliged to declare war, and to march its armies northward, whilst Peter, determined to be himself a conqueror, and to command his forces, led them to the rencounter of the Turks. The army of the Sultan passed the Danube, at Isaktchi, whilst those of the Czar passed the Pruth at Cecora. He soon found the Turkish army in front of him, with the Tartars behind, to cut off communication and retreat. The country into which the military inexperience of Peter had brought him, was a marsh, from which there was no issue but by passages well known and guarded. In attempting to fight, the Russians were worsted. The details are too well known by the popular narrative of Voltaire. Suffice it to say, that Peter, at no very distant time after his defeat of Charles, was himself caught, still more completely, in a trap by the Turks. The Czar gave himself up to despair, but he was roused by his Empress Catherine, who accompanied him, and who, with the ladies of her suite, sacrificed their ornaments, and thus made up a large sum, wherewith to bribe the influential officers of the Sultan's camp. The Grand Vizier's Kiaja got 200,000 rubles. The Tartars were promised a yearly tribute, but the Czar was obliged to surrender Azoph and his conquests on the Black Sea, as the price of his being allowed to return to Russia with his more disgraced than discomfited army. Such was the treaty or convention of the Pruth, signed in the month of July, 1711.

It was a fortunate circumstance for Austria, that Russia came forward in the first ten or twelve years of the century, to avert the attention and the arms of the Turks; for Austria, during that period, was menaced with one of those periodical epochs of disaster, which have always come to try her, and which would have destroyed a less fortunate or vivacious power. In this year Louis the Fourteenth attacked Austria with his armies, and she was only saved from destruction by the genius and the courage of Marlborough; whilst at the same time an insurrection, very like that under Kossuth in our own time, nearly tore Hungary from the Austrian Emperor, Ratgotsky being its leader in that day.

During the last war with Russia, that power had begun to exercise its influence over the Christian rayahs of Turkey to make them rise against the Sultan. The Czar then took the Vladika of Montenegro into his pay; who, for some twenty thousand ducats annually, was always ready for a foray on the Turks. The Pacha of Bosnia marched forward into Montenegro, massacred and expelled the inhabitants, who took refuge in Dalmatia. The reader will be struck by the similarity of these events to those of recent time. The Venetian authorities of Dalmatia sought to protect the Montenegrins, and the consequence was that the grand Vizier, Ali, declared war against Venice. That republic had no longer the large armies, nor the military practice, which enabled her in the last century to conquer the Morea. Ali marched southwards into the Morea, and, acting in conjunction with his fleets, succeeded in

expelling the Venetians from all their conquests on the mainland; and thus, as he thought, extinguished the last hopes of the Christian races in the south of the Hellenic peninsula.

Had the Turks been wise, or had they had any traditional policy, the experience of one grand Vizier descending to another, they would have remained at peace with Western Europe, and observed the treaty of Carlowitz, contenting themselves with the Danube as a frontier, and directing all their military efforts to resist the growing power of Russia. Instead of this, Ali undertook the reduction of the Greek Christians and the destruction of the Venetian sovereignty in the Morea, and thereby aroused the fears and enmities of western Europe, just as the late Turkish ministry, by its onslaught on Montenegro, nearly incurred a war with Austria. In 1716, the councils of Austria were directed by Prince Eugene, and he proposed that Austria should mediate between Venice and Turkey, in order to preserve the peace. The proposal was haughtily rejected by the Grand Vizier, and Austria then openly allying with Venice, war between the old rivals broke out upon the Danube. The reasons given by Prince Eugene for taking part with Venice, and risking war with Turkey, are curious. The Prince says that the Turks would get the better of the Venetians, would conquer Corfu, and perhaps more of their territories on the Adriatic, and that they would thus have facilities for passing into Italy, in the troubled affairs of which they would mingle. To prevent this, Prince Eugene recommended it as advisable to occupy the Turks upon the Danube.

It was late in the summer of 1716 that the Sultan and the Emperor marched each an army of 150,000 to the Danube at its junction with the Save. All the German powers supported Austria with ample contingents. The glorious campaigns in which Eugene had fought by the side of Marlborough, and in which both had won such experience in war, as well as so many victories over the French, inspired the Germans and their commanders with a high sense of their superiority over the Turks. And one cause of the war was their determination to prove and to show this, so as to put an end once for all to the pretensions and ambition of the Ottoman.

On the 1st of August, Eugene left Vienna. He found his army on the north bank of the Danube. The Turks were at the same time on the south bank of the Save, commanded by the Grand Vizier, Ali, the conqueror of the Morea, and, by his ambition to conquer Venice or its Adriatic territories, the provocator of the war. Both sides were anxious to come to blows. The Turks lost no time in passing the Save, and Prince Eugene forthwith crossed the Danube to Peterwaradin. There were old lines or trenches in front of this town facing the Turks. Behind these Eugene encamped.

There are no battles which it is more easy to study than those of Prince Eugene. The Imperial historiographer, Dumont, has written circumstantial accounts of them under the eye of Prince Eugene; and not only this, but prepared charts and drawings of

the actions, with which he proceeded to the Hague, there causing them to be engraved and published. The battles are thus, by means of pencil or of graver, as well as pen, put vividly before us.

“As the Imperialists fortified their positions, the Turks advanced towards them. They encamped on the evening of the 3rd of September at a league’s distance of the Imperial camp, and instantly commenced opening trenches in two places, and drawing parallels. It is the custom of the Turks to make approaches in this manner.” Another military writer of this period describes the Turkish works as not regular trenches, but, in fact, as a series of large holes, connected by shallow passages. There were a hundred of these holes in front of the Turks, which, although they were of great advantage in protecting their advance, and allowing them to fire from under cover, became very embarrassing as soon as the fight began, and especially when a retreat became necessary. It enabled the Turks, however, to open a heavy fire of musquetry and artillery upon Eugene’s camp, and, in fact, the Turks thus forced him to come out of it and fight.

The two armies took three or four hours to range themselves in order of battle. The Imperialists at first occupied the line of entrenchments called Caprara, to which Eugene ordered no works or entrenchments to be added. He placed six battalions under Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg on the height to the right, kept twenty battalions in reserve in the second line of entrenchments, and placed his cavalry on the left in a hollow protected by a marsh. The chief aim of the Prince was so to protect his flanks, that the Turkish cavalry could not turn them, or attack, as was their wont, from behind, or from aside.

Of the 150,000 men of the Turks, there were but 40,000 janisaries, and 30,000 spahis, a poor collection of regular troops to what the Turkish generals were wont to collect. The rest were Tartars, Arnauts, and irregulars. The Grand Vizier had not all his artillery brought up in time, and these lost the use of his batteries to check the Imperialists. He also committed the fault of placing a large body in reserve, which remaining without orders throughout the heat of the action, were routed without having taken any part in it.

Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg began the action by an impetuous advance to reach and take the battery in front of him. Whilst he did so with much bravery and success, the Imperialist line was ordered to issue from the entrenchments. To these there were but eight apertures or issues. In crowding out of them some disorder ensued. Of this the Turks took advantage, rushing from their entrenchments, or, as Dumont calls them, their holes, and falling upon the Imperialists. These were totally driven back, not only into the first, but the second line of entrenchments, and many bodies of the Imperialists were cut off. Amongst others, Count Bonneval was isolated with about 200. They were all killed save twenty-five, and Bonneval himself transfixured with a lance, but he managed to crawl away to the river. This success of the Turks was achieved principally upon

the right of the German infantry, which still sustained the attack in the second line of entrenchments. At this time Prince Eugene recalled his cavalry from the left, to charge the janissaries in flank, victorious as they were, between the two lines of entrenchments. This was executed by Count Palfi. And the janissaries were so broken and ridden down by it, that they were not only obliged to abandon their first advantages, but retire behind the lines which they had forced. The spahis, or Turkish cavalry, tried to support their janissaries, but they were no match for the heavy German Reiters, who rode them down and demolished them both in charge and in single combat. The Turkish infantry of that day, when checked or beaten, could never rally, save at a considerable distance in the rear. They were as yet ignorant of the custom of the European soldiers to form a group, if few, or a square, if many, in order to withstand cavalry, take breathing-time for themselves, or cover a retreat. When worsted, even in an advanced attack, the Turks could but run in disorder, doing everything, as Dumont says, either with frenzied audacity, or hopeless panic. They might have rallied in their holes or trenches, had the Turks flung themselves into them with coolness and determination. But they, for the most part, stumbled into them, pell mell with the Imperialists, and were cut to pieces. It was a complete rout. The Turks abandoned everything. But Eugene did not pursue them. He feared the spahis rallying at a distance. He had lost 3000 killed, and 2000 wounded. The Turks left 6000 dead. The Grand Vizier, when he saw the janissaries repulsed, placed himself at the head of 2000 guards to charge the Reiters. But his Turks were ridden down, and the Vizier received two severe wounds, of which he died on the morrow at Carlowitz. Before he breathed his last, he ordered one of his captives, the Count de Brenner, to be put to death.

The Turkish arms had never received a more decisive blow. They showed greater bravery, and their janissaries, such as were of them, showed themselves better soldiers, at least in attack, than the German infantry, even after the late wars on the Rhine. But the Turks had not enough of regular soldiers. The janissaries themselves knew not the common tactics and discipline of retreat, whilst the light Turkish cavalry had fallen into decided inefficiency. Above all, the Imperialists had the advantage in an able and experienced general, which was totally wanting on the part of the Turks.

The rest of the campaign of 1716 was occupied by the siege of Temesvar, which Prince Eugene instantly formed, and which town the Turks most gallantly defended, and as gallantly made repeated efforts to maintain. On one of these occasions more men were killed on both sides than at the battle of Peterwaradin. Both armies were, indeed, indomitable in defence. Though the Imperialists made breaches, they were never able to carry them by assault, or drive the Turks from them. On the other hand, the Turks never succeeded in cutting their way through, to succour the town with either reinforcements or provisions. It was thus

that Temesvar was obliged to capitulate, and the remainder of the garrison was allowed to retire on the most honourable terms.

The following year, 1717, the contending parties made still greater efforts than before. Prince Eugene was able to bring into the field 150,000 men, and the Turks mustered an equal number; but of these 80,000 were janissaries. So ample and careful were the preparations on both sides, that it was late ere the Imperialists, and very late before the Turks took the field. The object that Prince Eugene proposed to himself, was no less than the capture of Belgrade, the fortress and key of the middle Danube. The town, every one knows, is situated on the confluence of the Danube and the Save. It was well fortified and garrisoned by 30,000 men, under an able general. Nevertheless, Prince Eugene passed the river, and established his army in lines, extending from the Save to the Danube, and thus completely investing the town on the land-side. He, at the same time, connected his army with his own bank of the river, by means of two bridges, and, thus posted, he commenced the siege.

The Turkish army did not arrive to the succour of Belgrade for many weeks after the siege had commenced, and wisely, for although the artillery of Eugene had destroyed many of the fortifications of the town, still, disease thinned his own ranks, and the fever which raged at last attacked himself, and filled the army with apprehension that they would be left in their critical position without a leader. Vienna was in consternation, the Court at the foot of the altar, praying the recovery of their general. Eugene did recover, but his army had diminished to 80,000 men, when the Grand Vizier made his appearance on the heights with a fresh and numerous army; with these before him, and a strongly fortified town, manned by 30,000 brave Turks behind him, there were few who might not have despaired of the situation of the Austrian army. All, indeed, did despair save Prince Eugene himself. Even he, had he not had so many laurels which he feared to tarnish, might have been tempted to cross his bridge, and retreat, while the Turkish batteries, firing down upon his camp, carried off whole files, and spread destruction and confusion everywhere. Moreover, the Turks followed their usual plan of opening trenches, and, by these means approaching the Imperialists' camp, throwing up works at the same time, so that, in fact, the besieging army became besieged in its turn.

It was impossible for the Imperialists to support this long, especially as the Turkish batteries threatened to destroy the bridge over the Save, and as their trenches had come within pistol-shot of the Imperialist ones. On the 15th of August, therefore, Eugene made preparations for marching forth, and attacking the enemy on the morrow. Three-fourths of the army were to move in two lines against the Turkish camp and batteries, and one o'clock in the morning was fixed upon as the hour.

At that hour the Imperialists moved forth, but there reigned at the moment so thick a fog, that it was impossible, even with lights, to distinguish anything. Count Palfi, who led the right,

with his cavalry, soon fell into the foremost trenches of the Turks. A sally from his startled men roused the whole Turkish line, who ran to arms, with deafening shouts. The spahis, or Turkish cavalry were the first to get on horseback, and prepare to receive and repel the Imperialists. The janissaries then formed, and there was a universal *mêlée*.

When light came to gleam upon the combatants, and the smoke rolled suddenly away, Prince Eugene perceived that his right wing had swept away all obstacles before it, and had advanced accordingly, whilst all the rest of the line had diverged to the left, leaving an open gap, into which the janissaries had rushed. The Prince called up immediately the second line to repel the janissaries, and restore the connection of his own broken ranks. In this effort the Prince was himself wounded, and roughly treated, but his reserve came up in time to save him, and to drive back the Turks. Had the Turkish general been present, as Eugene was, and equally vigorous, to follow up the advantage gained by the janissaries in the centre, the Turks would have won the battle. But there was no mind or hand to lead or direct the Ottomans with any skill or prudence. They were in consequence driven from the field and totally routed. They lost 20,000 men, amongst whom are to be counted about 5,000 wounded, put to the sword by the fury of the victors. The consequence of this signal victory was, first the surrender of Belgrade, and a numerous material of war. Besides the 160 guns left by the Turks on the field, no less than 680 were captured in Belgrade, or on the land and river fleet.

Such disasters compelled the Grand Vizier to sue for peace, and negotiations were opened at Passarowitz under the mediation of England. Wortley Montague at first went out, but Prince Eugene disliked him, and the duty was confided to others. The peace was signed on the 21st of July, 1718. The principal feature of the treaty of Passarowitz was Austria's preserving, not only Belgrade, but a large share of Servia adjoining it, as well as some of Wallachia, and even Bosnia. In fact, Austria by that treaty, put her foot solidly on the other side of the Danube, a position, however, which it required a general like Prince Eugene to keep.

From the year 1718 to 1789, there elapsed a score of years of peace between Turkey and its great European rivals. Austria was occupied with the affairs of Spain, Russia with those of Poland. Disgusted by the unfortunate, and almost ludicrous result of Peter the Great's ambitious projects on the Black Sea, his successors had transferred their attention and efforts to make Russia a European power, and St. Petersburg, the great Russian city, abandoning the territories, and development of the empire southwards. Turkey, on its side, took advantage of the time of respite, to turn its arms against Persia, and the struggle continued with varying success, and with no great profit to either, between the two great Mahommedan powers of Asia.

When the Empress Anne succeeded to the throne, she and her ministers became alarmed at the prospect of the Porte's assuming

a marked superiority over Persia, and of the Mahommedans passing beyond the Caucasus, and by means of the Tartars threatening the independence of Russia itself. She therefore seized the opportunity of Turkey being engaged in the Persian war to attack the Tartars, and she thus renewed altogether that warlike policy of Peter the Great, directed towards the Black Sea rather than the Baltic.

Towards the end of May, 1736, the Russian army under the command of Marshal Munch, assembled to the number of 54,000 men, at Zaritsinka, near the course of the Dnieper. Munch followed the left bank of that river, until he reached the lines of Perecop, which were considered impregnable by the Crim Tartars. These famous lines consisted of a deep ditch, with wall and rampart, extending across the isthmus, and defending the Crimea, as a similar one across the isthmus of Corinth defended the Morea. Although 100,000 Tartars were said to have gathered to the defence of this entrenchment, Munch with his much smaller force did not hesitate to attack it; and he came up on the 28th of May, whilst the Turks were merely hoisting the standard of war at Constantinople. They never were in time for the first attacks in a spring campaign. Munch poured with his army into the Crimea, and signalized his presence by the most ruthless ravages. He destroyed everywhere life and habitation, destroyed the palace and garden of the Moslem king at Baydjeserai, and a magnificent library with it. His lieutenants took at the same time several important fortresses, of which Azoff was the principal; and then Munch evacuated the Crimea, which he was not yet in force to conquer or to keep. Towards the close of the year the Turks were allowed to take their revenge, the Tartar chief or Sultan of the Crimea being changed, the new chief led his army into the Ukraine, defeated a body of 5,000 Russians, which in vain attempted to defend it, and ravaged the province, bringing off 30,000 slaves. On this occasion the Turks and their viziers did everything in their power to conciliate and keep peace with the Emperor of Austria, Charles the Sixth. But that prince, won by the blandishments of Russia, and desirous of claiming for himself a share of Turkey to compensate his losses elsewhere, concluded the first serious alliance between Austria and Russia for the conquest of a portion of the Ottoman Empire. In vain did the Austrian ministers remonstrate with their sovereign. Prince Eugene, who could alone effectually do this, was no more. As, however, there was a place and persons appointed for negotiations, they continued. It was, however, a mere farce, for the Russians, supported by the Austrian envoys made such demands as caused the Turkish envoys to stare with stupor. They asked nothing less than the whole Crimea, and the Kouban, the entire land of the Tartars; moreover, the suzerainty of Moldavia and Wallachia, and free passage for fleets throughout the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. "What you ask," replied the simple Ottoman, "is so contrary to treaties and to oaths, that you offend the injunc-

tions of your gospel, and the principle of Grotius, as well as of common justice."

To so home a taunt the Austro-Russian had nothing to reply, save that the Turks went against their own Koran in not persisting to convert Christians by the sabre. "The text of the Koran," the Turks rejoined, "was applicable solely to the idolator, not to the followers of Christ and of the Jewish Scriptures, whose demands for peace, on the contrary, the Koran enjoins the Turks to receive and to accept." Such was the remarkable answer of the Ottomans, who had just as much right and reason on their side in 1637 against Russia and Austria, as they have in 1853.

The Austrians had afterwards deep reason to repent their having joined Russia in these ambitious attempts upon Turkey. For Europe had no longer Prince Eugene to command its armies, nor the courage nor experience of the officers formed by Eugene and Marlborough. The Court of Vienna, itself full of divisions and weaknesses, could not decide between different generals, but employed two or three, all jealous of each other, and all equally incapable. They commenced their campaigns with confidence and arrogance, one marching into Bosnia, another into Servia, a third overrunning Wallachia, without plan, or concert, or prudence. The army that entered Servia proceeded so far as to capture Nissa, but in so doing it left the fortress of Widdin behind it, on which it was obliged to turn; and it failed to take Widdin, whilst it re-lost Nissa. Whilst twenty years of peace had thus deteriorated the Austrian armies, the Turkish troops had gained considerably in skill and discipline under the instruction of the Count De Bonneval, who had been obliged to seek refuge in Turkey, and who instructed the Turkish generals in their first military tactics, which in Eugene's time they had wanted.

In Bosnia the Prince of Hildburghausen, commanding the Imperialists, laid siege to Banyalouka, but the Turkish general raised a *levée en masse* of the soldiers of the country, and with these completely defeated Hildburghausen. Ahmed Kapriuli recaptured Nissa about the same time. Gilani was beaten in Wallachia. And, in fact, the Turks recovered so much of their old superiority, that they refused all proposals of peace that did not include the restoration of Belgrade by the Austrians, and of Azoff by the Russians.

Whilst the war was carried on in this uncertainty, Field-Marshal Wallis, with about 60,000 men, thought that it was time to emulate some of the great feats of Eugene. He knew that the Grand Vizier was marching upon Semendra, and he resolved to attack him. This he managed to do with his cavalry alone, the infantry not having come up. And he committed the fault the very week after that he had declared in one of his despatches to Vienna, that it was quite useless to attack the Turks with cavalry alone, an arm in which they had become so superior. The battle took place at Kroska on the 23rd of July, 1739. The cuirassiers of Palfi had alone issued from a gorge, when they were attacked by the Ottomans, slaughtered, or driven back upon

their comrades, who, in a narrow defile, could not preserve order; the infantry came up afterwards, for the battle lasted from morning till sunset. The Austrians were driven back to the Danube, leaving 6000 dead and almost as many wounded. Five of the Imperial generals were slain. Thus on the field of Kroska, and in the preceding campaign, were thrown away all the advantages and superiority won for the Austrian arms by Prince Eugene twenty years previous. Peace was the consequence of this decisive victory. The Treaty of Belgrade was signed soon after between Austria and the Porte, the chief condition being the restoration to Turkey of that city, as well as all the territories south of the Danube, given up at the Treaty of Passarowitz.

Peace was at the same time concluded with Russia, the latter power not indeed restoring Azoff, but stipulating to destroy its fortifications, and leave its territory uncultured and depopulated. Such was the kind of resuscitation achieved by the arms of the Ottomans for their empire towards the year 1740.

ST. PETER'S TO ST. JANUARIUS'.

WHEN you want to get away from Rome, of course every body else wants to get away too; and as everybody else is more provident and decided in his plans than you are, he has taken the corner place of the coupée of the Naples diligence at least a fortnight, if not three weeks, before you think of enquiring.

When you find that everybody else has taken all the places in the diligence, you have to look about for somebody else in the same predicament with yourself, with whom you make a party, and hire a special carriage. My lot was cast with Reginald, the coffee-planter, and his cousin, the future Lord-lieutenant of the county of——. But the carriages hold four, and the difficulty was to find a fourth man to lighten the expense of post-horses. A day or two before we had to start, two other college friends arrived from Florence, on their way to Ceylon; the excellent and stout-hearted Joe C——, celebrated for shooting Mexican highway-men, right and left, and the lively and agreeable author of *Rambles and Scrambles* in North and South America. We were now five, and had to fill up two carriages. We entered into negotiations with a couple of Americans, but did not trade; partly, that we did not much like their looks, and partly that they had an impression we someway meant to take them in. Then we settled with an artist and his consumptive brother, who broke a blood-vessel the night before we had to start; so that finally we went five in our two carriages. There was less economy in this management than could have been wished, but then there was all the more room for our legs.

The evening before, I dined with a great lady, who had the art

of drawing agreeable society up a great many pair of stairs, which, not the stairs, but the agreeable society, is a rare article among the heterogeneous hole-and-corner lodging house scrambles of British hospitality in Rome. Unfortunately she had not one of her agreeable evening parties that evening, and she kindly took me to a disagreeable one, given by a would-be great lady, who had taken a palace, and was making an elaborate effort with two hopeless daughters. One of these was sleek and stupid; the other, skinny and wriggling, with anxious red eyes. Among the British youth of Rome, they went by the names of the ferret and guinea-pig. Mrs. Gynne Goggleford was the would-be great lady in name; and when we entered her spacious and splendid palace drawing-room, she was standing at her tea-table—I should rather say, she was ducking, and diving, and writhing at it in the agony of graceful tea-making. As we came in, she thought it necessary to inform us that she had followed her ladyship's example in making her own tea, instead of having it done by her servants, but she did not tell us why she had not sat down to do it, and drawn a comfortable circle round the table. I was introduced with an apology; "she was only too happy to receive any of her ladyship's guests. She had had the pleasure of meeting me too at Mr. Wattlechop's, had she not?"

The company stood and sat about uncomfortably, and seemed too few for the great drawing-room; very few of them knew each other; and it seemed as if Mrs. Gynne Goggleford had picked, and culled, and scraped up the waifs and strays of Rome, without any reference to how they might be amused by sitting and standing about in her drawing-room for two or three hours.

But the principal feature of the evening, was the culmination and wind-up of the elaborate effort this worthy lady had been making with her hopeless daughters, during the Roman season. The subject of this supernatural struggle was the ferret, whose anxious pink eyes looked still more pink and anxious on the now impending separation from the much cherished object, who was to depart from Rome on the morrow, and say farewell, in a more or less promising manner this very evening. The Honourable Mr. Softon is the object. He is the heir-apparent of an Irish peer—a slender, shangling, slack-backed, unhappy stripling of seventeen. He has a pink, blue-eyed, innocent countenance, a head of wavy flaxen hair, and his upper lip is adorned by a delicate fringe of milk-white down. He is in the period of male existence which corresponds with boarding-school misshood, and is travelling with his tutor, between school and college; or, what is more probable, perhaps, between apron-strings and college. Poor boy! the gap-toothed ogress, and her pink-eyed daughter have both been flattering him, and making love to him desperately for two months. The tutor is a dry man in spectacles, who has been wearing out his soul and body on churches and monuments; and in the innocence of his heart, he has permitted these two disinterested women to comfort the intervals of his penance. His male acquaintances have joked him about it, and now that he has to stand up before

the toothless affectionate smiles of the mother, and the languishing tenderness of her mournful ferret, as they bid him farewell and hope he may soon be back from Naples, he looks as if his back was going to break in several places, and his loosely hung legs and wings to drop about the drawing-room floor. However, we all got away safely at last, and good naturedly congratulated poor Softon on his conquest, as we walked along the lamp-lit Corso.

I now went home, dressed in my travelling costume, and transported my effects to the hotel from which our party were to start on the following dawn; for as I have an objection to getting up in the middle of the night, and as it only wanted four or five hours to the time of departure, I preferred not to go to bed at all. I disposed myself to sleep on a sofa of their drawing-room, but did not sleep; on the contrary, I wore away the hours with cigars and brandy and water, in the attempt to convert an intelligent but sceptical Irish major of Indian dragoons to Christianity. He was not to start on the morrow, but being a gentleman of cosmopolitan hours, and as I did not go to sleep, and the brandy bottle held out to the end, he was good enough to cheer me with his society during the silent hours, and went to bed when we set off.

Of course we did not, nor could be expected to get away without a good deal of waiting, for unpunctual post-horses, and impatience, and British oaths, and Italian importunity. At length, however, we rumbled out of the moist gray labyrinth of rainy Rome, passed the Colosseum dim in showery dawn, and crossed the blank and desolate Campagna, scarred with ruin. The weather cleared a little as the sun looked over the mountain-shoulder, up which we crept to Alba Longa, which seems very long to this day, and has pretty peeps of the lower country, and the sea, through gaps in the straggling street. I saw the less of it as the companion who had fallen to my share, was the future Lord-lieutenant of ——, who had pulled out a very small pack of cards and persuaded me to give him a lesson in whist, and we were dealing out the opposite seat, and losing our cards down among the straw, as we played double dummy with a commentary under great disadvantages.

We breakfasted in our carriages to lose no time; paid like Englishmen, and went at a furious pace up and down the undulating road among the hills—then down among the Pontine pools and canals skirting below the mountain-brows. At Terracina, we stopped on the borders of both the Papal and Mediterranean sea. There were some impudent and mendicant custom-house officers and police, and a picturesque leaning tower of rock standing forward out of the face of the cliff. But, above all, at Terracina there is an authoritatively self-recommending wheel-greaser, who assures travellers that there is some inherent quality in the atmosphere of Terracina which makes it necessary that all carriages passing through should have their wheels anointed, whether they otherwise seem to want it or not. On our declining his services, he almost threatened our lives; but we assured him that if he came

near any of our axles, we would break his head. That our wheels had four naves already, and five was more than enough. In fine, that we considered him much more likely to purloin the linch-pin, than do our vehicles any good. By pursuing this course, we saved half a dollar, and some time, and obtained some very choice specimens of Italian execration.

Our road now lay along the deep blue sea—light blue promontaries of the scalloped coast, looking like islands, rose before us from the filmy distance. As the scenery was growing more and more beautiful, came on sunset and darkness. A little after night-fall we supped at Mola di Gaeta. On, through the dark night which was passed at the rate of about nine hundred and ninety-nine jolts to each single wink of sleep. Next morning, we drove through the long streets of Capua, and soon after saw the twin peaks of Vesuvius.

Naples is the only Italian city I have yet seen which looks like a metropolis. All the rest seem like over-grown county towns. Even the Corso's stir and vivacity during the carnival and holy week, *parvis componere magna*, reminded me of the galvanic activity in Coney-street, at the season of the York Hunt ball. All the stir is made, and all the money is circulated by the influx of families from the country. But Naples is really alive.

There is a great deal of it too. Long wide streets, and large irregular shaped piazzas, and brand new palaces and mediæval dungeons, and above all, St. Elmo's massive citadel frowning from its rock. Then you get at last to the palace-crowded rim of the sea, which is as blue and shiny as could possibly be expected, even of the bay of Naples. You see the curving shores, which lengthened suburbs line with white for twenty miles. You see the mountain ranges rounding to the horns of the bay, whose points are broken off, and form two sky-peaked islands called Capri and Ischia.

All these items, having hastily swept them up from the horizon, you acknowledge with a respectful glance or two, as things you have heard about all your life, and sometimes wished to see, but at present your principal interest and anxiety is, to see where your hotel will emerge from the interminable line of quays along which you have been rapidly rattling for some time. After twenty-eight' hours incessant jolting and dusting, not even Naples, with all its charms, can compete with a warm bath, and a little *café au lait*.

I spent the month of April in Naples. It was the end of the season, but there were still a few dinners and evening parties, and balls, chiefly in the houses of ambassadors, who live sumptuously and entertain hospitably. Society is on a larger scale than in Rome. Handsome palaces full of gay company, talking a great deal of good, bad, and indifferent French. There were private theatricals too, in which the actors were English and Neapolitan, but the plays they acted were French. We rode and drove about, skirting the winding bays beyond the promontory of Pausilippo. We saw Pozzuoli, and the cavernous prisons and cisterns in the cliffs of Baii, where Tiberias kept a supply of state-prisoners for his amusement, and fresh water for his navy. We went up to the lofty

convent of Camaldoli on perverse donkeys, and saw almost all the kingdom of Naples from the mountain-top, which these hermit-monks have chosen to live and die on. Grey-bearded, ancient men, robed in white, who have vowed away their lives to solitary confinement and perpetual silence.

The friend with whom I was staying, an invalid, who had been in Naples a year or two, began to think the weather was getting too hot. So we agreed to go across the bay, and see if we could take a house on the airy heights of Capri.

Punctuality is not a virtue which flourishes in hot climates. The Capri steamer sets off at the inconveniently early hour of half-past nine, and runs alternate days. After being half an hour too late, two or three times, we at last made a great and memorable effort on the morning of the 18th of April, and were just in time to see the boat go off without us.

Feeling that we had done our uttermost, and that Fortune had put our destinies in her dice-box, with the intention of throwing us, somehow or another, this very day, we enquired whither the other little steamboat was bound. Our boatmen, who had only just recovered their breath from vociferating, as they pulled furiously in vain pursuit of the now distant Capri steamer, replied that the other one which lay smoking tranquilly by the *mola*, would soon set off for Ischia, if that would suit our excellencies as well.

We tossed up a dollar; heads—Ischia; tails—Naples. It fell heads, so we went aboard. But now we found we should have to wait two hours. So we made a bargain with our little boat to row us over to Capri, which is about twenty miles distant. When the bargain was concluded, and a bargain with Neapolitan sailors is not made in a moment, clouds began to gather on the purple brow of Vesuvius. My friend's valet, the valiant Roberto, who had been a tailor previous to entering service, grew very pale, and entreated us for the love of the Virgin and all the saints, not to go out to sea in a cock-boat, with a storm coming on. I had no idea that Roberto's expostulations would have any weight; but my friend thought it did not look unlike rain. It would take us at least five or six hours to cross the bay, and as we had no great coats nor umbrellas, that length of time in the wet would not be good for his cough.

This argument, together with the possibility of a squall, and Roberto's terrors being taken into consideration, we gave the boatmen an extra carline or two. Went ashore and drove to the railway which skirts the bay round to Castellamare. We ran beneath the steep slopes of Vesuvius, girt with vineyards and sparkled with white massarias—passed the stations of Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata, and came to Castellamare, which is to modern Naples what Pompeii was to Parthenope, the fashionable summer watering place.

Here we were attacked by a hubbub of competition for our patronage between vetturini, corricoleri, and donkeymen. The donkeys carried us off, and away we went at a canter with a couple of screaming urchins armed with sticks in our wake. Of course

this could not last, the staple pace is a quick walk, during which the boys are able to recover their breath after intercalary bursts of galloping.

The road is beautiful. A ledge high up above the sea, winding in and out of the inequalities of the rocky mountain-face in which it is cut. Here and there bridges cross deep gulleys, where torrents leap down to the sea. Above, among the toppling crags, were men quarrying stone for the road. It did not seem a very safe arrangement either for the workmen or wayfarer. A little further we overtook an old woman vociferating loudly as she tottered along between two people who were supporting her. We thought at first she was drunk, and then that she was mad. She kept crying, "O figlio mio, O figlio mio, l'anno portato via." We asked what was the matter and were told that her son had been working at the quarries, and a stone had rolled down upon him and killed him, and that the povera vecchiarèlla was "ghiut in pazzia" (gone into folly) for grief. We were debating whether money, the usual anodyne which the rich apply indiscriminately to all distresses of the poor, was the proper specific for the poor old woman; but the donkey boys, having taken breath and possessed themselves of all the particulars, left no time for our benevolent intentions to reach maturity. The whirlwind of shrieks and blows arose behind us, and we were driven along before it at full gallop.

The gallop of a donkey is not pleasant to anybody, but the principal sufferer was the unfortunate tailor who had never ridden before, and who, to add to his grievances, had his master's little valise, which, under all circumstances, even of greatest torture, he persisted in hugging closely to his bosom, as if it had been his only child. In spite of all his troubles Roberto kept up his spirits wonderfully. He had never been out of Naples before, and he was only going through the prefatory trials and hardships towards arriving at the dignities of a travelled man.

Turning the corner of a headland Capri lay before us about eight or ten miles off. We were getting nearer our destination, though in a very roundabout way, as anybody may perceive by looking at the map. Sorrento now lay at our feet, scattered among gardens, vineyards, and figs and olives, and orange-groves, on a sloping platform, broken off abruptly by a perpendicular cliff-edge towards the sea, and surmounted by craggy peaks behind. The cliff-edge is lined with houses, which seem to overhang the precipice. One of them is said to be the house of Tasso. Cavern staircases are cut down through the cliff to the sea.

Here we took a little boat with a pair of oars, and crept leisurely aslant the calm blue strait which divides Capri from the mainland. The island rises towards this end in a precipitous wall of rock about a thousand feet. The headland is topped by the ruins of the Villa Jovis, the favourite palace of Tiberius; and down this precipice he used to throw his criminals when he was tired of torturing them. Hard by is the broken horn of an ancient lighthouse, which was struck with lightning a few days before the

tyrant's death. We passed close by the foot of this lofty *scar*, whose jagged peaks wreathed in purple lights soared dizzily in the golden atmosphere of sunset. Ripples, deep blue and bronze coloured, lapped in the time-worn water-mark of the bases, which being filled with scarlet sea-anemones, that rise and fall with the washing of the waves, look as if the long cicatrised line still bled like a fresh wound—so says Hans Christian Andersen, or something to this effect; and if the Mediterranean was a very stormy and truculent sea, which habitually showed a plausible intention of battering down, or washing away the island of Capri from its somewhat hopelessly solid foundations, the Improvisatore's metaphor would have been more poetically complete. Let us say the rude rock bases have formed a line of crimson lips to kiss the bright and gentle waters which embrace them for ever, tideless and unchanged. This is rather Darwinical, and does not give so vivid an idea.

We skirted along beneath the crags, and landed, soon after sunset, in a little bay, whose pebbly strand is lined with round-topped fishermen's houses. A staircase-road led us up to a Moorish looking little town perched on the ridge of the island, where it sags in a catenary curve, between its loftier ends, and is not more than five or six hundred feet above the sea. We found a rude and primitive but not uncomfortable inn, where we supped on excellent fried shrimps and salad. After supper a band of rustic beauties appeared, and danced the tarantella, a barbarous insular dance, to an equally wild and barbarous measure on the tambourine, which serves also as an accompaniment to the musician, who sings, a ballad of interminable length, detailing the possessions and accomplishments of one Ciceronella, a lady whose biography has not reached the present age in authentic prose.

Next morning from the top of the house we made more accurate acquaintance with the general features of Capri. The town of Capri stands on a sort of saddle in the sunken ridge between the higher ends. Towards the mainland it rises with castellated mounts and scarp'd ridges to the Villa Jovis. On the other hand a steep wall of precipice, accessible only by a zigzag ladder cut in the face of the rock, falls away from the lofty table-land of Ana Capri. All about the curious round-topped houses, with deep-arched balconies, are picturesquely grouped among the heights and hollows of the uneven rock-ridge. The garden of the inn is full of orange and lemon trees, and boasts one fine palm-tree, which does great service in the foregrounds of the numerous artists who frequent the establishment.

We had passed over the Saddle-back in coming to the inn, and this morning we looked out upon the southern sea, unbroken by any outlines of land, stretching away towards Africa. Three quarters of a mile along the narrow lanes, which wind among bowery vineyards, brought us to a point of rock with the remains of a ruined tower called La Tragara. On our way we saw the long row of blocked-up arches called the Cento Camarella, which some antiquaries consider to be the foundations of a great road

(apparently leading from nowhere to nowhere else), and others a college for the education of Tiberius's harem. Why they should have been instructed in these unpleasant little cells does not appear, except that *fornix* is Latin for a vault, which is only a *philological* reason.

From the Tragara can be seen the features of the southern coast of the island, which is more abrupt and precipitous than the northern, which we passed beneath last night. There is, however, one small breach, down to which there is access by a very steep road. This *piccola marina* was once the principal port of the island; and by that shapeless black mass of grouted masonry, so wave-worn as to look like natural rock, rode the galleys of Augustus.

The principal attraction and main wonder of Capri is the celebrated Grotto Azurra, or Blue Grotto. It is on the north side, and towards the eastern extremity of the island. We took a little boat at the Grande Marina (where we first landed), and skirted along beneath the rocky wall of cliff for about a mile and a half. In many places along the water-line there are low cavern mouths, where the heaving swell, compressing the air within the cavern, blows out great spouts of spray with a bellowing noise. These little semi-submarine bottle-necked caves can of course only be entered by diving, and nobody enters them, I suppose, for divers reasons.

But the largest of them, which, in a heavy sea, blows and bellows like fifty whales and waterspouts, when the sea is calm leaves room for a little boat to pass into its narrow jaws. To give you an accurate idea of its shape and situation, figure to yourself a soda-water bottle, built into the wall of a tank horizontally, so that the water-level half filled both the neck and belly of the bottle. Half a small hazel nut-shell, manned with ants, floating into the semi-circular aperture, will about represent the conditions and proportions of a small boatload of travellers entering the blue grotto. The neck of the cavern is about eight feet in diameter. The belly of the bottle is about eighty yards in length, and forty yards in diameter.

Now you have a general skeleton idea on which to feed and patch the particulars of my visit to the grotto Azurra. We are approaching the end of the island, and the cliffs above us are growing lower. Close beneath a small battery, where the French effected a landing, when they took the island from Sir Hudson Lowe, of unfortunate insular memory, is the mouth of the cave, just big enough for our little boat to shoot in under the most favourable circumstances. But there is a slight swell, and the water heaves up and down a foot or so in the dark jaws. Our party crouch down, and make themselves as small as possible in the bottom of the boat. The boatmen stand holding on by the jagged teeth which project from the cavern-mouth, waiting for a favourable sink of water to pull the boat in through the black throat. It is a ticklish job; for if the boat hitches against the ragged sides, and the succeeding swell crushes it up with terrible

hydraulic pressure against the tunnel roof, it will be reduced to little better than a shapeless, wooden, crusted, unbaked traveller-pie. The water sinks—now for it! in we go.

The boatmen were rather nervous in their hurry, and the boat did hitch: before she could be got in motion again the swell came. Luckily for us not a very great swell, which only squeezed us enough to break a thole-pin on one side, and bruise the edge of the boat on the other. The next moment we were through, much more frightened than hurt: the dim, hollow roof rose above us: an infernal lake which seemed lighted from below by blue sulphurous fires spread around us: flakes and sparks of blue fire leapt from each stroke of the oar as we moved along towards the unseen extremity of this Stygian pool. The air is dark, and the shadowy vaults above seem only lit by flickering reflections from the ripples of the self-luminous water, which meets the black walls of the grotto with a clear sheet of most brilliant azure; that is to say there is no reflection in the water of the dark rock above it.

On what principle of refraction, I am not physiologist enough to say, the water holds more light than the air, though there is as much of the aperture above as under water. You may convince yourself of this at once by turning up your shirt-sleeves, and plunging your arm. Above the surface of the water the flesh seems nearly black; beneath it is of a shining, silvery whiteness. Some of us undressed and bathed. The effect of the naked figures in the water was very curious; shining bodies of silver, joined to black faces above water, swimming about in liquid blue fire, or standing on a ledge of rock, where the water was shallow, nothing was conspicuous but a pair of very bright legs, continued only by a dim ghost of a body in shadowy outline. If anybody spoke, the whole vast vault resounded with hollow echoes. When we had swum all about the cavern, and taken headers from a platform of rock, where the roof is supported by a rude, natural column, we departed. I, for my part, did not venture to go out again in the boat after my experience on entering, so I swam through the perilous throat into the bright sunlit sea outside; the passage being quite large enough for me, though it was rather too small to be comfortable for the boat. I am enabled to contradict authoritatively a statement of Andersen's with respect to this opening. He affirms, that, though the space above water is so small, the mouth of the cave extends down to an immense depth under water. And from those unsound and unsounded premises he deduces, that, as the main proportion of light enters through the blue water, the light in the cave is all tinged with blue. I might have been inclined to agree with this plausible statement, if I had not cut my toe on the sharp bottom of the throat in swimming out. I have frequently swum in and out of the cave since, and can state advisedly that there is just about as much of the hole above as under the level of the sea. The blue light is to be accounted for by the water's refractive tenacity of light. The white light which comes in through the little space above water, is soon lost in the immensity of the dark vault, but that which comes in through the

water seems to diffuse and dissolve itself equally throughout the whole water of the cave, so that where the air would be quite dark, it takes a feeble light from the water whose colour it retains.

After dinner, we walked up to the English gun, which stands or rather lies on one elbow on a little isolated battery in the southern cliff, where it rises perpendicularly to the ruin-topped eminence of Castiglione. The path slants up the flank of the hill, and a little below the castellated crag turns to the right, round upon a ledge on the face of the precipice. This ledge shortly leads to a little round platform, where lies a single dismantled thirty-two pounder.

The back of this rusty veteran is embossed with a G. R. cypher twined round an anchor, and surmounted by the British crown. On the truncated arm end (which this fallen hero lifts as if to protest against such unwarrantable detention of a British subject), is the date 1791. It was lost when the French took Capri from Sir Hudson Lowe, who seems to have had a destiny somewhat island-bewitched, like that of Sancho Panza.

Now here is a brilliant opportunity for writing a truly British sonnet upon this lost gun, over which we ought to mourn more than we rejoice over all the other nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine thirty-two-pounders which Britain possesses elsewhere. A proudly regretful sonnet, or a patriotically indignant sonnet, or a philosophically moralising sonnet.

“Dishonoured iron! when thou left'st the loam
Wherein thy molten ore took martial shape,
To bolt large shot or belch the rattling grape,
Didst thou e'er deem that such disgraceful doom
Should fill with bitterness thy honeycomb?
Bring me a British banner bound with crape,
Thy naked shame in decent death to drape—
Or let me launch thee down into the foam!
Within a single pace of this dread verge,
Which beetles o'er its billow-beaten base!
Poor gun! I fear we cannot go the pace;
In vain my feeble arm thy course would urge,
Tilting thee o'er the brink, that thy disgrace
Might sleep beneath Britannia's subject surge.”

The precipice falls away from our little round platform about seven hundred and fifty feet into the sea, which is foamy-fringed, and mottled as to its translucent borders with broad patches of bright azure and dark blue, and bronzy green, varying with the depth, and absence or presence of sea-weed at the bottom.

The town itself is out of sight, behind the turn of the ledge; but we can see the great round hollow lap of the island's southern aspect, which is scooped out below this side of the town—not like the other side which slopes down to the beach, but growing level towards the edge of the cliff. It looks as if some giant of the prime, wading from Naples to Sicily had sat down here and left an honorary mark of his sedulous condescension moulded in the plastic materials of yet unhardened nature.

Forming a sort of centre to what this hollow would be (if about a third of the circle were not cut off with a precipitous cliff), stands the picturesquely ruinous huddle of an old Carthusian con-

vent—a small town in itself, clustered round the loftier church and the broad, arched and cloistered quadrangle, now green with waving wheat—the whole encompassed by a high-walled precinct of garden ground.

From this sort of three-quarters punch-bowl, slopes up towards the eastern head of the island, a long olived and vineyarded and dwelling-sprinkled slack, crowned by the frowning archbrows of the Villa Jovis.

Towards this point the line of precipitous coast recedes upwards in zigzag perspective, seen betwixt the nearer headlands of the fortino di San Michele on the north, and the telegraph-topped Tuoro Grande on the south side. Continuing the spine of the zigzag cliff edges (which break off abruptly at the brow of Tuoro Grande) at a much lower level, the huge, isolated fangs of rock, called the Fariglioni, pierce up out of the deep blue sea.

All this, you understand, is looking towards the eastern end of the island which points towards the mainland; indeed you may see the top of a lofty mountain somewhere behind Almalfi, lifting itself just above the outline of the Villa Jovis. Now you must please to turn yourself round, if you have patience (and room to do so in that metaphorical point of space—your mind's eye), and look westward.

Look down first. There at the foot of the precipice is the little bay of the piccola marina, with the mole of Augustus; and above the piccola marina is a terraced steep, and above the terraced steep, a corner of the unscalable rock-wall which divides Capri from the highlands of Anacapri. In that angle of the rock-wall is a vast cave, from whose roof (about two hundred and fifty feet above the floor), you may see great pointed stalactites, which they say—though on what authority I know not—were formed on the roof by the smoke of sacrifices, and that they are of a bituminous quality. At any rate it is popularly called the cave of sacrifices.

Again, above this corner of the rock-wall, you see a low angle of the plateau land of Anacapri; set on which, and looking as if it would certainly slip away to perdition, is perched a hermitage. Still higher towers the Monte Solar—a rugged mass, whose shoulders are crossed with slanting belts of cloud; and that is the highest point of the island. We turned our corner and descended through the olive terraces that overhung the quaint Oriental clusters of Capri, beyond whose roof-set rim extended the broad, blue bay of Naples, with dim Vesuvius and his wreaths of steam sunset-tinged, crowning the hazy distance.

A little before sunset, we sat on the stone-benches outside the gates of the little city, enjoying the cool evening breeze and the beautiful view. A long file of dark-haired maidens, with Greek features and graceful forms erect, and heavy baskets of lime, came winding up a steep and narrow path from the kilns below. Many of them might have stood in marble for very respectable Cariatides without further embellishment. One of them, a slender delicate-looking girl of eighteen, with very beautiful wavy black hair, set

down her basket on the portcullis, and leant against the wall of the gateway to take breath. The heavy basket, indeed, which contained about a hundredweight of lime, seemed quite enough to account for the exhaustion of so slight a frame. The picturesque grace of her attitude caught our attention, and, drawing near, we were struck also with the strongly-characterised Grecian type of her features, and the painful expression of weariness in her beautiful deep-fringed eyes. We at once singled her out as a very interesting barbarian, and told her that if she liked to make a day of rest to-morrow she might earn more by sitting for her portrait than by carrying hundredweights of lime on her head up-hill all day. She seemed very shy and wild, and would not give any decided answer, considering us to be dangerous foreigners.

Next morning we bathed at the marine palace of Tiberius. It lies on the way to the blue grotto, in a nook beneath the precipice, where there is a narrow margin of pebbly beach. On the shore there are remains of arches and vaults, and round chambers of diamond brick-work, wreathed with samphire, and masses of cemented masonry stand out into the water conveniently to take headers from. We had a very clear fresh blue bath, and dived and swam about among the ruins, on which the shimmering fret of sunlight from the rippled mirror, played as the wimbling billows rose and fell.

After breakfast, we took the important step of leasing a house for three months—a picturesque mediæval monastic dwelling, called in the Caprese dialect *Loo Spitz*, from having been formerly the hospice (*l'ospizio*) of the Theresan convent, next door. I shall perhaps have occasion to describe it when we come to live in it. We also hired a ragged vagabond in the market-place, to be our servant of all work, highly recommended as a strictly honest object of charity, with a wife and babe on the point of starvation. His name is Dominico. He will be the "my man Sunday" of our Robinson Crusoe's seclusion from the world.

Soon after dinner we strolled down to the Carthusian Convent, which you know we saw from the English Gun yesterday. Through the arched portal, under which dwells the old *custode*, were streaming the same chain of dark-eyed Cariatides we saw over night, each of whom, as she passed with her burden, the old sergeant registered in his labour-book. They were carrying lime to make mortar for the repairs of the building.

La Certosa, as the Convent is called, has, since the monks were dispersed by the French, been used by several nations as a barrack; and the king is now putting it in order again for that purpose. The walls of all the principal chambers are covered with profuse fresco paintings, dilapidated and disfigured by musket shots and profane additions to the drawing by the French soldiers.

The marble statue of the founder, Arcuta, in the chapel, had been wonderfully respected—only losing his nose. They probably did not think it worth while to do him further injury, as he was neither very holy nor very beautiful. In a great picture of the

"last supper" they had painted out the face of our Saviour, and put a dog's head instead.

The dwelling of the abbot, a delightful suite of apartments, on a terrace of the cliff-brow, had been occupied by the French colonel. One of the closets of his dining-room we found papered with an old newspaper, in which there was the announcement of a ball under the first Empire, to take place at the Tuilleries, on the (I forget what) —th of May, 1812.

On the cliff below the terrace, which did not fall away *plumb* at once, but sloped with much herbage and shrubbage to the precipice, there was a man holding out a fan-shaped net between two long canes, like fishing-rods, and a little boy beating the bushes before him—a quail sprung up and was caught in the meshes.

We now went up to the Villa Jovis, a long ascent, not very steep, up the hollow of the island to the headland, from which two arched vaults, like hollow eye-sockets, stared down upon us from the ruin. This favourite villa of Tiberius still preserves his name, a little altered by the rude pronunciation of the Capriotes, who call it the Palazzo Timberio. We passed the awful rock of punishment, called the Salto di Timberio, where we threw some great stones down the dizzy drop into the sea. The ruins are not very remarkable, but the view of the straits of the bay, and the bold promontory of the mainland, all in the red light of sunset, was superb. We made acquaintance with the hermit, who lives among the ruins, and has a chapel and cell. He is a rubicund old gentleman with a long grey beard, which gives him a venerable appearance—but they say he is a shocking old sinner, and that the ample folds of his black robe, like charity (on which he seems to live very comfortably), covers a multitude of sins. He is very lame, and keeps the briskest donkey in the island, on which he descends at full gallop, a sweeping avalanche of black cloth, to hear mass in the cathedral; after which, he may usually be seen for some hours in various door-ways of the city, gossiping and laughing with the comely matrons of Capri, who seem to have a great affection for this holy man.

In the evening there was a candle-light *Funzione* in the cathedral—a sort of theatrical performance by some itinerant missionaries. Two of them were set up on a platform, and went through a *viva voce* confession, which was very ludicrous. The man confessing was the buffoon of the party, and confessed his sins, and exposed his erroneous views of religion with an offhand *naïveté* that was duly contrasted by the stern reproof and correction of the austere confessor. The crowd of peasants and mariners often laughed at the humorous sallies of the penitent, but always listened with reverence to the grim confessor, who, to our mind, was often, unintentionally, the more comic of the two.

Afterwards another missionary preached with great violence, and often breaking into a sort of chaunted recitative, which seemed very strange to our ears in a sermon. We had got close behind the platform from which he was preaching, to hear better

there being no room anywhere near in front. As the preacher's enthusiasm was coming to a climax, and his voice was getting to its last pitch of aggravation, the sacristan pushed by us with a sweating candle, a hand crucifix, and an iron scourge. The missionary had wound up the thundering catalogue of Capri's sins, and now, in this awful catastrophe of impending damnation, what was to be done? He turns round from the trembling audience, and plunges down, towards the back of the platform, for some desperate resource—luckily, he finds the sacristan amply provided with means of rescue—up go the sweating candle and crucifix. Here is our remedy! But how shall we merit his mercy? An awful pause! Another plunge—down go the crucifix and candle, and up comes the clanking iron scourge. Penetenzia! (clash) Penetenzia! (clink) Penetenzia! (clink clank clash) cries the preacher, applying the purge to his own shoulders, which are well protected by the puffy plaitings of his thick black woollen robe. But now the effect is produced—all the kneeling peasant maidens are in groans and tears, beating their breasts, and the old women are wailing and howling in grand chorus. One of the preacher's *confrères* now appears to think that the reverend father, in his divine frenzy of enthusiasm may do himself a grievous bodily damage, accordingly he rushes up into the pulpit, and forcibly disarms him of his weapon; they both come down together after a short struggle, and so the scene drops.

This style of preaching seems rather shocking to our cold northern apprehensions, but it seems to answer tolerably. The simple audience was much moved, and the confessionals were crowded that evening with fair penitents, many of whom I conscientiously believe had very few sins of any importance to confess.

Next morning, unexpectedly, the fair lime-carrier came to be drawn. We asked her why she had not come before. She replied "*Mi mekki shcorn*" (I put shame). We did not inquire *where* she had put shame now that she was come, for she seemed frightened out of her wits; and, as we had to shift her about a good deal to get her into a good light, she kept ejaculating, (*sotto voce*) "*Maronna mia! mamma mia!*"

On the morrow we returned to Naples in the steamer, and dined, and danced, and talked indifferent French at evening parties as before. The 1st of May was to be our day of departure, to set up in our Capri establishment (the day of St. Januarius). However, there is a prefatory liquefaction on the eve, that is to say, the 30th of April; and, feeling it was my duty, I went to see it.

At about half-past five the carriage took us to the Piazza del Gesu.

The little street beyond was choked by the procession of priests and soldiers with bayonets and crosses, so we left our carriage in the piazza, and hustled as well as we could through the crowd till we came to a choke of spectators crushed up into one of the tight

banks, between which the flowing procession turned into the court before St. Chiara's church.

Seeing there was nothing for it but oppression, and knowing that in Naples, which is a despotic country, well dressed persons have a right to do as they like, I cried, "lasciate passare" and charged through the barrier into the middle of the procession.

I now thought the soldiers who were keeping order along the indurated edges of the crowd might be down upon me, so without more ado, I took off my hat, and adopting an important and solemn strut, marched along in the procession, not as if it was a question whether I belonged to it, but whether it did not belong to me.

Thus I continued across the court into the church (which was all densely crowded, and up to the railing of the high altar. Here the procession turned back again, and I stopped to see what was to be done. There was a great deal of serpentine procession work in the church with painted, and robed, and silver-mitred saints being carried about like a minuet.

In one of the progresses, I emboldened myself to stop a fat, good-humoured looking priest in scarlet and gold, and asked him to get me a place to see the miracle, insinuating that I was an Englishman, whom it were well, if possible, to convince. He at once took a great interest in finding me a good place, and stationed me at the wing of the altar, where there was an opening between the drapery and the railing.

In this opening, which was very much wedged up with young priests or novices, I was a good deal squeezed and incommoded, especially when the censer was brought in through us, which had an effect like sticking a red hot poker in among a basket of eels. We were waiting there to be in a good way to rush inside the altar rails, when the miracle was taking place.

However, I got tired of it, and wandered about discontentedly in the dark region towards the back of the church, when I perceived some people in a sort of cage behind the centre of the altar. I found my former protector, and we together besought the Carmelite who guarded the grated door to let me in, but he would not. By and by, a party of great people came, headed by a marquis, who seemed to officiate some ennobled churchwardency, and went in. So many people going through relaxed the costive Carmelite's resistance, and I got in too, and without modesty, or reserve, or consideration of how respectable the great people might be, pressed as forward as I could, and leaning over the back of a great lady's chair, got a full and fair view of the middle of the surface of the high altar through an open window in the *retablo*, my eye being at about eleven feet distance from the place where the miracle was to be performed.

After awhile, the cardinal archbishop came up to the steps of the high altar, attended by a gorgeous retinue. He made a low obeisance, and reverently kissed the altar, before setting the reliquary upon it. A young priest at his left also brought a special candle

which he set between us and the cardinal, who began to pray, and hold up the reliquary, and turn it round head over heels, slowly and solemnly.

Of course the reader would like to know exactly what the reliquary looked like. It resembles, more than anything else I can think of, a small carriage lamp, with two plates of glass set in silver; a silver crown, like the crown at the top of a mayor's mace, on the top, and a handle below not unlike the carriage lamp slide, which fits into the socket.

Between the two round faces of glass, instead of a wick, there seemed to be a mass of ropy looking dirt, which by the occasional glimpses I got when the cardinal held it now and then on one side of the candle, seemed to me like a specimen of dried vipers.

This was an ocular illusion; but I mention it as it had, no doubt, some influence in suggesting a subsequent idea, as to the solution of the miracle.

In the mean time, the cardinal, who was, to my mind, a disagreeable, round-eyed, square-mouthed, uncomfortable, hard featured man of about forty-five, kept muttering fervent *pro nobis* to all the saints, and exaggerating the pious earnestness of his expression by making his eyes as much rounder, and his mouth as much squarer as in him lay; at the same time, turning the crowned carriage lamp, head over heels, and holding it side ways to his friend, and forward for us to look at. The pious ladies in our cage, the first moment it had come between them and the candle, thinking they were appealed to, and willing to show their faith, had at once cried out, "*il miracolo e fatto gia,*" (the miracle is already accomplished) but it was not to be finished off in such a hurry, the cardinal kept looking at it, and shaking his head, and his friends shook their heads, and he prayed the more earnestly, and they prayed, and the ladies in the cage, and the congregation also, and above all, a full chorus of old ladies, who being blood-relations of the saint himself, feel it a privilege not only to pray but to scream lustily out to their holy kinsman in familiar tones of emphatic exhortation.

Altogether it was an immensely edifying scene of pious mutterings and groanings, and howlings, to which I paid, I fear too little attention, but leant perseveringly forward over the head of my great lady, keeping my eye on the wonderful lamp, that I might never lose a chance when it came between my eye and the candle, till my back was nearly broken.

I saw that the contents were not, as I had supposed, a great mass which, on liquefying, was to fill the whole affair, but that there were two little flasks fixed inside the carriage-lamp, one as big as two thumbs, and the other as a finger! a dark lump in the biggest, fell about as the thing went round.

I now conceived the idea that the dark lump might be leeches which had been gorged and delicately sealed as to their mouths, and tied together in a lump; and that, in being turned thus round and round, they were being mixed and shaken up with salt, which was by degrees, exciting them to a pitch of intestinal con-

vulsion sufficient to burst the fastening of their mouths and cover themselves with blood. The difficulty would be to have them so nicely done up that they could not betray themselves by wriggling, and yet not to burst open their mouths by pressure in tying them tight. I watched, but could not see any signs of life in the mass, which, however, was certainly not often enough nor long enough held before us for a very satisfactory inspection.

At last a gleam of satisfaction crossed the mortified features of the principal performer, and he held the reliquary up to the young candle-bearer, who, seeing it was beginning to take effect, no doubt intended to smile rapturously, but the result was very like an awkward stage-laugh.

When it came between the candle and my eye again, the lump seemed to have softened and grown greasy at the corners a little, like warmed shoemakers' wax, so as to slide more softly round the poddy little flask, which was not very clean or clear glass.

The parties officiating now seemed to have made up their minds that the miracle was in a fair state of progress, but there was no exclamation of surprise or delight in the audience behind the altar. None of us seemed to have seen anything particularly satisfactory, nor was there any sudden outcry indicative of completion in the body of the church, when the priest turned round to show the thing to the people.

From this I argue, that (though in turning round, he dropped the reliquary below the level of the altar, and *might* perfectly well have smuggled away the cobbler's wax bottled one, and pulled out of his sleeve a similar crowned carriage-lamp arranged with liquid blood for the second part of the entertainment), it *was* our apparatus which met the eye of the general public, for if it had been liquefied blood he exposed to them when he turned round, I think there must have been more sensation among the faithful.

And yet, though I waited to see when the enthusiasm of the people would show the operation to be at its height, I was long in doubt whether it had fairly been completed or not.

By-and-by, however, the iron doors of our cage were opened, and in came the cardinal with the candle and reliquary. The blood was liquid enough now, but there was no transparent, red colour to show it *was* blood. It was not shaken up rapidly, but turned over and over slowly, and for anything I could tell there may have been leeches at the bottom : there certainly seemed to be a lump of something.

Through glass-doors behind our cage, there was a little cell with a grated window, through which the sacred object was held to be kissed by the Carmelite nuns, who, some of the bystanders said, were daughters of noble houses ; and who, as well as I could see by the flickering candle and through the bars of the *grille*, seemed mostly young and pretty ; but the cardinal's head and shoulders were greatly in the way of my investigations on this head, or rather on these faces which were neatly wrapped up in starched linen, whose prim whiteness was set off by a black robe.

After the nuns had all kissed it, it came back into our cage, and

we all went down on our knees, and it was administered to the lips, foreheads, and breasts of the faithful as thus:—kiss—forehead-kiss—breast-kiss. The little boys were served with a more limited allowance; kiss—forehead—kiss. I had knelt carefully as far off in the background as I could, but the cardinal seemed about to advance and hem me into my corner, so I hastily got up, and, stumbling over a chair, escaped through the press. For though I had gone to look fairly at it without prejudice, and should have been prepared to kiss it, if I had seen every reason to believe in the respectability of the relic, and had observed a perspicuous determination of fair play on the part of the operators, it gave me, against my inclination, a sort of impression of solemn hocus-pocus, which made me unwilling to touch it. The more so, as I had no curiosity, being convinced the melting was not done by the application of heat; for the evident absence of any means of heating, and the assertion of a witness I could trust, that the glass was perfectly cool when he kissed it.

Sir Humphrey Davy is said to have reported that the miracle was unexplainable by any chymical means he was acquainted with; therefore it would be a waste of time and ingenuity to talk about preparations of easily fusible wax, and balls of smouldering phosphorus not luminous enough to show by the side of the candle.

My objection to the miracle was that nobody seemed to see enough of it to be convinced except the cardinal himself, and the man on his right and his left; and if there be any advantage in miracles they should be eminently adapted to convince the incredulous.

The bottles should be of the clearest crystal set up on a glass pillar in the centre of the church, lighted by a galaxy of candles and never moved or touched. Instead of which it is shifted and shuffled about by the light of one candle in a manner which admits so many loopholes of scepticism that it could not be considered even a good conjuring trick. I certainly expected to see something cleverly done and mysterious, but the only surprise I felt was that a much-boasted and disputed miracle should have been performed with so barefaced and muffle-elbowed a carelessness of avoiding suspicion. It appeared to me a very unsatisfactory performance, and if it were not a thing which there is some curiosity about, I should not have troubled you with so long and deliberare a relation of such unfruitful circumstances.

I found some difficulty in effecting my retreat, for the church was desperately crowded. However, by charging over a benchful of indignant, pious people, I got into clearer ground, and out of the church.

A TYROLESE LEGEND.

From the deep vale where Salza's tide
 Chafes in its rocky bed,
 Young Heinrich Berchter-Garden's pride
 On his hunting-path hath sped.

He knew the roebuck's tender track
 On its upland wood and fell,
 He hath crossed the Dornstein's ridges black,
 And hath scaled Great Hohe Göll.

From the holy church where rests the blood,*
 Which for our sins was shed,
 The tossing spray of Möll's wild flood
 Hath known his lonely tread.

And from Gros Glockner's dome of snow,
 And Warzman's savage fall,
 The grizzled bear hath rolled below
 Beneath his rifle ball.

And now right up the ridgy rock
 Of the Untersberg's wild height,
 He tracks the chamois' scattered flock,
 Where wheels in circling flight.

Scared from its cruel blood-stained throne,
 With angry bark and eye of fire,
 Sole monarch of that realm of stone,
 The giant Lammer Geyer.

Through the long day the chase was high,
 O'er rock, down steep, through flood,
 Nor once hath quailed that steadfast eye,
 Nor flagged his mounting blood.

Now creep dark shades o'er all below,
 Whilst peak and snow-clad height,
 With gold and purple gleam and glow,
 In sunset's liquid light.

* The village of Heiligenblut derives its name from a phial of the "holy blood" of our Lord, brought from Constantinople by St. Briccius, and preserved in this church, halfway up the steepest and highest of the Tyrolese mountains.

Then with the trophies of the chase
The huntsman's footsteps turn,
Right down the rock-hewn rampart's face,
Of the Unterberger stern.

And then upon that mountain high
Night's deepest stillness fell,
Reached not to it earth's suffering cry,
Or the lowland village bell.

His quickened ear could only mark
The ringing of his tread,
Or the startled eagle's angry bark
As he wheeled far overhead.

But, hark ! what sounds are these that wake
Wild echoes round his way ?
Like swords' sharp clash, and the splintering break
Of the lance in wild affray.

His feet are rooted to the rock,
His ears drink in the sound—
It is—it is, the warrior's shock,
And the war-cry echoing round.

Then blanched with awe that glowing cheek,
Then paled that knitted brow ;
And shudderings, as a woman's weak,
Those iron sinews bow.

Still, still, the shocks of clashing mail
Louder and louder sound ;
Yet not as borne upon the gale,
But as from caves rock-bound ;

Above, beneath, around him, seem
Those hollow sounds to grow,
And struck as by the lightning's beam,
His trembling limbs sink low.

Then all was still, and past his eyes
There swept an awful form,
As in some mighty monarch's guise
Wrapped round with mist and storm.

“ And who art thou ? ” that vision spake,
“ Who on our prison bars,
With living foot hast dared to break,
And mingle in our wars ? ”

“ Five hundred years and more ago,
I wore an empire's crown,
And mighty monarchs crouched low
At Barbarossa's frown.

- " And then my heart with evil pride
Was lifted up on high,
As I saw my knights around me ride
In the pomp of their chivalry.
- " Till against holy Church's right
I lifted a stubborn hand,
And with her faithful sons to fight
I led my warrior band.
- " For darkness o'er my soul was flung,
And little did I see,
That I bared my arm 'gainst Him who hung
On the bitter Cross for me.
- " And here, as a penance for our sin,
Until He comes again,
With prison bars He has shut us in,
In caves of gloom and pain.
- " But once each year our pangs have rest,
And again, as erst of old,
On our limbs we buckle the mailed vest,
High tournament to hold.
- " Oh huntsman brave, who sole hast heard
Our voice with living ear,
Learn thou from him who never feared,
Thine only Lord to fear."

Then passed that princely form away,
And when Heinrich woke from swoon,
The night was gone, and the coming day
Had waned unto its noon.

Then from that cave right fearfully
His thoughtful way he trod,
Nor rested, till he learned to see,
And do, the will of God.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN TO HIS NEPHEWS AT HOME.

BY ARTHUR KENTON.

IN spite of the unpretentious announcement of this little volume, "A Gift Book for Children," we have no hesitation in saying that those "of a larger growth" may spend a few hours very agreeably in the perusal of its pages.

Mr. Kenyon tells us in his introduction that his visit to Spain was the fulfilment of a long cherished wish, and he has not kept the enjoyment of it to himself. In a series of letters addressed to his young nephews, we may follow him not only through some of the most beautiful parts of this fine country, but to the opposite shores of Africa. The following description of Tangiers will give an idea of his style:—

"The following morning, as soon as I had breakfasted, I went to see the palace, and never having seen a building in the style before, was quite surprised; for in a town so barbarous as Tangiers I had expected nothing so beautiful; and to convey an impression of the most perfect luxury, I do not think any architecture can surpass the Moorish. The brilliant floors of glazed tiles—the stucco work in the walls equal to the most elaborate lace—the marble columns supporting painted etchings of every fanciful device you can imagine, and of which not two were alike—the open galleries, overhanging gardens, filled with orange trees, and the deliciously luxuriant baths all reminded me of the descriptions I had read in the 'Arabian Nights;' but which, till now, I believed to be too glowing to be real. I was enchanted, and thought that even the Alhambra would delight me less, for this is now what that had once been, the residence of an Eastern prince. Happily he was absent at Morocco, or we should not have been admitted.

"In front of the palace we saw the soldiers, about whom he greatly prides himself, as being quite on the European model, and they presented arms to us, and were put through some of their evolutions, for our edification; but their queer-looking uniforms, and the blundering way in which they went through their drill rendered it no easy matter to avoid laughing—a breach of good manners I fear I was guilty of, when the band struck up. They have beautiful brass instruments from England, which the leader distributed indiscriminately among the men, and then in a loud voice bids them, 'in the name of Allah, play!' On which each of the fellows, who has never received any musical instruction, begins, as seems good to his own ears, without an idea of time or harmony—a perfect Dutch chorus in short, and you may conceive what a Babel it was.

"I passed nearly the remainder of the day in wandering about the town, and much as I walked I scarcely felt tired, for my feelings

were those of intense pleasure. Every street and house and mosque—every person who went by, whether man, woman, or child, was a source of amusement; and I should fill a volume with the sights of this day alone, if I attempted to describe half that interested me; from the trains of camels that stalked noiselessly past with their heavy burdens, to the figures of veiled women—and the shops filled with so curious a collection of articles for sale—all were charming. I could hardly tell which afforded me the greatest gratification, the main street of the town, full of bustle and activity, or the beauty of the view from the garden of the Swedish Consul, commanding the town and harbour, the blue Mediterranean, and the opposite shore of Spain, even the scene in the evening, from the roof of the house where I sat for a long time, was full of enjoyment, and here I witnessed a custom that made more impression on me perhaps than all the rest. Just as the sun set, a mournful cry arose from every part of the town; and on looking, I saw on the top of each dwelling a man kneeling, with his arms stretched out and calling loudly: and I knew they were summoning the faithful to prayer at the great mosque.”

After visiting Marteen and Tetuan, where he was present at a Jewish betrothal, Mr. Kenyon re-crosses to Malaga, the scenery of which he describes as so picturesque, that we regret his book is not accompanied by the sketches to which he more than once alludes, he then proceeds to Grenada, where we would willingly linger with him in “the gorgeous halls and lovely, though deserted, courts” of the far-famed Alhambra; but it would be doing an injustice to spoil, by quoting detached passages, what may be read *in toto* for the modest price of half-a-crown! Traversing the Vega, and passing through Santa Fé, and the ancient town of Jaen, he reaches Cordova, “a city of glory departed.” At Seville he comes in for a good specimen of the society at a court-ball, given by the Infanta Donna Louisa, and also for a public ceremony of a different character, a junction at the Cathedral, on the festival of the Purification, at which the young Princess and her consort attended.

Our author then goes down the Guadalquivir to Cadiz, where he remains a little time before embarking for England. Though his tour was confined to the south of Spain, it has the advantage of being over ground less “harried” than France, Germany, and Italy, and nothing of local interest is left unseen—the Gipsies of the Albuzzen—the tobacco-manufactories of Seville—the celebrated vineyards and wine vaults of Xeres de la Frontera—the Carmelite nunnery at Granada—pictures and palaces, churches and convents, all are visited and described in an easy unaffected manner. Historical recollections, and pleasant anecdotes, with a sprinkling of bandit stories and Moorish legends (which will make it very attractive to those to whom it is addressed), are interspersed with the narrative, and quite free from either cant or profession is the tone of religious feeling which prevades the whole. We close the little volume, sincerely echoing the wish in the last page, and with a hope that if this be the first time, it may not be the last, we shall hear from “Uncle Arthur.”

AN INCIDENT OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

A TALE OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY G. C. MUNDY,

AUTHOR OF "OUR ANTIPODES."

"This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man."
SHAKSPERE.

LET me here relate an occurrence which, though trifling in itself, augmented rather than mitigated the evil opinion I had almost unconsciously, and some persons thought unconscionably, adopted in relation to my new acquaintance. Not, indeed, that this incident affected in any degree that gentleman's character, except in so far as it might be touched by the old adage—*noscitur ex sociis*—"know a man by his company." It was as follows.

When taking his departure from Ultimo, Mr. Clare had sprung upon his chestnut charger, in a confoundedly hero-of-romance-like manner as I conceived, and had dashed away from the door bowing to his horse's mane and sweeping his stirrup with his sombrero, in parting salutation to Miss Fellowes; whilst his clumsy friend was still striving, not without many an oath, to take advantage of a fallen log whereby to mount his tall steed.

As my dislike for this fellow was merely negative, and, moreover, as I was anxious to be rid of the pair, I drew near to hold his horse's head, when, after thanking me for my assistance, he bluntly said,—“By the way, Mr. K——, you have not returned the pistol I lent you for our scrimmage with those black varmint.” I then, for the first time, recollected that, on receiving the spear thrust in my arm, I had dropped the discharged weapon; and, having told him so, we walked to the spot where the collision took place, and where Dingo immediately discovered what we sought among the grass.

The instant he handed it to me, I perceived, now that I was in cool blood, that it was the exact counterpart of the pistol I had taken from the footpad on the mountain road—its fellow without any doubt. I turned quickly upon Mr. Randall (for that was his name), but his short thick figure differed so entirely from those of the bush-ranger who stopped me, and his associate who appeared later on the scene, that my vague suspicion was instantly diverted from him. I determined, therefore, to be silent on the subject—merely apologising for my neglect, and the consequent injury from rust sustained by his handsome weapon.

“Oh! that gingerbread plaything ain't mine,” replied Mr. Randall, “nor the horse neither, the d—d lanky brute. No, it's my friend Jones's, and Jones is as long in the fork as his beast.” A fresh light flashed on my mind, as I recalled the nickname of Long Tom by which the black bush-ranger had distinguished hi^e

companion in arms—the crawling villain who fired on me after I had liberated the other.

It is needless to pursue the train of thought suggested by this coincidence, and to recapitulate the contradictory conclusions to which I was drawn, during a long and sleepless night, by a close retrospect of the events which had happened under my eye, with others that had been related to me during my short residence in the colony. The fact alone of Mr. Clare receiving as guests such persons as Randall and “his friend” Mr. Jones was sufficient to determine me to spare no pains to sift the mystery, to unveil the villany—if villany or mystery there were.

It was no business of mine, to be sure, to analyse the sentiments of Miss Fellowes, nor to question her right to bestow her affections and her hand as she pleased; but her secluded life, an impressible and unsuspecting nature, aided by a somewhat romantic course of reading, were likely enough to nurture idle fancies and sentimental dreams in the mind of one so young and inexperienced, and to render her an easy victim to deceit and imposture. A person possessing the specious qualities of Henry Clare, with unrestricted opportunities of ingratiating himself, and having a right to rank himself as her preserver, could hardly, in so isolated a spot, fail to become the Ferdinand of this most guileless Miranda. The character of this innocent girl was, indeed, wholly unformed; for a year of her existence comprised not as many incidents and emotions as a week in the life of a denizen of the world; and surely it is by the crowding of events, the exercise of the various affections, by a practical acquaintance with the impulses of our nature, and by frequent collision with the atoms composing what is called society, that a character is in a great degree moulded and perfected. Her father, too, was so unobservant, so absent-minded indeed, that, as her brother by adoption, I assured myself it was my bounden duty to watch unceasingly over the unprotected destiny of so fair and so dear a sister.

My first step was, in the most natural and easy manner I could assume, to elicit from Mr. Fellowes by what means he had become so well acquainted with the history and circumstances of Mr. Clare as to induce his acceptance of him as a suitor for the hand of his only child. Nor did my cousin refuse me this information.

Henry Clare, as it appeared, was born of a good Scotch family, entered the Navy very young, and, disgusted at want of promotion, soon threw up that profession. A life of idleness, however, not suiting his active humour, it was decided that he and a younger brother, in delicate health, should emigrate to Western Australia—having two objects in view, the one being to establish themselves as settlers at Swan River, the other to recruit, if possible, the constitution of the youth whose lungs had proved too feeble for a northern climate. The first scheme partly failed—the second wholly; for a large portion of the brothers’ united capital was lost in a bad investment, and, after a year or two of improved health, the younger sank into his grave under an access of pulmonary consumption.

Collecting the remnants of his property, and quitting as soon as possible the scene of his losses, Henry Clare directed his steps to the neighbouring colony of New South Wales, and, having resolved on sheep-farming as the simplest mode of livelihood for a man without a profession, he had located himself at a distance from the townships on land beyond the frontier, where the informality of tenure and simplicity of life suited his narrowed means and indeed his naturally solitary temper. With a few years of strict economy and personal attention to business, he hoped not only to reinstate himself in his former financial position, but so far to better it as would enable him to establish his homestead nearer the haunts of civilised man, when he might occupy as an out-station only his present wild and sequestered abode.

My cousin further informed me that Mr. Clare had shown him several letters from influential merchants and others at Edinburgh and Glasgow, condoling with him on his young brother's death, and advising him on the subject of his pastoral intentions. He had also named to Mr. Fellowes his agents at Sydney—a respectable firm. My worthy friend concluded by declaring his conviction that his own life was a precarious one; and that he was therefore doubly solicitous to provide a timely protector for his child. He added, that he had encouraged the attentions of Mr. Clare when he found they were acceptable to Mary.

"You believe him then, Sir,"—said I, warming somehow on the subject—"you believe him to be a man honest in his principles, just in his dealings, unblemished in character, faithful and true—a man to be honoured, loved and trusted; one to whom you can, in full reliance on his worth, confide your only and beloved child—to guard, to guide and to cherish until death?"

"I do so," replied the father, looking somewhat surprised at my unwonted eloquence; "but why so earnest, so solemn, my good friend? Do you doubt Mr. Clare? and, if so, why?"

"That I do doubt him is certain—wherefore I cannot yet specify. From the first hour I set eyes on him I felt towards him deep distrust, and I am certain that he not only knows this, but that he avoids conversation with me and shrinks from my observation."

"He is naturally distant in manner," observed my cousin. "On my first acquaintance with him, he repulsed my advances both coldly and decidedly—as I told you before. A sweet temper he must possess at any rate; for you will pardon me, Frank, when I say that your demeanour towards him, especially when in the company of dear Mary, is such as might affront any man."

"Well, my dear Sir," said I, rising to leave the room, "all I would beg of you, for your own sake and that of your daughter, is that you will not precipitate this marriage. My object of course is to test the respectability of your son-in-law elect. My business shall be to prove that this Mr. Clare is all you believe and desire him to be—or the reverse. You will remember, Sir, having yourself told me that it was common in this country for persons of damaged reputation and lawless habits to hang about the frontiers,

living by I know not what dishonest and desperate means, and avoiding the society of their fellow colonists. Rely on it, Sir, you will have no cause to regret my interference in this case."

"Be it so, then, my dear Frank," replied Mr. Fellowes, looking relieved at the probable termination of our interview. "My present plan is, that we should return to Norambra in a few days. Henry Clare goes to Sydney on business for a month, and on his return, if nothing hinders, he is to claim his bride at my hands."

"One more question, if you will permit me, and I have done. Has Mr. Clare ever invited you to visit his station?"

"Certainly not," responded my cousin, with a slightly troubled look: "on the contrary, when I proposed one day to accompany him there to inspect a Durham bull he had spoken of, he begged I would defer my kind intention until he could receive me more suitably."

My resolution was soon formed. I would decline accompanying the party on their return to Norambra, but would remain at Ultimo, where my presence would be useful, for some days, during which I hoped an opportunity might arise for solving doubts which hung about my mind with a tenacity and an intensity so intolerable, as deeply to affect my peace of mind, and even to undermine my bodily health.

I could not account for this all-absorbing pre-occupation on one subject. My temper was not naturally suspicious. Mr. Clare's person, manners and acquirements were above the common order. Mr. Fellowes was satisfied to receive him as his son-in-law. Mary herself willingly accepted his proposals;—and my regard for this sweet girl was—as has been seen—purely and perfectly fraternal. Be it as it might, I had from this moment but one object in life; and I devoted myself to it with an energy and directness of purpose whereof I had hitherto not believed myself capable.

Selecting a cloudy day, my friends now departed for Norambra—Stephen acting as their escort. The black boy remained with me at the out-station. Mr. Clare was, as I understood, to start for Sydney in three days: I resolved, therefore, uninvited and unexpected, to pay that gentleman a visit, trusting to chance to inspire me with some excuse for this somewhat unceremonious intrusion on his solitude. Neither I nor my familiar, Dingo, knew the way to Mr. Clare's remote squattage, and the passage of the ravines was notoriously difficult and intricate. Mr. Clare however, with his guest Mr. Randall, as has been related, had left Ultimo for his station only a week before, and I relied on the sagacity of the Black to follow on the trail of their horses—albeit, at this season the earth was as hard and unimpressionable as a brick floor.

Accordingly, on the second day after the departure of Mr. Fellowes, well armed and provisioned for a doubtful expedition, we started as soon as there was light enough to see the track. It was one of those delightful mornings, common, almost peculiar to Australia. The air was charmingly cool and balmy—every breath perfumed by the aromatic odour of the gum-trees and acacias. A

light haze slumbered in the damp hollows, but the whole arch of heaven was enamelled with one pure and untainted azure. Gorgeous flocks of parrots darted like flashes of rainbow lightning from grove to grove—startling the Dryads with their shrill voices;—while, in pleasing contrast, the tuneful barita, or organ magpie, cooed to its mate its flute-like song. The tall bustard stalked among the rank grass of the distant prairie, or flapped with heavy wing over the highest tree-tops. The deer-like kangaroo raised its innocent face, gazing at us from its cool morning pasture, or sprung away from our too near approach with prodigious bounds—flushing here and there multitudes of snipe and quail in its swift passage. The wild dog stared for a while at the passing lords of the creation—unconscious of the fealty and mutual companionship which his race and ours have ratified time out of mind. The platypus—that animated paradox, half mole half duck—dipped below the surface of the dark water holes as the shadow of the heron or the curlew flitted athwart their limpid retreats. Enlivened by its nocturnal exemption from Sol's rays, even the lead-coloured foliage of the eucalyptus assumed a freshness and a verdure foreign to its nature; and so profusely sprinkled with dew was the parched herbage, that our horses dashed the moisture away in showers of liquid diamonds as we hastened on our way.

With an accuracy seldom at fault, never wholly balked, the black lad unravelled the labyrinth we were pursuing, though in some places the earth, as far as my senses served me, bore not the faintest trace either of horse-shoe's print, broken shrub, or even bent grass. In less than two hours we reached the region of ravines, and here difficulties apparently insuperable grew upon us. For a breadth of half a mile the country was broken up into a confused series of gullies intersecting each other in every direction—some thickly clad with impervious brushwood, others having bare and precipitous banks of clay; and many of these fissures, evidently formed by periodical floods, were just so narrow that to ride down into them was difficult, and so wide that to ride over them was impossible. Here, a stiff mat-like shrub rose unbruised from the horses' tread; there, the dusty earth was covered with conflicting tracks of horses and cattle,—while such were the sinuosities of our path, that had not the sun afforded us a general direction, it would have been hard to determine whether we were advancing on our journey or returning to whence we came. Puzzled now and then by the printless carpet above mentioned, Dingo never hesitated among the divers footmarks in dust or clay, and he pointed with a grin to the impression of a broken horse-shoe which he had followed from the beginning with the sagacity of a sleuth hound.

At length we reached a considerable stream. Mr. Clare's track led directly into it, but the Black instantly perceiving that the footmarks failed on the opposite bank, he motioned me to ride up the current—for it was shallow—while he rode down it; and a low "coo-ey" soon told me he had recovered the lost trail.

"See, Massa Frank," said he quietly, "plenty turkey fly over

there—down west: turkey always go to big plains. Massa Clare keep his sheep on big plains too—eh?”

And so it was;—for the horse tracks led us gradually out of the ravines, sometimes threading dangerous swamps which threw us out of our course, but always tending in the direction these birds were taking.

To bring our ride to a close—we emerged at length from a dense scrub upon a tract of fine open land in some parts entirely free of timber, and, turning westward, were guided by the trail once more into an arm of the ravine thickly wooded, and through which wound many paths, one of which led to the water. Immediately beyond this gully we came upon the rear of a cluster of rude buildings in whose front stood a nearly equally primitive hut of planks.

Halting within the shadow of the tall casuarinas—a tree as constant to running water as the alder of Europe—I sent forward Dingo on foot to reconnoitre, who quickly returned with the report that the doors and windows of the dwelling-house were all open, but that there was no one at home, he thought, except Mr. Randall, who was lying asleep in the veranda.

Leaving the horses with the lad, I now advanced, directly and without any precaution, towards the front of the hut, where I found a figure reclining in a South American hammock slung from the beams of the portico. It was the respectable Mr. Randall, sure enough—buried in slumber and snoring like a grampus, a checked shirt and a pair of canvass trousers his sole and simple costume. My somewhat noisy approach failing to rouse the sleeper, I passed on and knocked at the door with my whip. No one answering, I entered—turning at once into a room which had the appearance, though without much of the ordinary furniture, of a parlour.

Its centre seemed to be dedicated to purposes of refection. In one corner was a mattress, rolled in the furry skin of some animal, on the tanned side of which appeared the name H. Clare, painted in large letters. Four small and much-worn trunks, looking as if designed to be carried on sumpter beasts, were ranged along the wall, and each was marked with the same initials. Above them, on a shelf, lay a flute and a bugle. Passing over these and many other objects, I approached a small rough table and chair, near which stood a book-case with a few volumes. I took down one of them, and found on the title-page the inscription “Henry and Edward Clare. Edinburgh, A. D. 18—.” On the table were writing materials and a heavy riding whip; and hanging in loops of hide on the wooded walls were several sorts of fire-arms, with cutlasses, belts, pouches, knives, stockwhips, and other weapons of offence and implements of husbandry.

Taking down a short carbine, the nearest to my hand, I was struck with the unusual size of the bore. I had never seen a ball large enough to fit it, was my first thought; when suddenly I recalled to mind the bullets I had found in my bush bivouac on the mountain road. The canvass bag now hung at my belt filled

with my own cartridges, but its original contents were still there also. On applying one of the balls I found it an exact fit for the carbine. Returning it to the pouch, my fingers chanced upon the silver ring hereinbefore mentioned. While taking it out, my eyes alighted upon the horsewhip lying before me. It had a heavy embossed knob of similar workmanship at the butt, and, on more closely examining it, I observed a few inches further up a mark of glue, as though an ornament had once been there, and had been broken off. Slipping the ring over the point of the whip, and running it upwards, it stopped precisely at the mark aforesaid, and had evidently refound its legitimate home.

In the opposite room, on the floor, were rough sleeping accommodations for two persons, and a few weapons of different sorts, among which I recognized the pistol which Randall had lent me, whose fellow I had now in my belt.

An open note lay on the floor. I picked it up. It contained these words :

"Will, I'm off in a hurry with Tom to spring the plant—you know where, and shall be back sooner perhaps than you expect. Look after the stock, and keep an eye on young Saw-bones (pleasant, thought I!); keep your hands off him though, for I don't want him hurt, but, by the Lord, he shall not thwart me. Douse the brands on the new batch as soon as they come in. The Blackfellows saved us a bloody job with Dummy at the Brush, for Tom has heard something that makes us cock-sure he was going to turn on us. Yours," (no signature).

I now returned to the veranda, and walking up to the hammock in which Mr. Randall was still snoring, I looked in upon him. He held a long pipe in his hand, and by his side lay a spirit-flask, whereof he was doubtless sleeping off the exhausted contents. As my eyes passed over his ungainly form, I observed that his feet and ankles were bare. On the right ankle appeared a large and only half-healed cicatrice entirely encircling the limb. Turning my gaze quickly and by a kind of mental induction to his closely-cropped hair, the fact, the unquestionable fact, that William Randall was a runaway prisoner from an ironed gang, flashed on my conviction—the very man, perhaps, who, as was reported, had lately escaped from a road-party on the mountain, and was supposed to have joined Black Bob.

And who and where was this famous Black Bob? Was Mr. Randall's tall friend, Mr. Jones, this noted personage? No, Mr. Jones's personal description corresponded better with the nickname of Long Tom. Besides, the overseer at Ultimo had once seen Mr. Jones, and described him as a fair, sandy-haired man. Could Henry Clare and the black bush-ranger be identical? was the next and startling question I put to myself. I tried to recall the physical peculiarities of each. It was dusk when the robber attacked me, and I noted little of his countenance beyond its dark skin and flashing eyes. In stature, he surpassed myself, as I had occasion to judge in our breast to breast struggle. He was less robust, for, though perfectly cool, and skillfully employing

his strength, the bravo had no chance with me when once within my grasp. His voice, I remembered, had some peculiar accent, but that might have been assumed. Clare's stature, figure, and appearance of muscular power corresponded well enough with my reminiscences of my old antagonist of the bush; but then, the dusky complexion! how could that be got over?

And here another striking link of the chain of evidence which my memory was, as it were, thus "hawling upon," was suddenly taken up. In the fall from my horse given me by the bandit one of my wrists was hurt, and, on examining it by candle-light at the cabin where I slept that night, I found that my hands, as well as the linen at my cuffs, were stained with some dark-brown pigment. I washed my hands, and thought no more of it.

That Black Bob was *not* a black, was now the conviction I had jumped to, or rather reached by the above gradual and patient ratiocination. Yes! grappling the throat of a white man hastily or unskilfully disguised, explained this until now forgotten soiling of my fingers and wristbands.

A wide field for conjecture had been thus spread before me; but I felt positive that the truth had been hit upon. The difficulty was to prove it: and instinctively I was stepping forward to lay hands on the still-slumbering Randall, when a different line of procedure occurred to my mind.

Placing the note in my pocket, and leaving everything else in the hut precisely as I had found it, I hurried away to Dingo's post.

"Have you seen any one about the place?" I asked.

The lad had seen no one, but he had just heard the crack of a stock-whip, betokening that some of the people were driving in cattle. Mounting quickly, therefore, I plunged into the wooded gully, but ere retracing our steps homewards, at Dingo's suggestion we turned down to the river to water our horses. Here we found several head of cattle standing under the shade of the swamp-oaks up to their dewlaps in the stream, cooling their sides, and lashing off the sand-flies with their wet tails. A fine bullock stood near me, and turning my eyes accidentally on the brand, by which every horse and horned beast in Australia is distinguished—a precaution necessary to prevent the commixture of herds and cattle-stealing, a crime then rife in the colony, and more especially in the border-districts—I perceived that though the letters were large, they were nearly illegible. The other animals were similarly marked; in some, the original brand appearing to have been altered, while in others it had been summarily burnt or cut out. The initials, when legible, formed a clumsy H. C., but, on close scrutiny, the former letter seemed to have been perverted from an I, and the latter from an O, or some such letter.

The passage in the anonymous note to Mr. Randall relating to the "new batch," was now intelligible enough to me. The cattle had been stolen, or, more properly, *lifted*, and their brands altered or erased.

That the homestead of the fascinating Mr. Henry Clare was the

occasional, if not the permanent, lair and rendezvous of a band of marauders of some kind, was now as clear as the sun at an Australian noon-day; that an absconded convict formed one of this worshipful company, seemed no less certain; while that two others had just departed on an expedition boding no good to His Majesty's lieges, appeared in black and white upon the document deposited in my pocket.

Well! thought I, if vigorous and untiring efforts on my part to elucidate the real character of this flashy cavalier will separate fact from fiction—will drag up the truth from the bottom of the well—such shall not be wanted. Public virtue, patriotism, self-devotion, and a host of other disinterested qualities seemed to swell within my bosom, as I contemplated the righteousness of the work, arduous and riskful as it might be, which should at once expose and punish treachery and crime, and save the daughter of my benefactor—my adopted sister, from the designs of a scoundrel and the arms, perhaps, of a malefactor!

Thus glorifying myself, our return ride to Ultimo seemed short indeed; and an evening spent in solitary rumination sufficed to mature my plan of action.

It was carried into effect as follows.

Making my appearance at Norambla the next afternoon, I informed Mr. Fellowes that important business would take me immediately to Sydney. I judged best to tell him nothing further than that my former vague doubts regarding the character and pursuits of Mr. Clare had gained strength. From Miss Fellowes I readily obtained a specimen of that gentleman's handwriting, and having compared it with the note in my pocket, I arrived at the conclusion that they were by the same hand—although the characters were in the one case round and stiff, and in the other free and running.

Five days later I reached Sydney. My first visit in this city was to Mr. Clare's agent, who assured me that his principal had not arrived there, nor was he likely to repair to the capital during the shearing season. Indeed, he seldom left the provinces.

My second interview was with the Chief Superintendent of Convicts, and part of the information I sought was by his records instantly supplied. The identity of Messrs. William Randall and Thomas Jones with two "absconders" and bush-rangers, known in thieves' lingo as "Long Tom" and "Billy the Kid," was clearly proven. Rewards had already been advertised for their apprehension, and the police were on their track.

As for Henry Clare, no prisoner was missing who answered to his description—whether black or white. "But, by the way," added the Government functionary, "as it happens, the Controller of Convicts in Van Diemen's Land is now at Sydney on duty, and perhaps he may be able to assist you."

A meeting was soon arranged between that officer and myself. He lamented that he had not his office books with him; but scarcely had I half finished my personal description of Mr. Clare—

and my portrait was, be sure, striking, if not flattering—when he interrupted me with an eager smile.

“I know the gentleman—I know him well, no man better. Has he not a deep scar on one temple?”

“I cannot be sure,” said I, “but I think I have observed a habit of coaxing a heavy bunch of curls down upon his brow.”

“’Tis he, no doubt; and pray, Sir, by which of his numerous aliases does Mr. Robert Redpath now pass?”

“Clare—Henry Clare,” I replied.

“Indeed!” rejoined the officer; “my friend Clare will not be flattered by this rascal’s assumption of his name. But I have it now—I see it all—let me remember. Yes, it is about eight years ago that this Redpath was transported for forgery—having previously been convicted of fraudulent embezzlement, of wilful and corrupt perjury, and of desertion from a dragoon regiment in which he had enlisted as a bandsman.” (Hence his equestrian and musical powers, thought I). “His last conviction in Europe was for forging certain 10*l.* notes.” (A talent for *etching* has hanged a man before now, again thought I). “He arrived in Van Diemen’s Land as a ‘lifer,’ but being well educated, well mannered, and conducting himself at first with propriety, he soon obtained a ticket of leave and salaried employment in a Government office. One fine day a round sum of hard cash disappeared from the public strong box, and the young scribe simultaneously from his tall stool. A year or two later our friend was recognised among a gang of desperadoes, who, in the dense bush of Van Diemen’s Land, set the police at defiance, and levied a harassing warfare on travellers and defenceless settlers. At length one of his comrades peached, and contrived to lure Redpath and three of his confederates into a snare prepared for them by the constabulary. A furious combat ensued, in which Redpath was stretched senseless by a sabre cut on the head, and was, with his companions, carried off a prisoner. None of the party, however, long consumed His Majesty’s rations, for the three were in a few days hanged; and so soon as the prison surgeon conveyed to our hero the soothing intelligence that his health was considered to be so far reinstated as to admit of his undergoing public execution, he contrived a miraculous escape, and was supposed to have altogether got clear of the island.

“It subsequently transpired that this promising youth had, with seven or eight other desperate characters, managed to steal and carry off a large and well-found sailing-boat; and, having previously armed themselves by robbing a gunsmith’s store, they had established a piratical lair on one of the small islets in Bass’s Straits, whence occasionally issuing forth they ravaged the coasts and even captured small coasting-vessels.

“However, this traffic, so suitable to their tastes, could not last long; and the prudent gang resolved, after one more good haul in the salt-water line, to break up their coalition and disperse.

“And now Mr. Henry Clare—not *yours* but *mine*—appears upon the stage,” continued the Controller of Convicts. “This gentle-

man, with a sick brother, had emigrated to Swan River, and, after burying there his relative, had determined upon removing to New South Wales. No opportunity offering, however, for a passage to Sydney direct, he sailed for Launceston, a town on the north coast of Van Diemen's Land, in a small trading schooner,—with all his property. Becalmed in the straits, the little craft was in the grey of the morning attacked, boarded, and carried by the piratical band above noted, who, after landing the passengers on an uninhabited part of the coast, and pillaging and scuttling the schooner, made off in the boats—no one knew whither.

“Redpath, I conclude, must have gathered as much of Mr. Clare's history as served his purpose, from the latter's papers,—must have helped himself, as chief of the banditti, to a good share of his personal property, and have hit upon the ingenious experiment of appropriating also that gentleman's name. I have only to add that there is a reward of 100*l.* offered by Government to any free person, and pardon to any prisoner of the Crown, who will give such information as may lead to the capture of Robert Redpath—alias ‘Gentleman Jack’—alias ‘Captain Chaff’—alias ‘The Chelsea Swell,’ and alias (I am pretty sure) ‘Black Bob’ the bush-ranger.

“I had heard of the latter fellow and his exploits on the high-road, and had always imagined him an Aboriginal black—an humble imitator of the well-known Australian robber, ‘Mosquito,’ who distinguished himself some time back both in this colony and in Van Diemen's Land, and who received the collar of the order of merit at last. And now, Sir,” concluded the officer, “I have given you the clue. It remains with you to get out of the maze.”

My next measure was to wait on the Governor, who warmly took up the matter in hand—giving me great credit for public spirit and energy of character, and expressing, moreover, his opinion that if other provincial gentlemen would devote themselves less exclusively to money-making, and would spare some of their time and trouble for the general good—as I had so meritoriously done,—bush-ranging, the curse of the colony, would be at once and for ever suppressed!

Bowing low to this handsome compliment from the head of the executive, the glow of self-approval diffused itself through my frame, as I recognised those genial feelings which—hem! hem!—inspire the besoms of the statesman, the warrior, the patriot, and the philanthropist, when they receive the—hem! hem!—the richest reward of duty well performed, of public service untarnished by—hem!—by private considerations and selfish interests—the encomiums of their grateful fellow countrymen!

His Excellency having delivered himself of his eulogy, referred me to the Chief of the Police department for further proceedings, and, forgetting to ask me to dinner, bowed me out of the presence chamber.

The chief of Police organised in a few minutes a plan for the capture of the supposed banditti, and informed me that an active

subaltern of the mounted police, with half a dozen men of that force, would find themselves at Mr. Fellowes's head-station nearly as soon as I could return there ; or, if I pleased, I might accompany them.

For reasons of my own I chose to precede the party ;—and—not to loiter over this part of my narrative—just as the brief southern twilight of a wild and tempestuous evening, darkened by thunder clouds, had set in, I reached by a cross road a spot, whence, had there been more light, the house of Norambla might have been seen, at the distance of some two hundred paces. I had halted, indeed, to indulge for a moment in this my favourite view, when, casting my eyes round, I perceived a light vehicle, with a pair of horses harnessed in the out-rigger fashion, standing unattended and half hidden in a shady hollow hard by. A second glance showed me that one of the horses was Mr. Clare's famous chestnut thoroughbred.

Having fastened my own steed to a tree, I advanced towards the dwelling, coming upon it at an extremity of the veranda where the little boudoir of Mary Fellowes opened upon the garden by a French window. Cautiously approaching I heard voices speaking in a suppressed tone,—and, with a spasmodic contraction of the heart which well-nigh deprived me of my senses, I recognised those of Mary and of Clare. He was appealing to her in persuasive and passionate terms, and covering her fair hand with kisses as, kneeling by the window step, he clasped it in his own.

“No, Mr. Clare,” exclaimed the agitated girl. “Cease to urge me—it cannot be.—Why this haste?—why this secrecy?—Has not my good father——”

Abruptly cutting short the lady's discourse, the audacious intruder now sprung to his feet, and with a hurried and resolute gesture had wound his arm round her slender waist ;—when, in an instant, my firm gripe was on his shoulder, and I held him as in a vice.

“Frank, Frank ! what are you doing ? Oh Heavens, what is all this ?” shrieked the terrified girl as she scanned our fierce countenances.

“I am saving you, Mary, from the designs of a villain—of a branded felon !—and you, Sir,” pursued I, “cease your fruitless struggles—this is not the first time you have felt the vigour of my grasp ! if you would preserve your life, step aside and hear me.” And I whispered in his ear—“Robert Redpath, the police are close on your track—fly while you may. We have all here been indebted to you for our lives—I will not take yours,—although in preserving that of so doubly-dyed a malefactor I commit a heinous sin against society.”

Trembling in every joint with conflicting emotions, in which rage and fear struggled for mastery, the robber hesitated, and his eye shot fire while his hand moved irresolutely towards his pistols.

“On the honour of a gentleman and the faith of a Christian, it is as I have said. A strong party of mounted police are at this moment approaching the house. Fly or you are lost—fly,

wretched man, ere it is too late—and escape the death of the gallows.”

I released him as I saw his eye quail—and the robber fled,—fled without turning one look on the innocent maiden whom he had beguiled into a belief in his honour and virtue. Nor had he a moment to spare; for scarcely had he disappeared in the shade of the trees when the tramp of horses was heard, and the Lieutenant and his myrmidons, arriving by the main road, trotted up to the door.

Whilst accommodation was being prepared for the officer and his party, I stole to the spot where I had seen the carriage waiting. It was still there—but the horses were gone, and their master, doubtless, with them. In order to avoid suspicion, I drew the little vehicle into the back yard so that it might pass for one of our own.

Mary had hidden herself in her chamber; but I found an opportunity of relating the whole of my late proceedings to the father, and of requesting him to break to his child the strange intelligence of which I was the bearer.

While overwhelming me with expressions of gratitude for the inappreciable services I had rendered to them both, Mr. Fellowes joined me unreservedly in the feeling that a moral debt lay on us to promote the safety, in this one contingency at least, of the man whose gallantry had saved us from a frightful death at the hands of the savages;—and, having eased our conscience on this point, we hoped that time would blunt its prickings on the score of having shielded from offended justice so notorious and dangerous a delinquent.

My mind, indeed, did misgive me, that this compounding between private feelings and the general interests of society was a slight backsliding from the pinnacle of public virtue, to which I had lately climbed. Nevertheless, by some reasoning or other, I persuaded myself that, in preserving my benefactor and his daughter from misery and disgrace, I had done enough; and as they both coincided with me in this opinion, I did not sink very deeply in my own estimation.

As for Mary—her half beguiled fancy had, I rejoice to say, stopped short of absolute infatuation for the unmasked reprobate; and in a short time her ruffled peace of mind was again entirely tranquillized.

I have now only to add that the police, commanded as they were by an officer who had made many a previous gallant capture, succeeded the next evening in surprising Messrs. Jones and Randall at a weak moment which usually followed their supper, and in identifying these gentlemen with the well-known rangers of His Majesty's Australian Forests—Long Tom and Billy the Kid.

If I throw a veil over the eventual destinies of this pair of worthies, it is because I am unwilling to cloud the conclusion of this veracious history, with a last dying confession and a hempen catastrophe.

As for that romantic and insinuating cut-purse, Mr. Robert Redpath, we never heard of him again;—and, for my part, I con-

less, that having punctiliously repaid the debt I owed him, I ceased to feel any particular solicitude as to his subsequent history and ultimate fate.

It would, however, be a glaring injustice to his numerous and peculiar merits, to doubt that, sooner or later, they met their reward—that he attained, in short, that elevated position above the common crowd, which the nature and amount of his achievements in both hemispheres had given him an unquestionable right both to aspire to and to expect, and which society at large were unanimous in their desire to confer.*

Looking back through the vista of years upon the events above narrated—with the fair and faithful partner of my joys and sorrows at the opposite extremity of my hearth-rug—a smile and a shudder would at once brighten and blanch her cheek, as we recalled to our memories some of the more stirring particulars of this passage of our lives. And she would rather repress than encourage the never-satiated curiosity of our two fine boys when they urged upon me the oft-repeated petition—"Do, dear father, do, once more, tell us the story of Black Bob, the Bush-Ranger of the Blue Mountains."

Who this fair partner was, I must leave to the penetration of my indulgent reader—to whom, likewise, I bequeath the task to reconcile, if he may, the past platonic and the present paternity of the now truly happy historian.

* Amongst the annals of Australian bushranging, the writer of this little tale has met with very many curious and terrible facts,—none more so than those contained in a paper entitled "Memoranda of the career and fate of two gangs of Bushrangers," which has been placed at his disposal by a friend who was resident in New South Wales at the time of the occurrences, and to which the Editor of the Miscellany may, if he pleases, afford a place in a future number.

MARGUERITE DEVEREUX.

A TRUE STORY.

BY VAUGHAN DAYRELL.

IN the year 1779, in a beautiful village in Gascony, lived as good and as happy a family as Heaven in its kindness ever blessed with health, competence and contentment. A cottage, with all the rustic innocence and virtue with which poets are wont to adorn it, has seldom been tenanted by two more simple and affectionate hearts than those of Richard Devereux and his daughter, Marguerite.

Marguerite was a universal favourite. Who could look on that bright and sunny smile without feeling something of the innocent gaiety that it bespoke? And who could gaze but with fervent admiration on that natural grace and ease which flow from true modesty and simplicity, and which, often denied to the beauty of the gilded saloon, is Nature's free dower to the pride of the village? But her deep tender blue eyes and soft light hair were only the lesser and more perishable charms of Marguerite. If we dared believe in human innocence we should indulge that heresy here. What guile or sin could lurk in the heart of that loved and loving girl? Did not smiles and kind words greet her wheresoever she went? Can any distrust, or fear, ay, or envy that bright ingenuous face? And must not her coming days be as happy as they deserve to be? Can there be any gloomy cloud on the horizon of her life? Away with the fanciful foreboding. Look again—it has vanished—there is not a stain on the vaulted heaven.

Marguerite was in the blushing dawn of womanhood. According to the custom of the neighbourhood, she had been betrothed while quite a child to Guillaume Beranger, a young and brave soldier, with the troops in Germany. She remembered his kind face and manly carriage. She had often seen him at her father's cottage; but then she was too young to have loved him. She was told that she was destined to be his wife, and she heard and obeyed the injunction with all that pleasure which she always experienced in the readiest and most cheerful compliance with the wishes of her father. Beyond that she entertained no feeling or opinion on the subject, save something like dread at the thought of leaving her father's cottage and her brother and sisters. Now and then there came to her tidings of her future husband, and a blush of pride mantled on her cheek as the village gossips stopped her as she bounded by their cottage doors, to talk of the victory that the troops of the Republic had lately won, and in which Guillaume had distinguished himself. And once there came a small medal, which her father hung round her neck with a riband, and bade her, with his blessing, wear it until her brave lover came to take her from him.

Their days glided happily by. If some story came of what was doing in Paris, many disbelieved and few heeded it. And what a heaven of tranquillity was that little village compared with the hell of human passion and suffering that was raging in the drunken capital! The cry for bread from a hungry people had not reached this happy valley at the foot of the Pyrenees, through which the birds flew as gladly and the streams flowed as brightly and musically as ever. Centralization had, in an earlier reign, made Paris France, and therefore what now recked this remote corner of a distant province of the fall of throne or temple? The blood of royalty had stained the scaffold, and an old and haughty aristocracy were daily perishing before the outbreak of popular fury, but not an echo of the thunder or a vibration of the earthquake had reached this quiet haven.

Not far from the cottage of Devereux was a château, which had for centuries belonged to an old family of the higher middle orders. No titles could be found by the most flattering annalist to grace the records of the family of Leverney. They were one of the few houses in France who, without the meretricious lustre of royal or titular connection, could boast a long line of gentle ancestry. No splendid virtues or great crimes had conferred on them either fame or notoriety. They had deserved for many generations the eloquent and simple epitaph, that "All the sons were brave and the daughters virtuous." When called on, they had often in hard-fought fields shed their blood for their country with silent and patient courage, but they had never been gifted with great intellect or animated by that restless and reckless ambition which wins its way to the high places of the world.

Denis Leverney was the youngest scion and sole heir of this ancient family. His father had served for years in the French army, and then retired to his patrimonial estate in the valley at the foot of the Pyrenees. His domains were not large, and to superintend their cultivation was now the amusement of his declining years. His only son, Denis, had, when quite a boy, shown considerable ability, and, with no wish to risk the life of the only male survivor of an old house, he had consented to the wish of his son to shun the profession of arms, and pursue the more intellectual labours of an advocate.

It was in the autumn of that memorable year 1792, that, after his career of legal study was over, Denis was to spend a short space of time with his father, before he returned to commence the duties of his profession. During his long stay at Paris, his father had heard from him at regular intervals; regular supplies of money had been sent to him, and there had been at no time a request for more than paternal affection and liberality had supplied to him. Of his life there, the society he kept, the opinions he entertained, the old man knew literally nothing. He was very ignorant of the state of political parties at Paris, had the most entire confidence in his son's good sense and honour, and contented himself with looking forward to the time when they should meet. Meanwhile that joyful day drew near. About a month before the day of his expected arrival,

his father received a letter from Denis, which affected him with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure. It stated, that he had perfected his course of legal study; that he had lingered some months in Paris, for reasons which he did not in his letter explain,—that he had lately suffered from a severe illness which had much shaken his health,—that instead of waiting until the time he had originally planned and promised, his physician advised his immediate removal into the country, and that he contemplated with great pleasure a longer stay in the château than, had his health not necessitated it, he should have allowed himself.

I must here give a hasty sketch of much which I know, and which his father did not, of the life and character of Denis Leverney. On his first arrival in Paris he fell among many young men preparing for his and other professions, against whose pursuits and pleasures he had heard no warning voice raised. With health and spirits and wealth enough to keep pace with many of his equals in rank, how strange, without guidance and admonition, if he had not joined in the wild pursuit of pleasure in the gayest capital in Europe! He drank and danced and laughed, as gaily and as heartily as the rest of them, while the excitement of the hour of pleasure lasted; but after the storm there came to him no calm. The banquet and the dance, the midnight revel and the wildest frolic were scarce over, before some compunctious visitings of regret and remorse disturbed him. He had never totally neglected his studies, and when he returned at midnight from some scene of Bacchanalian revelry, he would strive with his book or pen to scare away the demon of care by a short but strenuous application. Such a life could not be called happy; but yet, while the wine flowed or the music played, who that saw the glow of excitement upon his face would have dreamed that there would certainly follow on it regret and care, or the bitter accusations of conscience, or the promptings of a lofty ambition, which had higher aims and ends than a life of elegant Sybaritism? He owed to what some men may term accident his abrupt abandonment of this gay career.

He was walking dreamily down one of the streets near his chambers in search of one of his companions, when his attention was arrested by a little dog, which had evidently strayed from his possessor, and was in imminent peril of being crushed by the next vehicle that passed. "This may lead to a little gallantry," he exclaimed; "so pretty a dog must be the property of some fair possessor; and whether it is or not, I must save it from the fate that threatens it."

He rushed from the pavement, but could not lay his hand on the truant poodle, before the wheel of a small vehicle had passed over its hind leg, and sent it yelping to the opposite side of the street. He succeeded in capturing it, and, holding it in his arms, was examining to see what hurt had been done, when he was addressed by a venerable-looking old man in the dress of an abbé.

"I thank you very warmly, young man, for your kindness and humanity. This little dog is mine; I procured him lately in the country, where I have been staying, and where he followed me easily

and without fear of losing him. This is his first day in the streets, and but for you had been his last. My dwelling is near this, and I know that yours is not far off. If I am not depriving you of the society of others, and interfering with an engagement, will you walk with me, that I may have the pleasure of again thanking you?"

Denis replied, that he felt great pleasure in acquiescing in the proposal, and they walked together conversing on indifferent subjects, until they reached the door of the abbé's residence, which he was surprised to find faced his own chambers. They entered, the dog's injured leg was bound up, and the venerable ecclesiastic, who did not altogether despise the good things of life, insisted on Denis's tasting some choice wine which had lately been presented to him.

"You are a student, and would like to see my books?" said the abbé.

Denis expressed a strong desire to do so. It was a goodly collection of volumes, and not confined to his own language; a choicer library of classical books could not, perhaps, have been found in a private house at Paris, and there was no lack of English, German, and Italian authors of celebrity.

"Any of these are at your disposal for reading or reference,—for I know you read," said the abbé; "and you may sometimes lack books, or, at any rate, wish to shun the public libraries."

"You are only too good," exclaimed Denis; "but how do you know that I am a student, or that (for it by no means necessarily follows) I read?"

"You live opposite," said the old man: "you do not, perhaps, know me. I have been now some little time in the country, and when here I lead a very secluded and quiet life. You have been more than a year in Paris. I have long watched you, and I am very grateful that what seems an accident, gives me the opportunity of making your acquaintance, and of saying to you what I am sure you will, at any rate, listen to with patience from a man who is so much your elder. I have observed you closely now for months; your appearance interested me. I have seen no person older than yourself at any time in your rooms. Have you any one on whose judgment, advice, or guidance you can rely? I think not. I can see too plainly, by the appearance of your companions, and the hours you keep, that you are, when not employed in your studies, in a whirl of gaiety and dissipation. And I can see more; I can read in your face, that this life does not make you happy; and that, however you may relish excitement, the pause after excitement is misery. When you return to your chambers at midnight, why does your lamp so often burn until daylight; and what means your restless walking to and fro for hours in your room? All is not right; you are meant for something, if not more happy, at any rate greater than this."

Denis was astonished, but not offended. He told the old man unreservedly his past life—his present feelings—his real wishes; how he had been hindered by circumstances, and led astray by temptation. He asked his advice, and earnestly promised that he would follow it.

“Do not make promises too rashly, my young friend,” said the abbé; “you may not find them so easy to perform. And I am not desirous of fettering you to any particular course of conduct, but merely hope to succeed in persuading you to abandon the present one.” It is needless to give the rest of their conversation.

At the abbé's advice Denis quitted Paris for some months, and steadily pursued a course of study which the old man had marked out for him. He regularly corresponded with his new friend and adviser. One week he received no letter on the accustomed day on which he had been wont to expect it. Another week elapsed and not a line. He began to suspect that the abbé had grown weary of writing to him, or that he was indisposed, or had left the capital. He hurried to Paris, and found that his friend was dead. From some strange feeling the abbé had not allowed any one to write and inform Leverney of the danger of his illness, and yet his thoughts were almost entirely occupied with his new friend. He wrote letters, and directed that they were not to be delivered except in case of his death. He also left to him many of his books, and all his papers. When Denis arrived in Paris only just in time to attend the funeral of his friend, we may imagine how strongly affected he was by so sudden and abrupt a termination of a friendship which promised so much. He followed his friend's remains to the tomb, and devoted the remainder of that and the two following days to a careful perusal and consideration of all the manuscripts he had received. He pondered long and deeply over their contents, and was strong in his determination to follow the advice contained in them. From that day Denis Leverney was an altered man.

The Girondists were then first gathering and strengthening. Their secret clubs were then held, and eloquent debates on social questions, to which the world appeared for the first time awakening, proved the ability and enthusiasm of this young party. They were men who spent nights over the beautiful theories of Plato and the dreams of Rousseau. To teach mankind a new and noble creed, to regenerate society and make their country the wonder and the teacher of the world was their lofty aspiration. History has recorded their fate. Leverney was one of the most eloquent and gifted teachers of these new doctrines. But the readers of the Greek and the French philosopher could not long guide a maddened people, whose only hope of safety seemed to lie in the extermination of their enemies, and who were goaded by that bloody triumvirate, Danton, Robespierre, Marat. Leverney struggled with the moderate party to save the life of the monarch, but his superhuman exertions, uncheered by success, and too great for even his mental and physical strength, soon prostrated him on the bed of illness, on which he was yet lying when he wrote to his father at the château, to inform him of his intended visit. He fled, sick at heart, from the tragedies that were being enacted in Paris during the fiendish revelry of the Reign of Terror. He was welcomed with tears of joy by his affectionate parent, who had so long fondly cherished the expectation of receiving his long absent son.

Those were happy and tranquil days, as the father and son

strolled forth together amidst the beautiful scenery that surrounded them, and felt a boundless gratitude to the wise Dispenser of events that the whirlwind of human passion had not yet ruffled the serenity of their happy home. But if Heaven will it so, there is danger for us when everything seems most calm and safe, and safety when death hovers close to us in the battle or the shipwreck. And so was it with Denis Leverney.

He was walking alone on a lovely evening by the bank of a stream which flowed through the village near the château. He was fatigued, as he had wandered farther than he had yet ventured since his recovery. He sat down on a sloping bank to rest himself, and watched the sun as it scattered its last faint rays over the beautiful landscape that lay before him. The outline of the giant mountains that towered near, showed clear against the purpled sky. He sat musing as the chiming splash of the stream, which broke against the rocks that embedded it, fell on his ear. Then the sun went down to his ocean rest, and twilight seemed to steal silently down the valley, and a silvery mist steamed up from the river. Denis fell into a deep and wild reverie. What a contrast here to all the scenes he had left behind him! Are not the poets right, thought he, who bid us, in seeking real happiness, fly from the nauseous pleasures of the buzzing town? and if we do not find the rural innocence they colour so highly, at any rate we see less of the strength of human power and of the ravage of human passion. These reflections were soon interrupted by a voice near him calling, "How late you are, father! Why do you not come to the cottage? The air is getting chill and damp." He thought he recognised the voice, and, turning round, he saw a light and graceful form, unbonneted, drawing nearer to him. It was too dark to see her features, but he felt sure he remembered the voice.

"Is not that Marguerite Devereux?" he said: "I ought to remember my old playfellow, though it is five years since I have seen you."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Marguerite, timidly approaching. "My father often sits here in the evening, and I must ask you to forgive me for my mistake. I came to call him home to his supper."

"Make no excuses, Marguerite, I am very glad to hear your voice again, though it is almost too dark for me to recognise in you my pretty village playfellow. I should certainly have come before this to pay my old friend Richard a visit, but I am a wretched invalid, and this is the first walk I have ventured on alone."

"I saw you, sir, the other day with the colonel, crossing the field near the château, but I did not like to come and speak to you."

"You need not have been afraid of me, Marguerite, I have not forgotten my old friend and playfellow; but you can do me a great favour now. I have walked too far and sat here too long, I must be getting home; and I scarcely think that, without help, I have strength to do so. Will you ask your father or one of your brothers to come and give me their support to the château?"

“ Oh ! yes,” said Marguerite, as she hurried off to her cottage home near at hand.

Denis soon heard her sweet voice calling to one of her younger brothers, and shortly after their approaching footsteps.

“ Give me a hand, my good boy,” said Denis, “ for I cannot rise from this sloping bank without assistance. Hold fast, and keep your balance, or we shall tumble into the stream together.”

The boy nervously advanced, held out his hand, and, leaning forward too much, lost his balance as Denis took his hand, and down they fell together. The boy rolled down the side of the bank, and was stopped in his descent by the stump of a fallen tree, to which he clung; Denis was precipitated into the water. It was scarcely out of his depth, and had it been so he was an expert swimmer; but the stream was too rapid to allow the swimmer's art to do much for him, and he was almost stunned by his fall down the bank. According to all ordinary calculations his life was in imminent peril, but his hour was not come.

The poor boy recovered himself merely to scramble up the bank, and raise a frantic cry for help. Not so Marguerite. With marvellous presence of mind, she hurried silently along the bank, and knowing that a few yards below where he had fallen there was a jutting point close to which the stream would whirl him, she placed herself on it, and as the current swept him near, she seized his dress with firm hand and drew him to the bank.

Not fifty yards below the spot where she had rescued him, there was a fall in the river, which had he reached, nothing but a miracle could have saved him. Let us not seek to dive into the future to think how this good deed may influence her destiny. Away with fears and forebodings. She is blushing and smiling, as again and again he thanks her for her heroic conduct; and when he left her near the cottage-door, and shook her hand so warmly, how happy was she then!

Next morning, the narrow escape of Monsieur Denis Leverney was the talk of the little village. The gossips could not understand how Marguerite happened to be so near at hand. They shook their heads, “ It was very brave and good of her,” they admitted. They were very glad she had done it. She blushed crimson when they congratulated her, and asked all the particulars. But they did not ask her how she happened to be there. They only shook their heads and looked at each other very mysteriously.

Denis dreamed that night of his fair deliverer—how ungrateful had he not done so! He had scarcely seen her woman beauty. So he dreamed of his golden-tressed little village playfellow of years long gone by. In dreams, he wandered back to those happy, careless, thoughtless days, ere knowledge or experience had cast a gloom over the fresh morning of life. And he dreamed of delivery by the same fair hand; but the vision had much in it that was darker than the reality. They were sporting in childhood by the river side on the spot where she had saved him some hours before. They were sailing little paper boats on the stream, and watching them as the current carried them down. In stretch-

ing his hand to take one of them, he thought he had fallen forward—that she had seized him—they had fallen together into the water; he had regained the bank, but only to see her borne down the rapid. And he awoke with a start, and tears were in his eyes, and his brain felt hot and fevered, and the sun was streaming in at his lattice. He rose, and deeming this vision the false representation of what had passed, rather than the shadow of what might yet be to come, he shook its remembrance from him.

At his father's proposal they wandered that morning to the cottage of Richard Devereux, again to thank his daughter for what she had done. They found the old man sitting in the sunshine in his garden, and his pretty daughter, with two of her youngest sisters, busy with her needle at the cottage-door.

Denis now saw, as she listened with blushes to what was said to her, how beautiful a woman his pretty playmate had become. Every grace and charm that had promised so well in the child were now developed into a beauty seldom to be seen in courts or cottages.

That evening Denis visited the scene of his danger and delivery on the previous one. Was it strange that he met Marguerite at the very spot? It was her usual walk, and could she think that the invalid would have wandered again so far from the château. Her little brother was with her.

“Are you going to drop me into the river again to-night, my young friend?” said Denis. “I think that even the pleasure of being rescued by your pretty sister would not induce me to have another dip.”

The poor boy looked very much confused at the remembrance of his clumsiness, and the praise of his sister's beauty had brought the rose to her cheek. Denis turned and walked with them towards the cottage; the distance was short, but it seemed as nothing when the way was beguiled by the friendly and easy conversation in which they joined. Then came the tremulous voice and the pressure of the lingering hand at parting, and they separated with that feeling which those who love only know, to live in the hope of meeting again, were that meeting only a few hours hence.

Next day Denis walked to the cottage, but without his father, and, after some few words of greeting to old Richard, presented Marguerite a large and handsome book which he had purchased some years before in Paris to gratify an expensive whim, and which was then never meant for the service to which it was now consecrated. He ventured amidst the thanks which she gave him for his costly present to say, unheard by Richard,

“Do walk this evening on the river side.”

She smiled a blushing assent.

By the river at the spot where they had met last night they met again. Her brother had been with her, but had run away to join a troop of playfellows bent on the destruction of a bird's nest near at hand. Denis induced her to stroll away from the cottage and they spent a full hour wandering by the river. Another parting and a whispered hope that she would take her usual ramble on the following evening, and another assenting smile, and they

said adieu until the morrow, and went home to enjoy memory and feed upon hope.

And thus they met evening after evening, and Marguerite felt such rapture in the society of Denis, that we think she loved, though she might not acknowledge the existence of the passion even to herself. She never dreamed that she did wrong; she had been betrothed to Guillaume Beranger; she had never loved him; Denis was her old friend and playmate. As to him, he knew nothing of the betrothment; he loved wildly, and many, many hours of purest happiness did they spend together in those lovely and inspiring scenes. He had made no declaration of his passion to her, but one not so guileless and unsophisticated as Marguerite would have learned from his words and his manner how much he felt.

Denis felt now as if he had never really lived before; and he had not, for he had never *loved*. His stay at Paris had been divided between gaieties which gave no happiness, study which had strengthened the intellect without moving the heart, and action which had led him into struggles with men whose cruel spirits and demoniac passions had taught him a low estimate of human nature. And now he loved a young, pure, beautiful girl, who loved him in return. Oh highest happiness attainable in this world! The triumphant warrior listening to the acclamations of his grateful countrymen, who throng the path of his ovation, must know that that fickle crowd may hoot him the first day he dares from honest motives to contravene popular opinion. The statesman who has fought his way from obscurity with talent and courage amid suspicions and slanders, with bitter enemies and cold friends, when he listens to the loud cheering with which his party greets his first successful division is in a proud position, but the thrill of exultation which beats in the heart of gratified ambition is as nothing to that clear, full calm of rich felicity known when we first love and are loved.

Why did not God in his mercy take those two young beings to his starry heaven-home ere the bright sun set and the clouds loomed up and the night of affliction brought all its pitiless and pelting storms to drown their hearts in anguish and despair?

One evening as they took their accustomed walk Denis told Marguerite his tale of love. Down flowed the heart-torrent and never did more eloquent lips reveal a deeper or more real passion. How Marguerite's colour left her face! her bosom heaved, and at length the tear stole down her cheek as she listened to his burning words. When Denis ended, she exclaimed in an agony of conflicting feelings, which he could not interpret,

"Oh leave me, do leave me! I never dreamed of this—how foolish, how wicked I have been! Do leave me now—meet me on this spot to-morrow evening at this hour and let me answer you; my feelings have overcome me, I cannot speak now."

Denis pressed her hand to his lips and, with a whispered adieu, hurried from the spot. That night his sleep was restless, his dreams troubled; his next day was spent in doubt and suspense, and many a gloomy foreboding cast a shadow over his soul. The appointed hour came, and trembling to the spot he went. Poor

Marguerite, with a pale face and thin voice, her speech broken with sobs, addressed him,

"Oh, Denis Leverney, will you ever forgive me? can I ever forgive myself, that I have been so thoughtless, so selfish, so wicked as to have been snared through friendship into love which must only end in sorrow. I am betrothed to another—I have been so for years—I should have told you this. Oh! do forgive and forget me."

Denis had staggered to that interview expectant of the worst. Some strange vow, some promise to her father, some long postponement of their marriage:—these had occurred to him; for these he was prepared;—but that Marguerite was the destined bride of another—that all his delicious dreamings should be frustrated—these happy hours spent in each other's society now bitter memories,—this was too much. He sobbed like a child. Oh! with what warmth he pleaded with her—how he besought her, not from a mistaken sense of duty, to insult the best feelings of her heart, and sacrifice one whom she loved as well as her own happiness. The simple girl listened in tears but with constancy to his fervid appeal. She had been taught that promises must be kept though the heart should break in keeping them, and it was in vain that her lover sought to move her by the eloquence of his entreaties.

"Oh! Denis," she said, "you cannot love me more than I love you; I shall be given to another, but my heart will always be yours. I have sought counsel from the holy church and I dare not disobey. Oh! pray that I may be resigned to the will of Heaven. God protect and the blessed Virgin watch over you for ever! Oh! leave me now."

One last wild embrace, one muttered prayer, his voice choked with sobs, that seemed to rend his heart, and Denis fled from her as though he were frantic. He sought his bedroom without seeing his father that night. He spent some hours in thought and prayer, and then he made, in a still whisper, a vow to Heaven; and he sat down and wrote these few lines:—

"My beloved Parent,—Oh! blame me not for what I do! It is the call of Heaven, and we must obey. I had hoped to have soothed your old age with my support and society, but it is denied me. I fly to bury all worldly thoughts and worldly cares in the holy exercises and discipline of the monastery, and to dedicate my life to God. I can never explain the cause of this sudden resolve. Let us bend to the will of Heaven, and pray for each other; and, oh! may we meet in a better world!—Your unhappy son,

"DENIS LEVERNEY."

Denis packed up some few things, and having supplied himself with barely sufficient money for his journey, fled ere daybreak from the château. One last sad look he gave to the quiet cottage of Richard Devereux, around which the morning mist was wreathing itself in fantastic shapes, and the birds caroling gaily. But in that cottage, after a long night of weeping vigil, lay the unhappy Marguerite, the tumult of her grief not yet subsided. And her disconsolate lover is flying to the gloom of ascetic discipline to try and drown memory, and smother passion.

The sequel of this story is so sad, that it cannot be told too briefly and simply. I have before me fragments of a diary kept by Denis after he arrived at Rome; but it were sacrilege to lay bare to the cold world the bleedings of that heart. Rigorous asceticism, prayers and fasting, intense mental exertion could not expel, though they helped to quiet, the demon of memory.

Poor Mons. Leverney, bowed down with years and sorrow at his bereavement, lived but a short time after his misguided son fled from his roof. And Marguerite's pale and care-worn cheek spoke too plainly of the woe that lurked in her heart. The gossips were busy again. What meant the walks by the river and the sudden departure of Denis and the pensive looks of the once joyous girl? But they got no answer, and time lulled their suspicions, and in less than a year Guillaume Beranger returned, and Marguerite, though she concealed the painful struggle which she suffered, was led to the altar and made a wife. She moved in her sphere of duty with an assumed cheerfulness, but with a kind of mechanical obedience, which perhaps escaped a casual observer. She had one child, a little girl, on whom she doted; and evening after evening might she be seen for years walking along the river side, where she had saved from destruction him who had been destined to be at once her victim and the destroyer of her happiness.

Her husband had, after a stay of a few months, gone forth with the troops on another campaign, and left his wife and little daughter in Richard's cottage. One morning brought the tidings of Guillaume's death. He had died fighting bravely; and poor old Devereux shed tears over the letter of a comrade which brought the sad tidings. He was pained that his daughter was not more affected by the loss of her husband. She felt much real sorrow, for Guillaume had been kind to her, and he was brave and good, but she was a moving statue, and no burst of grief could flow from that now pensive, care-haunted woman. She was so continuously sad that she might seem too little affected at her husband's fall.

Old Richard was next gathered, a full shock of ripe corn, in the harvest of the grave. His last days had been happier, but for his daughter's mysterious silence and gloom. Marguerite Beranger and her little daughter still lived in the old man's cottage, and tended the flowers, of which he had been so fond, and walked together each evening by the river.

Some years elapsed. Marguerite's life had continued one long subdued melancholy; her time occupied by teaching her little daughter, now growing from girlhood almost into womanhood, and reminding her of what she had been when Denis Leverney had returned from Paris to the château. In devotional exercises, too, a great portion of her time was spent. No day passed but in the church of her village might Marguerite be seen with her beads, rapt in fervent prayer.

There came from the College at Rome three priests, who had been sent through this and the adjoining provinces to hold general confessionals. Other ceremonies and services of the Roman Catholic Church occupied two days, and on the third went the inha-

bitants of the village to the confession, and Marguerite among them. What she told in the confessional we know from the tragic consequences of that revelation. She poured forth to the priest not only a confession of those errors of thought and word and deed which were but small stains on a life of comparative innocence; but she told the sad history of her life: how she had loved another; how she had been compelled to reject his love, in obedience to the counsels of the Church; how he had fled, and immured himself in a monastery; how she had wedded one, to whom betrothed when young, she had never loved; that he had died soon, and that her life had been one long sorrow; that her only wish was now to hear of him she first loved, and then to die.

She ended, and, instead of hearing the words of holy consolation from the priest to whom she had thus bared the secret of her aching heart, nothing fell on her ear but a deep groan; and rising up from the confessional, he hurried from the church. Marguerite waited, expecting his return, or thinking that one of the other priests would take his place. She, however, at last left the confessional and learned that the priest had been taken suddenly ill, and had fainted outside the church, and when recovered had gone alone to his lodging. That priest was Denis Leverney! He staggered to the house where his apartment was, sat down and wrote some few hurried words, scarcely legible, and these among them:—

“Good God! that I should have lived to hear those words from Marguerite! Her constancy owned! Had not I rashly immured myself in this profession, which has been but an ineffectual balm to my wounded heart, I could now have spent happy days with her I once loved!—but, alas! it is denied me! Oh, God! in thy mercy forgive—”

Here the pen had stopped. Before he sat down to write this, he had sent a message to the cottage of Marguerite, to beg that the priest to whom she had confessed might see her. She came in surprise and suspense to the house; and when she entered—there lay before her eyes, in his priestly dress, the pistol by his side, the bleeding corpse of her self-murdered lover! He had not dared to see her again, and in a moment of frenzy had put the pistol to his mouth, and hurried himself, his soul stained with his own blood, into the presence of his Maker.

Marguerite was lifted from that dreadful sight in fits, and raving like a maniac. For weeks she lay, hanging between life and death; and when she partially recovered, reason came not back with what of health was restored. She was blessed by the assiduous attention of her loving, and dutiful daughter; but she only once sufficiently recovered her reason to tell to her and the priest of the village the sad history I have narrated. She would wander down to the river, and point to a spot on the bank, and murmur to herself, and smile and weep in pitiable alternation. She did not survive her lover a year.

Oh, there is anguish which no eye but that of God's should see! “The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not therewith.”

ART: A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE," "PEG WOFFINGTON," ETC.

EARLY in the last century two young women were talking together in a large apartment, richly furnished. One of these was Susan, cousin and dependant of Mrs. Anne Oldfield; the other was a flower girl, whom that lady had fascinated by her scenic talent. The poor girl was but one of many persons over whom Mrs. Oldfield had cast a spell; and yet this actress had not reached the zenith of her reputation.

The town, which does not always know its own mind about actors, applauded one or two of her rivals more than her, and fancied it admired them more.

Oldfield was the woman (there is always one) who used the tones of nature upon the stage, in that day; she ranted at times like her neighbours, but she never ranted out of tune like them; her declamation was nature, alias art—thundering; theirs was artifice—raving: her treatment of words was as follows;—she mastered them in the tone of household speech; she then gradually built up these simple tones into a gorgeous edifice of music and meaning; but though dilated, heightened, and embellished, they never lost their original truth. Her rivals started from a lie, so the higher they soared, the further they left truth behind them;—they do the same thing now, pretty universally.

The public is a very good judge; and no judge at all of such matters: I will explain.

Let the stage voice and the dramatic voice,—the artificial and the artistic,—the bastard and the legitimate,—the false and the true, be kept apart upon separate stages, and there is no security that the public will not, as far as hands go, applaud the monotone or lie, more than the melodious truth. But set the lie and the truth side by side—upon fair terms, and the public becomes what the critics of this particular art have never been—a critic; and stage bubbles, that have bubbled for years, are liable to burst in a single night.

Mrs. Oldfield was wise enough, even in her generation, to know that the public's powers of comparison require that the things to be compared shall be placed cheek by jowl before it; and this is why she had for some time manœuvred to play, foot to foot, against Mrs. Bracegirdle, the champion of the stage.

Bracegirdle, strong in position, tradition, face, figure, and many qualities of an actor, was by no means sorry of an opportunity to quench a rising rival; and thus the two ladies were

to act together in the "Rival Queens," within a few days of our story.

Roxana MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.
Statira MRS. OLDFIELD.

The town, whose heart at that epoch was in the theatre, awaited this singular struggle, in a state of burning excitement we can no longer realise.

Susan Oldfield, first cousin of the tragedian, was a dramatic aspirant. Anne's success having travelled into the provinces, her aunt, Susan's mother, said to Susan, who was making a cream cheese, "You go an' act too, lass!"

"I will," said Susan, a-making of cream cheese.

Anne's mother remonstrated, "She can't do it."

"Why not, sister?" said Susan's mother, sharply.

Then ensued some reasoning.

"Anne," said the tragedian's mother, "was born clever. I can't account for it. She was always mimicking. She took off the exciseman, and the farmers, and her grandmother, and the very parson—how she used to make us laugh! Mimicking! why it was like a looking-glass, and the folk standing in front of it, and speaking behind it, all at one time; once I made her take me off; she was very loth, poor lass. I think she knew she could not do it so well as the rest; it wasn't like, though it made them all laugh more than the others; but the others were as like as faggot to faggot. Now, Susan, she can't take off nothing without 'tis the scald cream from the milk, and I've seen me beat her at that; I'm not bragging."

To this piece of ratiocination, Susan's mother opposed the following—

"Talent is in the blood," said she (this implies that great are all the first cousins of the great).

Anne's mother might have weakened this by examples at her own door, to wit, the exciseman, who was a clever fellow, and his son an ass. But she preferred keeping within her own line of argument, and as the ladies floated, by a law of their nature, away from that to which lawyers tend, an issue, they drafted divaguely over the great pacific ocean of feminine logic. At last a light shot into Susan's mamma: she found terra firma, *i.e.*, an argument too strong for refutation.

"Besides, Jane," said she, "I want your Susan to churn! So there's an end!"

Alas! she had underrated the rival disputant. Susan's mother took refuge in an argument equally irrefragable: she packed up the girl's things that night, and sent her off by coach to Anne next morning.

Susan arrived, told her story and her hopes, on Anne's neck. Anne laughed, and made room for her on the third floor. The cousins went to the theatre that evening, the aspirant in front.

Susan passed through various emotions, and when Belvidera, "gazed, turned giddy, raved, and died," she ran to the stage door,

with some misgivings, whether she might not be wanted to lay her cousin out. In Anne's dressing room she found a laughing dame, who, whilst wiping off her rouge, told her she was a fool, and asked her rather sharply, "how it went?"

"The people clapped their hands! I could have kissed them," said Susan.

"As if I could not hear that, child," said Anne. "I want to know how many cried where you were—"

"Now, how can I tell you, cousin, when I could not see for crying myself?"

"You cried, did you? I am very glad of that!"

"La, cousin!"

"It does not prove much, but it proves more than their clapping of hands. You shall be my barber's block—you don't understand me—all the better—come home to supper."

At supper, the tragedian made the dairy-maid tell her every little village event; and, in her turn, recalled all the rural personages; and, reviving the trick of her early youth, imitated their looks, manners, and sentiments, to the life.

She began with the exciseman, and ended with the curate—a white-headed old gentleman, all learning, piety, and simplicity. He had seen in this beautiful and gifted woman, only a lamb that he was to lead up to heaven—please God.

The naughtiest things we do are sure to be the cleverest, and this imitation made Susan laugh more than the others.

But in the midst of it, the mimic suddenly paused, and her eye seemed to turn inwards: she was quite silent for a moment.

Ah! Oldfield, in that one moment, I am sure your heart has drunk many a past year. It is away to the banks of Trent, to grass and flowers, and days of innocence, to church-bells and a cottage porch, and your mother's bosom, my poor woman—princess of the stage.

She faltered out, "But he was a good man. Oh! yes! yes! yes! he was a good man; he admired me more than he would now! None like him shine on my path now." And she burst into a fit of crying.

Susan cried with her, without in the least knowing what was the matter. And these most dissimilar beings soon learned to love one another. The next day Anne took the gauge of Susan's entire intellects; and, by way of comment on the text of Susan, connected her with dramatic poetry, as Mrs. Oldfield's dresser.

Susan then had been installed about three months, when she was holding that conversation with the flower girl, which I have too long interrupted.

"It is an odd thing to say, but I think you are in love with my cousin Anne."

"I don't know," was the answer. "I am drawn to her by something I cannot resist: I followed her home for three months before I spoke to you. Will she not be angry at my presumption?"

"La! Of course not: it is not as if you were one of those im-

puident men that follow her about, and slip notes into every mortal thing—her carriage, her prayer-book.”

Now Susan happened to be laying out the new dress for Statura, which had just come in; and, in a manner singularly apropos, no less than two nice little notes fell out of it as she spoke.

‘The girls looked at them, as they lay on the floor, like deer looking ascaunt at a lap-dog.

“Oh!” said the votary of Flora; “they ought to be ashamed.”

“So they ought,” cried Susan. “I’d say nothing,” added she, “if some of them were for me. But I shall have them when I am an actress.”

“Are you to be that? Ah! you will never be like *her*!”

“Why not? She is only my mother’s sister’s daughter, bless you. Anne was only a country lass like me, at first starting, and that is why my mother sent me here, because when talent is in a family, don’t let one churn all the butter, says she.”

“But can you act?” interposed the other.

“Can’t I?” was the answer.

““His fame survives the world in deathless story,
Nor heaven and earth combined can match his glory.””

These lines, which in our day, would be thought a leetle hyperbolic, Susan recited with gestures equally supernatural.

“Bless you,” added she complacently; “I could act fast enough, if I could but get the words off. Can you read?”

“Yes!”

“Handwriting? Tell the truth now!”

“Yes! I can indeed.”

“Handwriting is hard, is it not?” said Susan; “but a part beats all: did ever you see a part?”

“No!”

“Well, I’ll tell ye, girl! there comes a great scratch, and then some words: but don’t you go for to say those words, because they belong to another gentleman, and he mightn’t like it. Then you come in, and then another scratch. And I declare it would puzzle Old Scratch to clear the curds from the whey—”

Susan suddenly interrupted herself, for she had caught sight of a lady slowly approaching from an adjoining room, the door of which was open. “Hush!” cried Susan; “here she is, alack she is not well! Oh, dear! she is far from well!” And, in point of fact, the lady slowly entered the apartment, labouring visibly under a weight of disease. The poor flower girl naturally thinking this no time for her introduction, dropped a bouquet on the table, and retreated precipitately from the den of the sick lioness.

Then the lady opened her lips, and faltered forth the following sentence:—

“I go no further, let me rest here, *Œnone*!”

“Do, cousin!” said Susan, consolingly.

“I droop, I sink, my strength abandons me!” said the poor invalid.

“Here’s a chair for y’, Anne,” cried Susan. “What is the matter?”

On this, the other fixing her filmy eyes upon her, explained slowly and faintly, that, "Her eyes were dazzled with returning day; her trembling limbs refused their wonted stay."

"Ah!" sighed she, and tottered towards the chair.

"She's going to faint—she's going to faint!" cried poor Susan. "Oh, dear! Here, quick! smell to this, Anne."

"That will do, then," said the other, in a hard, unfeeling tone. "I am fortunate to have satisfied your judgment, madam," added she.

Susan stood petrified, in the act of hurrying with the smelling-bottle.

"That is the way I come on in that scene," explained Mrs. Oldfield, yawning in Susan's sympathetic face.

"Acting, by jingo!" screamed Susan. "You ought to be ashamed, I thought you were a dead woman. I wish you wouldn't," cried she, flying at her like a hen; "tormenting us at home, when there's nobody to see."

"It is my system—I aim at truth. You are unsophisticated, and I experiment on you," was the cool excuse.

"Cousin, when am I to be an actress?" inquired Susan.

"After fifteen years' labour, perhaps," was the encouraging response.

"Labour! I thought it was all in—spi—ration!"

"Many think so, and find their error. Labour and Art are the foundation—Inspiration is the result."

"O Anne," cried Susan, "now do tell me your feelings in the theatre."

"Well, Susan, first, I cast my eyes around, and try to count the house."

"No, no, Anne, I don't mean that."

"Well, then, child, at times upon the scene—mind, I say at times—the present does fade from my soul, and the great past lives and burns again; the boards seem buoyant air beneath me, child; that sea of English heads floats like a dream before me, and I breathe old Greece and Rome. I ride on the whirlwind of the poet's words, and waive my sceptre like a queen—ay, and a queen I am!—for kings govern millions of bodies, but I sway a thousand hearts! But, to tell the truth, Susan, when all is over, I sink back to woman—and often my mind goes home, dear, to our native town, where Trent glides so calmly through the meadows. I pine to be by his side, far from the dust of the scene, and the din of life—to take the riches of my heart from flatterers, strangers, and the world, and give them all, all, to one faithful heart, large, full, and loving as my own! Where's my dress for Statira, hussy?" She snapped this last with a marvellous quick change of key, and a sudden sharpness of tone peculiar to actresses when stage dresses are in question.

"Here it is. Oh! isn't it superb?"

"Yes, it is superb," said Oldfield drily, "velvet, satin, and ostrich-feathers, for an Eastern queen. The same costume for Belvidera, Statira, Clytemnestra, and Mrs. Dobbs. O prejudice!

prejudice! The stage has always been fortified against common sense! Velvet Greeks, periwigged Romans—the audience mingling with the scene—past and present blundered together!—English fops in the Roman forum, taking snuff under a Roman matron's nose (that's me), and cackling out that she does it nothing like (no more she does)—nothing like Peggy Porteous—whose merit was, that she died thirty years ago, whose merit would have been greater had she died fifty years ago, and much greater still had she never lived at all."

Here Susan offered her half-a-dozen letters, including the smuggled notes; but the sweet-tempered soul (being for the moment in her tantrums) would not look at them. "I know what they are," said she, "Vanity, in marvellous thin disguises; my flatterers are so eloquent, that they will persuade me into marrying poor old Mannering—every morning he writes me four pages, and tells me my duty; every evening he neglects his own, and goes to the theatre, which is unbecoming his age, I think."

"He looks a very wise gentleman," observed Susan.

"He does," was the rejoinder, "but his folly reconciles me in some degree to his wisdom; so, mark my words, I shall marry my silly sage. There, burn all the rest but his—no! don't burn the letter in verse."

"In verse?"

"Yes! I won't have him burnt either—for he loves me, poor boy—find it, Susan; he never misses a day. I think I should like to know that one."

"I think this is it," said Susan.

"Then read it out expressively, whilst I mend this collar. So then I shall estimate your progress to the temple of Fame, ma'am."

It is not easy to do justice on paper to Susan's recitative; but, in fact, she read it much as school-boys scan, and what she read to her cousin for a poet's love, hopped thus:—

"Excuse — mē dēār — ēst friēnd — if I — should appēār
Tōō prēss — ing būt — āt mī — yēārs ōne — hās nōt
Mūch time — tō lōse — ānd yōūr — gōōd sēnsē — I fēel —"

"My good sense!" cried Mrs. Oldfield, "how can that be poetry?"

"It is poetry, I know," remonstrated Susan. "See, cousin, it's all of a length."

"All of a length with your wit—that is the Mannering prose."

"Drat them, if they write in lines, how is one to know their prose from their verse?" said Susan spitefully.

"I'll tell you, Susan," said the other soothingly, "their prose is something as like Mannering as can be, their verse is something in this style:

"You were not made to live from age to age;
The dairy yawns for you—and not the stage!"

"He! he!"

She found what she sought, and reading out herself the unknown writer's verses, she said, with some feminine complacency, "Yes! this is a heart I have really penetrated."

"I've penetrated one too," said Susan.

"Indeed!" was the reply; "how did you contrive that—not with the spit, I hope?"

Thus encouraged, Susan delivered herself most volubly of a secret that had long burned in her. She proceeded to relate how she had observed a young gentleman always standing by the stage-door as they got into their chariot, and when they reached home, somehow he was always standing there too. "It was not for you, this one," said Susan, hastily, "because you are so wrapped up, he could not see you." Then she told her cousin how, once when they were walking separately, this same young gentleman had said to her most tenderly, "Madam, you are in the service of Mrs. Oldfield?" and, on another occasion, he had got as far as "Madam," when, unfortunately, her cousin looked round, and he vanished. Susan, then throwing off the remains of her reserve, and clasping her hands together, confessed she admired him as much as he did her. Susan gave this reason for her affection, "He is, for all the world, like one of the young tragedy princes, and you know what ducks they are."

"I do, to my cost," was the caustic reply. "I wish, instead of talking about this silly lover of yours, who must be a fool, or he would have made a fool of you long ago, you would find out who is the brave young gentleman who risked his life for me last month. Now I think of it, I am quite interested in him."

"Risked his life!—and you never told me, Anne!"

"Robert told you, of course."

"No, indeed!"

"Did he not?—then I will tell you the whole story. You have heard me speak of the Duchess of Tadcaster?"

"No, cousin, never!"

"I wonder at that! Well, she and Lady Betsy Bertie and I used to stroll in Richmond Park with our arms round one another's waists, like the Graces, more or less, and kiss one another, ugh! and swear a deathless friendship, like liars and fools as we are. But her Grace of Tadcaster had never anything to do, and I had my business, so I could not always be plagued with her; so for this, the little idiot now aspires to my enmity, and knowing none but the most vulgar ways of showing a sentiment, she bids her coachman drive her empty carriage against mine, containing me. Child, I thought the world was at an end: the glasses were broken, the wheels locked, and all my little sins began to appear such big ones to me; and the *brute* kept whipping the *horses*, and they plunged so horribly, when a brave young gentleman sprang to their heads, tore them away, and gave her nasty coachman such a caning." Here, Oldfield clenched a charming white fist; then lifting up her eyes, she said tenderly, "Heaven grant no harm befell him afterwards, for I drove off, and left him to his fate!"

Charming sensibility! an actress's!

In return for this anecdote, Susan was about to communicate some further particulars on the subject which occupied all her secret thoughts, when she was interrupted by a noise and scuffle in the ante-room, high above which were heard the loud, harsh tones of a stranger's voice, exclaiming, "But I tell ye I will see her, ye saucy Jack."

Before this personage bursts upon Mrs. Oldfield, and the rest of us, I must go back and take up the other end of my knot in the ancient town of Coventry.

Nathan Oldworthy dwelt there; a flourishing attorney; he had been a clerk; he came to be the master of clerks; his own ambition was satisfied; but his son Alexander, a youth of parts, became the centre of a second ambition. Alexander was to embrace the higher branch of the legal profession; was to be first, pleader, then barrister, then King's counsel—lastly, a judge; and contemporaneously with this final distinction, the old attorney was to sing "Nunc Dimittis," and "Capias" no more.

Bystanders are obliging enough to laugh at such schemes; but why? The heart is given to them, and they are no laughing matter to those who form them: such schemes destroyed, the flavour is taken out of human lives.

When Nathan sent his son to London, it was a proud, though a sad day for him; hitherto he had looked upon their parting merely as the first step of a glorious ladder, but when the coach took young Alexander out of sight, the father found how much he loved him, and paced very, very slowly home, while Alexander glided contentedly on towards London.

Now, "London" means a different thing to every one of us: to one, it is the Temple of Commerce; to another, of Themis; to a third, of Thespis; and to a fourth, of the Paphian Venus, and so on, because we are all much narrower than men ought to be. To Nathan Oldworthy, it was the sacred spot where grin the courts of law. To Alexander, it was the sacred spot where (being from the country) he thought to find the nine Muses in bodily presence—his favourite Melpomene at their head. Nathan knew next to nothing about his own son, a not uncommon arrangement. Alexander, upon the whole, rather loathed law, and adored poetry. In those days youth had not learned to "frown in a glass, and write odes to despair;" and he dubbed a duck by tender beauty confounding sulks with sorrow. Alexander had to woo the Muse clandestinely, and so wooed her sincerely. He went with a manuscript tragedy in his pocket, called "Berenice," which he had re-written and re-shaped three several times; with a head full of ideas, and a heart tuned to truth, beauty, and goodness. Arrived there, he was installed in the neighbourhood, and under the secret surveillance of his father's friend, Timothy Bateman, Solicitor, of Gray's Inn.

If you had asked Alexander Oldworthy, upon the coach, who is the greatest of mankind, his answer would have been instantaneous, a true poet! But the first evening he spent in London

raised a doubt of this in his mind, for he discovered a being brighter, nobler, truer, greater than even a poet.

At four, Alexander reached London. At five, he was in his first theatre.

That sense of the beautiful, which belongs to genius, made him see beauty in the semi-circular sweep of the glowing boxes;—in gilt ornaments glorious with light, and, above all, in human beings gaily dressed, and radiant with expectation. And all these things are beautiful; only gross, rustic senses cannot see it, and blunted town senses can see it no longer.

Before the play began, music attacked him on another side; and all combined with youth and novelty, to raise him to a high key of intellectual enjoyment; and when the ample curtain rose, slowly and majestically upon Mr. Otway's tragedy of "Venice Preserved," it was an era in this young life.

Poetry rose from the dead before his eyes this night. She lay no longer entombed in print. She floated around the scene, ethereal, but palpable. She breathed and burned in heroic shapes, and godlike tones, and looks of fire.

Presently, there glided among the other figures one that by enchantment seized the poet's eye, and made all that his predecessors had ever writ in praise of grace and beauty seem tame by comparison.

She spoke, and his frame vibrated to this voice. All his senses drank in her great perfections, and he thrilled with wonder, and enthusiastic joy, that this our earth contained such a being. He seemed to see the Eve of Milton, with Madonna's glory crowning her head, and immortal music gushing from her lips.

The lady was, in point of fact, Mrs. Oldfield—the Belvidera of the play.

Alexander thought he knew "Venice Preserved" before this; but he found, as the greatest wits must submit to discover, that in the closet a good play is but the corpse of a play; the stage gives it life. (The printed words of a play are about one-third of a play; the tones and varying melodies of beautiful and artful speech are another third; and the business, gesture, and that great visible story, the expression of the speaking, and the dumb play of the silent actors, are another third.)

Belvidera's voice, full, sweet, rich, piercing, and melodious, and still in its vast compass true to the varying sentiment of all she uttered, seemed to impregnate every line with double meaning, and treble beauty. Her author dilated into giant size and godlike beauty at the touch of that voice. And when she was silent she still spoke to Alexander's eye, for her face was more eloquent than vulgar tongues are. Her dumb-play from the first to the last moment of the scene was in as high a key as her elocution. Had she not spoken one single word still she would have written in the air by the side of Otway's syllables a great pictorial narrative, that filled all the chinks of his sketch with most rare and excellent colours of true flesh tint, and made that sketch a picture.

Here was a new art for our poet; and, as by that just arrangement which pervades the universe, "acting" is the most triumphant of all the arts to compensate it for being the most evanescent, what wonder that he thrilled beneath its magic, and worshipped its priestess.

He went home filled with a new sense of being—all seemed cold, dark, and tame, until he could return and see this poetess-actor-witch and her enchantments once more.

In those days they varied the entertainments in London almost as they do in the provinces now; and Alexander, who went to the theatre six nights a week, saw Mrs. Oldfield's beauty and talent in many shapes. Her power of distinct personation was very great. Her Andromache, her Ismena, and Belvidera were all different beings. Also each of her tragic personations left upon the mind a type. One night young Oldworthy saw majesty, another tenderness, another fiery passion, personified and embodied in a poetic creation.

But a fresh surprise was in store for him: the next week comedy happened to be in the ascendant; and Mrs. Oldfield, whose *entrée* in character was always the key-note of her personation, sprang upon the stage as Lady Townley, and in a moment the air seemed to fill with singing birds that chirped the pleasures of youth, beauty, and fashion in notes that sparkled like diamonds, stars, and prisms. Her genuine gushing gaiety warmed the coldest and cheered the forlornest heart. Nor was she less charming in the last act, where Lady Townley's good sense being at last alarmed, and her good heart touched, she bowed her saucy head, and begged her lord's pardon, with tender unaffected penitence. The tears stood thick in Alexander's eyes during that charming scene, where in a prose comedy the author has had the courage and the beauty to spread his wings and rise in a moment into verse with the rising sentiment.

To this succeeded "Maria" in "the Nonjuror" and "Indiana," in what the good souls of that day were pleased to call the comedy of "the Conscious Lovers," in the course of which comedy Indiana made Alexander weep more constantly, continuously, and copiously than in all the tragedies of the epoch he had as yet witnessed.

So now Alexander Oldworthy lived for the stage; and, as the pearl is a disease of the oyster, so this syren became Alexander's disease. The enthusiast lost his hold of real life. Real life became to him an *interlude*, and soon that followed which was to be expected, the poor novice who had begun by adoring the artist, ended by loving the woman, and he loved her like a novice and a poet; he looked into his own heart, confounded it with hers, and clothed her with every heroic quality. He believed her as great in mind, and as good in heart, as she was lovely in person, and he would have given poems to be permitted to kiss her dress, or to lay his neck for a moment under her foot. Burning to attract her attention, yet too humble and timid to make an open attempt, he had at last recourse to his own art. Every day he wrote verses

upon her, and sent them to her house. Every night after the play he watched at the stage door for a glimpse of her as she came out of the theatre to her carriage, and being lighter of foot than the carriage horses of his century, he generally managed to catch another glimpse of her as she stepped from her carriage into her own house.

But all this led to no results, and Alexander's heart was often very cold and sick. Whilst he sat at the play he was in Elysium; but when after seeing this divinity vanish he returned to his lodgings and looked at his attachment by the light of one candle, despondency fell like a weight of ice upon him, and he was miserable till he had written her some verses. The verses writ, he was miserable till play-time.

One night he stood as usual at the stage door after the performance watching for Mrs. Oldfield, who, in a general way, was accompanied by her cousin Susan. This night, however, she was alone; and, having seen her enter her chariot, Alexander was about to start for her house to see her get down from it, when suddenly another carriage came into contact with Mrs. Oldfield's. The collision was violent, and Mrs. Oldfield screamed with unaffected terror, at which scream Alexander sprang to the horses of the other carriage, and, seizing one of them just above the curb, drew him violently back. To his surprise, instead of co-operating with him, the adverse coachman whipped both his horses, and, whether by accident or design, the lash fell twice on Alexander. Jehu never made a worse investment of whipcord. The young man drew himself back upon the pavement, and sprang with a single bound upon the near horse's quarters; from thence to the coach-box. Contemporaneously with his arrival there he knocked the coachman out of his seat on to the roof of his carriage, and then seized his whip, broke it in one moment into a stick, and belaboured the prostrate charioteer till the blood poured from him in torrents. Then springing to the ground with one bound he turned the horses' heads, belaboured them with the mutilated whip, and off they trotted gently home.

Alexander ran to Mrs. Oldfield's carriage window, his cheeks burning, his eyes blazing. "They are gone, madam," said he, with rough timidity. The actress looked at him, and smiled on him, and said, "So I see, sir, and I am much obliged to you." She was then about to draw back to her corner, but suddenly she reflected, and half beckoning Alexander, who had drawn back, she said, "My dear, learn for me whose carriage that was." Alexander turned to gain the information, but it was volunteered by one of the bystanders.

"It is the Duchess of Tadcaster's, Mrs. Oldfield."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Oldfield, "the little beast!" (this polite phrase she uttered with a most majestic force of sovereign contempt); "thank you, sir; bid Robert drive me home, my child," this to Alexander, on which a bystander sang out,—"You are to drive home, Robert,—Buckingham Gate, the corner house."

At this sally Mrs. Oldfield smiled with perfect composure, but

did not look at the speaker. As the carriage moved she leaned gently forward, and kissed her hand like a queen to Alexander, then nestled into her corner and went to sleep.

Alexander did nothing of the sort that night. He went home on wings. He could not go in. He walked up and down before his door three hours, before he could go to so vulgar a thing as bed. As a lover will read over fifty times six lines of love from the beloved hand, so Alexander acted over and over the little scene of this night, and dwelt on every tone, word, look, and gesture of the great creature who had at last spoken to him, smiled on him, thanked him. Oh! how happy he was, he could hardly realize his bliss. "My dear," but had not his ears deceived him—had she really called him "my dear," and what was he to understand by so unexpected an address; was it on account of the service he had just done her, or might he venture to hope she had noticed his face in the theatre, sitting, as he always did, in one place, at the side of the second row of the pit? but no! he rejected that as impossible. Whatever she meant by it, his blood was at her service as well as his heart. He blessed her with tears in his eyes for using such heavenly words to him in any sense—"my dear," and "my child." He framed these words in his heart.

Alas! he little thought that "my dear" meant literally nothing—he was not aware that calling every living creature "my dear" is one of the nasty little tricks of the stage—like their swearing without anger, and their shovelling snuff into the nose without intermission, in the innocent hope of making every sentence intellectual, by a dirty thing done mechanically, and not intellectually. As for "my child," that was better—that was, at least, a trick of the lady's own, partly caught from her French acquaintances.

For some days Alexander was in heaven. He fell upon his tragedy, he altered it by the light the stage had given him; above all, he heightened and improved the heroine, he touched her, and retouched her with the colours of Oldfield—and this done, with trembling hands, he wrapped it in brown paper, addressed it, and left it at her own house, and no sooner had Susan's hand touched it, than he fled like a guilty thing.

You see it was his first love—and she he loved seemed more than mortal to him.

And now came a reaction. Days and days rolled by, and no more adventures came, no means of making acquaintance with one so high above his reach.

He was still at the stage door, but she did not seem to recognise him, and he dared not recall himself to her recollection. His organisation was delicate—he began to fret and lose his sleep, and at last his pallor and listlessness attracted the not very keen eye of Timothy Bateman. Mr. Bateman asked him twenty times if anything was the matter—twenty times he answered, No! At last, good, worthy, common-place Bateman, after dinner and deep thought, said one day, "Alexander, I've found out what it is." Alexander started.

"Money melts in London, yours is gone quicker than you

thought it would;—my poor lad, don't you fret. I've got £20 to spare, here 'tis. Your father will never know. I've been young as well as you." Alexander grasped the good old fellow's hand and pressed it to his heart. He never looked at the note, but he looked, half tenderly, half wildly, into the old man's eyes.

Bateman read this look aright—"Ay, out with it, young man," he cried, "never keep a grief locked up in your heart, whilst you have a friend that will listen to it, that is an old man's advice."

On this poor Alexander's story gushed forth. He told Bateman the facts I have told you, only his soul, and all the feelings he had gone through gushed from his heart of hearts. They sat till one in the morning, and often as the young heart laid bare its enthusiasm, its youth, its anguish, the dry old lawyer found out there was a soft bit left in his own, that sent the woman to the door of his eyes, for Alexander told his story differently, and I think on the whole better, than I do. I will just indicate *one* difference between us two as narrators—he told it like blood and fire, I tell it like criticism and ice, and be hanged to me.

Perhaps, had Alexander told the tale as I do, Bateman, man of the world, would have sneered at him, or sternly advised him to quit this folly and whim; but as it was, Bateman was touched, and mingled pity with good, gentle, but firm advice, and poor Alexander was grateful. The poet revered the common-place good man, as a poet ought, and humbly prayed him to save him by his wisdom. He owned that he was mad,—that he was indulging a hopeless passion, that he knew the great tragedian, courted by the noble and rich of the land, would never condescend, even to an acquaintance with him. And, bursting into a passion of tears, "Oh! good Mr. Bateman," cried he, "the most unfortunate hour of my life was that in which I first saw her, for she will be my death, for she will never permit me to live for her, and without her life is intolerable to me."

This last feature decided Timothy Bateman; the next morning he wrote to Nathan Oldworthy a full account of all. "Come up, and take him home again, for heaven's sake."

It fell like a thunderbolt on the poor father, but he moved promptly, in two hours he was on the road to London.

Arrived there, he straight invaded Alexander. The poet, luckily for himself, was not at home. He then went to Bateman, he was in a towering passion.

The old puritanical leaven was scotched, but not killed, in Coventry.

In a general way, Nathan looked on love as no worse than one of the Evil One's many snares, to divert youth from law—but, love of an actress! If you had asked Coventry whether the Play House or the Public House ruins the manners, morality, and intellect of England, Coventry was capable of answering—"The Play House." He raged against the fool and the jade, as he succinctly, and not inaptly, described a dramatic poet and an actress.

His friend endeavoured to stop the current of his wrath, in vain; the attempt only diverted its larger current from Alexander to the

Syren who had fascinated him—in vain Bateman assured him that affairs had proceeded to no length between the parties: the other snubbed him, called him a fool, that knew nothing of the world, and assured him that if anything came of it, she should have nothing from the Oldworthys, but thirty pence per week, the parish allowance (Nathan's ideas of love were as primitive as Alexander's were poetic), and lastly, bouncing up, he announced that he was going to see the hussy, and force her to give up her Delilah designs.

At this, poor Bateman was in dismay; he represented to this mad bull, that Mrs. Oldfield was "on the windy side of the law," that there were no proofs she had done anything more than every woman would do, if she was clever enough, viz. turn every man's head; he next reminded him of her importance, and implored him at least to be prudent. "My dear friend," said he, "there are at least a score of gentlemen in this town, who would pass their swords through an old attorney, as they would through a mad dog, only to have a smile or a compliment from this lady."

This last argument was ill chosen. The old Puritan was game to the back-bone; he flung Mrs. Oldfield's champions a grim grin of defiance, and marched out to invade that lady, and save his offspring.

Now, the said Mrs. Oldfield, wishing to be very quiet, because she was preparing to play for the championship of the stage, and was studying Statira, had given her footman orders to admit no living soul, upon any pretence.

Oldworthy, who had heard in Coventry that people in London are always at home if their servants say they are out, pushed past the man; the man followed him remonstrating. When they reached the ante-chamber, he thought it was time to do more, so he laid his hand on the intruder's collar—then ensued a short but very brisk scuffle; the ladies heard, to their dismay, a sound as of a footman falling from the top to the bottom of a staircase; and the next moment, in Jack boots, splashed with travel, an immense hat, of a fashion long gone by, his dark cheek flushed with anger, and his eyes shooting sombre lightning from under their thick brows, Nathan Oldworthy strode like wild-fire into the room.

Susan screamed, and Anne turned pale, but, recovering herself, she said, with a wonderful show of spirit, "How dare you intrude on me?—Keep close to me, stupid!" was her trembling aside to Susan.

"I'm used to enter people's houses, whether they will or not," was the gruff reply.

"Your business, sir?" said Mrs. Oldfield, with affected calmness.

"It is not fit for that child to hear," was the answer.

Anne Oldfield was wonderfully intelligent, and even in this re-

mark, she saw the man, if a barbarian, was not a ruffian at bottom. She looked towards Susan.

Susan interpreting her look, declined to leave her alone "With, with—"

"A brute, I suppose," said Nathan coarsely.

The artist measured the man with her eye.

"He who feels himself a brute is on the way to be a man," said she, with genuine dignity; so saying, she dismissed Susan with a gesture.

"You are the play-acting woman, aren't you?" said he.

"I am the tragedian, sir," replied she, "whose time is precious."

"I'll lose no time—I'm an attorney,—the first in Coventry. I'm Nathan Oldworthy—My son's education has been given him under my own eye—I taught him the customs of the country, and the civil law—He is to be a serjeant-at-law, and a serjeant-at-law he shall be—"

"I consent for one," said Oldfield; demurely.

"And then we can play into one another's hands, as should be."

"I have no opposition to offer to this pretty little scheme of the Old Somethings—father and son."

"Oldworthys! no opposition! when he hasn't been once to Westminster, and every night to the play-house."

"Oh!" said the lady, "I see! the old story."

"The very day the poor boy came here," resumed Nathan, "there was a tragedy play; so, because a woman sighed and burned for sport, the fool goes home and sighs and burns in earnest, can't eat his victuals, flings away his prospects, and thinks of nothing but this Nance Oldfield."

He uttered this appellation with rough contempt; and had the actress been a little one, this descent to Nance Oldfield would have mortified or enraged her. But its effect on the great Oldfield was different, and somewhat singular; she opened her lovely eyes on him. "Nance Oldfield," cried she, "Oh! sir, nobody has called me that name, since I left my little native town."

"Haven't they, though?" said the rough customer more gently, responding to her heavenly tones, rather than to the sentiment which he in no degree comprehended.

"No!" said Oldfield, with an ill-used Æolian-harp note.

Here, the attorney began to suspect she was diverting him from the point, and with a curl of the lip, and a fine masculine contempt for all subterfuges, not on sheepskin,—“You had better say you do not know all this,” cried he.

"Not I," was the reply. "My good sir, your son has left you to confide to me the secret of his attachment: you have discharged the commission, Sir Pandarus of Troy," added she, with a world of malicious fun in her jewel-like eye.

"Nathan Oldworthy of Coventry, I tell ye!" put in the angry sire.

"And it is now my duty to put some questions to you," resumed the actress. "Is your son handsome?" said she, in a sly half whisper.

"Is not he?" answered gaunt simplicity, "and well built too—he is like me they say."

"There is a point on which I am very particular—Has he nice teeth?—upon your honour, now."

"White as milk, ma'am; and a smile that warms your heart up; fresh colour;—there's not such a lad in Coventry." Here the old boy caught sight of a certain poetical epistle which, if you remember, was in Mrs. Oldfield's hands.

"And pray, madam," said he, with smooth craft, "does Alexander Oldworthy never write to you?"

"Never!" was her answer.

"She says never!" thundered Nathan, "and there is his letter in her very hand,—a superb handwriting; what a waste of talent to write to you with it, instead of engrossing; what does the fool say?" and he snatched the letter rudely from her, and read out poor Alexander, with the lungs of a Stentor.

Gracious me! if I was puzzled to show the reader how Susan read the Mannering prose, how on earth shall I make him hear and see Oldworthy Père read Oldworthy Fils, his rhymes; but I will attempt a faint adumbration, wherein Glorious Apollo! from on high befriend us!

"My soul hangs trembling,"—(full stop.) "On that magic voice, grieves with your woe,"—(full stop.) "Exults when you rejoice. A golden chain."—(Here he cast a look of perplexity.) "I feel but cannot see,"—(here he began to suspect Alexander of insanity.) "Binds earth to heaven,"—(of impiety, ditto.) "It ties my heart to thee like a sunflower." And now the reader wore the ill-used look of one who had been betrayed into a labyrinth of unmeaning syllables; but at this juncture, thanks to his sire, Alexander Oldworthy began to excite Mrs. Oldfield's interest.

"And that poetry is his!" said the actress.

"Poetry? no! How could my son write poetry? I'll be hanged if 'tisn't though, for all the lines begin with a capital letter."

Oldfield took the paper from him. "Listen," said she, and with a heavenly cadence and expression, she spoke the lines thus:—

"My soul hangs trembling on that magic voice,
Grieves with your woe, exults when you rejoice;
A golden chain I feel, but cannot see,
Binds earth to heaven—it ties my heart to thee,
Like a sunflower,' &c. &c.—"

"What do you call that, eh?"

"Why, honey dropping from the comb," said the astounded lawyer, to whom the art of speech was entirely unknown, until that moment, as it is to millions of the human race.

"It is honey dropping from the comb," repeated Nathan. "I see, he has been and bought it ready-made, and it has cost him a

pretty penny, no doubt. So, now his money's going to the dogs, too."

"And these sentiments, these accents of poetry and truth, that have reached my heart, this daily homage, that would flatter a queen, do I owe it to your son? Oh! sir."

"Good gracious Heavens!" roared the terrified father; "don't you go and fall in love with *him*; and, now I think on't, that is what I have been working for ever since I came here. Cut it short. I came for my son and I will have him back, if you please. Where is he?"

"How can I know?" said the lady, pettishly.

"Why, he follows you everywhere."

"Except here, where he never will follow me, unless his father teaches him housebreaking under the head of civil law."

At this sudden thrust, Oldworthy blushed. "Well, ma'am!" stammered he, "I was a little precipitate; but, my good lady, pray tell me, when did you last see him?"

"I never saw him at all, which I regret," added she, satirically; "because you say he resembles his father." Nathan was a particularly ugly dog.

"She is very polite," thought Nathan. "But," objected he, civilly, "you must have learned from his letters."

"That they are not signed!" said she, handing the poetical epistle to him, with great significance.

Mr. Nathan Oldworthy began now to doubt whether he was *sur le bon terrain* in his present proceedings; and the error in which he had detected himself made him suddenly suspect his judgment and general report on another head. "What an extraordinary thing!" said he, bluntly. "Perhaps you are an honest woman after all, ma'am!"

"Sir!" said Oldfield, with a most tragic air.

"I ask your pardon, ma'am! I ask your pardon!" cried the other, terrified by the royal pronunciation of this monosyllable. "Country manners, ma'am! that is all! We do speak so straightforward down in Coventry."

"Yes! but if you speak so straightforward here, you will be sent to Coventry."

"I'll take care not, madam! I'll take great care not!" said the other, hastily. Then he paused—a light rose gradually to his eye. "Sent to Coventry! ha! haw! ho! But, madam, this love will be his ruin: it will rob him of his profession which he detests, and of a rich heiress whom he can't abide! Since I came here, I think better of play-actors; but, consider, madam, we don't like our blood to come down in the world!"

"It *would* be cruel to lower an attorney," replied the play-actress, looking him demurely in the face.

"You are considerate, madam!" replied he gratefully. He added with manly compunction, "more so I fear than I have deserved."

"Mais! il me désarme cet homme!" cried the sprightly Oldfield, ready to scream with laughter.

"Are you speaking to me, ma'am?" said Nathan, severely.

"No, that was an 'aside.' Go on, my good soul!"

"Then forgive the trouble, the agitation, of a father: his career, his happiness, is in danger."

"Now, why did you not begin with that, it would have saved your time and mine. Favour me with your attention, sir, for a moment," said the fine lady, with grave courtesy.

"I will, madam," said the other, respectfully.

"Mr. Oldworthy, first you are to observe, that I have by the constitution of these realms, as much right to fall in love with your son, or even with yourself, as he or you have to do with me."

"So you have, I never thought of that; but don't ye do it, for Heaven's sake, if 'tisn't done already."

"But I should have been inclined, even before your arrival, to waive that right, out of regard for my own interest and reputation, especially the former: and now you have won my heart, and I enter into your feelings, and place myself at your service—"

"You are very good, madam! Now why do they go and run play-actors down so?"

"You are aware, sir, that we play-actors have not an idea of our own in our skulls: our art is to execute beautifully the ideas of those who think: now, you are a man of business; you will therefore be pleased to give me your instructions, and you shall see those instructions executed better than they are down in Coventry. You want me to prevent your son from loving me! I consent. Tell me how to do it."

"Madam!" said Nathan; "you have put your finger on the very point! What a lawyer you would have made! Madam, I thank you! Very well, then you must—but, no, that will make him worse perhaps. And again, you can't leave off playing, can you? because that is your business you know—dear me. Ah! I'll tell you how to bring it about. Let me see—no!—yes!—no! drat it!"

"Your instructions are not sufficiently clear, sir!" suggested Mrs. Oldfield.

"Well, madam! it is not so easy as I thought, and I don't see what instructions I am to give you, until—until—"

"Until I tell you what to tell me—that's fair. Well, give me a day to think. I am so busy now. I must play my best to-night!"

"But he'll be there," said Nathan, in dismay: "you'll play your best: you'll burn him to a cinder. I'll go to him. He ran to the window, informing his companion that, for the first time in his life, he was going to take a coach. But he had no sooner arrived at the window, than he made a sudden point, and beckoned the lady to him, without removing his eyes from some object on which he glared down, with a most singular expression of countenance. She came to his side. He directed her eyes to the object. "Look there, ma'am! look there!" She peeped, and standing by a hosier's shop, at the corner of the street, she descried a young man, engaged as follows:—His hat was in his hand, and on the hat was a

little piece of paper. He was alternately writing on this, and looking upward for inspiration.

"Is that he?" whispered Mrs. Oldfield.

"Yes! that's your man—bare-headed, looking up into the sky, and doesn't see how it rains."

"But he is very handsome, Mr. Oldworthy, and you said he was like—hem! yes, he is very handsome."

"Isn't he, madam?"

He was handsome—his rich chestnut curls flowed down his neck in masses; his face was oval; his eyes full of colour and sentiment—and in him the purple light of youth was brightened by the electric light of expression and charming sensibility.

The strangely assorted pair in our scene held on by one another the better to inspect the young poet, who little thought what a pair of critics were in store for him.

"What a bright intelligent look the silly goose has!" said the actress.

"Hasn't he? the dear—idiot!" said the parent.

"Is he waiting for you, sir?" said she, with affected simplicity.

"No," replied he with real, "it's you he is waiting for."

Alexander began to walk slowly past the house, looking up to heaven every now and then for inspiration, and then looking down and scribbling a bit, like a hen drinking, you know—and thus occupied, he stalked to and fro, passing and re-passing beneath the criticising eyes—at sight of which pageant a father's fingers began to work, and, "Madam," said he, with a calmness too marked to be genuine, "do let me fling one little—chair at his silly head."

"No, indeed."

"A pillow, then?"

"O Lud, no!—you don't know these boys, sir! he would take that as an overture of affection from the house. Stay, will you obey me, or will you not?"

"Of course I will!—how can I help?" and he grinned with horrible amiability.

"Then I will cure your son."

"You will, you promise me?"

"On the honour of—a play-actor!" and she offered him, with a world of grace, the loveliest hand going at that era.

"Of an angel, I think," said the subjugated barbarian.

Mrs. Oldfield then gave him a short sketch of the idea that had occurred to her. "Your son, sir," said she, "is in love by the road of imagination and taste—he has seen upon the stage a being more like a poet's dream than any young woman down in Coventry—and he over-rates her; I will contrive that in ten minutes he shall under-rate her. I will also find means to wound his vanity, which is inordinate in all his sex, and gigantic in the versifying part of it—and then, sir, I promise you that your son's love, so fresh, so fiery, so lofty, so humble, will either turn to hatred or contempt, or else quietly evaporate like a mist, and vanish like a morning dream. Ah!"—(and she could not help sighing a little.)

Susan was then called, and directed to show Mr. Nathan Oldworthy out the back way, that he might avoid the encounter of his son. The said Nathan, accordingly, marched slap away, in four great strides; but the next moment the door burst open, and he returned in four more—he took up a position opposite his fair entertainer, and, with much gravity, executed a solemn, but marvellously grotesque bow, intended to express gratitude and civility; this done, he recovered body, and strode away again slap dash.

Spirits like Alexander's are greatly depressed and greatly elevated without proportionate change in the external causes of joy and grief. It is theirs to view the same set of facts rose-colour one day, lurid another. Two days ago Alexander had been in despondence, to-day hope was in the ascendant, and his destiny appeared to him all bathed in sunshine. He was rich in indistinct but gay hopes; these hopes had whispered to him, that, after all, an alliance between a dramatic poet and a tragedian was a natural one—that, perhaps, on reflection, she he loved might not think it so very imprudent. He felt convinced she had read "Berenice"—she would see the alterations in the heroine's part, and that love had dictated them. She would find there was one being that comprehended her. That, and his verses, would surely plead his cause. Then he loved her so—who could love her as he did? Some day she would feel that no heart could love her so—and then he would say to her "I am truth and nature; you are beauty and music—united, we should conquer the world, and be the world to one another!" Poor boy!

He was walking and dreaming thus beneath her window, when his ear caught the sound of that window opening; he instantly cowered against the wall, hoping this happy day to see the form he loved, himself unseen, when, to his immeasurable surprise, a beautiful girl put her head out of the window, and called softly to him. He took no notice, because it was inaudible. He had to repeat the call before he could realise his good fortune; the signal, however, was unmistakeable, and soon after the door opened, and there was pretty Susan, blushing. Alexander ran to her, she opened the door wider, he entered, believing in magic for the first time. Susan took him up stairs—he said nothing—he could not—she did not speak, because she thought he ought to. At last they reached a richly-furnished room, where Statira's dress lay upon a chair, and a theatrical diadem upon a table. Alexander's heart leaped at sight of these; he knew then where he was; he turned hot and cold, and trembled violently. The first word Susan said did not calm his agitation. "There is a lady here," said she, "who has something to say to you."

Now, it must be remembered, that Susan considered Alexander her undoubted property, and when she was told to introduce him she could not help thinking how kind it was of her cousin to take her part, and bring to the point a young gentleman, who, charming

in other respects, appeared to her sadly deficient in audacity. "Sit down," said Susan, smiling.

Oh! no! he could not sit down here! Susan pitied his timidity and his discomposure, and to put both him and herself out of pain the sooner, she left him and went to announce his presence to her cousin and guardian as she now considered her.

Alexander was left alone to all appearance, in reality he was in a crowd—a crowd of "thick-coming fancies." He was to breathe the same air as her, to be by her side, whom the world adored at a distance; he was to see her burst on him like the sun, and to feel more strongly than ever how far his verse fell short of the goddess who inspired it; he half wished to retreat from his too great happiness. Suddenly a rustle in the apartment awakened him from his rich reverie; he looked up, and there was a lady with her eyes fixed on him.

À QUI LA FAUTE ?

In flattering speeches, many
 Praise up my face and form;
 Yet if admired by any,
 With jealous rage you storm.
 But if I'm worth beholding,
 And if my eyes *will* shine,
 Is that a cause for scolding?
 Sure 'tis no fault of mine.

My most devoted lover
 I know some wish to be;
 If they their flame discover,
 You vent your wrath on me!
 But if they *will* adore me,
 And fancy me divine,
 Why with reproaches bore me?
 'Tis *their* fault, sure—not mine.

Our sex are all believing,
 Perhaps a little vain;
 Soft words, e'en when deceiving,
 Will soon our favour gain.
 Then if it seem to please me,
 When all in praise combine,
 With jealousy why tease me?
 'Tis *nature's* fault—not mine.

You never now approach me
 With smiles I held so dear;
 Now sternly you reproach me,
 And change my love to fear.
 To other's words more tender
 Should I my ear incline,
 'Tis you are the offender,
 'Twill be *your* fault—not mine!

THE DARIEN SHIP CANAL.

[We are indebted for the greater part of the information contained in the present paper, to the Second Edition, recently published, of Dr. Cullen's work on the "Isthmus of Darien Ship Canal," as well as to the report of Mr. Gisborne, the engineer appointed to examine the projected route by Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Brassey, the contractors for the undertaking. In a succeeding number we shall be enabled to give from the pen of the discoverer of the canal route, a sketch of the early history of Darien, the scene of the exploits of the Buccaneers, and of the Scotch settlement founded in the reign of William the Third.—ED.]

IN a former number of the Miscellany (January, 1852) it was observed by the author of *Notes on New Granada* "that the limited knowledge possessed in this country of many parts of Spanish America, which the Spaniards so jealously closed against Europeans, during their long and torpid dominion of three centuries, has often been a subject of surprise and regret. Of the state of New Granada, especially, which recently formed the principal section of the Republic of Colombia, but little information exists in England, and public attention has naturally been turned to it of late, owing to the growing interest of one of its provinces, Panama, on whose site is preparing one part of the realization of that magnificent scheme, which has so long been a cherished object of navigation and commerce, and which Philip the Second, in all his pride and power, and extent of dominion, feared to undertake—the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans."

The effectual removal of the barrier, which (though, at one point, of the insignificant width of only twenty-four miles*) has hitherto obstructed the intercourse of the western with the eastern hemisphere, is an object of such vast importance not only to the existing generation, but to the future destinies of the whole world, that some notice of the project now about to be carried out for its accomplishment cannot at this moment fail to be acceptable.

The Isthmus of Darien and Panama, connecting North and South America, divides the two oceans by a comparatively narrow and necklike strip of land, extending, in a curved direction, from the mouth of the Atrato in the Gulf of Darien, and from the south-east point of the Bay of Panama to the borders of Costa Rica. Although for years the project of uniting the two oceans by a cut of intersection across the Isthmus has been familiar to men's minds, it was just that sort of thing which was "every body's," and, consequently, "nobody's business;" and there has always been more talk about it than that practical kind of suggestion which is founded upon personal investigation, superior acumen, and devotion to the subject. The only route ever proposed across this Isthmus, until very recently, was that from Chagres, or

* Between Mandinga Bay and the mouth of Chepo River.

from Navy Bay, to Panama, which was surveyed in 1829 by Colonel Lloyd and M. Falmarc, and, subsequently, by M. Garella and other engineers. Owing to the very bad harbours at either terminus, the high elevation of the land, and many other causes, the idea of a canal by that route has, long ago, been totally abandoned; but a railroad, the PANAMA RAILROAD, was projected, and more than half of it is now completed, viz., from its terminus at Aspinwall, on the Island of Manzanillo, in Navy Bay, to Gorgona, on the Chagres River, a distance of thirty miles; the remaining twenty miles from Gorgona to Panama are expected to be completed in a year hence. It is obvious, however, that this can only partially meet the requirements of commerce, the *desideratum* being an OPEN CANAL through which the traffic can pass without the delays and cost of trans-shipment.

So grand and magnificent is the idea of the junction of the oceans — the approximation of the two hemispheres — that the successful solution of such a problem would undoubtedly confer more important and lasting benefits on mankind than any other maritime enterprise that has been undertaken since the great discovery of Columbus. From the time when Cortes started from Mexico on his famous expedition in search of the natural communication which he fondly believed to exist, this problem has fixed the earnest attention of the most learned and scientific men in Europe. Alcedo, Dampier, Maltebrun, and other geographers have investigated the subject. Nor have statesmen of eminence been less anxious for its solution. William Pitt often spoke of it with rapture, and it constituted one of his great considerations when forming plans for the emancipation of Spanish America. Lord Sidmouth, Lord Melville, and Sir Home Popham, in concert with Mr. Pitt and General Miranda, in 1804, strenuously urged it, and planned an expedition for its furtherance, which was unfortunately frustrated. Half a century ago the great Humboldt pointed out its advantages to commerce and civilisation, and has never since ceased to urge the subject on public attention. In a letter written by the venerable Baron, so late as June last, to Dr. Cullen, he says,—

“After having laboured in vain during half a century to prove the possibility of an Oceanic Canal, after having regretted almost with bitterness, in the last edition of my ‘Aspects of Nature,’ that the employment of the means which the present state of our knowledge affords for obtaining precise measurement has been so long delayed, I ought, more than any one else, to be satisfied to see, at least, my hopes for so noble an enterprise revived.”

The utter want of topographical and geological knowledge of the country; the jealousy of rival nations; an erroneous idea that there was something too stupendous in the undertaking; a prejudice that the difference of level of the two oceans, and of their rise of tide would be a fatal objection; and a very exaggerated notion of the unhealthiness of the isthmus; are the principal causes which have hitherto prevented any attempt to cut through this narrow neck of land. Happily, these imaginary difficulties are now about to be dispelled by the resources of modern science

and energy, aided by the application of large capital; and, more particularly, by the concurrence of the great maritime powers, in favouring so vast and beneficial an enterprise. It was reserved for our time, signalised by the stupendous triumphs of engineering over obstacles that seemed to defy the ingenuity of man, to lend its material and physical aid, when the existence of a general state of peace had lulled national jealousies, and had induced powerful governments, hitherto distrustful of one another, to enter into a compact to protect and encourage a design, the success of which affords a more hopeful guarantee for the establishment of universal peace than any previous deed in the history of human progress.

Previously to entering upon the examination of this project—the only one capable of effecting the object required—viz., the transit, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and *vice versa*, of large ships, we will give the comparative lengths of the other routes which have been proposed, together with some observations on their characteristic features:—

The Tehuantepec route (Mexico)	198 miles.
The Nicaragua do. from San Juan del Norte to Brito (boundaries disputed)	194 „
The Atrato route, by a cut from the mouth of the Napipi River to Cupica Bay (New Granada)	172 „

None of the above routes have good harbours, without which it would be a fruitless waste of money to cut a canal; and amongst many other objections to the first two, political difficulties exist with reference to the countries through which they would pass.

The Tehuantepec route has no harbour on either coast: a road is projected from the Coatzacoalcos River to the Pacific, by this line.

The Nicaragua route has very bad harbours, and would require 138 miles of canalisation, with 28 locks, and artificial piers, embankments, and harbours at each end of the lake, the approach to its shores being impracticable. The high elevation of Lake Nicaragua (128 feet), and the length of time (six days and ten hours at the quickest rate) which would be necessary for the transit of a ship, are very unfavourable circumstances; whilst volcanos in a state of activity, earthquakes, tornados, and papagayos,* add to the disadvantages of the route. The proposed canal could not be made navigable for large ships, and would, therefore, not meet the requirements of commerce: its projectors have consequently been officially declared to have forfeited all claim to the support of Great Britain and the United States, under the provisions of the Bulwer and Clayton Treaty of 1850.

The Atrato route has a bad harbour on the Pacific side, Cupica being of small extent, and open to the south-west, whilst the Atrato mouth has a bar with only five feet of water on it, and the rise of tide in the Gulf of Darien is scarcely two feet.

Although the whole tract of country, extending from the mouth of the Atrato to Costa Rica, and comprehending Veraguas, Chiriqui, Panama and Darien—provinces of the republic of New

* Violent squalls on the coasts of Nicaragua. Google

Granada—is usually called Isthmus of Panama or Isthmus of Darien indifferently, yet Spanish geographers limit the term Isthmus of Darien to its eastern half, extending from the Atrato to a line drawn from Cape San Blas, on the Atlantic coast, to the mouth of Chepo River, in the Bay of Panama, and apply the name of Isthmus of Panama to the neck of land westward of that line. This Isthmus of Darien, though familiar to every schoolboy by its name, has, at the same time, been as little known to geographers as the interior of Patagonia or of New Guinea. The following decree, copied from the archives of the viceroyalty of Peru, by Dr. Cullen, will explain the reason why the Spanish government wished to keep the Isthmus of Darien a *terra incognita*.

“Royal Decree, 12th March, 1685.—That the President of Panama break up and destroy the mines of gold that exist in the vicinity of the rivers of the Province of Darien, because the coveting of them has induced the buccaneers to undertake the transit from the sea of the north to the sea of the south by those rivers—and that the Viceroy of Peru co-operate in it.”

Since the liberation of New Granada from the yoke of Spain, by Simon Bolivar, Darien, owing to its very scanty Granadian population, and the hostility of the independent Indians inhabiting it, has been completely neglected, and remained an unknown country until its recent exploration by Dr. Edward Cullen, to whom we are indebted for the discovery of the ship-canal route. It was not until 1849 that, after an extensive exploration of the coasts of the isthmus, in search of a practicable line for an inter-oceanic canal without locks, the doctor entered the Gulf of San Miguel and the River Tuyra, and finding the Savana mouth, ascended it. He found it navigable for the largest vessels up to the site of Fuerte del Principe—a fort which the Spaniards had occupied during the brief interval between 1785 and 1790. Land explorations afterwards revealed to him a direct line through the dense forest from Principe to the Bay of Caledonia, crossing first a plain of eighteen miles, then for two miles through the defiles of the mountain-range which runs parallel to the coast of the bay at the distance of another two miles. The doctor mentions it as strange that the facilities of this route should have escaped the penetration of the great Humboldt; this he attributes to the fact that the river Savana was not delineated on the maps examined by that great traveller, and says:—

“Such, indeed, was the case with the map which I had on my first journey into Darien in 1849, so that I was totally ignorant of its existence, until I actually saw it, after entering Boca Chica; when, finding the great depth of water at its mouth, and that it flowed almost directly from the north, I became convinced that I had at last found the object of my search, viz., a feasible route to the Atlantic, and thereupon immediately ascended it, and crossed from Cañasas to the sea-shore at Port Escoscés and back, and subsequently, in 1850 and also in 1851, crossed and recrossed, at several times and by several tracks, the route from the Savana to Port Escoscés and Caledonia Bay, notching the barks of the trees as I went along, with a *macheta* or cutlass, always alone and unaided, and always in the season of the heaviest rains. I had previously examined, on my way from Panama, the mouths of Chepo, Chimán, Congo, and several other

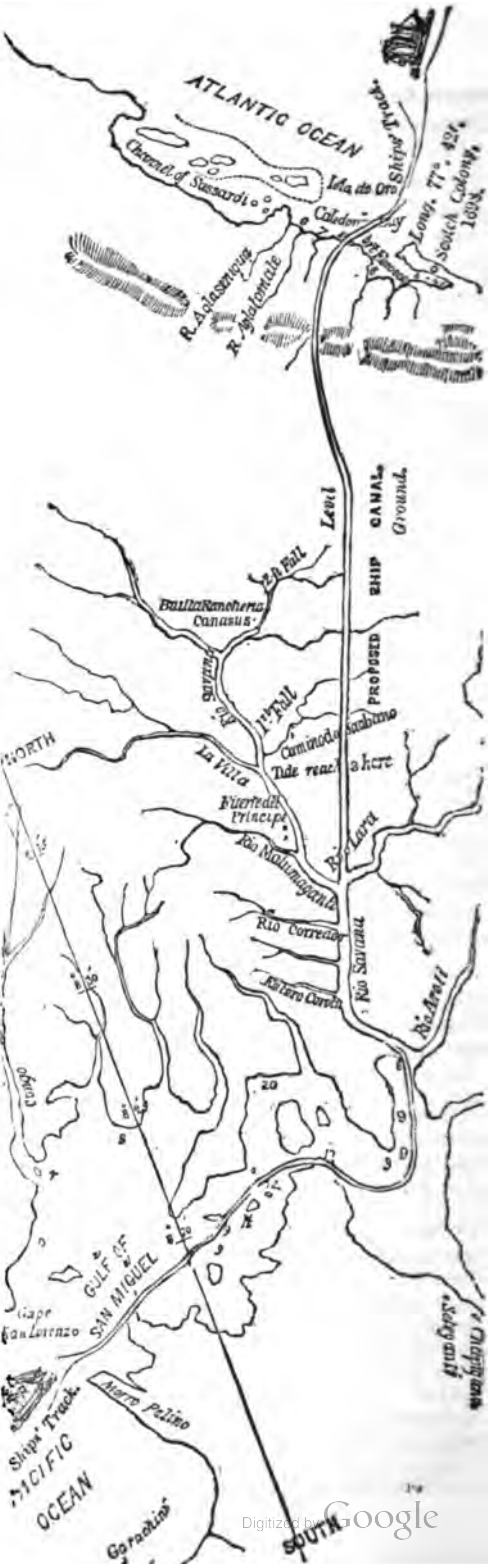
rivers, but found them all obstructed by bars and sandbanks, and impracticable for a ship passage, so that upon seeing the Savana, I had not the least hesitation in deciding that that must be the future route for inter-oceanic communication for ships."

Port Escoscés and Caledonia Bay are on the Atlantic coast, and take their names from the settlement of a Scotch colony there in 1698. In fact, the line of Canal proposed is between those ports and the Gulf of San Miguel; and the geography of the ports and the line of canal is thus described by Dr. Cullen:—

"Port Escoscés or Scotch Harbour, and the Bay of Caledonia, on the Atlantic coast of the Isthmus of Darien, present an extent of six nautical miles, from S. E. to N. W., of safe anchorage in all winds. These harbours are situated between Carreto Bay and the channel of Sassardi, and are 140 miles E.S.E. of Limon Bay, and twenty-one miles W.N.W. of Cape Tiburon, the N.W. boundary of the Gulf of Darien. Port Escoscés extends to the S.E. to lat. $8^{\circ} 50'$ and long. $77^{\circ} 41'$; and Golden Island, or Isla de Oro, or Santa Catalina, which forms the N.W. boundary of Caledonia Bay, is in lat. $8^{\circ} 54' 40''$, and long. $77^{\circ} 45'$.

"The channel of Sassardi, also, extending from Caledonia Bay N.W. five miles, to the Fronton, or point of Sassardi, is sheltered from the winds and seas of both seasons, and has good depth of water.

"Twenty-two miles S. W. of Port Escoscés is the site of the old Spanish settlement of Fuerte del Principe, on the river Savana, established in 1785, and abandoned in 1790. From thence the river vana has nearly a S. by E.



course for fourteen miles to its mouth, which opens into the river Tuyra, Santa Maria, or Rio Grande del Darien, three miles above Boca Chica and Boca Grande, the two mouths by which the latter discharges itself into the Gulf of San Miguel on the Pacific.

“ Thus the distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, by the route from Port Escoscés or Caledonia Bay, to the Gulf of San Miguel, by way of the river Savana, would be thirty-nine miles. In a direct line, from Port Escoscés to the Gulf, the distance is thirty-three miles.

“ At the mouth of the Savana there are nine fathoms, at low water, and the tide rises from twenty-one to twenty-seven feet.

“ Boca Chica and Boca Grande, the mouths of the Tuyra, are perfectly safe entrances, and have a depth of thirteen and twenty fathoms of water respectively.

“ The Gulf of San Miguel has good depth of water, and would hold the shipping of the world. Its mouth between Cape San Lorenzo on the north, and Punta Garachine on the south, is ten miles across, and opens into the Pacific quite outside the Bay of Panama. Its direction inwards is N.E fifteen miles to Boca Chica.”

After a minute description of the hydrography of the coasts, the geographical features of the country, and the engineering facilities, and as accurate a delineation of every point, reach, and object in view along the course of the Savana river, as might be expected from a Thames pilot, Dr. Cullen presents us with the following conclusions:—

“ The whole work to be done, therefore, in order to make a ship-canal communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, by this route, would be to cut from Principe, or from Lara mouth to Port Escoscés, or Caledonia Bay, a distance from twenty-two to twenty-five miles, of which there would be but three or four miles of deep cutting.

“ The canal, to be on a scale of grandeur commensurate with its important uses, should be cut sufficiently deep to allow the tide of the Pacific to flow right through it, across to the Atlantic; so that ships bound from the Pacific to the Atlantic would pass with the flood, and those from the Atlantic to the Pacific with the ebb tide of the latter; such was the plan recommended in my report to Lord Palmerston in January, 1851. By such a canal, that is, one entirely without locks, the transit from sea to sea could be effected in six hours, or one tide.”

“ I trust that an attentive consideration of the advantages of this route—viz. its shortness, the excellence of its harbours, the low elevation of the land, the absence of bars at the Savana and Tuyra mouths, the depth of water and great rise of tide in the former, its directness of course and freedom from obstructions, the healthiness of the adjacent country, the exemption of the coasts from northers and hurricanes, the feasibility of cutting a canal without locks, and the absence of engineering difficulties—will fully justify me in asserting it to be the shortest, the most direct, safe, and expeditious, and in every way the most eligible route for intermarine communication for large ships.

“ An examination of the physical aspect of the country from Port Escoscés to the Savana—presenting, as it does, but a single ridge of low elevation, and this broken by gorges, ravines, and valleys, and grooved by rivers and streams, with a champaign country extending from its base on each side—will prove the feasibility of making the Canal entirely without locks, a superiority which this route possesses over others, which all present insurmountable physical obstacles to the construction of such a Canal.

“ In fact, a glance at the map ought to convince the most sceptical that nature has unmistakably marked out this space for the junction of the two oceans, and the breaking of the continuity of North and South America; indeed, so narrow is the line of division, that it would almost appear as if the two seas did once meet here.”

Such being the physical features of the land-barrier, a tidal

circumstance of great importance is to be taken into account. The tide in the Pacific rises 21 to 27 feet; whilst on the Atlantic shore the rise is scarcely 2 feet. Humboldt says that, "at different hours in the day, sometimes one sea, sometimes the other, is the more elevated." So that mid-tide, being on a level in both oceans, if there were a clear passage from ocean to ocean, there would be a continuous current one way or other at ebb and flow of tide. That such an ebb and flow in a ship-canal would be of the greatest importance, is obvious. Dr. Cullen recognised it at once, and says:—

"This difference (of level) would be no hindrance; but, on the contrary, a most important advantage in a ship-canal, since it would create a current from the Atlantic to the Pacific during the ebb, and one from the Pacific to the Atlantic, during the flood-tide of the Pacific, and these alternate currents would enable each of the fleets to pass through at different times, those bound from the Atlantic to the Pacific during the ebb-tide of the latter, and those from the Pacific to the Atlantic during the flood-tide of the former. This arrangement in the periods of transit would afford many advantages, such as obviating the meeting of the vessels and the necessity of their passing one another, and preventing their accumulation or crowding together in the canal, as each fleet could be carried right through in one tide, if not by the current alone, at least with the aid of tug-steamers. The alternation of the currents would have the further beneficial effect of washing out the bed of the canal, and keeping it free from the deposition of sand or mud, so that dredging would never become necessary; and would also render the degree of width necessary for the canal less; though I do not reckon this to be a point of moment, as the wider and deeper it is cut the better, and the work once finished will last to the end of the world, since the natural effect of the alternate currents will be a gradual process of deepening and widening, which will convert the canal into a *Strait*."

With regard to the proprietary rights of the land through which the canal is to be cut, it appears that the government of the republic of New Granada has conceded, by decree of Congress, dated Bogota, June 1, 1852, the exclusive privilege of cutting a canal between the Gulf of San Miguel and Caledonia Bay, or elsewhere in Darien, to Sir Charles Fox, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Brassey, and Dr. Cullen; and has granted, besides the lands necessary for the canal and its works, 200,000 acres of land, to be selected in any part of the republic.

The country on the line of the proposed canal is totally uninhabited. In the South of Darien there are a few Granadian negroes, but no Indians; whilst the Atlantic coast is dotted here and there with small settlements of Indians. We are glad to find that they have found in Dr. Cullen a friend and protector, and that they have entered into a treaty of friendship with him. The following account of this hitherto very little known tribe of Indians will be read with interest:—

"*The Indians of Darien, and their feelings towards the British.*—The Atlantic coast of Darien is inhabited by the Tule or San Blas Indians, a fine, handsome, athletic race, though of low stature, with the copper-coloured complexion, straight coarse black hair, and other characteristics of the whole Indian race, differing, in no respect, from the Indians of Guiana, Venezuela, or any other part of South America. They live very peaceably together, are honest, cleanly, and industrious, occupying themselves in fishing, hunting, and cultivating a variety of vegetables. They carry on a considerable trade with

foreigners in cocoa-nuts and cocoa-nut oil, cocoa, turtle-shell, cotton hammocks, canoes of callioalli, a very durable timber, &c., &c., which they barter for coloured calicos, shirts, calico trowsers, looking-glasses, beads, knives, cutlasses, guns, powder, hatchets, rum, brandy, tobacco, &c. A very profitable trade might also be carried on with them, in dye-woods, timber, gums, resins, &c. Their principal occupation is fishing for the turtle which abound near the *stays*, and hunting. They are very expert sailors, some of them having made voyages to the United States. They are very independent, and were never subdued by the Spaniards, to whom they bear great animosity; to English and Americans they are very friendly, but do not allow them to land on the coast. The traders are boarded, as soon as they anchor, by the Indians, who bring their produce on board themselves, and do not permit the captain or crew to go on shore. Their government is purely patriarchal,—the oldest and most experienced man in each settlement being accounted chief by general consent, and universally looked up to and obeyed as such. They are accustomed to the use of fire-arms, and are good marksmen, having also spears and arrows; but no knowledge of extracting the woorali or curare poison, though they have manchineel, the milky juice of which is a powerful irritant, but not strong enough to kill. Some woorali (*corova*) and poisoned arrows that I obtained from the Indians of the interior were procured by them from Choco, for the purpose of killing game; these little darts are blown through a long tube, called *borokera*, the aim being rendered steady by a little cotton of the *Bombax Ceiba* wrapped round one end; their deadly effect is almost instantaneous.

“It is a very singular fact that these Indians have no names. When one is asked ‘*iki pe nukka*’ (what’s your name), he invariably replies, ‘*nukka chuli*’ (I have no name). They are very desirous of receiving English names, and have often asked me to give them some, which I have done, giving the names of Fox, Henderson, Brassey, Haslewood, Wilson, Anthony, Vincent, and Cullen. There are many albinos, with pure white skin and hair, and weak eyes. The women wear diamond-shaped gold nose-rings, cut at one of the angles to allow their being taken out and put in; these rings are about an ounce in weight. Their legs and arms are also adorned with glass beads, strings of coral, gold trinkets, pieces of money, and tigers’ teeth. They are very fond of gaudy ornaments; and presents of some trinkets, pieces of scarlet silk and cotton, pictures, and some gilt buttons which I cut off an Armenian jacket that I purchased in Constantinople in 1848, quite established me in their good graces.

“They have a great dread of the small-pox, which is one cause of their not allowing foreigners to mix with them. They also fear that they would take away their women; and another reason of their dislike to foreigners, is their idea that God made the country for them alone.

“They are timid, and would not venture to oppose even a small body of men. The Coast Indians live entirely on the coast and the islands and kays off it, and do not go into the interior, while those of the interior seldom visit the coast. The Coast Indians wear shirts and trowsers, but those of the interior usually go naked; the latter are very shy and retiring in their disposition, and keep aloof from the Granadian inhabitants in the south, very rarely visiting Chepo, Chiman, or Yavisa; their occupations are hunting, fishing, and cultivating vegetables for their own consumption: their principal settlements are on the upper branches of the Chepo, Chiman, and Congo, on the Tuquesa, Ucургanti, Jubuganti, and Chueti, branches of the Chuquanaqua, and on the Pucro and Paya. They have a very great dislike to the negroes, and generally kill any of them who have the temerity to ascend any of those rivers; in 1851 I was informed that they killed four negroes who went up the Chiman.

“They place great faith in the divining powers of their Priests or *Leles*, who advise them in all important matters.

“During my intercourse with this noble race of Indians, in my various journeys in Darien, in 1849, 1850, 1851, and 1852, I have been invariably treated by them with the greatest kindness and affection, and the most unlimited hospitality, everything in their possession having been freely and cheerfully placed at my disposal; and, although I boldly and openly at the very first explained in detail the object of my repeated and daring trespasses into their territory,

which, I verily believe, none before me, except the Buccaneers and the Scotch colony, who came in strong force, and as allies, had ever invaded without the sacrifice of his life; and showed my maps, with my projected canal route across their country, and was, therefore, known to them as the man most to be feared by them, and whose death would be to their decided interest; yet not one of them ever raised a weapon against me, and when, on one occasion, two or three of the most hot-headed urged my instant death, they were immediately silenced by the others, and even those two or three, who, I expected, would follow me into the bush and despatch me with their arrows or cutlasses, in the depths of the forest, not only did not condescend to take this advantage of an unfriended, isolated white man, but afterwards even embraced me and made peace with me."

In regard to a very important point, the healthiness of the climate of Darien in this district, Dr. Cullen says,—

"The banks of the Savana being elevated several feet above the level of the water, and never inundated, are quite free from swamp and malarious miasmata; consequently the endemic fever caused by these in Chagres, Portobello, and Panama would not prevail in any settlement that may be formed in the neighbourhood of the Savana. The great quantity of rain which falls in Darien, the prevalence of invigorating currents of air across it, from sea to sea, and the equable temperature of the climate, which is not subject to great vicissitudes, tend most materially to lessen the effect which the decomposition of the vegetable matter would, under other circumstances, have in the development of intermittent and remittent fevers, and to mitigate the violence and diminish the frequency of the attacks of those diseases, should they occur."

Having thus put the reader in possession of the facilities presented by this route, we have now the satisfaction of recording the practical steps which have been taken for the accomplishment of the object in view. It appears, then, that Messrs. Fox and Henderson, of Crystal Palace celebrity, and Mr. T. Brassey, the great railway contractor, famous for the great bands of navigators, the industrial armies of peace, which he directs, in pursuance of an arrangement with Dr. Cullen, dispatched, in April, 1852, two engineers, Messrs. Gisborne and Forde, to undertake the examination of the Isthmus. The report of those gentlemen completely substantiates the feasibility of the Darien route, and leaves no doubt on that point. Mr. Gisborne says,—

"The harbours of San Miguel and Caledonia are both excellent as the termini for a ship navigation on the largest scale, with Port Escoscés as a harbour of refuge, should circumstances occur to render its use necessary; the Savannah river has six fathoms or upwards in depth at low water, for a distance of seven miles from its mouth, the effect of tide reaching on the Lara tributary, eleven miles above this, or eighteen miles from Darien harbour, leaving a distance of thirty miles to Caledonia Bay, *which is the actual breadth of the Isthmus between the tidal effect of the two oceans*; that the summit level is ascertained to be 150 feet, and is formed by a narrow range of hills, having a gradually rising plain at their foot at each side."

Mr. Gisborne describes the Gulf of San Miguel as "without doubt one of the finest harbours in the world as regards its extent, depth of water, freedom from shoals, land-locked character, and ease of access," and the country through which the canal is to be made as dry and healthy.

He then proposes to make a cut, 30 feet deep at low tide, 140 feet broad at bottom, and 160 feet at low water surface.

Such a cut, carried from sea to sea, (says he) is not larger than the trade of the world requires, and will form a permanent, safe, and rapid mode of transit. "The question of engineering," he says, "resolves itself into the removal of a large quantity of material, and the time necessary to do it in."

Mr. Gisborne estimates the cost of that design, *which will, without locks, at all times permit the passage of the largest vessels, at 12,000,000*l.**, and says,—

"In calculating the cost, nearly the whole of the material has been estimated *as rock*, and at prices seventy-five per cent. above the cost of the same class of work in England; allowance has been made for imported labour, and a sufficient sum set down for preliminary arrangements; a liberal allowance has been made for the diminution of work to be expected in a tropical climate, and the extra wages necessary to induce parties to emigrate."

He estimates the cost of a canal with two locks at 4,500,000*l.*, but gives his decided opinion in favour of the former design.

As a mercantile investment there is no doubt that this inter-oceanic navigation will prove a most profitable undertaking. From the trade statistics it appears that, in 1851, upwards of 3,000,000 tons of shipping, and 150,000 passengers would, in that year, have taken advantage of this navigation. No project has ever been before the public which embraces anything like the objects that will be attained by such an uninterrupted passage. All other propositions have but local importance, and look to their profits from local trade; this one is adapted to every ship afloat, and seeks a return from the trade of every country. Its completion will make a change in the carrying commerce of every Pacific port; and, as a railway makes its own traffic, so will this work most certainly greatly increase the commerce between the distantly separated countries which steam power is only now beginning to reach.

The vast saving of time by the adoption of this passage, which will enable ships to make two or three voyages in the same period that they now take to make one; of expense in their navigation; of wear and tear, of interest on the value of ship and cargo, of insurance on ship, cargo, and freight, and the great diminution of shipwrecks and loss of life by sea; will effect a complete but peaceful and beneficial revolution in commerce. Not only will a great saving of time be effected by the direct diminution of the distance to be traversed between Europe and America, and the east and west shores of the Pacific, and *vice versa*, but also by the avoidance of the delay occasioned by calms in the low latitudes; hard gales off the Capes; and the very long tacks to the east and west, beating against the south-east trade wind in the South Atlantic, or the north-east or south-west monsoon in the India or China seas, which vessels are now obliged to make; whilst, by the proposed route, fair steady breezes, smooth seas and pleasant weather throughout the voyage, both out and home, may be safely calculated upon. Another great benefit to shipping would consist in the facility with which they could revictual, or take in water and coal, by which they would have a much larger portion of their capacity available for the stowage of merchandise.

Nor are the benefits resulting from increased intercourse and proximity the only advantages which may be hoped for—the safety of life and property will be greatly increased; and the hardships of thousands of our mariners will be lessened to an incalculable extent. Ere long, Darien, we may affirm, will become the great inter-oceanic portal, the *entrepôt* of the world, the storehouse of nations, the grand highway of commerce.

It is now some months since a company was formed under the title of the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company, to carry out this project. Amongst the directors we find the names of Lord Wharncliffe, Mr. Pemberton Heywood, Mr. Brownrigg (the Governor of the largest Australian Company), Mr. Hornby (the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce of Liverpool), Mr. Haslewood, of the Stock Exchange, the Ministers of New Granada and Peru, Mr. Milner Gibson, M.P., Mr. H. T. Hope, and several bankers and merchants of the highest reputation. Few companies have started under better auspices than the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company; and the very flattering reception granted to their deputation last March by the Emperor of France, and the cordial offers of assistance and co-operation made by him, together with the friendly assurances from the United States, prove that they have succeeded in impressing upon the great powers of the world the cosmopolitan character of the work. We are glad to find that the constitution of the Company admits of modifications to suit the expected co-operation of the principal European States, whose aid and friendly interest are required. The navigation of a stream of water so narrow, and so easily blockaded, must, it is clear, be secure from the contingencies of war. The canal must be neutral for the amicable and simultaneous passage of the commercial ships, even of hostile nations. Already, by the Bulwer and Clayton treaty, the neutrality of any communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, whether by canal or railway, has been guaranteed by Great Britain and the United States, and an invitation given to other States to join in it; and it was announced, some time since, that an arrangement had been made as to the distance from the two ends of the canal, within which vessels of the United States and Great Britain, traversing the said canal, shall, in case of war between the two contracting parties, be exempt from blockade, detention, or capture, by either of the belligerents.

Perhaps no expedition has ever left the shores of England fraught with such noble aims, and sustained by such fair hopes of achieving success, as that which is now about to sail for Darien to initiate this undertaking. Dr. Cullen, and his scientific associates will be supported and assisted by the British, French, and United States' Governments, and we may now, at last, look forward with some degree of certainty to the accomplishment of the great work of inter-oceanic communication, and to that opening of the great highway of nations which the necessities of commerce now demand.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMPAIGNS UNDER THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

SHORTLY after the surrender of the Governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne of the 52nd, came from the interior of the town to the lesser breach, and being badly wounded, was helped over it by Lord Wellington's Aide-de-Camp, Captain de Burgh.* The confusion caused by a triumphant soldiery in a town taken by assault, and the excesses resulting from it, are more lamentable than surprising. In such events the definition between right and wrong is sadly mixed up, and I fear no distinction was made between our Spanish friends and our French enemies; at all events it was not too nicely kept. The officers lost all control over their men. Alas! as Byron has it—

“ Sweet is
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.”

The 43rd, under Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod,† were amongst the best conducted, and in the surrounding hurly-burley, Captain Duffy's‡ company, of that corps, was remarked by Lord Wellington himself for its good discipline and soldier-like conduct. The French garrison originally consisted of about 2000; of which 800 had fallen during the siege, and 1,700 men, with 78 officers, were made prisoners. 150 pieces of artillery, including the whole of the battering train of Marmont's army, were taken. The loss on our side, exclusive of him who killed himself by eating cold cabbage in a garden, was 1,200 men, and 90 officers; 650 of the former, and 60 of the latter were slain or wounded in the assault. General Craufurd, a man of hot and eccentric temperament, but of great ability, was killed. He was shot through the lungs, and was buried on the 25th, on the spot where he received his death-wound, at the foot of the lesser breach. His remains were attended to their last home by Lord Wellington and his Staff. General Mackinnon was killed by the explosion of the mine to which Gurwood's Narrative alludes, while leading his Brigade in the 3rd Division; he was, with many others blown from the top of the great breach into the ditch. “This entrance into the city was cut off from it by a perpendicular descent of sixteen feet, and the bottom was planted with sharp spikes, and strewn with live shells; the houses behind were all loopholed, and garnished with musketeers, and on the flanks there were cuts, not indeed very deep or wide, and the French had left the temporary bridges over them; but behind were parapets, so powerfully defended, that it was said, the 3rd Division could never have carried

* Now Lieut.-General Lord Downes.

† Killed subsequently at the storming of Badajos.

‡ Now Major-General Duffy.

them, had not the Light Division taken the enemy in flank—an assertion easier made than proved.”*

Mackinnon was a good and gallant soldier, and an intelligent man. He commanded a Brigade in Picton's Division, although he regimentally belonged to the Coldstream Guards. With these perished many other fine fellows, amongst them a Captain of the 45th, of whom it has been felicitously said, that “Three Generals and 60 other officers had fallen, but the soldiers, fresh from the strife, only talked of Hardyman.” General Vandeleur, Colonel Colborne, and a crowd of inferior rank were wounded. Unhappily, the slaughter did not end with the assault: for the next day, as the prisoners and their escort were marching out of the breach, an accidental explosion took place, and numbers of both were blown into the air.† A curious statistic of the mass of fire brought by the enemy on our troops, during the siege of eleven days, from 48 pieces of ordnance, is given in Jones's Sieges in Spain. He states that 21,000 rounds of shell and shot were launched against our approaches. Confined as these were in space, and narrow in dimensions, it was astonishing, from the concentrated direction of the missiles, that our casualties were not greater. Now, supposing all these to have occurred from the cannonade only, which was very far from being the case, and transferring the cause of loss of those who fell on this occasion from musketry, the bayonet, and mines, to the enemy's artillery alone, we should then have some five men killed or wounded for about every 100 rounds of cannon-shot and shell fired. From the above circumstance, I may be allowed to state to the uninitiated, how much more numerically destructive is the fire of musketry, than that of round shot and shell. In confirmation of this, I will here recite the following remarks made on the subject by other authorities. At Cambrai, in 1817, at dinner at the Duke of Wellington's, I heard Sir George Wood‡ state, that in Lord Howe's great action on the 1st of June, two barrels and a half of gunpowder were fired for every man killed or wounded. “Ay,” said the Duke, taking up the conversation, “and at Trafalgar, where about 25,000 British sailors were engaged, under 1300 were killed and wounded, while at Talavera de la Reyna, out of an army of 19,000 men I lost 5000, principally by musketry.”

The Duke, whose economy in action of the life of his troops was well known to us, merely meant to state a simple fact in illustration of the effects of the different species of fire. He hated a “butcher's bill,” and never made one if he could possibly avoid it. To quote his own words, in writing to the relative of one of his personal staff, who fell at Waterloo, speaking of the victory gained, he says, “the glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me.”

Amongst other random recollections, I noted the above conver-

* See Napier.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Colonel Sir George Wood, then Chief of Artillery to the Army of Occupation in France.

sation at the time, it is more forcibly brought to my mind, as I well remember a feat of endurance of fatigue, which I performed at the same period. I had reached Cambrai, at a quarter past two P.M., that day, with dispatches for the Duke from our Ambassador, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, at Paris. After a ball, I quitted the Embassy at half-past three the same morning; was in my saddle by four, and rode the distance of twenty-two French posts (or 110 English miles) *franc étrier*, in ten hours and a quarter; delivered my dispatches; dined at Head Quarters, by the Duke's invitation, attended that night another ball at the Hotel de Ville; had an early field day the following morning; played a cricket match against the garrison of Valenciennes, succeeded in getting fifty runs; attended a lively dinner under a tent, which somehow or other lasted till sunrise the following day, and was, after all, fresh and fit for duty, as if I had done nothing. From the example of energy of mind, and activity of body set us by our great chief, we were *all*, from spirit, training, and emulation, ready for, and up to, anything by night or day, in "camp, or court, or grove."

In a service, short and sharp as that of the siege and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, more than an ordinary amount of casualties must be expected, especially when we reflect that it was taken in eleven, instead of twenty-four days, the time originally contemplated as necessary by Lord Wellington himself. Massena, previous to his attack on Portugal in 1810, took six weeks to plant the French flag on the city's ramparts. Our chief, not having had leisure to attend to the elementary procrastination of scientific engineering by which lives are saved, at once cut the gordian knot, which want of time did not allow him to untie. Within four days' march of 45,000 Frenchmen, under one of their most celebrated marshals, and against the strict rules of military science, he fairly *wrenched* the fortress from the enemy's grasp, and seized the prize. The bridge over the Agueda had been established only on the 1st of January, the trenches were opened on the 8th, and the city fell on the 19th. Marmont only heard of the attack on the 15th, and not till the 26th did he know of the capture of the fortress. On the first intelligence reaching him, he concentrated his army at Salamanca; but, on being made aware of his loss, he again retired to Valladolid. The *theft* was complete—Julian Sanchez, with the Austrian Strennuwitz, in our Hanoverian Hussars, had, the previous autumn, filched from the fortress its former governor, Renaud; and now our great chief had committed something *more* than petty larceny, by taking the town itself. To recompense an exploit so boldly undertaken and so gloriously finished, Lord Wellington was created Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo by the Spaniards, Earl of Wellington by the English, and Marquis of Torres Vedras by the Portuguese. This last title was most certainly *conquered* by him long before it was rendered by the Portuguese government. "Taking all the difficulties and peculiarities of the enterprise into consideration, the reduction of this fortress, whether viewed in conception, or arrangement, or

execution, must be ranked as one of the happiest, boldest, and most creditable achievements recorded in our military annals." * None, certainly, could have accomplished the service better than those who took the town; still, the regret in our division was great that we had not participated in the assault. One day later and it would have fallen to our turn. We were almost tempted to blame the prompt decision of our chief. We had undergone all the unpleasant part—the dirty work and its attendant hardships—without obtaining any credit beyond preparing, in stealthy mole-like manner, the way for others to distinguish themselves. When the distance we had to march, the icy streams we had to ford, the bivouacking in frost and snow, without fire—the fatigue of labour and absence of rest every fourth day for thirty-five consecutive hours were considered, we fairly *might* be allowed to envy those who, although participators in similar fatigue and privation, had at least gained the honours and rewards to which their dashing gallantry had so fully entitled them. But, as there is no pleasing everybody, we were obliged to take things as they came—we grinned and bore it. The day after the storming I was sent in command of a party from Espeja to Ciudad, to recover, if possible, the body of General Mackinnon. We were some time in the search before we could discover his remains. After exhuming from fragments of masonry and dust many poor fellows' corpses, we at last extracted the General's from beneath others in the ditch, and it was conveyed by a Sergeant's party to Espeja. Thinking that some memorial of him would be acceptable to his family, I remember cutting off from the back of his head a lock of hair, to send to his widow. I gave it to his friend and brother officer, † Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, Deputy Quarter-Master of our division. At Ciudad I found the Fifth Division had been brought up, and were in possession of the town. In the fourth regiment, belonging to this division, was my friend Captain Burke, who gave me provender and a shake down in his quarters for the night. They were all hard at work levelling our trenches, and destroying our batteries; and the artillery of the battering train were withdrawing our guns and conveying them across the Agueda. Lord Wellington had been early into the town that morning, and, after examining the state of the defences, gave all the necessary orders for clearing away the rubbish from the breaches, and repairing the ramparts; after which he returned to Gallegos, and sent off his Aid-de-Camp (Captain Gordon, of the Guards) the same day to England, with dispatches reporting the capture of the place. Every arrangement was now made to restore the fortifications and provision the place quickly, as Marmont's army was expected. In anticipation of such an arrival, Hill's corps had been previously ordered up from the Alemtejo as far as Castello Branco.

On the 23rd we buried General Mackinnon with military

* See Jones's Sieges.

† Of the Coldstream Guards, afterwards Lieut-General Sir Richard Jackson, Commander-in-Chief in Canada.

honours. He was an amiable man, a good officer, and was much regretted. His last place of rest was dug in the market-place of the small village of Espeja, and his remains were followed to the grave by his brother officers of the Guards. It was strange, but true, that even after the recent services rendered by us to the Spanish nation, and with some claims to consideration, acknowledged at least by the peasantry, still priestly bigotry prevailed, and denied interment in consecrated ground to the remains of those "heretics" who had fought and fallen in their cause. We were regarded by them as quite fit to supply them with money, furnish them with munitions of war, and shield them from defeat in *this world*, but as by no means *worthy* of Christian burial or our souls being saved in the next. The Turk is more tolerant. As soldiers, this want of charity affected us but little; we viewed it more in pity than in anger. It was annoying to us only as wounding the feelings of the absent relations of those of our countrymen who fell. The Spanish nation might have been a little more courteous, and as we had come to be killed for their advantage, it would have been a little more civil had they allowed us to bury ourselves with due decency. We were, however, by no means particular on this point, having a decided preference for living in a good place, rather than coveting the pleasure of being buried in the choicest spot with the greatest distinction.

The rains, with strong gales of wind, now set in with such violence, as only those can conceive who know what southern rains are. The trestle bridge at Marialva was carried away, and the river rose two feet over the stone bridge under the walls of Ciudad, thus communications by roads were impeded, and the passage of the Agueda stopped. Had this occurred earlier we should never have accomplished, as we did, the work of the approaches. Our trenches would have become aqueducts instead of viaducts, such as later we had some experience of at Burgos. Frost had acted on this occasion more efficiently as our ally than our friends the Spaniards. It was well known to us how often military operations are dependent on that which influences the barometer. The bad weather had its inconveniences even under cover of our village cabins. One of them, in which lay part of my company, was either rained or blown down in the night, and several of the men were severely hurt. Amongst them my Irish friend M^cCulloch, famed, as I before mentioned, for more courage than arithmetic, not having been born to interfere with Babbage in his discovery of the calculating machine. The beam of the house fell on him and broke his arm, and he was otherwise so much injured as to oblige us to send him to the depôt hospital at Coimbra, where the poor fellow died. At this time I was again urged to return *home*. This word sounded warmly and cheerily in my ears. My news informed me of the death of a very near relative, the possessor of considerable landed property, to which my friends were good enough to *suppose* I ought to succeed, and they wrote under this impression, pressing my return to England to attend the opening of the will. There were few with us who would not

have done their best to gain the estimation of him who commanded our army. We well knew the high feelings by which he was actuated, and how he appreciated, from the lowest to the highest, those whom he found always ready and at all times in the *right* place. We were equally aware how our chief detested applications for leave, or excuses that took officers from their duty, and he frequently expressed his astonishment at the applications made to him for this purpose. I therefore replied to my friends (and I name this as a working of the spirit that had been instilled into and prevailed amongst us) that "If even — has left me the family estate," which he did prospectively, "nothing will persuade me to quit the service or leave *this* army to go home until, in course of duty, I am ordered so to do."

Our army was drawn from the sinews of the people, the intelligence of the middle classes, and the scions of the titled and untitled landed aristocracy of our country, embodied together in arms to serve their fatherland. All, from the private soldier upwards, emulated obtaining the notice, and meriting the good opinion, of him who kept up the energies and inspired ardour into the hearts of those he commanded. Great personal sacrifices were frequently made; ease, luxury, and independence were cast aside. In speaking, not only of that army, but of the profession in general, I cannot resist quoting here a well-merited and truthful paragraph from a letter recently published by the very clever but eccentric member for Surrey, Henry Drummond, Esq., who, in relation to classes, and in assigning his reasons for declining to attend the Peace Conference lately held at Edinburgh, says:—

"Take the army and navy as a class, and take any other class of men in the country—compare them together for talents, *patriotism*, honour, virtue, disinterestedness, kindness, self-devotion, in short, every quality that *ennobles* men, and I *assert* that the military class is beyond measure superior to every other."

Here is a picture drawn by a disinterested observer; a man of acuteness, and great knowledge and experience of the world. From a life's service in the class alluded to, I may venture to bear testimony to the above view being just and true.* One of the causes which maintain high feeling and character in the profession of arms is, that when we *do* meet with an unworthy member of it, we get rid of him, whilst *some* other classes *keep* theirs, and not only occasionally try to defend them, but show great sensitiveness even when they are attacked; surely this is doing a wrong towards themselves. Why not use a little "fuller's earth" to take the stains out of their own cloth as promptly and effectively as we do out of ours? It is their bounden duty to cleanse themselves from suspicion, or they must submit with good grace to the chance and inconvenience of being condemned, perhaps unjustly, as a body, in public opinion.

* In exemplification of a sense of duty, patriotism, and self-devotion, I cannot do better than refer to Captain M'Clure's late dispatch to the Admiralty, on his discovery of the N. W. passage; it is full of high-toned and right feeling.

But to return to our movements. In consequence of Marmont's threatened advance, we were kept on the *qui-vive*. The report of his intentions was rendered still more suspicious by the floods having cut us off from communications with Ciudad Rodrigo. We feared the enemy might pounce upon the fortress before the fortifications had been sufficiently repaired, or that we could get at him. We consequently were ordered always to have a day's provisions cooked in advance, with which to line our havresacks, that we might be ready to move at a moment's notice; but this alert turned out to be unnecessary. Our chief had no sooner succeeded in the capture and repair of Ciudad, and garrisoned it from the Spanish army under Castanos, its new governor being Vives, to whom he personally gave instructions concerning the plan and intention of the new works and their defence, than he immediately turned his attention to attack Badajos, and wrote under date of the 29th from Gallegos to Lord Liverpool as follows:—

“I now propose to attack Badajos as soon as I can; I have ordered all the preparatory arrangements to be made, and I hope that everything will be in readiness to enable me to invest the place by the second week in March. We shall have great advantages by making the attack so early, if the weather will allow of it. First, all the torrents in this part of the country are then full, so that we may assemble nearly our whole army on the Guadiana without risk to anything valuable here. Secondly, it will be convenient to assemble our army at an early period in Estramadura, for the sake of the green forage which comes in earlier to the south than here. Thirdly, we shall have advantages in point of subsistence over the enemy at that season, which we should not have at a later period. Fourthly, their operations will necessarily be confined by the swelling of the rivers in that part as well as here. The bad weather which we must expect or other circumstances, may, however, prevent us from carrying our plan into execution, but I can only assure you that I shall not abandon it lightly, and I have taken measures to have the best equipments for this enterprise.”

In consequence of this we were all, with the exception of the Fifth Division, who remained on the frontier and in observation in the neighbourhood of Ciudad, put in movement for the Alemtejo. Our division's march was directed on Abrantes, for the purpose of reclothing our fellows; with which object the clothing had been sent up to that town from Lisbon. It must be confessed not before it was wanted, for in the *haberdashery line* we were all a little like those troops with which Falstaff, from a delicate sense of propriety, would *not* march through Coventry. The captain of my company having gone home on leave, I once more tumbled into the command of it. On the occasion of our march to the south, my horse being “a galled jade whose withers were” (by no means) “unwrung,” I marched on foot; and although, such exercise suited both my tastes and habits well, still as a warning to my soldier-servant to avoid a too great frequency of the incon-

venience resulting from my baggage-animals having sore backs, I always made him carry his knapsack when they were thus afflicted, but relieved him from his burthen when they were sound and well. I give this hint to uninitiated young officers, as I found my plan answered completely. Sore backs were always engendered from neglect in the man who loaded the mules; by omitting to double the horsecloths and blankets under the saddles and pack-saddles, so as to prevent local pressure on their withers or loins. When the soldier-servant finds that he relieves his own back by taking care of those of his master's animals, fewer *raças* are established in every way. We now for the tenth time passed the Coa. Our line of march led us along the frontiers of Portugal and Spain, by the back of the Sierra d'Estrella through the towns and villages of Aldea de Ponte, Sabugal, Castelhero, Carea, Elpendrinha Lardosa, Castello Branco, Atalaya, passing the Tagus at Villa Velha, and so on to Niza, Gaviao, and Abrantes, a distance of 150 miles. I had some capital partridge shooting on our line of march; and, much to the disgust of our chief of brigade on one occasion I shot a fox. I was threatened for so unsportsmanlike an act, by our sport-loving brigadier, Sir H. C., never to be allowed leave of absence, which he jokingly said he could not find it in his conscience to grant to the author of so atrocious a proceeding. As I never, however, asked for a day's leave from my duties, during the three years and a half I served in the Peninsula, his observation mattered little, had it been even made in earnest. As we arrived at each place of halt, I used to take my gun and an excellent English setter, my companion, and generally furnished my table, and that of a comrade or two, with pleasanter provision than was issued out by the commissary of his most gracious majesty, King George the Third. God bless him! We halted eleven days at Abrantes, which is a good town. Here we fitted our men's clothing, and prepared ourselves for our prospective operations in procuring such necessaries as we conceived we might want. For the first time since my arrival with the army I found myself in possession of a small bell-tent sent out to me from England by my friends. Our poor men had no such essentials till the following year.

Two days after reaching Abrantes, my friend Gurwood, of the 52nd, dined with me on his way through to embark at Lisbon, for England. I remember our having a very merry party; he was full of the well-deserved honours he had gained, and we, in high spirits and health, were animated with the hope to obtain the like should the opportunity be offered us. The night dwindled into the little hours of morning ere we parted—some of us never to meet our gallant friend again. Amongst them, Harvey,* and Burgess of the Coldstream, who fell later in this campaign, the last, while heading a storming party; thus emulating his former brother officer of the 52nd in all but his success;—poor fellow! In addition to commanding my company, I now had imposed upon

* Son of the late Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey.

me, the duties of Adjutant, as the officer holding that office in my corps, had proceeded on leave to Lisbon. My time was pretty well occupied therefore, and sometimes not agreeably. Our Chief of battalion was by no means blessed with too strong a head, or too soft a temper; he certainly had the merit *sometimes* to acknowledge himself in the wrong, though that wrong became tiresome, as more frequent in its recurrence than his acknowledgment of it. He was a gallant, thick-headed man, and if the former quality palliates the latter, and charity covers a multitude of sins, still, vulgar violence certainly modifies a multitude of virtues. He was a remarkable contrast to those who had preceded and succeeded him in command; the latter of whom, almost without exception, rose to well-earned honours and distinctions. We obeyed orders, however, and indemnified ourselves by laughing at what could not be avoided. A friend of mine, in another corps, used to say, that he flattered himself in the course of his military life, he had been commanded by the greatest number of fools in the service, but that, on this occasion, we certainly seemed to have appropriated to ourselves one whom he quite longed to add to the list of his *experiences*. If men in command will but reflect that "more flies are caught with a spoonful of honey, than a barrel of vinegar," and that with power accorded them, tact and management may lead to willing instead of unwilling obedience; any person of moderate intellect will prefer that line which is surest, best, and easiest of accomplishment, to that which is the opposite. When officers from home came out to us, we found them too frequently impregnated with all the punctilios enforced by the Horse Guards clock, with ideas redolent of hair-powder, and blank-cartridge; stiff in stocks, starched in frills, with Dundas's eighteen manœuvres or commandments. All this had to be changed. A normal school for real soldiers was undergoing the process of formation; the new comers at first thought they had tumbled amongst a strange, loose set of half-wild men, little in accordance with their preconceived opinions. At length they began to discover how the art was carried on, and found that they had much to unlearn, as well as much to acquire, before they could make themselves useful.

Materials for the contemplated siege of Badajos were now collecting, and passing through Abrantes towards the neighbourhood of their destined use. Scarcity of these, and inefficient transport was as usual the prevailing difficulty to be fought against. In spite of all that had been done, and pointed out, and recommended by our Chief, still, our ministers at home, although they continued the war, *starved* it. Neither money nor necessaries were forthcoming when wanted; the means were always inadequate to the end. Sufficiency of artillery could not be transported from Ciudad to Badajos; a supply of guns, of the necessary calibre of 24 pounders, could not be obtained at Lisbon. Admiral Berkeley, when applied to, said he had not the means to afford them. Local preparations had been silently proceeding at Elvas, but still dearth of stores, and tools, and guns, and shot, existed, attributable to the want of conduct of our Government at home, in civil

as well as military matters towards this army during the greater part of the Peninsular war.

I beg to refer on these points not only to the Duke of Wellington's own dispatches on the subject, but also to his brother the Marquis Wellesley's statements concerning the administration of that day. He says, "they were timid without prudence,—narrow without energy,—profuse without the fruits of expenditure, and slow without the benefits of caution," in spite of all which, our Chief fairly dragged these "timid, doubting, vacillating ministers through the sloughs of their mediocrity, by the wheels of his triumphal car."

If these men, with whom he was in constant council, heeded not his warning voice; others, both in and out of Parliament, not having similar advantages, might be excused for doubting of a success they had no means of testing or comprehending. The precedents before their eyes, and their reminiscences of military expeditions, both in conception and execution, were taken from Holland, Walcheren, and Buenos Ayres, and those there commanding. The puissant at home thought with Shakspeare that "reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit." From beginning to end our Chief's merits were disputed, his opinions contradicted, and his demands neglected. These people could not comprehend that one man should do a deed that none other but himself could have accomplished. A French author, Monsieur Mourel, says, "Mais personne, ni amis, ni ennemis, personne ne soupçonnait alors ce que c'était que Wellington, l'Angleterre elle même ne l'a connu que très tard, et il-y-a une portion considérable du peuple Anglais qui ne sait pas bien au juste tout ce qu'il lui doit." And again, another Frenchman, not very easily suspected of partialities to England or the English, Monsieur Thiers, writes, "There is no use in denying it—every circumstance considered, the Duke of Wellington *was* the greatest General whom the late wars have offered for human contemplation; his mind was so equally poised, notwithstanding the vivacity of his genius, that he was always ready, and equally prompt, on every occasion. He united the powerful combination of Napoleon to the steady judgment of Moreau. Each of these mighty captains was, perhaps, in some degree superior to Wellington in his peculiar walk. Napoleon may have had more rapidity of view and plan upon the battle-field, and could suddenly change his whole line of battle as at Marengo. Moreau everywhere understood better the management of a retreating army before an exulting enemy. But the exquisite apprehension and intelligence of Arthur Wellesley served him instead of both, and took at once the conduct and the measures that the occasion required. Many of our military (French!) men have contested his genius, but no man can deny him the most equitable judgment that was ever met with in a great soldier. It is this admirable judgment, this discerning wisdom of the mind, which has misled Europe as to his genius. Men do not expect to see in the same person the active and the passive spirit

equally great; nor does nature usually bestow such opposite gifts in the same person. In Napoleon a steady judgment and an endurance of calamity were not the concomitants of his impulsive genius and tremendous activity; while Moreau had all his passive greatness. But the Duke of Wellington has united the two qualities. Nay, more: the noble army he had so long commanded had gradually learnt to partake of the character of their leader. No soldiers in the world but the English could have stood those successive charges, and that murderous artillery, which they so bravely bore at Waterloo."

THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

IN the village churchyard she lies,
 Dust is in her beautiful eyes.
 Nor more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;
 At her feet and at her head
 Lies a slave to attend the dead,
 But their dust is as white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,
 So much in love with the vanity
 And foolish pomp of this world of ours?
 Or was it Christian Charity,
 And lowliness and humility,
 The richest and rarest of all dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks;
 No colour shoots into those cheeks,
 Either of anger or of pride,
 At the rude question we have asked:
 Nor will the mystery be unmasked
 By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter?—And do you think to look
 On the terrible pages of that book,
 To find her failings, faults and errors?
 Ah, you will then have other cares
 In your own short-comings and despairs,
 In your own secret sins and terrors!

LORD BYRON AT VENICE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

A SAFFRON tint o'erspread the broad lagoon
 Caught from the golden west, and as its flush
 Deepened to crimson, and the crystal air
 Beamed like a rainbow, sweetly was revealed
 The secret of their art, whose magic hues
 Still make the palace walls of Venice glow
 With colours born in heaven.

Men of all climes

Cluster within her square—the passive Turk
 With jewelled turban, the mercurial Greek,
 And sombre Jew, and gliding with a step
 Whose echo stirs the heart, fair shapes flit by,
 Shrouded in black; yet evening wakes not there
 The sounds that fill the cities of the land;
 No rumbling wheel or tramp of passing steed
 Drowns the low hum of voices as they rise;
 But from her window, on a low canal,
 The fair Venetian hears the plash of oars,
 The tide that ripples by the mossy wall,
 Some distant melody or convent bell,
 And cry of gondoliers, when their bright prows
 Clash at an angle of the lonely street.

From the deep shadow of the Ducal pile
 Shot a dark barge, that floated gently on
 Into the bosom of the quiet bay;
 And springing lightly thence, a noble form
 Revelled alone amid the sleeping waves;
 Now, like an athlete, cleaving swift his way,
 And now, the image of a sculptor's dream,
 Pillowed upon the sea, gazing entranced
 From that wild couch up to the rosy clouds;
 And cradled thus, like her whom he adored,
 Beauty's immortal goddess, at her birth,
 His throbbing brow grew still, and his whole frame,
 Nerved with refreshing coolness, and the thirst
 O' passion's fever vanished from his heart;
 He turned from Venice with a bitter smile,
 To the vast firmament and waters pure,
 And, eager for their clear tranquillity,
 Sighed for a home in some far nook of earth,
 Where to one true and genial soul allied,
 His restless spirit might be fed with hope,
 Till peace should steal upon him, like the calm
 Of that delicious eve.

INDEX

TO THE THIRTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

A.

- Adventures of a First Season,—Coming to Town—Lovers, 50.
 Anecdotes, Original, Social and Political, collected during the last half century. By a distinguished French Authoress, 432.
 À qui la Faute? By M. A. B., 653.
 Architect, Life of an,—London again—I become professionally engaged, 107. My Sojourn at Bath—The late Sir John Soane, 402, 541.
 Art: a Dramatic Tale. By Charles Reade, 633.
 Aspen Court, and who lost and won it. A Tale of our own time. By Shirley Brooks, 1, 119, 229, 343, 457.
 Austin's Lives of the Laureates, 330.
 Australian Life, An Incident of. A Tale of twenty years ago. By G. C. Mundy, 489, 607.

B.

- Bachelor's, An Old, Crisis of Existence, 58.
 Balance of Power, The, and the Peace of Europe, 208.
 Barnstarke, Silas, Life and Death of, 372.
 Bathurst, Life of Bishop. By Mrs. Thistlethwayte, 117.
 Bavarian and Tyrolean Lakes, in the years 1851 and 1852, Loitering among, 17.
 Ben Backstay—Practical Jokes. By Mrs. Moodie, 410.
 Books, Gossip about New, 367.
 Box Tunnel, The. By Charles Reade, 549.
 Brooks', Shirley, Aspen Court, and who lost and who won it. A Tale of our own Time, 1, 119, 229, 343, 457.
 Browne's, Rev. R. W., History of Roman Classical Literature, 367.
 Byron, Lord, at Venice. By H. T. Tuckerman, 676.

VOL. XXXIV.

C.

- Campaigns of Turkey on the Danube, 555, 575.
 Campaigns under the Duke of Wellington, Random Recollections of, 525, 665.
 Camps and Bivouacs at Home and Abroad. By Mrs. Ward, 151.
 Camps and Manœuvres, 359.
 Canal, The Darien Ship, 654.
 Chaka, King of the Zulus. By Angus B. Reach, 292.
 Charade. By M. A. B., 207.
 Chesterfield, Lord, 222.
 China, Luther in, 245.
 Churchill's, Colonel, Mount Lebanon, 519.
 Charles Delmer, 370.
 Chloroform, 33.
 Churchyard at Cambridge. By W. Longfellow, 675.
 Cole's, A. W., "Juicy Day in Kensington Gardens," 339; Barbara Bliss and her Miseries, 425.
 Contemporary Literature, 115.
 Costello's, Miss, Memoirs of Mary Duchess of Burgundy, 367.
 Crisis in the affairs of the Lord of Mirarle, 324.
 Crisis, The, of my Existence. By an Old Bachelor, 58.
 Court and Cabinet of Russia, 190.
 Cuthbert Bede's Sonnet to a Young Lady on her Birthday, 156.
 Cypress, To the, 554.

D.

- Danube, Campaigns of Turkey on the, 555, 575.
 Darien Ship Canal, The, 654.
 D'Azeglio's, the Marquis, Maid of Florence, 368.
 Dead Sea, The, and the Bible Lands, 273.
 Decline of Life in Health. By Bernard Van Oven, M.D., 341.

De Sauley's Dead Sea and the Bible Lands, 273.

Devereux, Marguerite; a true story, 621.

Dickens', Charles, Bleak House, 372.

Dining out for the Papers. By W. H. Russell, 143.

Duchess of Orleans, The, 43.

Dumas, Memoirs d'Alexandre, 320.

E.

Europe, The Peace of, and Balance of Power, 208.

Existence, Crisis of my. By an Old Bachelor, 58.

F.

Fable of the Rooks, the Raven, and the Scarecrow, 328.

Facts and Faces. By Thomas Woolnoth, 341.

First Season: Adventures of,—Coming to Town,—Lovers, 50.

Foreign Literature, Notes on, 312.

G.

Galton's, Francis, Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa, 117.

Geschichte des Deutschen Dichtung, 319.

Gossip about New Books, 367.

Gossip about Laurels and Laureates, 330.

H.

Henley Regatta, Reminiscences of. By an Oxford Man, 65.

Henrich Eberhard Paulus und seine Zeit, 319.

History, A, of Tennis. By Edward Jesse, 445.

Hopes and Perils of Turkey, 70.

I.

Incident, An, of Australian Life—a Tale of Twenty Years ago. By G. C. Mundy, 489, 607.

India; and its Administration. By J. W. Kaye, 157.

Intermittent Rhapsodies on the Quashee Question. By Jerman Jumbell, the Unintelligible Philosopher, 225.

Isaac Laquedem, par Dumas, 323.

J.

Jacko, My Monkey, 565.

Januarina, St., St. Peter's to, 584.

Jesse's, Edward, History of Tennis, 443.

Journals and Journal-keepers, 397.

Journey from Westminster Abbey to St. Peter's, 96, 174, 304, 383, 506.

"Juicy" Day in Kensington Gardens. By A. W. Cole, 359.

K.

Kaye's, J. W., India and its Administration, 157.

Kenyon's, Arthur, Letters from Spain to his Nephews at Home, 605.

L.

La Cieca di Sorrento, 312.

Lakes, Bavarian and Tyrolean, in the years 1851 and 1852, Loitering among, 17.

Lambeth Church — Practical Jokes. By Mrs. Moodie, 299.

Last Years of the Emperor Charles V. By F. A. Mignet, 89, 182, 254.

Laurels and Laureates, Gossip about, 330.

Legend, A Tyrolese, 602.

Letters from Spain. By Arthur Kenyon, 605.

Life of an Architect. — London again — "I become professionally engaged," 107;

"My Sojourn at Bath." The late Sir John Soane, 402, 541.

Literature, Contemporary, 115.

Loitering among the Bavarian and Tyrolean Lakes, in the years 1851 and 1852, 17.

London Homes. By Miss Sinclair, 452.

Longfellow's Churchyard at Cambridge, 675.

Lord Chesterfield, 222.

Luther in China, 245.

M.

M. A. B.'s Charade, 207; Pleasant Days, 540; Wine and Water, 342; A qui la Faute? 653.

Mackenzie's, Mrs. Colin, Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana, 398.

Manceuvres and Camps, 359.

Man, the Weird, 261, 375.

Marguerite Devereux; a true story, 621.

Mignet's, F. A., Last Years of the Emperor Charles V., 89, 182, 254.

Misrule, Lord of, Crisis in the Affairs of the, 324.

Miss Barbara Bliss and her Miseries. By Alfred W. Cole, 425.

Moodie's, Mrs., Practical Jokes,—Lambeth Church, 299. Ben Backstay, 410.

Morgan's, Rev. R. W. Raymond de Mounthault, 455.

Mount Lebanon, 519.

Mundy's, G. C., Incident of Australian Life: a Tale of Twenty Years ago, 489, 607.

My Monkey Jacko, 565.

N.

New England, Slavery in. By Miss Sedgewick, 417.

Notes on Foreign Literature, 312.

O.

Old School, a Railway Incident by One of the, 165.

Original Anecdotes, Social and Political; collected during the last Half Century. By a distinguished French Authoress, 432.

Orleans, the Duchess of, 43.

Oxford Man's, an, Reminiscences of Henley Regatta, 65.

P.

Palliser's, John, Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies, 118.

Peace, The, of Europe and the Balance of Power, 208.

Personen und Zustände aus der Restauration und dem Juli Konigthum, — von der Verfasserin der Erinnerungen aus Paris, 314.

Pleasant Days. By M. A. B., 540.

Plouvier, Contes pour les Jours de Pluie, par Edouard, 323.

Poor, The, and the Rich, 483.

Practical Jokes, — Lambeth Church. By Mrs. Moodie, 299. Ben Backstay, 410.

Q.

Quashee Question, Intermittent Rhapsodies on the. By Jerman Jumbell, the Unintelligible Philosopher, 225.

R.

Railway Incident, A. By One of the Old School, 165.

Random Recollections of Campaigns under the Duke of Wellington, 525, 665.

Reach's, Angus B., Chaka, King of the Zulus, 292.

Reade's, Charles, Box Tunnel, 549; Art: a Dramatic Tale, 633.

Reade's, C. Christie Johnstone, 37.

Reminiscences of Henley Regatta. By an Oxford Man, 65.

Reviews, 341.

Rich, The, and the Poor, 483.

Rooks, The, the Raven, and the Scarecrow. A Fable, 328.

Russell's, W. H., Dining out for the Papers, 143.

Russia, its Court and Cabinet, 190.

S.

Season, Adventures of a First,—Coming to Town,—Lovers, 50.

Sedgewick's, Miss, Slavery in New England, 417.

Sinclair's, Miss, London Homes, 452.

Slavery in New England. By Miss Sedgewick, 417.

Sonnet to a Young Lady on her Birthday. By Cuthbert Bede, 156.

Spain, Letters from. By Arthur Kenyon, 605.

St. John's, James Augustus, There and Back again in Search of Beauty, 455.

St. Peter's, Journey from Westminster Abbey to, 96, 174, 304, 388, 506.

St. Peter's to St. Januarius', 584.

T.

Thistlethwayte's, Mrs., Life of Biahop Bathurst, 117.

To the Cypress, 554.

Tuckerman's, H. T., Lord Byron at Venice, 676.

Tucker's, Henry St. George, Memorials of Indian Government, 115.

Turkey, its Hopes and Perils, 70.

Turkey on the Danube, Campaigns of, 555, 575.

Tyroless Legend, A, 602.

W.

Wanderungen durch die Nord-östlichen und Central Provinzen Spaniens, 314.

Ward's, Mrs., Camps and Bivouacs at Home and Abroad, 151.

Weird Man, The, 261, 375.

Wellington, The Duke of, Random Recollections of Campaigns under, 525, 665.

West Indian, A, and an Abolitionist, on the Quashee Question, 225.

Westminster Abbey to St. Peter's, Journey from, 96, 174, 304, 388, 506.

Wine and Water. By M. A. B., 342.

Y.

Yvan, Voyages et Récits. Par le Docteur, 316

Z.

Zulus, Chaka, King of the. By Angus B. Reach, 292.

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