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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 XXXI.

A MANAGER AND HIS GOOSE.

THE young ladies of Aspen Court, once more at home, where, by the way, their reception by the Earl of Rookbury was so fatherly in its earnest anxiety and regret, that their indignation, poor things, had no chance whatever against his sympathy, Bernard, after a brief council with Mrs. Wilmslow, determined to return to town and concert some measures with Mr. Molesworth for the better securing the comfort of the poor mother. He scarcely took the pains to continue the pretext that he had expected to meet Molesworth at Aspen, and departed without troubling himself with any formal adieu to the master of the house. His feeling as regarded Wilmslow, hitherto one of contempt and dislike, was deepening into a detestation, against which he struggled in vain, for it was against Carlyon's rule to give way to passions likely to be troublesome. But he was at the time of life when one talks of rules. Some years later he will follow without talking of them.

Emma bade him good-bye with a frank expression of regret, and little Amy cried, and refused to be comforted by his promise to return. But Kate took a calm, and somewhat reserved farewell of him, for which coldness Amy, after he had gone, scolded her heartily, and Kate submitted to the reproof with a strange meekness, kissing the orator now and then, but making no defence.

Carlyon's first instinct, on reaching London, was to hurry to his chambers, in the expectation of finding some information as to Lilian's place of residence. But out of the array of letters ranged in triple file down his desk by his laundress's care, not one was from Miss Trevelyan. He hastened to St. Alban's Place, in the hope of learning from Heywood where Lilian was, but the priest had left town, and his return was uncertain. After some meditation, Bernard began to grow indignant, and to ask himself questions, the perpetually recurring one being whether Lilian had any right to treat him in that manner. Brooding over his wrongs at that young lady's hand, he gradually worked himself up to write her a very reproachful letter full of hard things. But all the time he was inditing it, and pretending to himself that he should so like to see her read that part—and that—and that—I believe that he was deriving a cowardly pleasure from the recol-

lection that as he did not know her address he could not send the letter, and that as it would be unfair to keep such a document by him, it must go into the fire—which it did. Love ought to be better friends with Time than he is, considering how much time is sacrificed to love.

So, Bernard could only wait and hope, in the mean time discussing the whole question with himself at all convenient and inconvenient periods of the twenty-four hours. Very early in the morning, and before he got up, he usually considered his case hopeless, and Lillian as lost to him, but when he came out, especially if it were a bright clear day, and he could walk with a springing step and inhale fresh air, he used to make up his mind that though there were difficulties in the way of his love, he should conquer them. And in the evening, and in pleasant society, where everything around you looks so smooth and prosperous, he was convinced that all was actually right, that he should soon meet Lillian, and that a few words would place them on the old footing. For circumstances and weather have more to do with our convictions than strong-minded people will admit.

It will not surprise anybody who knows our friend Mr. Paul Chequerbent, still an involuntary guest of Mr. Aarons, to be told that just when he began to believe his affairs settled, and his release at hand, he was suddenly reminded of a rather large debt of old date, on which proceedings had been taken by the creditor, but which had gone to sleep, either from the goodnature of the claimant, or his despair of doing any good with Paul. He had been at least as willing to forget the matter as had the other person interested, and he had omitted it in all his statements to Mr. Kether, but it accidentally came to the ears of the creditor that money was being paid for Mr. Chequerbent's debts, and to use that gentleman's own illustration, the obnoxious party was down upon him like an extinguisher. Something like a hundred pounds was wanted. Kether looked in no way surprised, when Paul, with some humiliation, revealed the affair, but drily remarked that some people easily forgot such things: it all depended on habit. Paul, relieved from the apprehension of his adviser's reproofs, launched out into intense declamation against the persevering malignity of creditors.

"By Jove!" he said; "I do not wonder that the last people who translated the Bible, found it necessary to alter a certain prayer. The commercial interest must have been rising into importance, and the old translation was felt to be inapplicable. Landed parties often forgive trespasses, but trading parties never forgive debtors, so the statement was adjusted in accordance with the progress of society."

"The point has not come much under my consideration," said the Jew, smiling. "But what is to be done? I don't think you will get any more help from aunts and godmothers."

"I am afraid not," said Paul. "They would have done more at once, but they are precise old virgins, and will not do a thing at twice." As usual, Bernard was summoned.

"I should like, of course, to give you the money, old fellow," he said; "but I have not got it, and though I could borrow it, just now it would not suit me to be a borrower. So I tell you, frankly, that I must sacrifice your interest to my own."

"Quite right," said Mr. Kether, quietly.

"But," said Carlyon, "I must help you, and I'll tell you what I will do. Three or four years ago I wrote a play. I locked it up, for I did not think it good enough to send to a manager. But I have been into some theatres lately, and I am certain, that bad as it may be, it is a great deal better than anything they are doing now. I will offer it to Dilligroat, and the price shall furnish your extrication."

"Dilligroat will pay you honourably," said Kether, who, like all Hebrews, took a strong interest in theatrical matters, "but he will not pay you too much. If you don't succeed with him, try Phosphor, who will promise you a good price, and pay you if he can't help it. I will manage *him*."

The plan was agreed on, and Carlyon's play was sent in to Mr. Dilligroat. A week passed, and no acknowledgment of the work being received, Bernard went to the theatre to obtain an interview. He was duly glanced at by the porter, and as duly informed that Mr. Dilligroat was not there, and that it was quite uncertain when he would be "down," perhaps not till night; perhaps not at all. This formulary (for the delivery of which Carlyon waited with grave patience) having been gone through, he went very close to the official, and allowed him to see the glimmer of half-a-crown. The man took not the slightest apparent notice of this gesture, but added to his previous communication that if Bernard had any message to leave for Mr. Dilligroat, he would, perhaps, like to write it down. This second formulary withdrew Carlyon from a group of two or three pale, damp-looking girls, hoping for an engagement in the ballet or chorus, an eager-eyed gentleman, to whom an order had been promised (and who could not understand how his friend, Mr. Dilligroat had omitted to leave it, as he had to go over to Clapham with it, before half-past four, to his brother-in-law, information of such deep interest to the porter that it actually made him whistle with excitement); a couple of carpenters, in shirt-sleeves and cloth-caps; and a beer-boy, who was incessantly bringing in as many pewter vessels as he could carry, for the painting-room, and other private departments of the establishment. Carlyon was introduced into a tiny square closet, glazed in front, where the porter accepted his fee, and the visitor's card, which he read with great care, and dispatched into the house by the first messenger who passed inwards. The official scarcely thought it worth while to reconcile this proceeding with his previous declaration, but murmured something about Mr. Dilligroat's "sometimes coming in at the front," and added a contemptuous reference to "those people bothering there." The porter was by no means to blame for these manœuvres, inasmuch as they preserved Mr. Dilligroat from the sin of uttering a volley of the most intense and compendious execrations any man ever

foamed forth, a process he invariably went through if the hall-officer ever sent up anybody who had either a right or a favour to demand of the manager. By long experience, the janitor had a tolerable guess at the character of the applicants for admission, and Carlyon looked like neither actor wanting an engagement, hanger-on wanting an order, tradesman wanting money, or bailiff wanting Mr. Dilligroat, four classes of visitants especially obnoxious to the latter.

In a few minutes a rather well-dressed, keen-eyed person, of good address, came out and hastily examined Carlyon. The appearance of the latter seemed to satisfy the inspecting commissioner, who made a sharp, decisive sign to him to enter, a result which caused the poor girls, and the order-hunter from Clapham, to look round with as much reproachfulness as they dared exhibit, and which brought another hurricane of whistling from the loyal and imperturbable Cerberus, while Carlyon was hurried along certain dark passages, and introduced to the manager's room. The occasional groan of a fiddle, and a clatter of hammers, were all the sounds he had leisure to note in his progress.

Mr. Dilligroat was a tall and well-built man, who was now becoming too large for the stage, but whose strongly marked features must have possessed considerable vulgar beauty some years before. They were, indeed, still pointed out as models, as were his broad shoulders and massy legs, by the female population of the retail trading district around his theatre, when a special "benefit," or some managerial whim brought the stalwart director forward for that night only. He was not a bad-hearted, nor even a bad-tempered man; but a manager's hand must be against the majority of his fellow creatures.

"How do you do, Mr. Carlyon? Glad to make your acquaintance, and hope we shall see a good deal of one another. Sit down. I shan't introduce you to this man, because he is one of the greatest rascals that ever lived, and who is now adding to the vast and accumulated mountain of his iniquities, by asking me six and sixpence for a beast of a goose."

The person whose private character and precise business were thus unfolded by the manager's eloquent frankness, was a dirty-looking little man, nursing a large, plucked goose, which lay upon a red pocket-handkerchief. He seemed very little afflicted at this exposition of his nature, but with humble and smiling face turned to its author.

"Don't be hard upon me, Mr. Dilligroat, sir. It's worth every penny of the money. I'll appeal to this gent," and he held up his goose to Carlyon, tenderly withdrawing the corners of the handkerchief, as a proud young mother exhibits her first baby.

"That gent, as you profanely term him, you old Scrabstraw, will shortly be one of our most distinguished dramatic authors. Don't poke your d— bird in his face."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Dilligroat, sir, but if I might be so bold," said Scrabstraw, with the most abject servility.

"But you might n't. What is it, you old thief?"

"I've heard say a dramatic author should know what 'goose' is, begging both your pardons, gents."

"Are you sufficiently acquainted with theatrical slang, Mr. Carlyon, to know that by 'goose' that wretched old ribald means hissing? I trust this is the only intimacy you will ever have with the article."

"I trust so," said Carlyon, laughing, "but that is a sound seldom heard where you preside, Mr. Dilligroat."

"Not often, I am happy to say," said the manager, "thanks to the gentlemen who furnish me with dramas. But one is never sure, and the public's a rum beggar, a very rum beggar, Mr. Carlyon."

"But only feel him, Mr. Dilligroat," broke in the poor goose-broker, or rather goose-jobber;—for there was a complication of proprietorships in the animal, including the rights of a secretary of a goose-club, the landlord of a public-house where the club met, Scrabstraw's own landlord (to whom rent was owing) and one of the scene-shifters, who had lent Scrabstraw a shilling for the raffle at which the goose was won. A reference to a Master in Chancery could hardly have ascertained the respective liens and qualities of ownership in that bird."

"Feel the public, you ancient miscreant? O, feel the goose," said Mr. Dilligroat. "No, Scrabstraw, we'll bring this negotiation to a crisis. A crown—or cut."

Tears sprang to the eyes of Mr. Scrabstraw, but it was impossible for the most humane observer to wish them dried, as the only chance of his face ever being washed would seem thereby to be done away.

"Only feel him," he sobbed, the secretary's lien, and the publican's claim, and his landlord's demand, and the scene-shifter's due, all crowding upon the poor jobber's soul.

"If I do, it will be to knock off sixpence," said the stony-hearted manager. Scrabstraw dried his eyes upon the disengaged portion of his red handkerchief. At this moment a knock was heard.

"Come in, O come in!" said the manager in despairing fierceness at what he swore was the two hundredth application at his door. "O, you, Snunk, well what is it?"

Mr. Snunk, the treasurer, whispered his employer.

"Of course I shall," said Mr. Dilligroat, emphatically. "Most assuredly. I said so at rehearsal, and when I promise to take money, I always keep my word honourably. Knock it off every one of them. Mr. Snunk, Mr. Carlyon, our treasurer. I hope you will have to break Snunk's heart very often, Mr. Carlyon, by taking money from him."

Mr. Snunk looked as if he did not much care about Mr. Carlyon, or anybody else. All he wanted to know was how to settle an item in his accounts.

"Yes, Snunk, off with it. There are twelve young ladies in the ballet, and not one was here on Tuesday until eight minutes past ten in the morning. They talked about a sudden soaking rain coming on, and their light dresses, and their fear of standing in

wet clothes for four hours, and being only a few minutes after time—all very fine, but it's the system, the system. I was here at ten, and surely my ballet ladies can be. They had not to wait for their carriage, as I had. So knock off sixpence from each of them when they come for their eleven shillings on Saturday, and I'll be bound they'll be here to time next call."

Mr. Snunk disappeared to deprive the girls, who had fancied, once, that life on the stage was easier than life in the kitchen, of the price of one day's dinner. The manager called after him.

"Don't let them send up anybody to me, Snunk. Say I am engaged with two gentlemen and a goose."

"Only feel him," resumed Scrabstraw, on this cue.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said the manager, "and you, Scrabstraw, if you know any prayers and thanksgivings, go home and say them in return for the rain that made my ballet ladies stand up, and get wet through ten minutes later than they ought. You demand six-and-sixpence for that skinny, old, tough, ugly, lean, hard, good-for-nothing bird. Well, you won't have it."

At each disparaging epithet, Mr. Scrabstraw clasped his goose closer to his rusty coat. "Only feel him," he whispered, humbly.

"But," continued Mr. Dilligroat, "I have just fined twelve ladies sixpence each. Twelve sixpences is six shillings, which I have thus saved. That I will give you for your goose. Take it and be gone, or be gone without taking it. Your answer, slave?"

"Here, it is then, Mr. Dilligroat, sir," said Scrabstraw, assured that he should get no better terms.

"And there is your money. Don't say I never gave you anything. What are you doing, man? Let the handkerchief alone. That's mine."

"The handkerchief, do you want that?" supplicated Scrabstraw. "You would never go to use such a handkerchief as that."

"You leave it alone, I tell you. I may not use it in the light of a handkerchief, I grant you, but I may as a banner, or as a comic tie, or a duster, or fifty things. Any how, it's mine, and now, you old avaricious, hard-dealing ragamuffin, get out, laden with the spoils of your infamy."

And the goose-jobber departed, to make up his mystifying finance-sheet, which was somewhat simplified by the scene-shifter, who was lying in wait for him outside the door, and who, by menacing eloquence, obtained instant reimbursement of his venture, and usurious beer besides.

"It's a good goose, Mr. Carlyon, and as I may say, got for nothing," said the manager, smiling.

"But of course you will cook it in the theatre, and then send it into the green-room for those poor girls' supper," said Carlyon, rather mischievously.

"I would, with pleasure, Mr. Carlyon," said Mr. Dilligroat, desperately suppressing a laugh, and his black eyes shining with fun, "but the lesson would be lost, you see. I am a sort of father to these girls, and it is my duty to be strict with them. (And now to business. I have read your comedy—where is it? here it is. No,

that's not it, that's a piece by a new man; very clever, very smart, and exposing the vices of the aristocracy, who, between ourselves, are a very vicious lot—I see a good deal of them behind my scenes, you know. But we can't do his piece, impossible, quite. Attacks them for patronising the very things that bring our half-price—you comprehend. But it's a sad pity, for the piece is very smart, and very original. There's one capital scene—really capital—in which an English Bishop, who has got his lawn-sleeves through bribing a Duke's mistress, disguises himself as a jockey, and offers to ride for the Derby, to please a beautiful Marchioness, who is in love with him—the equivoque is excellently kept up, and a situation where he pulls his jockey-cap out of his pocket, thinking it is his mitre, is a safe 'scream.' But it's no go, more's the pity."

"Is it founded in any anecdote?" said Bernard, who hearing such commendation coupled with such conception, began to doubt whether he had not mistaken his vocation in attempting the drama. "I don't remember that either intriguing or horse-racing has ever been talked of as the dominant vices of the Bishops."

"O, I dare say they are, only we don't hear of it," said Mr. Dilligroat. "Anyhow they deserve to be shown up for their humbug, though we can't do it. Now, here's another piece, one of Churner's, full of good stuff. It's in five acts at present, but he's very docile, and I mean to make him cut it down to one act. This will be a hit. There's a glorious 'situation' in which a husband who fancies his wife goes wrong, takes the cover off the bottom cushion of a sofa, hides the cushion, and gets into the cover himself. The flirting couple come and sit upon him, and make love, and between his rage with the lady, and the weight of the lover, who sits on his legs, it is the best bit for Larkyn he has ever had. Churner says it's his own, but he's a dreadful Do, and it's too good not to be French."

Carlyon smiled, but was internally considering whether he had introduced any such device into his comedy, which lessened in his eyes with each successive detail supplied by the manager.

"You like the French style of piece?" he said.

"No; at least I don't care what a piece is, provided it has situations. Those are the things. It goes against the temper of you literary gentlemen to know that the pieces which really develop the powers of the actors, send the audience into screams of laughter, and bring in the money—pieces, therefore, which a manager is always glad to accept and produce, are not the work of your white-handed, thoughtful men, who think and construct, and study, and re-write, and all that. No, sir, the pieces that do good to the house are chiefly vamped up from old French farces, by the aid of a dictionary, by people who take a business view of matters, do as they are bid, and hack and slice their work to order, until it suits me and my actors, and then take their money. You gentlemen, until you are well broken in, write plays to bring out *yourselves* and your own ideas—not to help the actors and please the audience. Do you know that, Mr. Carlyon?"

"I have no doubt of it," said Bernard, "but as any man who

is competent to construct such a work as a real drama must be intellectually superior to ninety-nine out of every hundred of the people before the curtain, or behind it, perhaps it might be well if both parties would condescend to listen to him, and just see whether he had not something to say that might be worth their consideration. Mind," he added, laughing, "I don't for a moment speak of myself as having such a claim."

"I don't say that," said Mr. Dilligroat, with some sincerity of manner. "Your play is full of clever things, but we'll speak of that directly. As to the absence of brains in the front of the house, that of course is certain enough. But you must remember one thing—people pay for admission to the theatre, not that they may discharge with judicial precision and fairness the difficult duty of criticism, but simply that they may be pleased, and I don't know that we have any right to abuse them for that."

"But we might teach them a better kind of pleasure," said Carlyon.

"And play to empty boxes while one's rivals, with a dwarf, or a fiddler, or a conjurer, draw full houses. No, my dear sir, I open a theatrical shop to attract customers, and what they will come and buy, I will expose in my window."

"And what do your shopmen say?" said Bernard, smiling.

"My actors? What can they say against a system that secures them their salaries at two o'clock every Saturday?"

"Surely, as artists—"

"My dear sir, that's all nonsense. We have a few artists, as you call them, assuredly—if you mean by the word, as I suppose you do, persons who study to comprehend the full meaning, and the due proportion of the characters they take, and who found their personations upon study and observation. We have a few of them, and they nearly are all, (as they deserve to be), rich and prosperous—the exceptions are accidents, or their own fault. But what proportion do these bear to these ranks?"

"Small, to judge from one's seat in the front of the house," said Carlyon.

"Yes, but what right have you to expect that it should be otherwise? You have no school of art, no testing place where a man can be tried and either put into sound training, or sent back to the shopboard or the counting-house. For, in the first place, under our present system, a man's going on the stage almost implies that a man was either too stupid, too idle, or too whimsical for some other profession. Actors' children, educated for the work, are the exception to this rule; but these do not succeed in the proportion you would expect, because their parents' position at once helps them to advantages which ought only to be the reward of the diligent application they render unnecessary."

"I can understand," said Carlyon, "that from such materials one can hardly expect successful results in an art which seems to me to require, from those who would practise it, a knowledge of at least half-a-dozen other arts of no humble order. But, forgive me, if you will produce worthless dramas, one can hardly

regret that the talents of real artists are not squandered upon them."

"You beg the question of worthlessness," said the manager, for no manager likes to hear his pieces decried. "As I said, one must play what the public will come to see, and it is on that principle, my dear sir, that I must now sit in judgment on yours."

"Which implies," said Carlyon, "that judgment means condemnation?"

"By no means," said Mr. Dilligroat, "for, as I have said, your piece is full of good things, but it is not so good—or, rather, so suitable to my purpose—as to justify me in incurring the expense which producing it properly would require, when I can, at a far less cost, get out something that would pay me better. I am very candid with you, for, though I defend myself against locusts, I am always straightforward with a gentleman."

Authors are—it is very sad that they should be so inferior to the rest of the world—but they *are*—sometimes vain of what they have done. Carlyon, despite his philosophy, was annoyed, and did not even inquire what Dilligroat meant by locusts. It was, however, that individual's mode of describing his tradespeople, and any others to whom he owed money.

"Don't be annoyed," said Mr. Dilligroat, "though I know it is annoying. I was annoyed myself when the papers said I could not play Hamlet, though, by the way, they know nothing about it, because I can. But I preferred rejecting your play at once to telling you I had not had time to read it, or that I had only read it in part, or suggesting alterations, merely to get you out of the way while you were making them, but not meaning to use the piece at all. That's the principle in which one deals with tradespeople," said the manager, forgetting all his allegories about his own shop and shopmen, "but I never treat a gentleman so."

"I thank you for your straightforwardness," said Bernard, immediately recovering his temper. "I really thank you, Mr. Dilligroat, and though it would be idle to say that I am not sorry you do not accept the play, I am glad to have made your acquaintance."

"And I am rejoiced to have formed yours," said the manager, scorning to be outdone in courtesy. "There is your play, carefully enveloped, and nothing will give me more pleasure than to see it announced at another house. I will certainly come and support it. Meantime, though we do not yet meet as author and manager, I hope we shall; and if you wish to come and see us at any time, write to me for admissions, which I shall be too happy to give you. There is your play, with which, I assure you, I part with no small reluctance."

Not with more than Bernard felt at receiving it; but, perhaps, Carlyon's reluctance might be based upon the surer ground, inasmuch as he was intimately acquainted with every scene, passage, and word in the play; whereas, Mr. Dilligroat had not read one single line in it.

It was not that manager's custom to read plays. He employed

certain authors in the way he had described, and their pieces he put upon the stage, and "made" them there, with the help of the actors, and the prompter's thick pencil. All others were looked at by a lady who would have been Mrs. Dilligroat, if her own husband, and Mr. Dilligroat's own wife had been dead, and then Mr. Dilligroat had married her. *En attendant*, until those events should take place, Mrs. Spiderwort showed her devotion to her friend the manager by reading the plays sent in to him, and by at once rejecting all which contained no enormously good part for herself; and against her decision there was no appeal, any more than against the certificate of her own baptism, which, inconveniently, proved her to be fifty-two, at a time when she insisted in performing the *jeunes ingénues*, the young and blushing girls of eighteen, all love, and innocence, and purity, and surprise. But certificates are awkward things, as we may yet hear again.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MORE OF THE MIRROR OF NATURE.

THE same day, Carlyon re-enveloping his play, addressed it to another manager, and before he was dressed the following morning, he was summoned to Mr. Phosphor's theatre, by the kind of message with which one's brother, *in articulo*, might be expected to send for you, so urgent and so affectionate was it. But it was Mr. Phosphor's way to be in a hurry, especially when anybody asked him for money.

The Dilligroat and the Phosphor establishments were, Bernard found, conducted in a very opposite style. At the latter all was done with an affectation of quiet, mystery, and precision. Messages were conveyed in a gently confidential voice. The passages were thickly carpeted, the doors were doubled, and the bells were dumb. And there was in reality an air of sham refinement pervading the whole place, imposing enough to the neophyte, and amusing enough to anybody else. In the manager's own room, all was most exact order. Not a letter, not even an envelope, lay where it could by chance be taken up by mistake, or distract the eye from its immediate business. Pigeon-holes, garnished with ivory initials, contained a few carefully folded and endorsed documents deemed necessary for managerial reference, the remainder being elaborately assorted, at the close of each day, and confided to indexed boxes. The play-bills of all rival establishments, vellum-bound in separate volumes with the dates inscribed on the back, were within reach of the hand—those of the current season neatly filed, lying upon a side table. Every requisite for letter-writing was close—never was a masculine desk so multifariously supplied—and an ebony edged slit in the wall received all letters into a pipe, at the other end of which, in a room below, sat a messenger, whose sole duty was the instant despatch of the descending missive.

Beneath the manager's foot was a sort of pedal, which, touched, sounded a distant bell, and instantly brought in a footman, hat in hand, ready for departure.

In ordinary conversation Mr. Phosphor affected extreme courtliness. He was perpetually acting, but nobody who had seen him upon the stage would have complained of a practice which gave him, when there, an easy refinement, painfully contrasting with the swagger (free, but not easy) of his rivals. Life was with Phosphor one long rehearsal. And he never missed it. Even at church, which he regularly attended, his performance was superb. Such hopeless contrition during the confession, such grateful joy at the absolution, such pious exultation at the psalm, such meek thankfulness that the kind gentleman in the pulpit should take the trouble to give him all that beautiful information in the sermon, were never witnessed within consecrated walls, where good acting has been seen, too, in its time. A deaf man might have written out the rubric from Phosphor's devotional pantomime. It would be unjust to call such outward and visible manifestations by so harsh a term as hypocrisy, for Phosphor (like Elliston, whose mantle he declared had fallen upon him—nay, he proved it by producing a white great coat, which he had bought of the great actor, for a pig and an umbrella) was strangely impressionable, and was firmly persuaded of his being the character he assumed. It was easy to laugh at that weakness of organisation, but by no means so easy to display the strength of personation to which it conduced. Phosphor was a man of decided genius, and not the less so that hard, prudent actors, who invested money in the funds, and always acted as if they were thinking of it, pronounced him to be a leetle—what should they say?—and then they touched their foreheads, and misquoted Shakspeare on madness.

As Carlyon entered, Mr. Phosphor deposited a note in his private post-office, and welcomed him, as the Regent d'Orleans, whom he often personated—might have received some noble, young Gascon gentleman, who came to offer him a ready sword and an unquestioning allegiance. The actor's bow was noble. But from the bow he instantly passed into poetry, which he spoke well, and therefore liked to speak. Handing Bernard a chair, he exclaimed:—

“For thee, young warrior, welcome! Thou hast yet
Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget.”

“And which,” asked Bernard, smiling, “shall I begin with? or shall I first say that I am much obliged by your very prompt attention to my note?”

“My *dear* sir,” said the manager, with extreme suavity, “an experienced jeweller instantly detects a diamond; it is only over rubbish that he lingers with tests: the third page of your play settled its fate with me. I give you my honour I have not read a word beyond. I expect the copyist with the parts directly. He ought to have been here an hour ago, but he's always got an attack of rheumatism, or his wife is just confined, or his house is

burned down, or some ridiculous excuse, whenever he is told to make a little haste. But the piece is accepted, and, supposing we do not quarrel on terms, shall be read in the green-room to-morrow."

"I should have been even more gratified than I am," said Carlyon (and he was very much gratified, a young author only knows how much), "could I have heard your opinion on the whole piece. I hope you will see no reason to alter your judgment."

"I never alter my judgment," said Mr. Phosphor. "Right or wrong, I invariably adhere to it. That is the only way in a theatre. It saves worlds of time. I always request that everybody will write to me: this relieves their mind, and I usually put their letters into the fire, unread: that relieves mine. But I never alter anything except a drama, and that I know an author's good sense will not object to."

This hint was not altogether thrown away upon Carlyon, but he did not then understand its full meaning.

"Your experience, of course," he said, "must render valuable assistance to an inexperienced writer for the stage. You spoke of terms; will you consider the piece yours at the price you are in the habit of giving for such dramas?"

"Very well," said Mr. Phosphor, gravely, "so be it, and that is off my mind. And now for the cast, there is a list of the characters. Had you any of our company in your eye, Mr. Carlyon? Or will you leave the cast to me?"

"We could go through it together, perhaps," suggested the author.

"Just so, just so, and we'll do it at once. The first is *Lord St. Rollox*. What sort of a part is that?"

"He opens the play, you know," said Carlyon, remembering that the manager had admitted having read three pages.

"True—true—but—let's see—an old nobleman—heavy and virtuous, is n't he, with an only child, whose sainted mother has left him a miniature, and a lock of fair hair that he kisses—is n't that it?"

"No," said Carlyon, puzzling to recollect whether he had written anything at all like that.

"Ah! no—no—I was confusing your play with another. But *Lord St. Hoxton*—what is it?—*St. Rollox* is an old nobleman, surely."

"A *ci-devant jeune homme*—I believe that's the shortest way of describing him," said Reginald. "Very much made up—dyed hair—padded—and so on."

"Well, we'll make him an old man, and then Wigsby shall play him—clever man Wigsby, if he could only learn his parts, or understand them when he has learned them, but a respectable man, and grows ranunculuses. Who's next?"

"But," said Carlyon, "it will not do to make *Lord St. Rollox* an old man. He makes love to *Aurora*."

"What of that? Why, it helps the piece—makes it all the funnier that an old man should be the lover. (You'll see how

Wigsby will make it come out—nankeen trowsers and a buff waistcoat”—

“The devil,” said Carlyon, “he’s a leading member of a first-rate club.”

“Call it the Oriental—that will explain the costume, and he can say he has come home from Gungamustabad, or somewhere, and that the name of *Aurora* is dear to him from having seen the *Aurora Borealis* on his passage—but you’ve already put that joke in, of course. The next is the Honourable Alaric Foambell, his nephew—is that a hit at Mr. ——.

“Certainly not,” said Carlyon. “What possible propriety could there be in a personality like that?”

“Oh! I don’t know anything about it, only I thought from the similarity of name—and all you author gentlemen like to walk into another.”

“The idea never entered my head,” said Bernard. This was, of course, the truth, but, somehow, the manager did not seem quite to believe him.

“*Foambell*—has he much to do?” asked M. Phosphor.

“The lover of *Aurora*,” said Bernard. “Not a great deal, but he must look and speak like a gentleman.”

“Very easy to say,” said Phosphor, “but where will you find such a person? It’s a good walking gentleman’s part, and the only men who can say your words, as you would like them said, won’t play walking gentlemen, confound them.”

“In Paris,” said Carlyon, “the walking gentleman are exceedingly good actors, and know that they are very important objects in the picture.”

“In Paris,” said the manager, “the theatre is a school for the artist. We’re above such pedantry. It’s of no use talking about that. I suppose young Barling had better be *Alaric*.”

“Why, he is bow-legged,” said Carlyon. “A nice lover for *Aurora Trevor*.”

“He can’t help his legs, you know,” said M. Phosphor, gravely, “and he will speak your words very tolerably, if you drill him well.”

“But the girl will be laughed at, when she speaks of his figure and graceful appearance.”

“Well, a comedy is made to be laughed at, isn’t it?” asked the manager. “The next is ‘*Mr. Gibber, M.P. for Tippingbury*,’ broad fun, of course. That we must try and get little Grig to play.”

“Grig! No, no,” said Carlyon, “Grig’s a capital actor, but this is quite out of his way. This is dry sarcasm and ill-nature, strong ill-nature. Grig is one lump of self-enjoying good-humour.”

“But his name strengthens a bill immensely, and you must tell him to be ill-natured—I don’t know how he’s to manage it, unless you bring him a new story every day about a horse having been cruelly treated, or a cat stoned to death—nothing ever makes him angry except the ill-treatment of an animal. We had once a goat in a piece here, and the creature would not go

through a window, at rehearsal. The owner hit it on the leg with an iron rod, the goat cried out with the pain, and the next minute Grig, who, small as he is, is all muscle, pitched the man across the orchestra into the pit. We must have a goat, and torment it in Grig's dressing-room, during the run of your play. Yes, yes, Grig must play *Gibber*, if he will. Let me see—the other men are small—'a Steward of a fashionable club'—that will do for old Danby, he formerly kept a public-house in Ratcliffe Highway, so he'll understand the part—'Pitch, a pianoforte-tuner'—has he much to do?"

"Chiefly to convey a clandestine correspondence," said Carlyon, "one of the great uses of pianoforte-tuners, I believe."

"But he goes to the pianoforte, and the house will expect music—write a song for him, and we'll make old Jinkles set it. 'Footman,' 'Waiter,' anybody. Now for the women."

"Stay," said Bernard, "you have omitted a very important part, *Sir Malachite Fang*."

"That is a very important part, is it?" asked the manager, in a low voice.

"The best part in the play," said Carlyon; "the character upon whose manoeuvres everything turns."

"A gambler, a duellist, a libertine: with, I think, a dash of forgery, and a hint at something worse," said Mr. Phosphor, "but a delightful and fascinating fellow, who dresses to perfection, and has a caressing manner with everybody."

"You seem to have looked at *that* part, at any rate," said the author, laughing.

"Would you—entrust that part to—to my care, my dear sir?" said the manager, in a mysterious whisper, and bending down to Carlyon as if he were asking the greatest and most unheard-of favour.

"No man in the world could play it so well," said Carlyon, astonished at this deferential tone.

"Then, with your permission, I will endeavour to do what little I can with it. You will perhaps add to your kindness," he proceeded, in the same manner, "and promise not to be irritated, should I, here and there, ask your leave in the course of rehearsal to substitute one word for another—or even to withdraw an occasional line. Long acquaintance with an audience sometimes enables me thus to bring an author's meaning more vividly forward."

"Pray use your discretion, Mr. Phosphor," said Bernard, "I am sure it will be exercised for the benefit of the piece."

"I trust so," said the manager, "but, as regards my own parts, I am rigidly scrupulous to adhere to my author's text, unless I have this permission to vary it. The thoughtful results of the patient leisure of a scholar are not to be hastily tampered with."

This sounded so proper, that Carlyon, half forgetting what had already been done, was enchanted, and he felt disposed to compliment Mr. Phosphor upon his gentlemanly treatment of the subject. However, he compressed his approbation into a bow.

"And now, as I said, for the women," said Phosphor, recovering his business manner. "You have four, I see. That's right. Petticoats lighten the stage very materially. Always get them on when you can. *Lady St. Rollos*—an old woman, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, the young wife of an old man."

"Ah! of course—I run away with her—we must consider, for, as her best scene is with me, I must have somebody who will feed me a little: Anna Ford?"

"She is very pretty, but so affected."

"No, no—she is not very pretty, but she is not at all affected. It's manner, nothing else; all assumed."

"An assumed manner is affectation, is it not?" said Bernard laughing; "and Miss Ford seems to me to have a large development of the attribute. But she will do, I suppose, that is, if she will take a hint when I give her one."

"She will take anything you like to give her, sir, from a hint to a bracelet, but either will be thrown away. Her head has no room for intellect, nor her heart for gratitude—but she draws the half-price by lowlier gifts, especially when those gifts are made manifest in flesh-coloured silk."

A gentle knock was heard, and a servant crept noiselessly to his master's side, and whispered.

"When I ring," said Mr. Phosphor, mysteriously, waving his hand as if to clear the room of the intruder.

"The next lady is Mrs. — what is it? Mrs. *Boomerang*? What's she?"

"An elderly she-Marplot. Her *spécialité*, as her name half implies, is her always coming back again when she isn't wanted."

"Old mother Boddle will do for her. Then there's Miss Honora M'Cateran—Scotch or Irish?"

"Both, and a romp."

"Miss Flabbington, then—both her Irish brogue and her Scotch accent are very bad, but she is deuced impudent, and the house likes her. And now," said the manager, pressing the knob at his feet, "that is all."

"But *Aurora*," said Carlyon. "Where is our *Aurora*?"

"There," said the manager, pressing the knob at his feet, and pointing at the door, which at that moment admitted Angela Livingstone.

Yes, Paul's own Angela. Mr. Phosphor had requested her attendance at his theatre that day, and it was not in his nature to resist a little bit of theatrical situation. Carlyon did not know her, but as a dramatist wanting a heroine, he was pleased to see a pretty looking girl who entered the room like a lady, and did not seem much discomposed at being thus instantly pointed out as an object for observation. The manager had been looking out for some time for a young lady who could make herself useful, and in the course of his rounds he had visited the suburban house where Angela's talents were nightly exhibited to some three thousand applauding plebeians. He had been fortunate in selecting the time of his visit, for the terrible French melodrama in which equally terrible English was dealt out to the audience contained

one of Miss Livingstone's very best parts. He had seen her in the first scene, sparkling with tiny tin patty-pans (which, reflecting the light better than real diamonds, are therefore fitter for stage jewels) as she glided about at a fête given by his friend d'Orleans, and next had beheld her half undressed and with dishevelled hair, and a gag in her mouth, dragged through one of the sewers under the palace; such being the private entrance to a dreadful house, the scene of the orgies of the Regent and of Dubois and other notabilities of the Court, who were also brigands and murderers. He had also seen her retiring to bed, after devout prayers to the soul of her deceased mother, and had seen the Regent, masked, steal into her chamber through that very mother's picture, which happened to be a secret door. He had seen the indignant maiden tear away the mask, and recognising d'Orleans, fall at his feet in her night-dress, and address him in a most eloquent and beautiful appeal, which produced no effect except a blasphemous scoff. He heard her screams rend the air as she was carried away, and iron doors clashed behind her and her ruffian lover, and they were quite out of hearing when Dubois rushed in after his master, to announce that he had just discovered that the Regent was her own father. Phosphor had watched Angela under these somewhat trying circumstances, and also amid the festivities of the Court, and in interviews with her own husband, (whom it was of course impossible she could love, having married him when she was only eighteen), and with her lover in the *Mousquetaires*, to whom she was attached with a sincerity which (as they both affectingly declared just after he had stabbed a poor watchman to save her reputation, the man having seen him get in at her window) was too devout not to obtain the succour of Heaven. The manager had been quite pleased, and as soon as the curtain fell upon her body (the poor thing having been poisoned three times, by her husband out of conjugal revenge, by the Regent to conceal his crime, and by her lover to save her from everybody else, as he was going to be broken on the wheel for strangling the Marquess); he went round with a pencilled note, requesting her to come to him next day.

Angela made her appearance as desired, but when Mr. Phosphor, wishing to perform one of his rapid acts of managership, proposed to Miss Livingstone that she should join his company the very next day, "throwing over those extraparochials," as he phrased it, she decidedly demurred. She was not going to spoil the run of her old manager's piece, and she was not going to act rudely where she had been well treated. Mr. Phosphor opened his eyes with great haughtiness, but the demonstration produced no effect, nor would Angela be moved by his representation that any compact between her and her employer was void, she being under age, or by his offer to guarantee her against any proceedings the extraparochials might take. But Phosphor meant to have her, and it was settled that she should give her old friends notice, and should make her *debut*, under the Phosphor régime, in Mr. Carlyon's play.

THE FRIGATE, THE PRIVATEER, AND THE RUNNING SHIP.

EDITED BY ANGUS B. REACH.

[The following curious sea-tale was, in all its principal features, taken from the narrative of an eye-witness, the lieutenant of a West Indian regiment, who is represented as telling the story, and who is now a colonel *en retraite*, after an honourable service of fifty years. The old gentleman, however, was not very clear about the names of either the frigate or the privateer, so, for the sake of facility of narrative, I have named the first the Hero, the second the Jean Bart. It is a fact, that there was a privateer belonging to Dunkirk, called the Jean Bart, which was captured by an English frigate, and I have taken the liberty of applying the name to the privateer captured in the presence of the then lieutenant, which might have been the Jean Bart or not—the matter signifies little—the facts are the important points, and they are undoubted. I have of course thrown the original oral matter with which I was familiar into a more literary and connected form, and this premised, we enter upon the narrative.—A. B. R.]

“GENTLEMEN”—The little open cabin sky-light of the good schooner Mary Anne, was darkened—by the weather-beaten face,—as brown—as brown as brown paint—and the lock of fiery red hair—with whiskers to match,—of our worthy captain, Macleod to name, and related to the chief of that ilk. I had been at sea in every sort of craft, and in every part of the world; and, as you may think, the old Islesman was as stout and thorough a sailor as ever faced wind and weather, and cannon and musket shot too. Well, “Gentlemen,” says he, “there were three of us. Mr. Dargle, a great planter in Demerara and Berbice, who had nine hundred slaves, of whom he used to say that he had never flogged but three, and never sold but one—at his own desire. He was a mild, quiet man, and every house in the coast colonies was delighted when his Kettarin appeared, with its high stepping bay. The second man of the party was Mr. Mosca, Mr. Dargle’s agent, who, as his father was a Cuban Spaniard, and his mother a French Quadroon, was rather of a peppery disposition, which required all the mild persuasiveness of Mr. Dargle to keep down. However he was, to my knowledge, a most energetic and excellent agent; and as he and his employer were generally seen together, they usually went by the name of ‘brandy and water.’ As for myself, I was a poor subaltern in a West Indian regiment, going home invalided, after a tight brush with yellow Jack. And now you know the company which Captain Macleod addressed.

“‘What are you drinking, boys?’ he said.

“‘Madeira Sangara, Captain Macleod,’ said Mr. Dargle, at the same time knocking a white worm with a black head out of a biscuit.

“‘Well, I’ve just been taking a meridian—you needn’t snigger,

Mr. Mosca,—and the skipper produced a huge old-fashioned quadrant, ‘I think that if the wind blows as steady as it’s doing now, to-morrow night I’ll show you the Lizard Lights.’

“There was a simultaneous clattering of glasses on the table.

“‘And without as much as seeing the shadow of one of them damned Privateers—to say nothing of these’—expletive again—‘French Frigates. Curse them and their dandy hoist in the nape of their topsails.’

“‘Well then, captain, I suppose we have made the run,’ says Mosca.

“‘Why, don’t whoop till ye’re out o’ the wood,’ rejoined our skipper. ‘There’s often a swarm of these craft, as quick as flying fish and as fierce as sharks, lurking about the chops of the Channel—the infernal villains—to pick up all they can get. However,—Sambo, a couple of bottles of that champagne I got from the governor.’

“‘Sail ho,’ echoed through our canvas, and the brown face disappeared as if by magic, and there was a moment’s trampling of feet. All the watch below were tumbling up, as they call it; and, as you may think, we tumbled up too.

“‘Where away?’ said the skipper, addressing the top-gallant mast cross-trees.

“‘Broad on the lee-beam,’ was the answer, ‘standing on the same way with us.’

“‘Glad she’s to lee’ard, at all events,’ said the captain.

“‘She’s going through the water very fast, sir,’ said the first mate, touching his straw hat.

“‘What do you make her out, Mr. Mathews?’

“‘Why sir, she’s a smallish vessel to carry three square rigged masts.’

“Captain Macleod looked grave, and without a word, took his old pet telescope from the brackets, and leisurely mounted the fore-rigging. It must have required long practice to use a glass from a yard which was continually on the swing, and that sometimes twelve or fifteen feet at a lurch. However the captain took a long survey, and then descending, went below, and returned on deck with an old account book, with letters down the edges of the leaves, which were closely scribbled over, and an immense lot of loose memorandums, written on all sorts of scraps of paper, backs of letters and torn bills of lading, and turned up B. After a long scrutiny, during which we all stood anxiously around him, waiting for the old hard-a-weather’s opinion, he brought his clenched fist down upon the old book, and exclaimed,

“‘By Heavens it’s her, and no other;’ and he read—

“‘The Jean Bart, of Dieppe, consort to the Belle Poule, was a barque—built sharp for the slave trade—altered to frigate rig for privateering. Low in the water, and very fast, particularly on a wind—lofty rig—high in the topsails—always strongly manned and heavily armed—mizen mast rakes well aft.’

“‘She’s rising us fast, sir,’ sung the look-out aloft.

“‘Pack on—pack on every stitch she can carry. Look alive, Mr.

Mathews! Be smart, Mr. Jenkins! We've got an ugly customer hanging to us, and if we can we must show him a clean pair of heels! Get the fore-royal on the ship, set the main-topsail-stun'-sail, rig out the flying gibboom, and set the sail, drop the fore-course, and get up the broadest-headed gaff topsail: we'll drive the ship under rather than be taken.'

"No sooner said than done, and the *Mary Anne* was under a press of canvas, her upper masts bending, and the weather-stays like fiddle-strings, the lee scupper holes buzzing in the foaming water and the schooner making gallant way.

"For more than an hour there was silence in the ship. Captain Macleod and Mr. Mathews stood on each side of the wheel, keeping the craft, which was really behaving very well, as near the wind as was consistent with the absence of the slightest shiver in the windward tack of the fore-topsail. During this pause we had time to consider our situation. Of all the privateers sent out by France, *La Belle Poule*, ultimately captured by the *Black Joke*, and the *Jean Bart*, were the most famed for their successes, and the most notorious for plundering to the skin their unfortunate prisoners.

"However, there was one comfort, I had nothing to lose but a few dollars—colonial currency, my uniform, and some light West Indian clothing; and a thought struck me to put on the uniform, as I had heard that even French privateers respected the red coat of an English officer. Putting the idea into practice, to the great astonishment of all on board, I appeared on deck in the full uniform of a full lieutenant of his Majesty's 2nd West India Regiment.

"Looking round I saw that the privateer was rapidly overhauling us, and that the captain was preparing for action. He had eight thumping carronades on board, and a long eighteen on a swivel fixed into the heel of the bowsprit, and which was the apple of the skipper's eye.

"The crew—thirty stout fellows—for the *Mary Anne* was double manned—stripped to the waist and barefooted, were getting out the guns on the starboard side: the larboard carronades were obliged to be made fast to ring-bolts to prevent their diving overboard, while the starboard or windward carronades had their noses cocked up to the zenith. Two men at every gun were equipped with big ship-pistols and cutlasses, while boarding tomahawks and pikes were placed handy. Long Tom had a special crew, and every gun was loaded with a double charge of grape.

"'Fog,' says the skipper, 'I stand no nonsense: the French like long shots, but I like muzzle to muzzle. That's my way?'

"The privateer was now within about five miles to leeward. She was certainly a beautiful craft; long, low, and sneaking, with the characteristic hoist in her topsails, and the masts—particularly the mizen, raking tremendously. She carried only topsail and top-gallant sails, mizen sail, and forestay sail, as if in scorn of our packed canvas; and rose and fell on the long sea with a grace which was all her own. Our poor *Mary Anne*—good ship in her way as she was, half buried herself every time she plunged at

a curling swell. The Jean Bart also held a closer wind; and it was evident there was nothing for it but the old formula of command:—‘Now men, you see the enemy; lay your guns and point them well. Fire fast and fire true, and hurrah for Old England!’

“Meantime my fellow-passengers were in the cabin busily engaged in writing. Mr. Dargle’s face was very pale. Mosca’s black eyes glittered, and he was so nervous that he could hardly hold the pen. He was armed to the teeth and evidently determined, as he had often said, not to be taken alive. I was beginning to contrast my position, with only a dribble of half-pay to depend upon, with Mr. Dargle’s, the rich proprietor of half-a-dozen plantations, the husband of a fond, beautiful wife, and the father of a family of sprightly little Creoles. I was watching his face, as from time to time a spasm-like quiver went across it, and his hand stole to his eyes, when the faintly-heard boom of a heavy gun came up from the privateer; and at the same moment our mast-head look-out sang sharp and quick:—‘A sail to windward!’

“‘What like?’ shouted the skipper. ‘She looks like a big frigate,’ was the reply. ‘She’s got stunsails on both sides, and she’s coming down before the wind like a race-horse.’

“Again the captain’s telescope was in requisition, and every eye was directed to the windward ship, the topsails of which could be seen from the deck, when she rose upon a sea. Presently the old skipper shouted—‘She is a frigate; and if I know anything of a frigate, she’s one of the right sort. I know it by her topsails—and in less than half an hour, my boys, you’ll see St. George’s Ensign.’

“And the old fellow rattled down the shrouds with singular velocity.

“‘Have up the two bottles of champagne,’ he shouted, ‘and, steward, serve all the crew round with a double stiff ration of grog.’

“But the first mate did not seem so confident. He also had narrowly examined the coming ship so far as it could yet be seen, and was likewise an old and experienced seaman. He shook his head. ‘There’s a lot of French frigates—woundy like English ones,’ he said, ‘and some of them as I heerd tell have topsails cut English fashion, to cheat the merchant ships.’

“‘I don’t know, captain, but I think it would be most prudent not to take sail off the schooner.’

“For Mathews had seen the skipper’s fingers fidgiting with the maintop-gallant-sail haulyards.

“‘Well, Mathews,’ he said, ‘we’ll compromise. We’ll make short boards instead of long.’

“‘We’ll lose ground by that, Captain Macleod.’

“‘Well, but so will the Johnny Crapaud. Every time we tack, he’ll tack, and I don’t want to get out of the way of my friend to windward.’

“So presently up went the head of the Mary Anne into the wind, and round she came on the other tack very cleverly.

“‘Never missed stays when she had a mouthful of wind,’ said the captain approvingly. But the ‘Mounseers,’ as Mr. Mathews

called them, were every bit as quick as we, and the lively little frigate swung round, as if she had been stuck on a pivot.

“‘She made a deadly forge ahead then,’ said the desponding mate; and the captain, as if influenced by his subordinate’s evident opinions, went again into the rigging, and after a good long look at the fast-approaching ship, the hull of which was now visible, he shouted, ‘Mr. Mathews, I’ll put my head into a bucket of tar and eat it, if that’s not an English frigate; and before ten minutes you’ll know it yourself, when you see the Ensign at the peak, and the Jack at the fore-top.’

“As the captain seemed so perfectly confident, the champagne corks popped, and the men had their rum-and-water, which they infinitely preferred to wine, or indeed to spirits of any description, but all kept their eyes alternately on the frigate, now fast nearing us, and rolling majestically before the following seas.

“‘Look at her teeth, look at her teeth,’ shouted the captain in ecstasy; as the frigate gave a slight yaw on a cross sea—‘A forty-four at the least. Thirty-twos and eighteens at the very least.’

“Meantime the Frenchman showed no change of tactics, unless it was a tendency to go off down to leeward, her movements betokening suspicion of the big fellow coming down before the wind, with a magnificent wreath of foam decking his ample bows.

“At length she was within a mile, when she made a sudden sweep, and then rushed round, with her broadside to us—backing her main topsail—letting go her stunsails—firing a gun—and hoisted her colours—French!

“‘Now then, Captain,’ said Mathews, ‘now then, what do you say now?’

“Before he could answer, the privateer also fired a gun, and also hoisted the tricolour.

“The captain had a moment’s time to take counsel with himself; and then he gave a most unexpected jump on the deck, flung up his straw hat, which blew into the sea, and exclaimed—‘It’s a dodge—a dodge—he wants to bring the privateer closer, so that he’ll be surer of her.’

“Mathews shook his head.

“At this moment the frigate fired another gun.

“‘No ball,’ said Mathews, looking rather disappointed than otherwise.

“Then an officer appeared on the chains in French uniform.

“‘Do you see that?’ said Mathews, all but triumphantly.

“The officer hailed, and the words came down distinctly on our ears. They were English.

“‘Do you hear that, Mr. Mathews?’ retorted the captain:

“‘Schooner, ahoy! Back your fore topsail, and lay to under our lee.’ The operation was performed, and the officer hailed again—

“‘Wha’ schooner is that?’

“‘The Mary Anne, of Bristol,’ thundered the captain, after waiting for the first call.

“The lieutenant bowed, and rejoined—

“ ‘This is His Britannic Majesty’s Frigate Hero. The ship down there is the Jean Bart. She is too fast for us in a chase ; but we are going to try to trick her to-day. Haul down your colours.’ ”

“It was done, and the ensign fluttered from the peak to the deck. At the same moment, the two quarter and the stern-boat of the frigate dropped like feathers into the surging water, and their crews came shinning, hand under hand, down the tackles, a cataract of blue-jackets.

“The frigate again hailed, ‘Our men will board you as if you were our prize, and Captain ——’

“ ‘Macleod!’ roared the skipper.

“ ‘Macleod,’ resumed the lieutenant, ‘will be good enough to send on board a portion of his crew ;’ and then, as if he anticipated an objection, raising his voice, he shouted, ‘there will be no pressing work, upon my honour. We only want to cheat our friend down yonder the better, by pretending to take on board prisoners. Our men will stay aboard you until your own come back. It is all right, Captain Macleod, is it not?’

“ ‘Aye, aye, sir!’ responded the skipper, quite reassured ; ‘which of my lads will volunteer?’

“ ‘Me and me, and me and me!’ burst from a score of voices. And the next moment the three cutters dashed their boat-hooks simultaneously into our lee side, that next the Frenchman, ‘while the lieutenant and the midshipman in each, followed by the crew, only leaving a boat-keeper, scrambled upon our decks.

“The second lieutenant bowed politely to the master and the passengers, and looked round at our warlike preparation.

“ ‘You were going to fight our friend down there? I hope we can save you the trouble : but meantime—’ Jameson, hiscoxswain, came up with a French ensign—‘for once, captain, the Mary Anne must carry the tricolour.’

“ ‘No objection, no objection,’ stammered the skipper ; although he clearly didn’t like it. Up however went the token of conquest, the English ensign beneath it, and our volunteers, carrying empty bags and hammockless hammock cloths, so as still further to deceive the little Frenchman, went over the side, the half of the boats’ crews remaining on board with their third lieutenant and a couple of midshipmen.

“Again the boats, with the apparent prisoners, pulled round the schooner’s stem and stern, giving the privateer a full view of them. The trick took perfectly. The Jean Bart filled her main topsail and came up, making small tacks until we could see the swarming crew on deck. The interest of the scene was now growing intense. We could see a stealthy movement in the frigate’s sails, and as the privateer made the last tack which would have carried her clear of the schooner’s bowsprit, the main topsail of the frigate was suddenly filled, her top-gallant sails sheeted home, and she started like a greyhound, gathering way astonishingly quick, while, amid the banging of her bow-chasers full at the Jean Bart, the French flag passed the English on the haul-yards, one descending, the other ascending ; and, in a moment

more, the frigate's bowsprit was entangled in the privateer's mizen rigging, and the crash of the meeting ships was heard amid the rattle of the Hero's musketry. The breeze was fresh enough to blow away the smoke, and the instant that the ships touched, with a cheer, which only excited Englishmen can give, with rattling pistols and flashing cutlasses, a swarm of boarders poured like a cataract over the frigate's bows, and down from her bowsprit right upon the Frenchmen's heads, the marines following as fast as they might, and forming as they managed to scramble on the decks. But there was no need. Taken utterly by surprise, the men not at quarters, the guns untackled, the small arms below in the racks, and attacked by a force at least double their number, the French did no discredit to their manhood, though they followed the sentiment of *sauve qui peut*, and disappeared 'like rats,' said Captain Macleod, down into the interior of their vessel. A few alone kept their ground, headed by their officers, but a moment sufficed, as the ring of marines closed round them, to make them throw down the cutlasses which they had snatched up, and make a sulky surrender. And then the tricolour came down, and presently went up 'at the stern,' said Captain Macleod, 'the St. George and St. Andrew's ensign,' the operation, however, reminding him of the tricolour at the truck of his own ship, he speedily had it down; and the national symbol hoisted again, was received with a universal burst of acclamation.

"There remains but little more for me to say, only that there was another exchange of prisoners made,—a true one this time; and a more desperate lot of desperadoes, I give you my honour, I never saw. They seemed to be ruffians of all nations on board; but, of course, the French predominated. Now I hope you don't think that what I say is the effect of prejudice. I give you my word of honour that I speak the exact fact; but you must remember that they were—not men of war's men—nor yet honest merchant sailors—but Privateersmen, who are the dregs of the seaports from which they come; and are very little better, if at all, than pirates. I know that the strict rule is, when it can be done, to give a privateer the stem; but, bad as they are, I think that's too blood-thirsty a thing for Englishmen to do; even if the privateersmen were as wicked as the devil himself. Well, we got our men on board, with the captain of the frigate's thanks and compliments, and three dozens of claret; and the frigate men, of course, returned to their own berths in their own boats.

"'Gentlemen and men,' said Captain Macleod, 'we'll give the Hero and her prize a parting salute. We're clear of the ships, so the shot of the guns won't do any harm to anybody but the fishes!'

"And accordingly the light carronades were very cleverly fired; one alternately from each side, while Long Tom gave a finishing bang.

"'And now,' said Captain Macleod, 'Gentlemen, Dinner!'

"The following day we saw the frigate with her prize standing the same course as ourselves, and the following night we saw the Lizard Lights, when we were drinking the Hero's claret."

ARTHUR ARDEN, THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

CHAPTER I.

SINCE the regions of ancient romance have ceased to supply the idler, and the novel reader, with ghost and hobgoblin stories, tales of robbers and chieftains of equal respectability, whose strongholds and castles were the prisons of knights renowned, and shrieking maidens, whose blood was necessarily noble, to win a proper degree of interest for their troubles and disasters, I venture to come before the public with a detail of the events of an every-day life, scarcely embellished with a single scene from the fertile pencil of imagination.

If my language have not the polish of the scholar, and my pages display not the learning of the man of science, or of refined education, let no one be surprised; for my thoughts and reflections have chiefly been gathered from the pages of life, and my observations from the book of nature. The little education I received was imparted to me at a day-school in the country, where good care was taken that the minds of the pupils should not be overburthened with a weight of knowledge.

At the age of thirteen I left this school, with all the advantages I had obtained from it—a little Latin and less Greek. In fact I had blundered through the first two pages of a Greek grammar. In arithmetic I had advanced as far as Vulgar Fractions, and was not a fraction wiser for them. I learned Practice to no purpose, and never studied Interest at all, scarcely even self-interest.

On the very day on which my last lesson was repeated, and my last line carelessly scrawled in my last copy-book, my mother and myself entered into a serious consultation, with regard to the next step necessary for my progress in life. The question was, should I be apprenticed to a chemist, a grocer, an ironmonger, a tinker, a tailor, or a doctor? My mother hated law, because an attorney had stated an opinion that she had no right to throw dirty water into a gutter, that conveyed it close to the kitchen window of the next house.

After a great deal of talking, we were unable to fix upon either trade or profession that I had any particular desire for. "I think I should like to go to sea," said I, with a flourish of my fist, "and fight for my king and my country."

My mother shut her eyes at the idea, and exclaimed—"What! go to sea and get drowned, or fight and get killed! and leave your poor mother without an arm to protect her, or a hand to smooth her pillow when she is sick or dying!"

"I never thought of that," I replied; so my prospect of becoming a hero was destroyed, and I left myself entirely to my mother's discretion.

“Put your best jacket on, and come with me. I’ll see what I can make of you.”

I did as she requested, and we went out together intent on serious matters. Our first visit was to a dispensing chemist. My mother requested that she might be allowed to speak to him in a private room. The request was granted, and in as few words as possible, she communicated to him her desire to have me apprenticed to him, stating at the same time the advantage it would confer upon him, to have an apprentice so well educated.

He was not so much charmed with the proposal as she expected. He replied, “I should be happy to take Arthur as an apprentice, if I knew less of him. As it happens, I know too much. He put a squib in the keyhole of my shop-door not a month ago, and besides alarming the family, nearly blew the lock off; and one day, when he was in the shop, he contrived to mix the contents of two jars, one containing cayenne pepper and the other brown rappee. I must really refuse to have any thing to do with him.”

A shade fell upon my mother’s pale face, and politely wishing him a good afternoon, she led me laughing to an ironmonger’s. She stated her desire to make an ironmonger of me, and praised my health and strength, without saying a word about education. “Oh! aye, the lad’s strong enough,” said the ironmonger, “for he pitched my garden roller over the hedge into a saw-pit, and I’ll be hanged if I could pull it out again. He has a wonderful knack, too, of breaking padlocks, and climbing walls and housetops. He’ll come to no good, depend on’t. I wouldn’t take him as a ’prentice on no account whatever.”

My mother gave me a look of reproach, and led me to the house of a surgeon and apothecary. The doctor laughed when she stated her object in visiting him.

“’Od rat him,” said he, for the surgeon was a great man there, and could use any language he chose—“take him farther off; his merits are too well known here. He poisoned all the fish in my pond, and I expect he would poison anything else; I saw the young dog at it myself, at the bottom of my garden. Thinks I, I have you, lad, for he could only escape by jumping over a ditch, full of water, and seventeen feet across. By Jove! though, he took the leap, and did it as clean as a whistle. I never saw a lad do such a thing before. And when he was on the other side, he scraped up a bit of clay in his fingers, and making a ball of it, planted it to a nicety on the tip of my nose, like a plaster. It was so cleverly done, that I walked into the house, with it sticking there, to show my wife. I take him to be a clever lad, but I could never trust him in the surgery.”

My mother made one other application to a draper in the same place, for she wished me to be situated immediately under her own eye, that she might be able to give me a little needful advice when necessary; but the draper strutted about his shop in perfect horror at the proposal. He was a little man, and detested the very name of a mischievous boy. He had not an atom of fun in his composition, but had as much malice as would have furnished an army.

"Mrs. Arden," said he, "I'll take your son and try what I can do with him, if you will permit me to flog him every morning before breakfast."

"Flog me, sir!" I exclaimed, marching up to the little man in a fit of virtuous indignation; "you must ask my permission before you can do that, you little Tom Thumb!"

I shook my fist at him, and the little man skipped over the counter with affright, like a large monkey, and stood trembling on the other side.

"A little cowardly fellow like you talk of flogging me," said I, very much amused at his fears,—"Bo-oh" I roared at him, "I could eat you," and over the counter I went after him, with a single bound. The draper was awfully terrified, and galloped out of the shop, leaving me and his single shopman laughing at each other.

My mother linked her arm in mine, and led me away in disappointment and sorrow. She went home to her little pretty house, and cried with bitter regret for the antics I indulged myself with, in spite of the strictly moral and religious ideas she had instilled into me. Without being vicious, I certainly was the most mischievous boy in the parish; but as long as my tricks and frolics were laughed at, and in some degree admired, by persons who ought to have reproved me for them, I was vain of the character I had obtained.

The next day was my last at the dancing-school, and on that day was the dancing-master's ball, at which the pupils displayed before their anxious mothers and friends, the progress they had made in twisting and twirling their 'light fantastic toes' in a graceful manner. At six o'clock in the evening, the company began to arrive, in every description of vehicle, from a gig to almost a dung-cart. Of farmers' sons and daughters there were more than a sprinkling, and who can tell how their legs and feet had been tortured to make them turn their toes out? They came from large farm and small farm, windmill and watermill, shops where horses were shod, shops where ploughmen were shod, and shops where ladies were shod. They came from private house and public house. But the choice, the cream of the assembly were the private inhabitants of the town, persons whose slender incomes would not allow their daughters to be instructed in the art of dancing, at the expensive schools in the neighbourhood; while they might have double the quantity of instruction from the same teacher, at his public academy, for half the price demanded by the money-loving proprietors of the aforesaid schools.

"Helen," said I, to a little girl, who had been left in the charge of my mother, "let us practise that last waltz we learned together, for we shall have to show off before the company, like two players, in front of one of the booths at a fair."

Away we whirled round the room, to the music of our own voices, and being quite satisfied with our own performance, sat down to rest ourselves.

"Helen," I said, again, "if you dance with Henry Rightaway

this evening, I shall be very cross. He is a conceited little puppy. He thinks because he has been an apprentice to a doctor six months, that he is a gentleman; and because I have only just left school, that I'm only a snob of a boy. You won't dance with him, will you, Helen?"

"I won't indeed, Arthur," she replied with a smile, for which I kissed her, and called her a good little girl, in a very patronizing manner.

The evening came, and my mother, myself, and Helen, marched with becoming dignity into the ball-room. Instead of leading Helen by the hand, like the other boys who conducted either their cousins or their sisters, I placed her hand upon my arm, and stalking up to the best seat in the room, requested her to be seated; at the same time looking round, with an air of defiance, to see who had the presumption to dispute it with her. No one was there to dispute it, until our dancing master himself entered with a little girl, whose parents were the richest in the town. He handed his favourite to the pre-occupied seat, and requested Helen to move.

"She shall not, sir," I exclaimed, with my face all crimson with rage. "I told Helen to sit there, and she shall, in spite of anybody."

Mr. Caper laughed, and again requested Helen to move, which she did, and the favorite took her place.

"I tell you, Mr. Caper," said I, "you will want some one to show off in some of your horn-pipes directly, and your figure dances, and I'll not stir a step until Helen sits in that seat again."

This was a threat, that the dancing-master had no desire to be fulfilled, therefore he told his little favorite to resign the seat again to Helen, and was leading her away; but Helen ran after them, and declared that they should sit together, without any more dispute.

Thus the matter was amicably settled without further trouble, and Mr. Caper walked away, with his violin under the back of his coat, thus producing an enormous bump; but as he could not see it himself, he naturally concluded that no one else could.

The visitors and the pupils were carefully separated, until the latter had gone through their steps and evolutions to the entire satisfaction of their friends. The last performance of the tyros in dancing, was a circular waltz, in which Helen and I took the lead. We were successful, in the highest degree in winning the applause of the visitors; and as proud as a peacock, when it was over, I led my little partner past the place where my mother was sitting with some of her friends.

"What a pretty couple they really are!" exclaimed a good-natured old maid to my mother, who looked as proud as myself when we passed by.

"Pretty couple, indeed!" I said to myself. "The idea of coupling me with a child scarcely twelve years old; I'll show them what a pretty couple is." I continued walking up to a fine handsome girl between seventeen and eighteen.

"Shall I have the honour of dancing with you, Miss Dalton?" I asked the girl of seventeen. She looked round the room, and making herself satisfied that there was rather a scarcity of grown-up beaux, laughingly took my arm, and allowed me to lead her to the top of a country dance, in which all the dancing portion of the assembly joined.

"This is what I call a pretty couple," said I to my mother when I approached her again. "Miss Dalton and myself, and not a little girl twelve years old!"

"You are a conceited young monkey!" my mother observed laughing, and so she says to the very present day.

That was a party mixed in the highest degree, considering that the materials were all collected in one little town and the adjoining neighbourhood. The company was of every age from six to sixty, and of every degree from the cobbler's daughter to the parson's wife. But there was no further mingling,—the different castes kept themselves as distinct as possible. The lawyer's lady could not see the shopkeeper's wife, and the grocer's daughter could not think of dancing with the tailor's son.

There was a poor boy there, who had tried to coax some half dozen girls of the same position in that silly society with himself, but in vain. He stammered, and squinted, and as there was neither a stammering, nor a squinting young lady there, and an abundance of good looking boys, he stood no chance of getting a partner at all. Mr. Caper, who was master of the ceremonies, and every thing else there, went round the room begging for some girl or other to dance with this poor boy, whose manner and appearance only excited laughter and derision amongst them. The young ladies were all engaged, and the poor boy was returning to his seat, beside his fond and disheartened mother, with tears in his eyes, when Helen, who was decidedly the belle amongst the little girls, ran up to him, and taking his arm exclaimed, "There now, William, don't cry—I'll dance with you." But the boy was so delighted that he actually sobbed with joy, and then they mingled in the merry dance, perhaps the happiest of the party.

Henry Rightaway looked at them with anger and jealousy, for on some account or other, he had taken a boyish fancy for Helen; and when he met her in the dance, he asked her, how she could think of dancing with such an ugly little brute as her partner. There was no time for reply and when they met again, he asked her to dance with him next time. She replied that she could not, and he pressed her so hard for a reason, that she was obliged to tell him, that she had promised to me that she would not. He mentally vowed to kick me for my impudence.

Henry Rightaway was about a year older than myself, and therefore thought himself taller and stronger, but he was mistaken; and when we were standing side by side in that merry old dance, Sir Roger de Coverly, he asked me how I dared to tell Helen not to dance with him.

"Because I thought proper," I replied.

"I'll kick you for it, the first time I meet you out of this room," he said.

"If you talk about kicking me, Harry, I'll kick you in this room," I retorted.

"You dare not," said he, and I replied by giving him a very severe kick. In return he struck me in the face, and then in spite of oppositon, we set to fighting in grand style. The men in the company enjoyed the sight, and made a ring round us, while two of them officiated as seconds. We fell down together, and Harry struck me when on the ground. My second said the blow was unfair, and Harry's second told him not to interfere. They got from words to blows, and had a regular fight. The girls and the women all ran out of the room screaming and crying; and this was the end of the dancing-master's ball.

CHAPTER II.

My mother was a widow at the time when my story commences; indeed my father died so soon after my entrance upon the grand theatre of existence, that I have no recollection of him whatever. He was a very handsome and a very good man, according to my mother's account, and I have no particular reason for doubting her word; but he left his widow with a very small portion of the riches of this world to bestow upon their only child, therefore I have nothing to thank him for, but his prudence in choosing for his son so good and so amiable a mother as my surviving parent.

She was poor in pocket, but rich in feminine virtues and prudent economy. Her income amounted to the enormous sum of forty pounds a year, and this she found sufficient to keep us respectably, likewise, with the addition of a little country girl as a servant. In fact she had the art of making so much of the little she possessed, that it was generally supposed that Mrs. Arden had, what was considered by the simple inhabitants of our little town, a very pretty property. The station she held amongst them made her a welcome guest at the table, both of the professional man and the shopkeeper, while she had a nodding and bowing acquaintance with most of the great landed proprietors, and their families in the same neighbourhood.

But my mother, knowing that I was growing a more expensive pleasure to her every day, and that three or four mouths are supplied at a less proportional expense than two, undertook the charge of educating, feeding, and clothing the little girl I introduced in the last chapter, for the annual payment of thirty pounds a year. This sum, added to her own income, seemed to her limited desires and economical habits, a comfortable independency; and the genteel figure she cut in her little sphere of visiting acquaintance, would astonish most persons accustomed to the annual expenditure of hundreds and thousands.

The little girl won her way so quickly into my mother's heart, that she became a source of additional happiness, as well as additional income to my child-loving parent; and little Helen soon

learned to love the substitute, provided by her uncle, to supply the place of her parents, who were both dead. This uncle was a Manchester warehouseman in London, and lived in such a style, that it was a perfect disgrace to him, to allow his brother's child to be kept on the paltry allowance paid to my mother, while his own children were educated at the most fashionable schools, and clothed like the daughters of princes.

It may appear like madness, that with such a limited income, my mother should have thought of bringing me up for a profession, but she was a little tainted with the plague spot of pride, and wished to see her son a gentleman. The county newspapers were carefully perused, for the discovery of an eligible situation, where due care would be taken of my stomach and my morals; and the advertisement, which appeared most satisfactory to my mother, proceeded from a medical man in the Staffordshire Potteries. A personal interview was necessary, and a month upon trial is almost invariably granted, therefore my mother went out in search of some conveyance to carry us there. Three or four gigs, and a post-chaise were to be had for hire in the town; but my mother returned without making any agreement with the owners of these superlatively beautiful vehicles. She found out that she could not hire one of them for the day for less than a guinea! I went to look at these splendid carriages myself; and found one minus the splash-board, another without any paint remaining upon it, a third without stepping irons, and the post-chaise with a great hole at the top, like a sky-light. I mentally vowed that I would not put my foot in one of them.

I thought I would save my mother the expense of hiring a conveyance, and myself the shame of riding in such wretched carriages, by starting on foot to the residence of my future master, in the Potteries—a distance of nineteen miles. I stealthily changed my clothes, put a clean shirt in my pocket, and telling Helen secretly where I was going, marched off with the idea that I was doing something uncommonly clever.

Nineteen miles is rather a long walk, and when I first got a view of the smoky atmosphere enveloping the place of my destination, I felt very much inclined to go home again; but my feet were too sore, and my legs too tired to carry me back; therefore I pressed forward. The scene that was gradually bursting upon my sight had novelty but no other charm; and I felt satisfied that art had done nothing there for the improvement of nature. As I approached the town I pulled out my pocket-handkerchief and dusted my clothes.

In a few minutes I was in front of a respectable house, with the door ornamented with an enormous brass plate, conveying the information that Charles Edward Wormwood was a surgeon, &c., and lived in that genteel residence. I knocked modestly at the door and was admitted into the presence of the surgeon himself.

Mr. Wormwood was a pleasant sort of person when he chose, but as suspicious as man could be. He politely asked me the purpose of my visit.

"My name is Arthur Arden, sir," I replied, "and I am come to offer myself as an apprentice in answer to your advertisement."

"Where do you reside, sir," he inquired, rather astonished at my unusual mode of proceeding.

"Nineteen miles away, at —, in this county," I replied.

"Have you no friends with you here, that you come by yourself?"

"My mother was coming, but I thought I could settle the business without her, and walked off by myself," I replied.

"It is impossible that I can settle any business with you, without your mother's presence," he observed. "What was your intention in coming here by yourself?"

"To stay a month with you upon trial," I replied; "and if I don't like you and you don't like me, to go home again."

"I can't think of such a thing until I have communicated with your friends," he exclaimed: "how do I know who you are?"

"I told you my name is Arthur Arden, and the place where I live," I replied.

"How do I know whether you tell me true or not?" he asked.

"I can easily prove that," I replied, pulling the spare shirt out of my pocket. "Here is my name written in full in this corner, sir—Arthur Arden, No. 12. That is the number of my last batch of shirts, sir."

"Yes—yes!" he exclaimed: "that's all very fine. How do I know that you are the lawful possessor of that article: you might have stolen it for anything I know."

"You are joking," said I, with a little surprise. "That is my shirt I can assure you, and to prove it, I have another, with the same name and number, upon my back."

"How can I tell that they are not both stolen?" he inquired.

"You are such a deuce of a suspicious chap, that I'll have no more jaw with you," I exclaimed, with indignation. "Hang me, if I won't go home, and tell my mother that you took me for a thief! If you can't trust my word, I'll be thumped if she will trust yours; so good day to you."

"Stop—stop, Mr. Arden, if that is your name," said he, closing the door gently, to stop me from leaving the room; "I'll call my sister, and consult with her about the matter. Your mode of doing business is at least extraordinary. Sarah, Sally!"

In answer to this summons, a rosy-checked young lady, about the age of eighteen, entered the room. She was very pretty, with a profusion of light curls flowing over her shoulders, and rather tall, at least I considered so; for I was tall myself in relation to my age, and Sarah Wormwood was much taller than I. I was very much inclined to fall desperately in love with her at first sight, and making her a very low bow, with my hand upon my heart, as I had been taught at the dancing-school, I asked her if she thought I looked like a thief.

"Upon my word, sir, I can't say," she replied; laughing at my overstrained obeisance; "but I think you look roguish enough for anything."

I made another bow, for I did not consider the reply unfavourable, and Mr. Wormwood communicated the business of my visit to his sister. She seemed as suspicious as her brother.

"Are you sure you have not been sent here to rob the house, if we permit you to stay?" she asked, as if she really thought I intended to do it.

"There's nothing in it worth stealing, I daresay, unless it is yourself," I replied. "It is well that my mother don't hear you, that's all. She won't let me stay if she knows what suspicious people you are."

"Have you any money to pay for your bed at an inn, until we can hear from your mother?" Miss Wormwood inquired.

"Only half-a-crown," I replied, showing the money.

They laughed at the sum, which then appeared to me a little fortune, and told me I might stay until they had communicated with my mother, if I would allow myself to be locked up in my bed-room every night until they were satisfied that I was the person I represented myself to be."

I submitted to this arrangement, and sat down with a splendid appetite to some cold beef and bread, which they had the generosity to set before me, when they began to feel convinced that I was not an impostor. I passed the evening very comfortably until bedtime, and when I heard the key turn in the lock, and felt how they mistrusted me, I chuckled at the joke, and resolved to serve them a trick for it.

I gave them all a respectable time to go to sleep in, and then jumping out of bed, with my trousers and stockings on, I gently forced back the bolt of the lock that fastened my bed-room door, and stole quietly from room to room, assuring myself that they were all soundly asleep. With the most unpardonable impudence I opened one of the bed-room doors, and walking into the room, discovered Sarah Wormwood in bed. A pair of scissors was lying on the table, and with that I snipped off one of her long ringlets that had escaped like myself, from its confinement; and then, coolly bending my head over her closed eyelids, kissed her rosy lips. Without awakening she smiled at the impression, and exclaimed:—"Oh, George! you are such a tiresome thing, I don't like you!"

"Oh! oh!" I whispered to myself, "she has a lover and his name is George. I'll not forget that."

I left that room and proceeded to another, where Mr. Wormwood lay snoring most awfully. I saw the seals of his watch peeping from behind his pillow, and gently extricating the sleepless monitor from its hiding-place, I thrust it into the pocket of his coat. I then went into the kitchen, and rang a loud peal on the night-bell. Mr. Wormwood got up, and throwing up the sash of his bed-room window, cried out, "Who's there?" but no one replying, he shut the window and got into bed again. I then rang the bell a second time, and he got up in a violent passion to answer it. He bawled through the window, "Who the devil's there? Thunder and hounds! speak when you are spoken to!"

Who's there?" No one replied, and muttering a thousand curses upon the supposed delinquents, he closed the window and returned to bed: I soon followed his example.

I got up very early in the morning, and cried out lustily to have the door unlocked, kicking and hammering at it for some time, until the servants brought the key to open it. She tried to unlock it, but it was to no purpose, because I had bolted it inside. However, when I thought it had made a respectable resistance, I allowed it to be opened, and went down the stairs grumbling at being locked up.

At breakfast Miss Wormwood said nothing about the lost ringlet, but her brother had the house searched all over for his watch.

"It is a good thing, sir, for you, that I locked you up in your room last night, or I should have been positive you had stolen it," said he, very unpleasantly to me.

"You will have a better opinion of me soon," I replied. And then pointing to the ringlet I had stolen from Miss Wormwood, as it lay upon the floor far enough away from myself, to remove any impression that I had placed it there, I exclaimed, "Bless me! Miss Wormwood, do you really wear false hair? Look, there is one of your curls!"

"There is some unaccountable mystery in this," she exclaimed.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Wormwood, "you cut it off when you were half awake and half asleep. I should like to know what rascal has stolen my watch."

"Tut, tut," said Sarah, "you have put it into the wrong place, when half awake and half asleep; perhaps out of one pocket into another."

As a proof of her superior judgment, she turned over his pockets, and found the watch where I had concealed it, with the glass broken. I thought they should recollect locking me up in a bedroom.

After breakfast Mr. Wormwood went out to see his patients, and looking at some music under the piano, I asked Sarah if she had "Oh! George, I can't endure you," amongst her songs. She turned very red, and asked me if I knew any of their friends.

"No; not a soul. I never heard your name mentioned by anybody," I replied, and then began singing to an air of my own, "Oh, Cupid was a roguish lad," and "George I can't endure you."

"Confound the boy's impudence," she exclaimed, and left the room.

I think boys, between the ages of ten and sixteen, are the most disagreeable beings that infest the earth; and I was one of the worst of the set. They are continually teasing and tormenting man, woman, or child, domestic animal or wild animal, insect or worm. They appear neither to have affections nor sympathies, and are scarcely ever governed by anything but fear, and yet even that is a feeling almost unknown to them. They are the plague of everybody belonging to them, and, in general, a pest to society.

In a couple of days I received a letter from my mother, applauding my intention to stay to the end of the month; and at the same

time Mr. Wormwood received another from her agreeing to pay the specified premium, if I was satisfied with my treatment, and made no objection to the profession. The natural consequence was, that I was permitted to say and do what I liked, without any control. I was fed almost sumptuously, and at the end of the month, heard the silly old indenture read with a merry grin, and signed my name to it in full length.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD not been an apprentice more than a few days before I found that I had been regularly taken in—deceived in the character of my new master, beyond endurance; and that the kind treatment, and pleasant indulgence, which I had received before the indenture was drawn out, and the premium paid, was nothing but a bait, to make the prospect agreeable: a sprat sent adrift to catch a mackerel.

The mask was not gradually drawn aside, but boldly taken off without any ado at all. I was sitting at breakfast with my master and his sister, playing with my tea-spoon, and waiting for the usual accompaniment to the dry toast and limited quantity of butter, which generally consisted of eggs, ham, cold meat, or rashers of bacon, when Mr. Wormwood turning to me, exclaimed, "What are you waiting for, Mr. Arden? You see your breakfast before you. I'll trouble you to make haste over it, and then see if you can find nothing to do in the surgery."

I took a slice of toast from the rack, and sweeping the butter-dish with my knife, carried off every atom of butter that was supplied for the breakfast-table, and spread it on my single slice of toast. Miss Wormwood stared at her brother, and he stared at me.

"Mr. Arden," said he, "that butter was sufficient for us all, and I shall not permit such extravagance. Ring the bell, Sarah, for more butter."

Sarah said there was no more in the house, and they ate their dry toast without anything to make it palatable. Half-an-hour afterwards I saw Miss Wormwood taking a second breakfast in the kitchen, consisting of boiled eggs, ham, and thickly-buttered toast. I felt very much confused in consequence of having detected her in such a mean deception, as cheating her brother into the idea that she was just as abstemious as he wished her to be, while she was in fact feasting every day at his expense, and making false reckonings of her housekeeping to account for the delicacies she indulged herself with, and the savoury messes she prepared for her own eating, without his knowledge or consent.

Sometimes her brother used to say, "Sarah, I wonder how you can keep up your good looks on the very small quantity of food you do really take. To eat too much is brutal, as well as unwholesome; but you scarcely eat anything."

"I really can't eat, Charles," she would reply affectedly. "Could you not give me some medicine to create an appetite?"

"Tut, tut, Sally, that's nonsense," he used to observe, not being

desirous that she should eat more than she did, because a large appetite is more expensive than a small one. "If you eat enough to keep you in health, I'm certain you require to eat no more."

The last time I heard these remarks, Miss Wormwood was helping herself to a few grains of cheese, and about half-an-ounce of bread, at supper in the parlour; while she knew very well, that she had directed a full pound of rump steak to be broiled for her second supper in the kitchen; and while she was making her brother believe that she could not bear the flavour of malt and hops, every night, at his expense, she drank a pint and a half of strong ale.

My admiration for Miss Wormwood was soon at an end; I detested meanness of any sort, and I considered her positively dishonest. While she assisted her parsimonious brother in starving himself and me, she feasted herself and got fat on the best of everything, as also did the servant, who was fed with good dinners and hot suppers, to keep the tricks of her mistress secret from her master. Miss Wormwood knew whom she could trust, and although I was not bribed with any of the good things, she felt convinced that I would tell no tales; and in return for this confidence, I left her to continue her mean practices unsuspected by her brother.

My master was an oddity—mean in disposition, but extravagant in temper. He would waste more words in a minute than he could save pounds in a year. As soon as he allowed his cross-grained humours to have their natural swing, I found I had "caught a Tartar," indeed. Some men lose temper on one account, and some on another, but he never kept his temper at all. If a fly fled past his nose he swore at it, if a dog barked at him he cursed it, if a man crossed him in any way he d—— him. If his tea was too hot he would not wait for it to cool, but threw it behind the fire; if it was too cold he would almost throw it into his sister's face; and if it was not ready when he wanted it, he would upset everything on the table. He neither spared age nor sex, catholic, protestant, or dissenter—he d—— everything and everybody by turns. The pit of his damnation had no bottom to it—it was never full, and the curses he uttered so intemperately worked no evil to any soul but his own.

My high spirit and careless temper were quickly subdued by his never-ending violence: my very pride increased my submission, for I was too proud even to complain; but I nursed up the angry feelings in my heart, until trifling kindness of some sort or other entirely removed them. I became a perfect drudge, and had tasks to perform that ought to have been the work of none but the lowest menial. Recreation of any sort was denied, with the exception of what I could get by reading a few volumes on natural philosophy, abstruse treatises on geology, theology, and some otherologies, which were rather beyond the comprehension of my intellect. Amongst my medical studies, I found myself bothered with questions concerning the nature of the soul, the origin of the different races of mankind, the laws of gravitation, and the nature and properties of matter, until I found out that I must either cease to believe in the divine authority of the sacred writings, or resist the

inclination I felt to think and reason for myself. As I was left without any other guide to my opinions, but the impression made upon my mind by the authors of these different works; and as they had but one and the same tendency, namely, to weaken my confidence in the testimony of the Bible, and to deny, positively, many of the most striking instances of the greatness and power of God therein related; it is not surprising that I should have thrown the holy volume aside, as a book not to be depended upon.

I had been religiously educated by my mother, and the seeds of sound moral principle had been firmly planted in my heart, therefore when I first felt the growth of irreligion in my mind, and the doubts that gradually arose in my conscience, I felt myself committing some tremendous crime; but as I became accustomed to them, I argued myself into a degree of self-satisfaction. Pleased with the idea of thinking for myself, I gave that thought the most unbounded licence, and came to the conclusion, that man is a free agent; but that there is a duty he owes to his fellow creatures, which ought to be a restraint upon his inclinations and passions. At fourteen I formed this opinion for myself, without any knowledge of Mr. Owen, or his followers.

During the three or four first years of my apprenticeship, I was a solitary being, almost constantly shut up in the surgery, with no companions, but these books which had so pernicious an effect upon my young imagination. I then emerged, in some measure, from my solitude, and formed some acquaintances not very different from myself. I felt myself increasing in years and in strength, and resolved no longer to be treated like a child. Miss Wormwood was the first to see the alteration, and openly expressed her admiration of my personal improvement, and, while she had no power to win my esteem for herself, she fed my self-love to the highest pitch of vanity. I began to think myself the hero of a modern romance, and in the mirror of self-admiration beheld myself reflected a perfect Apollo.

Amongst many little things, which had created much annoyance to me, was the reputation which Mr. Wormwood had obtained for stinginess of disposition; and many good-natured old ladies occasionally insulted me, as I thought, by asking me if he gave me enough to eat—whether I had enough or not I would not complain to the public that I was ill-fed, and that my master was stingy. I felt myself bound to maintain his credit, and replied to such questions most cavalierly; but there was another mode in which I was still more annoyed, the habit which vulgar people have of inventing nick-names, and telling ill-tempered stories. I constantly heard exclamations, such as “herring soup,” “water-gruel,” and “who had the first smell at the herring?” when I went out, and quickly found out that they were applied to me. It was long before I discovered what they meant, and, although it was excessively ridiculous, I was incensed beyond measure at the story.

As a caricature of Mr. Wormwood's economy, it was said that we dined every day upon potatoes and salt, while a dried herring

was suspended from the ceiling, with a string attached to its tail, and swung from nose to nose, that we might smell it, and fancy that we were not really dining upon potatoes alone; also, that when the herring had thus been treated all the week, that on the Sunday, as a greater treat, it was boiled in a large quantity of water, to make soup, and that this delicacy formed our Sunday dinner. Now this was the reason why I found myself addressed with questions relating to meagre fare and red-herrings.

Since I had grown very tall, and as strong as a young lion I was determined to submit no longer to such remarks, and to show the next person who had the impudence to say anything about red-herrings, that I could defend myself and my master also. The opportunity was speedily granted, for one day when I was walking past some stables, an ostler and some stable-boys commenced the usual attack, by asking me how I felt after the herring, and if the soup was very rich.

On the opposite side of the street a young fellow was walking, whom I considered a mortal enemy, his master and mine being in the same profession, and at constant enmity with each other. We had no other reason in the world for our mutual hatred, and yet it amounted to such a degree that we could have cut each other's throat with pleasure. He saw how I was annoyed, and grinned with delight; but his pleasure was converted into a species of admiration, when he saw me coolly knock the ostler down, and kick the boys out of the way. Another ostler came out of the stables, with the intention of assisting his comrade, but my supposed enemy, being fond of what he called "a lark," crossed over the street, and putting himself into a scientific attitude, attacked the second ostler, while I gave the first, who had sprung on his legs again, a respectable thrashing, amidst the pleasant exclamations of the unwashed crowd collected round us, "Huzza for the doctors!"—"Physic for ever!"

The ostlers, in their own language, "cut their sticks," because they found we were "too many for them," and the coast being clear, Mr. Furnival and I swore eternal friendship for each other, and respectfully sentenced our respective masters and their quarrels to go to the devil, and never more to disturb the amicability of a couple of "trumps" like ourselves. My new friend was an oddity, and affected particularly an odd habit of swearing by everything ridiculous.

"By the sole of my grandmother's slipper in purgatory!" was his first exclamation, "What a couple of donkeys we have been, because our old governors make asses of themselves—grinning and jabbering their contempt at each other like two foolish baboons."

I cordially agreed with him, and he started many other subjects in his own comical style, with which I agreed likewise. "By the bitters and sweets of life, gentian, quassia, manna, and orange-peel included," said he, "what a generation of vipers this is, since two persons cannot practise the same profession without growling and snarling at each other like two dogs over the same bone!"

My encounter with the ostlers came to the ears of Mr. Wormwood, and he was excessively angry with my part of the transaction; but I was a submissive boy no longer, and defended myself against him, as well as against the attendants of the stables.

"Sir," said he, "do you think it upholding the dignity of your profession to be engaged in boxing-matches, in the public street, with stable-men and horse-jockeys?"

"Yes," I replied, "if I find myself insulted by them."

"It is more manly to bear an insult with patience than fight like a blackguard about it," he continued.

"I am of a different opinion," I replied—this was the first time I had ever expressed such a difference, however I might have felt it, therefore he was duly astonished.

"Different opinion! sir," he exclaimed, "and dare you set up your opinion in opposition to mine, you impudent young scoundrel?"

"I dare, and do," I replied. He foamed at the mouth, like a wild beast, with fury; his eyes dilated, and his brow contracted with the very extremity of anger and surprise—"You—you—you impudent young rascal," he stammered, "I'll—I'll horsewhip you, by Jove."

"Do you know that you are not talking to a child?" I inquired, "Can't you see that my arm is as long and as strong as your own? and that I can horsewhip you, perhaps with more ease than you can horsewhip me?—I'll neither submit to be horsewhipped, nor allow you to talk of doing it, Mr. Wormwood."

His language in reply to this was not fit to mention, but he ran out of the room to fetch the whip, and, to make the punishment and the disgrace the greater, he insisted that his sister should come and see the operation.

I absolutely laughed at the idea of being whipped by a man not quite so tall or so strong as myself, and Miss Wormwood immediately saw how ridiculous the attempt would be.

"Charles," said she, "you are mad to think of such a thing—don't make yourself so silly."

"Ha!" he bawled out, "who taught you to be a judge?—Leave the room, or I'll horsewhip you for your insolence—you are a fair match for each other."

"I shall not leave the room, Charles," she replied, "I'll stay, to prevent mischief between you."

"Take that then," said he, cutting her with the whip; but, in a second, the instrument was wrenched from his hand, and I had possession of it, before he could repeat the blow. He snatched up one of the chairs, and dashed it at his sister, just as she contrived to escape from the room. Fortunately it missed her, and his rage and disappointment were so great, that he dashed the offending chair repeatedly upon the ground, until not a bar of it remained unbroken. He then retired to his own private sitting-room, and applied a dozen leeches to his temples, to allay the excitement he was laboring under, excusing this conduct to himself, by pretending that it was occasioned by a determination of blood to his head.

ST. JANUARIUS' TO ST. CONSTANTIUS.

ON the 1st of May we were to take possession of our house in the Island of Capri. Our place of embarkation was close to the Posilipo end of the Villa Reale. This royal villa is not a house, but a strip of gardens between the Chiaja and the sea, about three-quarters of a mile long, and eighty yards broad. Why it is called "The Villa" is a state mystery, into which it might be dangerous to inquire.

The beach was crowded with amphibious ragamuffins, who pressed inconveniently upon us to stare and beg and gabble; so we took refuge from the fleas, and the larger vermin on which the fleas fed, in our boat, which lay a few yards beyond the breaking ripples, very nearly full of chests, trunks, boxes, bird-cages, portmanteaus, bags, bookshelves, &c. though we were only waiting for the *rest* of the baggage to arrive.

A stout little marinaro, with his trousers rolled up to the uttermost limit of possibility, took me on his shoulder, and balanced me there in rigid helplessness like the upper member of the letter T, and discharged me feet foremost on to the forehead of the boat, which was painted to represent some indefinite sea-monster with huge, red-pupiled, blue-rimmed eyes, and a grinning range of yellow teeth in a crescent-shaped mouth, with bright green lips.

After an interval filled up with a sketch of Capri's bold outlines, clothed in hazy purple, which rose beyond the blue horizon, at the mouth of the bay—our effects and crew were all aboard, our cable was loosed from the shore, and the measured murmur of our oars was echoed by the rock-perched suburb as we skirted along to the point of Posilipo.

Here they hoisted the long antenna of the lateen sail, whose peak rises three times higher than the mast, pointed and flexible as a sea-bird's wing. It swelled with the fresh west wind: the boat heeled over, and began to cut her foamy way through the deep blue water.

The shining range of palaces, crowned by Sant' Elmo's rock-built fortress, slowly sank into indistinct distance, while Capri's beetling cliffs and jags and ridges, and staircase terraces of slender cultivation, grew gradually more distinct; and white specks of habitation peeped out among the climbing verdure of the steep; and lastly, the long white line of town, stretching somewhat like an old-fashioned street-built bridge, along the saddleback which unites the two loftier ends of the island, began to articulate itself in grotesque forms of semi-barbarous architecture.

The sailors, who had made a capital bargain with us, and been saved from all trouble by the fair wind, were in excellent spirits, singing snatches of songs, and strumming on the guitar, with much talk and laughter.

About three hours' sail (the distance is eighteen miles) brought us into the bay of the *Grande Marina*, beyond whose gravelly beach there is a low line of round-topped houses with disproportionately large gaping archways, like *portes cochères*. As, however, there is not an acre of level land in the place, and the roads are all staircases, these portals are not for coaches but boats. They have a windlass inside, with which, as in Horace's days, "trahunt siccas machinæ carinas."

The gravelly beach, moreover, is studded with boats shrouded with nets, and sprinkled with fishermen and fisherwomen and fisherboys, dressed in rags and tatters of all colours. Towards the point which our prow is approaching, the concourse clusters; and chiefly, there is a greater proportion of graceful sculpturesque damsels, with eager flashing eyes and raven tresses, than might have been expected to be drawn together even by a new importation of bachelors.

They press enthusiastically down the shelving marge to await our arrival, not minding when a wavelet or two break over the (sienna) marble of their naked feet. Foremost of them all is my own slender, gazelle-eyed Catarina, looking like a leanish Greek statue come to life—she to whom I lost my heart over a portrait in water-colours on my last visit, and for whom I have a rude gold ring with twin hearts upon it in my purse.

It really sounds very romantic, and no doubt would be so, if these fair and virtuous maidens had come down to the shore for *our* sakes, and not, as is the case, for the sake of our portmanteaus.

The beautiful and picturesque enthusiasm of that exceedingly spirited and classical group is awakened by the hope of each earning twopence; nay, if she be lucky enough to secure a very heavy one, perhaps fourpence, for carrying a portmanteau to our house, which dwelling is accessible by about three-quarters of a mile of staircase, and stands at the height of six or seven hundred feet above the sea.

When the boat was drawn up high and dry, there was, of course, a vehement scramble for portables, which we left the valet-courier, Herr Ross, "pietate gravem ac meritis virum," to rule and soothe.

"Iste regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet."

A long flight of sloping platforms, roughly paved, and each about nine feet square, up which we hurried in enthusiastic haste, out of breath, had brought us nearly to the town of Capri, when we turned a few steps out of our way for a drink and wash at the *Acqua Viva* fountain.

The *Acqua Viva* makes cooler still, with its dripping and its spray, a shady nook dug down into the rock at an elbow of the deep-walled lane into which we had turned aside. The "living water" gushes abundantly from a bronze pipe through a block of white marble, only seen to be so where it is worn bright and smooth by the frequent touch of hands in stopping the spout with a dab of crumpled rag.

The gushing water foams and sparkles in a horseshoe-shaped trough, garlanded with weeds, whose pretty bright green leaves tremble and flutter, clearly seen beneath the moving crystal.

Above, a little precipice of wall and plastering and rock takes a rich variety of all those streaky stains and motley patches with which damp and moss can adorn a ruinous wall in its greenly beautiful old age. So does the crumbling arch over the little shrine, not the less pious because it is homely, with a rude picture of our Lord and the woman of Samaria at the fountain, and the inscription—

“SI SCIRES DONVM DEI ET QVIS EST QVI DICIT TIBI :
DA MIHI BIBERE, TV FORSITAN PETISSES AB EO, ET DEDISSET
TIBI AQVAM VIVAM.”

The shrine was adorned with pale yellow sprigs of withered myrtle; but wall and arch alike were tufted and plumed, fringed and festooned with dangling trailers and feathery ferns and slender weedlets, emerald-leaved and vermeil-stemmed.

Much refreshed, we returned to our climb. The irregular embattled outline of the town, topped with a dome and a tower or two, now looked down upon us, near at hand, through the budding branches of orchard-trees, stretching over the white-washed wall on either side the road.

The town is not precisely walled, though it has a fortified appearance. The front line of houses standing in serried rank, loftier outside than in, being built on a steep slope, with little battlements at the top, and windowless lower down. Towards the left, it climbs upon the craggy knees of a greyheaded old promontory, and to the right the ground falls away so rapidly as to leave that end of the town loftily terraced.

From the corner of this terrace runs a ruinous line of fortification up to the remnant of what looks like one of the old Moorish castles of Andalusia.

Not far from this corner, below the castle and above the terrace, we could also see a small house with what heralds would call a battled embattled skyline, and four horse-shoe arched eyes, two in shade where the pergola was backed by buildings, and two where the gleaming brightness of the sunlit courtyard pierced through the blue-shadowed mass of whitewashed wall.

This tenement is thus singled out for particular and individual mention, not only because it is one of the most picturesque gems of the mural crown of the city of Capri, but because we held in our hand the key of it, a massive mace-like weapon of ancient fashion, which, if it had not happened to be a key, might almost have opened doors in the character of a battering-ram.

This tenement is, in fine, our home, taken by written contract for three months certain, and three more if we are so disposed. It is called Palazzo Lospizio. It was built, we understand, some centuries ago by the Theresan nuns—but we must get there to be in time to receive our luggage, which is coming up in state on twenty or thirty fair heads.

We enter the gate of the little city, at a jutting corner beneath

a belfried watchtower, by a deep-mouthed narrow Moorish archway, surmounted by the arms of Spain, and through whose dark throat we see the sunshine up in the piazza beyond. We pass beneath the groined vaults and between the stone seats of the porch.

The piazza is about thirty yards square, surrounded by low, flat-roofed houses, with arched doorways, and tunnel-like street mouths. It is divided into two levels by a broad flight of steps narrowing upwards.

At the right-hand-bottom corner of this flight is the prison, with a ragged prisoner looking out through the wooden *grille*; at the left-hand-top corner is the church, or rather, I believe, the cathedral, for Capri was once a bishopric. From the midst of the piazza you can see the tall grey crags toppling above the eaves.

Up the steps into the narrower higher end of the piazza, and we turn to the right, and get into a long covered passage skirting the edge of the city's terrace, whose darkness is crossed here and there by slanting lights. This is the Strada da Mur, which, in the Neapolitan dialect, will stand either for the street of the wall, or Love-lane.

Where the lane emerges from the arched tunnel, and skirts the terrace, uncovered, is the portal of our Palazzo. It opens on a paved little court, with a gallery built on arches round it, half-way up. Opposite the doorway are the stone steps leading up to the gallery, and a well.

The front side of the open gallery surrounding the court, is continued beneath the roof in front of the solid part of the house, which stands at one side of the hollow court, and being pierced with arches through the outer wall, makes a pleasant balcony, where, by choosing your end, you may be in sun or shade to suit the weather, and contemplate the opposite shore of the Bay of Naples from Ischia to Vesuvius.

We had not been in possession of our house ten minutes, when it was suddenly inundated by about a dozen men and thirty women, laden with every sort of luggage, subdivided as much as possible, so as to give the greatest amount of employment. Such a crash of female voices, like all the winds let loose again, that our *vir pietate gravis* had some difficulty in calming their Æolian harpings.

When everything had been delivered, and counted, and put in its place; in the interval of settling what was to be paid, wine was brought in blushing deeply through a huge green glass decanter. This infused a good deal of life into the meeting, and our landlord, who had come to see us take possession and deliver the keys, was moved to make music on the guitar; whereupon the young ladies began to dance with as much diligence as if it had been part of their day's work.

Then there was a lull in the music, and the money question arose again, each setting forth her claims more loudly and grandiloquently than her neighbours—the tumult was immense.

We said, while they all talked, nothing could possibly be settled, and with their permission we should turn them all out neck and crop, reserving only one old woman to receive the money, which she was to divide among the combatants outside of our dwelling.

Thus we settled down at our house in Capri: for, when the cabal were gone, we suddenly found ourselves at home with our heavy, silent, corded boxes, which had taken so much doing-up on the other side of the Bay, and which we almost felt afraid of setting upon to unpack.

Neither the moral nor physical nature of man will permit him to remain long in a state of inaction—we became hungry: especially myself, who had been very sick on the passage.

We unrolled the remains of our last breakfast in Naples—cold cutlets and fried soles laid in layers and wrapped in now very greasy paper: a small loaf, in which a mine had been sprung, and the cavity filled with butter; we emptied the teapot of a mass of stewed prunes, washed it, made tea, and proceeded to pic-nic in our dim little cranny of a dining-room.

Having brought out a sofa and set it in the sheltered part of our *pergola*, we lit our pipes, cigars, cigarillos, or other tobacco-like instruments, and relapsed again into contemplative life.

Meanwhile the sun began to set in gold and crimson over the purple summit of Ischia's lofty island, veiling with hazy semi-transparent splendour the shining levels far away to the westward: but this dim glory of the horizon melted towards us into the deepest blue, chequered only here and there with pointed flame-like sails.

Touched by the slanting rays, came out through filmy distance the palace ranges of Parthenope-Naples, the gay, the crowded, the beautiful, the dissolute capital of the South. Touched by those rays alike, soared on its gleaming height above the city the stern convent of Camaldoli, a little village of austere hermits, sworn to silence and solitude, who only meet to pray. Even now they are joyfully quitting their lonely cells to join their voices, weary of protracted silence, in the vesper hymn.

It is an ingenious idea to make religion our only earthly pleasure, to cut off all the rivalry of the world, to make time a blank, to smear out the bright picture of life with pitch; and to chalk in large white letters the word **HEREAFTER**, to be the only prospect.

But is piety so delicate a plant that it requires a hothouse cultivation? There are men who find it so. When we were in Naples, we rode up to the top of that high hill which overlooks almost the whole kingdom. We saw the dreary little huts, each with its scanty little garden of pot-herbs; we saw the recluses, white-robed, with long white beards, and calm pale faces, and calm dark eyes, that once, no doubt, had other light than the mild radiance of a pious hope. We saw them gathered in the house of prayer, which they have made beautiful with art and joyful with music, to contrast with the squalid silence of their homes. We

heard their deep and solemn voices mingle in the chant, and we felt convinced that by however unsound reasoning they got there, they stood on a solid stepping-stone towards heaven.

We could not tell what dire crime or calamity might have driven them from the motley dark and bright of the turbulent outward world. Perhaps, without such a refuge to a mind so constituted, suicide might have been the sole resource. Perhaps they wished for death when, some of them at an early age, they clothed themselves in white to make a brief noviciate for heaven.

The mountain air is pure, and the austere exercises will not wear to death a soul sustained against its will, even by a hope whose reversion is beyond the grave. Some of them had dwelt there for more than half a century, and were still hale and hearty at an extreme old age.

How many suns had risen on them through the steam and smoke and fire of Vesuvius! how many suns had set far out over the calm blue sea; and still their life, which rose in fire and trouble, set not in the still level life-surface they have spread around them reflecting heaven.

But the sunset fades from quiet Camaldoli and from the furrowed brow of fire-torn Vesuvius: and fades the crimson flush from the wreath of gushing vapour, which still he breathes in his unquenched old age after so many centuries of riotous living.

Another cigarette, and we will go to bed; we hermits three that have retreated from the world to a seclusion not quite so pious nor so final as Camaldoli, and who wreath our brows in vapours not quite so classic as Vesuvius. We must to bed betimes.

“What ho, sir valet! wake us with the dawn!”

Next morning we set off at half-past five o'clock to bathe at the Baths of Tiberius. Taking a little boat, we skirted a rocky shore to the north of the Grande Marina till we came to a little nook beneath the precipice where there was a narrow pebbly beach, and fantastic masses of Roman brick and cement stood boldly out of the deep water in a convenient manner for the taking of headers. We had a very clear, blue, fresh bath, and dived and swam about among the ruins among which the skimming fret of sunlight from the rippled mirror played as the working and wembling billows rose and fell. The rocks and pebbles of the shore, too, were sunny and warm to dress upon, and we rowed ourselves back to the Marina in high spirits.

Close to where we landed, in a little place that looks as if it had been intended to be the beginning of a street running inland at right angles to the single row of houses along the shore-line, but had stopped short, finding the cliff too steep and had turned off obliquely in a flight of steps: before a round-topped, deep galleried little dwelling, stood a collection of priests and priestkins robed in white, with lighted candles in their hands.

From within came the sounds of a chanted requiem, mixed with female lamentations. After a while, there was a heavy shuffling of feet, and out came white-hooded men with holes only for their eyes, bearing by the corners of his winding-sheet the corpse of an old man.

It was a very ghastly sight. The body sagged loosely in the hammock-shroud of the ancient mariner's last long sleep; he had died so lately that there had not been time for his limbs to stiffen.

His head and face were uncovered. The long grey hair streamed down on his pillow. The eyes and mouth were fallen in, so that the nose and chin seemed unnaturally prominent. The white foam stood among the grizzly stubble of his lips.

Handsome, fashionable, high-life corpses, who have passed through the tumbles and tossings of this baggage-waggon existence, like delicate porcelain ornaments carefully packed in cotton-wool, when they come to be examined on the shore of the great sea by that chieftest of all custom-house officers, Death, previous to final exportation, exhibit well-preserved features moulded in sculpturesque repose; and the bloodless hue of death really does look something like the marble to which it has been so often compared, suggesting the idea of wealth and luxury even through the chill comfort of expensive marble monuments. But a poor old worn-out broken-down body, whose face looks as if it had been used to break stones on the highways of hardship, whose skin is wrinkled, and furrowed, and tanned, and weather-beaten through a long life of exposure, even the smooth whitewashing hand of Death (for Death is of many professions) cannot make anything more of him than a pale, speckled, whity-brown crumple of parchment, distended here and there by a few hideous bony prominences.

The traces of passion and excess that flushed in the cheek and lowered in the eye of the pampered worldling (I speak after the manner of Chartist field-preachers), pass away with life. The magic charm of wealth which made his vices tolerable in life, makes his carcase decent in death. He looks respectable as he lies on his bed to listen, in a calm and gentleman-like manner, to the adieus and condolences of his friends. Condolences that, in nine cases out of ten, amount to something like this:—

“Oh, my dear fellow, I am shocked to see you looking so pale! I am very sorry you will not be able to laugh at any more jokes by the fashionable wit you used to ask to dinner for that purpose; I am sorry you will not be able to eat any more good dinners yourself, nor drive in your carriage. In fact, I am sorry you have left a deuced comfortable and respectable position here, to go the deuce knows where.”

Such is respectable death and condolence. To return to our fisherman.

Feet foremost he came down the steps from the pergola; the priests and hooded figures, and candle-bearing acolytes, had begun to move in procession, when, breaking away with a great cry, from those who would have detained her, the daughter of the old man came rushing wildly down the steps, threw herself on his breast, and clung there kissing the cold and motionless features amid the most heart-broken moans and wailings, till they tore her

away, and supported her half-senseless up into the house, and the procession moved along the shore.

This sort of scene strikes one as very shocking, because it is so contrary to our stoical English habits. With us, everything affecting, or distressing, or important, is smothered, and muffled, and boxed-up as tight as possible from the eyes and hearts of our fellow-men. Our slovenly unhandsome corpses are done up in all the hermetical respectability that the plumber and upholsterer can command.

The tears of the female relations are all respectable orthodox whimpering, pocket-handkerchief tears, fit for public inspection. I will undertake to say that all the thousands of funerals I have met in London put together, have not given me half this impression of death and bereavement.

Oh, England! England! whatever you may say or think, however much you may hug yourself in the belief that you have a vast deal of deep feeling and exalted piety (too good to be wasted on the rest of the world), and which you snug up secretly in the bottom of your breast—you are *not* a deeply feeling nor a deeply religious land—you are pre-eminently respectable and that is your eulogy.

While we avoid the errors of Catholicism, I see no reason in being so dreadfully afraid of the bewitching sorceress robed in scarlet, that we are to stop our eyes and ears to her merits, where she really has any.

The many visible signs and emblems of religion, the easy ingress of places of worship, when any desire of worship supervenes, are surely advantages, if prayer and frequent reminder of our religion be advantageous.

As to the pretence that the twopenny figures of the Virgin or the crucifixes are themselves idolatrously worshipped, I don't believe a word of it. It is my sincere impression that the cruciphobious spirit of the Church of England arises from a feeling that there is so thin a partition between themselves and Babylon, that if they draw a hair out of the mortar the whole lath-and-plaster skrene might tumble down. We avoid many things that are practised by Roman Catholics, not because we see any real disadvantage in them, but *because* they are practised by Roman Catholics.

I am all for the principal Bishop of England being at Canterbury, and not Rome, but I would glean all the useful shavings and chips which the hasty hand of Reform may have pared or broken away in scraping the paint or putty off Christianity.

It appears to me quite as unreasonable to allow an infallibility in Martin Luther and the House of Commons, who rasee'd the Church of Rome, as in the Pope and College of Cardinals, who padded and embroidered the Church of Christ. I don't want to shock anybody's feelings, but I have no respect for their prejudices.

A NIGHT WITH THE PEELERS.

"**THERE**'s a man outside wants yer honner, av ye plase," said Barney, thrusting his great shock-head in a mysterious way into the parlour, so as to reveal the whole of a clean face, two of the livery buttons on his coat, and a dirty "neckercher," the cleanliness of the first part of the revelation having been produced by an imperative order from "the mather," at dinner, a few minutes before, "to go out and make himself decent, and be d—d to him, before he waited at table."

We were all enjoying the dinner aforesaid in a snug old country house, around which the gloom of a chilly autumn evening was just settling by way of whetting our liking for the comforts within; and, with all the keen appetite of sixteen, sharpened by a day's snipe-shooting, I was doing my best to incorporate a haunch of mountain mutton, when Barney made the above announcement. The house was one of those ugly square-built old mansions one sometimes sees in out-of-the-way haunts of the kingdom of Leitrim, a portion of Her Majesty's dominions which the law and the sheriff, and that sort of thing, and those kinds of people, compel the natives to consider as the county of that name, though the world knows it was a fine independent and powerful sovereignty a great many years before the Saxons took to Christianity, and wearing small-clothes. The rest of the "we" consisted of the lord and master of the house, his wife, and their children—two stout sons and one trig, merry, bright-eyed laughing little girl. The master was an iron-visaged, wiry, and muscular man of middle age, the most daring, indefatigable, and determined of all the county magistracy: the boldest ruffian that ever swore troth to Molly Maguire had never dared to pull trigger on "bould John O'Hara," or, as he was more frequently called, "The Minor." He had been a ward in chancery; and, as the Irish are fond of adhering to the practices of their ancestors, the peasantry insisted on calling him by the appellation which they had heard given to him by their fathers, and thus, from Carrick to Mohill my cousin was known as "Minor John," or "Minor O'Hara." During the day he had been greatly perturbed, for so calm a man, and, as he was coming in to dinner, I had heard him order a new shoe for the off-hind hoof of his favourite old horse "Shan Bhuid." "To-morrow, yer honour?" asked the groom. "No!—at once; take him down to the forge, and have him back in the stable before seven, saddled and bridled."

Just before the introduction of Barney's head, I had also heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs along the back avenue, though no one else had taken any notice of it; but, when the announcement was made, we all paused, and looked round to the face at the door,

whereon was legibly imprinted mystery, and some degree of alarm. "Who is it wants me?" asked the Minor. "It's a man, your honour," was the reply. "Well, I know, but what man, you ass?" "Sorra one of me knows—but—but—shure he's one of the dhragoon polis, yer honour." (This *par parenthèse* is the name given by the people to the horse, or mounted police). "Well, show him in, there's no one here will mind."

In a minute after, the door opened again, and in walked one of that admirable force, whose discipline, courage, subordination, and sobriety are standing refutations of all the libels against the Irish race, a tall, fine young fellow, of about six feet in height, slightly built, but full of sinew, with broad shoulders, swelling chest, and small waist, tightened in by a polished leathern belt. As he stood before us, dressed in a neat, well-fitting uniform of dark green, with his shako in his hand, held by the brass scales, and a long sabre in a bright steel scabbard by his side, he was almost the *beau idéal* of what a cavalry soldier ought to be. He had a letter in one hand, and having cast a glance round the room, and made a military salute, he stood without saying a word, but we all knew that he was the bearer of some important tidings. "Well, and what do you want with me?" asked the Minor. "I have come over from Mohill with dispatches for you, sir, from the county inspector. I am to give them into your honour's own hand, by yourself," (*i. e.* alone) added he, when Mr. O'Hara stretched out his hand for them. The Minor at once rose and left the room, followed by the constable. In a few minutes he returned with the quiet remark of "I thought I would be in for it to-night," and sat down to finish his dinner.

"For God's sake, what is it, John?" asked Mrs. O'Hara; "any fresh outrage? What on earth are you obliged to go out for to-night?"

"Hush, my dear, it's no great matter."

Now, if it was no great matter, that, of course, was a sufficient reason why Mrs. O'Hara should know all about it, for why should a husband conceal trifles from his wife? and so, ere he had finished his first tumbler of whiskey and water, the Minor was driven to the wall, and compelled to confess, "Well, my dear, the fact is, Clune is hiding in my district. I got information to that effect to-day, and the inspector has sent over for my warrant on fresh information of his own, and so we are going to make a regular sweep of the three parishes to-night. There will be thirty men at the back of the house by eight o'clock."

Now this Clune, aforesaid, was the perpetrator of a most cold-blooded murder about three months before, in the middle of the noon-day. He had stepped out on the road-side, from behind a hedge, and shot the agent of one of the best landlords in the county, and, as yet, all the rewards of Government, and the exertions of the police, had failed to find him. The rumours, which always pervade the country on such occasions, and render you painfully conscious that the murderer is *en rapport* with the people, had it that he was well armed, and that he had sworn he

would have the life of any "peeler" or magistrate who might attempt to arrest him, ere he danced on nothing from Carrick drop.

For the same reason it was necessary to observe strict secrecy with regard to the intended search, lest the lurking assassin, who was supposed to be hiding in the corn-fields all day and to shelter in the hamlets at night, should receive information and evade the police; and orders were given that no one should be allowed to leave the house or farm-yard till after nine o'clock, on any pretence whatever. I was soon in a state of intense excitement, and resolved to join in the nocturnal excursion through the parish of Drumthis, Drumthat, and Drumtother. (Drum means a hill, and as Leitrim is mountainous, every district has a drum of its own.) "I should like to go—oh! *how* I should like to go with you to-night, John," was met, however, by a puff of tobacco-smoke and a grunt of a very unfavourable character. "Amn't I to go, please?" was followed by, "What the deuce do you wish to get into the bogs for again? I should have thought you had enough of them his day's tramp." These discouragements were greatly approved of by Mrs. O'Hara, who was but too well accustomed to the strolls in the dark which her husband was obliged to take after Molly Maguire, and was always much agitated on such occasions about the condition of his mufflers, strong shoes, gaiters, and overalls. She had great objections to the spirit of juvenile enterprise, as her experience convinced her it generally ended in violent contusions and inflammatory colds; and more especially obstinate was she on this occasion, because she had observed the struggling desires of her eldest son "to go out with cousin Corny after Clune," which were expressed as a running treble of "And me too, please, sir," to the various appeals I was making to his governor. Perseverance is a wonderful quality after all; and so, as the governor's tobacco drew to a close of ash and puff, he relented in my favour. "By Jove, Clune will shoot you—so it's a good way of getting rid of you. Put on the strongest brogues and oldest terminations you've got. Mind, though, once you come out, you must go on, come what may, till we do our business." I was in ecstasy; but my youthful relative was at once captured by his mother, and carried up to his room, where he amused himself bullying his brother and the nurses all night, as some amends for his father's cruelty, while I retired to rig myself, as per order, for the march.

The evening had closed in drearily, the wind howled through the fir-trees round the house, and shook their branches with fitful violence from time to time, the passing showers of heavy rain pattered against the windows, and the sun had gone to bed in a great black cloud, which soon rolled over the sky and settled down gradually on hill-side and meadow in drifting fog. The inspector and sub-inspector had arrived shortly before night-fall, and were sitting by the fireside with the Minor in the enjoyment of a glass of whiskey-punch, and in the hope of "getting the fellow this time for certain," when I entered the parlour. They

received me gruffly enough on being told I was to accompany them. The first, an old cavalry officer, who had served through the Peninsula, and was as cross as he was brave and resolute, grumbled out, "You'll be sorry enough you come out with us before the night's over, I'll be bound, my lad!" And his subaltern seemed to think it a very appropriate and veracious enunciation. However, I was too busy in glancing at their steel scabbards, brass spurs, and smart uniforms, to think much of their minacious expressions, and so I sat eagerly listening to all their plans, till the Minor looked at his watch, and said, "Now, captain, it's time to be moving." And in a moment the steel scabbards went clattering through the hall towards the stables. As the good matron of the house, with anxious face, saw us out into the darkness with many a muttered, but greatly disregarded injunction to the Minor to take care of himself, and with some more general advice to myself to "avoid the bog-holes, and keep well among the men," a blast of wind blew out her candle, but not till I had seen the dark figures of the police drawn up under shelter of the stable-wall. In five minutes more, after some orders had been given, in a low tone, to the sombre militia of justice, whose bayonets and cap-scales glistened now and then through the gloom, we moved down the back avenue to the gate which led to the mountain road, which again conducted us to the disused route of the royal mails in times gone by. Here the small detachment was divided—one body of twelve men under the sub-inspector being sent to make a sweep to the east over a bog and several town-lands, and then to march to a rendezvous where they were to meet their comrades under the command of the inspector, Mr. O'Hara, and—myself—at five in the morning—"The stone cross at Drumboffin." Wheeling rapidly round they crossed the road, and were soon lost in the darkness. For a quarter of an hour our division trudged on along the road in silence. The captain, O'Hara and myself in the rear, and the men marching four deep, and spreading their front right across the whole of the way, with the head constables (or sergeants) on the alert in advance. It was wet and cold for the time of year, but the moon began to show dimly now and then through the clouds. All at once we turned from the road down a boreen or narrow path which soon led us out on what I had no great difficulty in at once discovering to be a very moist bog. The men halted. "Now, my lads, we'll search Lisnakeen first. Constable Brady, will you move down rapidly towards the lake and spread your men between Mr. O'Byrne's two drainage ditches. Don't let a soul pass. Keep your firelocks dry. Challenge and arrest any one you see, and give chase to any one who runs, but don't fire if you can help it. You stick close to me, my boy (this to myself), and walk in my footsteps, or you may go farther and fare worse. Cassidy, you can see like an owl, so just lead the way, will you?" Soon we were squashing warily through the morass. It was not pitch dark, but the little light in the sky only made the surface more deceitful and dangerous. The quagmires

and sloughs became nice green oases, dykes looked like ditches, and ditches became practicable walls. Every now and then a splash, a smothered curse, and a laugh, told that a policeman was "in," but the march of our little party was not delayed. The snipe rose up almost from under our feet with a startled chirp, plovers squeaked out in alarm as we broke through their sleeping tanks, or the wild duck and widgeon flapped through the rushes and hurtled past in the air close by us, but other sound there was none, except the constant splash-whish-flop of a policeman. "Who 's that 'in' now?" "Corigan, yer honner, over head and heels. We pu'd him out be the boot."—"Look before you leap, my lads, and don't be making all this noise. Wet as it is, our man may be 'lying out.'" We were scrambling along in this way when I saw a dark form moving across the bog on my left. "Captain Walsh, do you see that?" Pointing with my finger to the spot. "No! What is it? Where? Cassidy, look to the left. This sharp-eyed youngster sees something across there." Cassidy paused for one instant, and the next he was running through the rushes. We all listened intently, and two or three more of the police slipped off in the same direction. At last we heard, amid the heavy thuds and splashes of feet, a quick "Halt! or ye 're a dead man." The running ceased, and we quickly moved on to the place where we had heard the gruff command. Cassidy and another constable had a grip of a gaunt, wild-looking countryman, without shoes or stockings, and covered up to the waist with bog-stuff, whose short, quick breathing told he had run a smart race, somewhat longer than that we had just heard. The light from a bull's-eye dark lantern, in the Minor's hand, threw on him a bright halo from the knees up to the shock head, and flashed on the accoutrements of his captors. "Well, my boy, and who are you?" asked the inspector. "Sure, yer honner, I'm from Drumhanagher."—"What 's your name?"—"Phelim Foley, yer honner; son of the widdow Foley on Mr. O'Brien's of Drumhanagher."—"And what brings you out at this time of night?" "Begorra, then, if yer honner must know, I was courtin' a girl at Luskeen, and was takin' a short cut across the bog, when I seen you, and thought you were 'the boys' that was out, and run for me life, so I did." Mr. Cassidy chuckled, grimly, "Bedad and it 's little you know of yer goggraphy if you took this road for a short cut from Luskeen," said he. "I was just thinking so," observed the Minor, coolly; "besides, I think, Mr. Phelim Foley, you forget your baptismal name, for you once made your bow to me at Mohill sessions as James Heffernan, and so we'll just take you along with us that you may recover your memory, and send you to Drumkeerin, for fear you'd go astray across the bog." The unfortunate lover looked very unhappy as the handcuffs were adjusted to his wrists, and he was marched back between two constables to take the road to the Stone Cross of Drumkeerin.

As we continued our march, the Captain grunted out—"I say, O'Hara, it's as well we took the youngster, after all; that lad was

out after some mischief; we met him to-night at Donnellan's Bridge, as we were marching in to you from Mohill, and I'm certain he was off to give warning of our coming." "Yes; I think we have Clune inside the draw of our net this time," answered the Minor. "Silence there in front! here we are just at the first townland." As he spoke I observed a few hovels rising up like mounds of earth against the horizon, which the increasing moonlight had rendered more clearly visible. The police extended right and left, just like light infantry in loose skirmishing order, and enclosed the whole group of huts, not so silently, however, but that we were challenged by a host of cur dogs that yelped most furiously in all directions. At the door of the first tenement the captain, the Minor, the "youngster," and Cassidy halted, while a constable crept to the rear of it. The Minor's boot and stick at once thundered against the door again and again, but not a sound was heard inside except the barks of the angry cur.

"Here! burst in the door, my men," said the captain.

"Oh! don't, don't, alanna!" screamed a voice inside. "Oh! boys, what do yees want?"

"Open the door, in the Queen's name!" roared O'Hara, at the same time setting his foot against it, and sending it clattering into the middle of the house, while the light of the uncovered lantern danced quickly over the interior. It was a strange sight enough. The whole habitation consisted of two rooms, formed by a wall of wattles running transversely across the cabin, with a hole for a door-way. In one compartment lay a cow before the turf embers on the hearth, with several fowls perched on her back, perking out at us with their bright unmeaning eyes. A pig, with a litter of young ones, was standing on the defensive in one corner, and in the centre of the other "room" was a heap of straw, in which two men and a woman were lying "heads and tails," the rest of the poultry tribe being perched over their heads on the blackened slimy rafters. An old crone, with eyes all bleared from the turf-smoke, and an apology for raiment which could not have been received in any polished community as at all satisfactory, crouched down on the mud floor and uttered a moaning sort of cry, while she clasped her hands and moved from side to side, as if overwhelmed by some great calamity. The cocks and hens clucked, the pig grunted, its young ones squeaked, and the cur growled malignantly from under the "settee," so that the general effect of the chorus was by no means harmonious. The two men had got up from their straw litter, taking great pains not to disturb the woman who had covered her face up in the materials of her couch, and they now stood with folded arms looking with an air of mingled submission and defiance at the police.

"I'm sorry to knock you up this way, Phelim," said the Minor, "but we hear Clune's hiding somewhere about, and perhaps he might be here without your knowing it."

The elder of the men replied with a grim smile, "Oh! don't mintion it, yer honner! Sure we're used to this, God help us

(bitterly). There's always some raysen or other to batter down our ould hall-dures about our heads."

"Who's the girl in the bed there, Phelim?" said the Minor, quietly moving over towards the straw, and playing the light of the lantern across it.

"It's my wife, Minor," returned the other, a quick angry glance darting from his eyes, while the younger man—a lad of seventeen or eighteen—made an involuntary gesture to seize the lantern.

Apparently the Minor saw enough to satisfy him the object in the bed was not what he sought, for, turning away, he looked about the cabin to ascertain what progress the men were making in their search. Some were up on the rafters, among the cocks and hens, thrusting their bayonets into the thatch and scrutinising every chink; others were peering into old cupboards, examining the wheat and oat-bins and the potato-sacks, and putting every soft place to the ordeal of steel, but no Clune was to be found, and Phelim and his son grinned with visible delight when the Minor gave the order to march.

A similar scene had been enacted at the various other cabins of the hamlet, and when we got out we saw the lights of the lanterns fitting about the hedgerows and cabbage-gardens which marked the spots rescued from the bog as appanages to those miserable huts. Every cabin had been thoroughly searched; the stunted alders and blackthorn hedges bayoneted through and through, and still no sign of Clune. The men had all assembled in two lines—one in front and the other in the rear of the hovels, spread out so as to outflank the whole of the wretched village, and waiting the word to re-form and march. All the lanterns were turned off, and we were just about to move, when the Minor, who was evidently much disappointed, exclaimed—

"Walsh—it's d—d suspicious! I could almost swear those two fellows were not asleep to-night by the look of their eyes. Here, give me a lantern, and one or two of you come in for a last look." So saying, he stepped over the mud-wall of the potato-garden, and peered closely down on the ground for footmarks in the soft earth, but could make out none but those of the police. Then he looked into all the bushes round the enclosure, looked into the ditch to see if the water had been recently disturbed, and at last abruptly shutting the slide of the lantern, jerked out a strong ejaculation. "Not here, at all events. Captain Walsh, let us get on as quickly and as quietly as we can."

The little army commenced to beat across the bog again, each man leaping deftly from one chump of reeds and rushes to the other, or squashing into a hole and scrambling out amid the ill-suppressed laughter of his comrades. The difficulties in our way were much increased by an abortive attempt at drainage, commenced by a Tory and, of course, abandoned by a Whig Government, the only traces of which were deep and almost canal-like dykes, with high banks fringed here and there with elder and sallows, so that at times one could not see where to leap, and great delay was occasioned in our march. For upwards of an hour our force moved on, sweeping

the whole bog from the lake which bounded it on one side, to the river by the high road on the other; and searching one or two isolated huts on our way, without success.

I was cold, wet, and weary. The novelty of the adventure had worn off, and my thoughts often wandered back to the blankets and my cosy little bed at home, or were engaged in some present arguments as to the folly of their proprietor, and in downright ill-humour at the jokes of my cousin, and his sly inquiries—"Isn't this great fun, my boy, eh?"

I had pulled out, and got a little way in advance of the line and on its left flank, when, as I strained my eyes in the direction of the next hamlet, to which we were approaching, I thought I saw a greyish object moving rapidly before me. At first I thought it might be a heron coming out to feed in the increasing moonlight, but the motion was too steady, and the thing itself too large, and so pulling the man nearest to me by the sleeve, I pointed it out, and told him to look. He stopped and took a steady glance. "Sorra a one of me sees anything." "Where's Cassidy? Constable Brennan, just see if you can make out anything right in our front there."

The halt had attracted the notice of the Minor and Captain Walsh, and they were soon on the spot and eagerly scanning the sombre expanse of rushes, heather, and dark sky before them.

"By Jove! he has the best eyes of us all, if he saw anything. I can't make out anything. Are you sure you saw it move?"

"Certain, sir, but it's gone now."

Captain Walsh threw himself on his face, and listened attentively, with his ear close to the ground.

"Do you hear anything, captain?"

"I'm almost certain when I first listened the bog shook as if some one was running across it, a long way in front, but now I can't hear anything; indeed, it might have been one of the men moving about."

"Let's move on at once. It will do the men no harm to give them a run to keep the cold out of their bones, and perhaps we may pick up a scout who is hiding in the rushes."

In another minute the bog was shaking under the tramp of the men as they broke into a double quick run towards the hamlet. Unencumbered by musket, sword, or cartouch box, I pushed on briskly ahead, till I came to the bank of a huge drain. In vain I tried to descry a safe landing place in the bushes on the opposite side. Walsh, a huge heavy man, paused in dismay as he heard the gurgling of the dark stream of bog-water down below.

"Phew! here's a rasper," quoth he.

"Give me your hand, captain, and I'll feel for the bank," said I, and stretching out my foot as far as I could, it lighted on a firm substance not very far distant, which I took for the opposite side of the dyke. "Pooh! it's not a yard across; follow me." I leaped out, came on the barrel or stump of a piece of bog oak which broke beneath my weight, and in an instant I was battling with bog stuff and water beneath the weight of Walsh, who had only too faith-

fully followed my advice. All bewildered and choking, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth filled with black mud and decayed vegetable matter, I felt myself beaten down to the bottom, and gave myself up for lost; but a strong hand was thrust into my collar, and in another instant I was pulled up the bank, with the light of twenty lanterns all flashing on me, as the men ran up to each side to see the fun, and half deafened as I was by the roar of waters in my ears, I could hear the smothered laughter which the appearance of Walsh and myself created.

"Wisp down these two gentlemen, some of you," said the Minor, "and take care how you go over the dykes, or one of you will be putting his bayonet through a comrade. Walsh, I'll push on, and you and—your guide—can follow when you're clean and comfortable."

That would have been a very long time, indeed, and so, very crest-fallen, I got under weigh, and with my clothes heavy as lead, and the water spurting out at every step, proceeded by the side of the dripping captain, whose only regret seemed to be that he had wet his pistols. I could not but help thinking of the grey body I had seen so distinctly before my disaster, but I felt I had lost *caste* by my mishap, and did not venture to make any allusion to it. How my heart beat with a sort of triumph and hope, as a bright flash illuminated the way in front of us, and the silence was broken by the heavy report of a police carbine.

"They have him!" shouted the captain, dashing forward. "A hundred pounds if we take him alive!"

Bang! bang! bang! Three distinct reports of the singing of the balls as they fly through the night air; shouts of "Stand! or you're dead!"—"Surrender! or we fire!" rising up through the calmness of the night, in that solitary place. How I pant and strain, proud that I was the first to see him, and rush into the group of men in front, just assembled round some lifeless object, and how my senses are startled when a roar of laughter rings through their ranks!

"Be the mortal-frost, captain, Dempsey's shot ould Molloy's grey pony. Oh, murder! we'll be the laugh of the whole country! What the devil bewitched the ould baste to run away in that fashion from us!"

The Minor and the captain had at first joined in the laugh, but now they looked grave and serious, and an angry "Silence! there," quieted the men who were joking and jeering the quick-sighted rifle-man, who had dealt so hardly with the poor quadruped.

"Walsh, this is most unlucky. I'm always against the men firing, and now we've woke up the whole townland, and to-morrow—'pon my oath we'll be all laughed out of the place—to shoot Molloy's garron of a pony! He 'll petition the Lord Lieutenant, and the parish priest will back him, and get a motion made in the House about it. D—n the thing!" And the Minor groaned savagely. The old campaigner took the matter more quietly. "Molloy had better be quiet," said he. "I know a thing or two which will make that advisable; and, as for the laughing, why if

we get Clune, the laugh will be on our side. In order, there! Reload on the left! Don't fire again without word of command! Close up in rear! March!" A few minutes, and we were close to the next hamlet, which we surrounded and searched as we had done the first. All the people feigned sleep, though we heard their smothered voices outside. The firing had evidently woke them up, but we could find no trace of Clune. Ditches, gardens, miserable hayricks were pricked and searched in vain; potato-sacks were bayoneted; bags of feathers ripped up and scattered about; thatch, roof, cupboard, and bed, thoroughly examined, but in vain.

After a council of war, which occupied just one minute, it was resolved that we should march—still across the bog—to Drumkeerin, effect a junction with Crofton, and then make a last sweep through the remaining townland—a weary, weary, march. Cold, wet, hungry, and tired, with nothing to cheer me, save a pipe, which a constable kindly offered, and the first "blast" of which made me sick, and a drop of bitter, bad whiskey, I trudged through it all in intense disgust. But time and perseverance will get one over even an Irish bog, and my ears were gladdened at last by the announcement that we were close upon the Cross, and that Captain Crofton's men were close to us in advance of our front.

"Confound me if they've got him, Walsh, after all!" exclaimed the Minor.

"You don't mean to say, Mr. O'Hara, that you've missed your man?" shouted Crofton, as he drew near. "We heard firing and supposed Clune was at bay. What were the shots we heard?"

"Oh! some of the men fired at an object in the dark, and it turned out to be nothing after all." The men tittered. "At least, only an old pony that had got out on the bog," added the Minor, with evident annoyance.

"It was good practice for the men, at all events," said Walsh. "Let us halt at the cross, and rest the men before we take our last cast homewards."

The Cross of Drumkeerin consisted of a huge stone shaft, about ten feet high, with a long slab placed across it, and a short, up-right block to complete the cross. It stood on a small elevation of rock, covered with thick moss, which afforded a dry resting-place, and around it some blocks of granite pierced the soil, and gave additional accommodation to the weary traveller. All around for miles lay a wide expanse of bog marshland, and heath-covered wastes as level and flat as the palm of one's hand, so that a person standing at the foot of the cross commanded the view in every direction. The men sat down in various directions, lighted their pipes, examined the state of their arms and pouches, or wrung their wet clothes, and now and then peered into the dark to get a glimpse of their two comrades and the prisoner, who were momentarily expected, while the magistrate and the two police officers sat apart, conversing over the plan of the forthcoming operation, in which I did not find anything to interest me;

I therefore went close up, to the foot of the cross, and amused myself by trying to make out the forms of the rude hieroglyphs carved on its base. My eye wandered upwards. Was I again deceived? I looked, but could scarcely believe my senses. Projecting over the edge of the transverse arm of the cross lay something, the outline of which I could mark distinctly against the sky, which was gradually lightening up with the approaching day. To my eyes it appeared like the outline of an arm and leg. I rubbed my eyes. Was I dreaming? No! Surely and palpably there the object was, lying flat on the arm of the cross, at full length, as if a man were stretched out on his face. I was too much astonished, and, at the same time, too much afraid of a second *fracas* to shout out, but looked down towards the men in order to see if I could make them understand that I wished them to come to me. No one regarded me, however, so I slowly drew back, with my eyes riveted on the spot. There could be no doubt now. As I retreated backwards, I distinctly saw a white face slowly project itself over the ledge, and I knew that a human being was gazing down on me. Instinctively I felt it was Clune the murderer, and, losing all control over myself, I burst upon the Minor and the officers with a yell of "Look! look! look! there's a man on the top of the Cross!" As I uttered it, my foot slipped, and I went rolling down the mound just as a bullet whistled past in the space my head would have occupied, and struck Captain Walsh's arm. The desperate ruffian, at one bound, leaped from the cross to the ground, dashed aside a bayonet-thrust with his left hand, and, with the other, discharged his second barrel at Mr. Crofton, and, sending a ball through his shoulder, struck out right and left, freeing himself from the startled men, who scarcely comprehended the scene, rushed out upon the bog with the strength and speed of a race-horse; but strong limbs and untiring lungs were after him.

"Damn the villain!" snarled the Minor, between his teeth. "He nearly did for the lad and you, Crofton; but we'll have him at last. Hark! there's more of their confounded firing."

And so, indeed, there was. The flashes here and there lighted up the figures of the police as they dropped on one knee to steady their aim.

"Oh! by Jove, the idiots will lose him again if they stop to throw away powder on him! Hurry on, Walsh! hurry on, for God's sake! Don't mind the arm yet! Run! run!"

Three more flashes on the distant marsh—a faint report followed by two nearly simultaneous—and presently a shout and a cheer!

"Bravo! bravo!" puffed out the Captain. "Mr. Clune has run his last race."

In a few minutes more we came up with the men, and breaking through the circle I found myself face to face with Clune. He was a man of middle size, but admirably formed—his features good—large expressive mouth, oval face, nose long and well-defined—but his eyes!—cold, grey, and glittering—with a huge

black pupil,—I never before or since saw anything in a human being's head so like the eyes of a wild beast. He was handcuffed already, and the attitude in which he stood showed the enormous development of his muscles. A stream of blood was flowing down his left leg, but though not able to rest upon it from the pain, he was busy launching out the most terrible imprecations on all around, and seemed regardless of his awful condition.

The Minor was quite right. Clune was running slick away from the men who stopped to fire at him, when, in an evil hour for himself, he nearly ran into the arms of the constables, who were coming over with their prisoner to the rendezvous, and had quickened their pace on hearing the shots. Taking out his remaining pistol, he fired at the first man and missed—the second barrel did not go off, but he broke away from them, and was making off like a deer, when one of the constables, taking a steady aim, shot him through the calf of the leg, and he fell to the ground foaming with rage.

"Clune," said the Minor, "you lost your last chance by firing on the police. You'll be hung, as sure as I live."

"O'Hara; I'd die happy only for the thought that I spared your life and that of your cursed spy here three times this blessed night," was the reply.

My story is now soon told. It appeared that Clune was in the very first house we searched, but that warned of our approach he was on the alert, and got out into the garden ere the police surrounded the house.

When the Minor walked along the hedge, Clune was hiding in a thick bush, and "the muzzle of my pistol was within a foot of your head," said he, "but I spared your life, though I felt you'd run me down at last."

Uncertain as to the movements of the police, he had started across the country for the very place where we had made our rendezvous—a favourite resort of his, as he could get a good view from it—when we came across him at the big dyke, into which I fell. He had concealed himself here by plunging in and holding on by the side, so that his head only was above water, with one pistol in his mouth and the other in his hand; and the Minor, lantern and all, had almost stepped over his head. Clune thought he was observed, and had tightened his finger on the trigger, when O'Hara turned away, and thus saved his life.

He then made for the cross; by the exercise of great activity had got into his usual place upon it, and lay down to watch, when he heard the approach of our men and the well-known accents of the Minor close to him. He soon discovered they were not aware of his whereabouts, and his heart beat high with hope, when my wandering eye detected the outline of his figure, which he could not compress sufficiently not to overlap the ledge of the cross, and his fate was sealed.

He was hanged at Carrick within a month; and I made a vow I would never again, if I could help it, spend a night with the Irish Police.

AN ELIZABETHAN PEPYS.

ROBERT CARY, Earl of Monmouth, seems in many respects to have been the prototype of the celebrated Pepys. His lordship's autobiography lacks the quaintness of Lord Braybrooke's hero, and certainly Cary's tastes were not so general as those of Pepys, who in addition to a rigid eye to his own interests found leisure to cultivate the pleasures of the drama, to frequent balls, and to keep company with the fashionable and the gay; but still there are so many points of resemblance that the admirers of Pepys will find much in Cary that is calculated to throw amusing light on the history of the times. His career is that of a pure unmitigated time-server, one determined to achieve court preferment at whatever cost of dignity or self-respect—promotion being the pole-star of his life, and self-aggrandizement his only glory. He makes no secret as to the idols whom he served, or as to the degradation which their worship involved, nor does he seek to assume the office of historian in the larger sense of the term, but his position is such that he cannot tell his own story without furnishing numerous incidental illustrations of the characters of his regal contemporaries, and as incidental information of this kind is always more truthful (because more unguarded) than direct narrative, Lord Monmouth's contributions to historical literature are of no mean value.

Cary's Memoirs were first published from the original MS. by his descendant, the Earl of Cork and Orrery, who with rather questionable taste, modernised both style and orthography. After being for a long time scarce, an edition, containing many valuable notes, was published in Edinburgh forty-five years ago, since which time, the work has not been much known, except among antiquaries.

Cary was the son of Sir Robert Cary, afterwards Lord Hunsdon, who held office in the Court of Elizabeth, so that in respect of Court life, our author was literally "to the matter born." At the outset of his career, he endeavoured to attract the attention of the virgin queen by his style of living. "I lived in Court," says he, "had small means of my friends, yet God so blessed me that I was ever able to keep company with the best. In all triumphs, I was one; either at tilt, tourney, or barriers; in masque or balls. I kept men and horses far above my rank, and so continued a long time." It does not appear that Cary had, like Pepys, any innate love of pleasure, and accordingly, he did not maintain similar style when he came to obtain office. At the beginning he simply affected splendour as part of his stock-in-trade. His bidding for employment was not unobserved, and his first royal commission was a message to King James, relative to the infamous execution of his mother, the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots.

"Few or none in the Court being willing to undertake that journey, her majesty sent me to the King of Scots to make known her innocence (?) of her sister's death, with letters of credence from herself, to assure all that I should affirm." The mission was one of extreme danger, as the Scotch were incensed at the murder of their queen, and would not have hesitated to exercise lynch-law on the London emissary; and James, who already was aspiring to Elizabeth's sceptre, dissembled, so as to make his subjects believe that he was also sharing in the national grief at the consummation of the sad tragedy. He loudly threatened revenge on Elizabeth; and simple Archbishop Spottiswoode has it, that "Solomon" denied audience to Cary, refused his letters, and that they reached the Council only in consequence of two officials having unauthorisedly received them. The truth is, that James sent two of his household to Berwick, with a civil message to Cary, that his life would be in danger if he came to Edinburgh, and that he should deliver his dispatches to the two messengers. Cary, who had verbal communications to make, wrote to the queen for instructions, and she authorised him to comply with the king's proposal.

After some services on the Continent, and on the Scotch border, Cary married, and so jeopardised his popularity with Elizabeth, who invariably "took the pet," when any one of her *attachés* assumed the fetters of wedlock. "I married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Hugh Trevannion, a gentlewoman more for her worth than her wealth; for her estate was but five hundred pounds a-year jointure, and she had between five and six hundred pounds in her purse. Neither did she marry me for any great wealth; for I had in all the world but one hundred pounds a-year pension out of the exchequer, and that was but during pleasure, and I was near a thousand pounds in debt; besides the queen was mightily offended with me for marrying, and most of my best friends; only my father was no ways displeased at it, which gave me great content." Mrs. Cary, however deficient in dowry, had, like her lord, a sharp instinct toward the main chance, and it was doubtless this identity of disposition that formed the basis of their attachment. The wedding being over, Cary was anxious for a renewal of the royal favour, but this was a matter of great difficulty, as it was not easy for Queen Bess to overlook the peculiar offence of which the culprit had been guilty. Cary made the attempt. He left Carlisle, where he had been residing with his wife, in order to attend to some law business in London. The time was auspicious, for it was the anniversary of the coronation, and the fetes were to be of unwonted splendour. "I prepared a present for her majesty," says our hero, "which, with my caparisons, cost me above four hundred pounds. I came into the triumph (one of the fetes) unknown of any. I was the forsaken knight, that had vowed solitariness, but hearing of this great triumph, thought to honour my mistress with my best service, and then to return to my wonted mourning. The triumph ended, and all things well passed over to the queen's liking. I then made myself known in court; and for the time

I stayed there, was daily conversant with my old companions and friends; but it so fell out that I made no long stay." Elizabeth was aware of his presence, and as her resentment had not had time to subside, she took means to get rid of him, and the service on which he was ordered off was significant of the temper of the royal mind. Cary's brother was marshal of Berwick, and King James had desired an interview with him, at the boundary road between the two kingdoms, in order to send a communication to his sister of England. It would have been no great matter for the Berwick functionary to have stepped to the Scotch border, but simple as it was, he dared not do it, without the express sanction of his sovereign. "My brother," says the exile, "sent notice to my father, of the king's desire. My father showed the letter to the queen. She was not willing that my brother should stir out of Berwick; but knowing, *though she would not know*, that I was in court, she said, 'I hear your fine son that has lately married so worthily, is hereabouts; send him, if you will, to know the king's pleasure.' My father answered 'he knew I would be glad to obey her commands.' But Elizabeth was not to be so caught: 'No,' said she, 'do *you* bid him go, for I have nothing to do with him.'"

Thus, then, John Cary, who might have crossed the street in order to meet the Scotch monarch, was ordered to remain at home, while Robert, who was upwards of three hundred miles from the scene of action, had to do duty in his stead. Most men would have revolted from a mistress so capricious; but the supple Robert bent like a twig before the storm, and in due season was raised again. It is not stated on what business he was sent to James; but he went to the Border and met him according to arrangement; and returned again with all possible despatch to Hampton Court. Elizabeth refused to see him; but as he firmly persisted in delivering his message and letters to none but the Queen in person, her Majesty was reluctantly obliged to grant him an audience.

"With much ado I was called for in; and I was left alone with her. Our first encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with silence. After she had spoken her pleasure, of me and my wife, I told her that she herself was the fault of my marriage, and that if she had but graced me with the least of her favours, I had never left her, nor her court, and seeing she was the chief cause of my misfortune, I would never off my knees till I had kissed her hand and obtained my pardon. She was not displeased with my excuse; and so having her princely word that she had pardoned and forgotten all my faults, I kissed her hand and came forth to the presence, and was in the court as I ever was before. Thus God did for me to bring me in favour with my sovereign; for if this occasion had been slipped, it may be I should never, never have seen her face more."

Cary returned to the north, and acted as his father's substitute as warden of the Eastern March, and performed great feats in capturing and slaying Scotch robbers. His father died, and he was allowed to succeed him, but unfortunately without any salary being

allowed him, "until the Queen's pleasure should be known;" and as by this time he had two children, he did not at all relish the terms on which he held office. "I continued so about a twelvemonth, and lived at my own charge, which impaired my poor estate very much." All application to head quarters were unattended to, and in despair Cary boldly determined to quit his post without leave, and confront the Queen in person. Mr. Secretary Cecil, and his own brother, who was Chamberlain, gave him the cold shoulder, and would have nothing to do with him; but "it pleased God to send Mr. William Killigrew, one of the privy chamber, to pass by where I was walking, who saluted me very kindly, and bade me welcome. I answered him very kindly, and he perceiving me very sad and something troubled, asked me why I was so. I told him the reason." Killigrew promised to plead his cause, and he evinced considerable dexterity in his management of Elizabeth.

"Away went Killigrew, and I stayed for his return. He told the Queen that she was more beholden to one man than to many others that made greater show of their love and service. She was desirous to know who it was. He told her it was myself, who not having seen her for a twelvemonth and more, could no longer endure to be deprived of so great a happiness; but took post with all speed to come up to see your Majesty, and to kiss your hand, and so to return instantly again. She presently sent him back for me, and received me with more grace and favour than ever she had done before; and after I had been with her a pretty while, she was called for to go to her sports. She arose, I took her by the arm and led her to her standing. My brother, and Mr. Secretary, seeing this thought it more than a miracle. She continued her favour to me the time I stayed, which was not long; for she took order that I should have five hundred pounds out of the Exchequer for the time I had served; and I had a patent given me under the great seal, to be her warden of the East March. And thus was I preserved by a pretty jest, when wise men thought I had wrought my own wrack. For out of weakness God can show strength, and his goodness was never wanting to me in any extremity."

He was subsequently transferred to the Middle March, and after an absence of five years he again visited Court. Elizabeth's end was now at hand, and possibly this induced her to be tolerant of old favourites. "I found the Queen ill-disposed, and she kept her inner lodging; yet she hearing of my arrival, sent for me. I found her sitting in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her, I kissed her hand and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her *in safety and in health* (!) which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand and wrung it hard, and said, 'No, Robin, I am not well,' and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days; and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved at the first to see her in this plight; for in all my life-time before, I never knew her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. Then upon my knowledge she shed many tears and

sighs, manifesting her innocence that she never gave consent to the death of that Queen." This was on a Saturday. Next day she was to go to chapel; but she was found too weak for that, and service was ordered in the private closet, but that also was too much for the dying Queen, "and she had cushions laid for her, hard by the private closet, and there she heard service. From that day forward she grew worse and worse. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance or go to bed."

Cary's wardenship was dependent on the life of Elizabeth, and seeing clearly, notwithstanding his lying flattery to the monarch herself, that she had not long to live, he bethought him of propitiating her successor. He accordingly sent a letter to his old friend James, acquainting him with the exact state of affairs, and told him that "if his majesty would not stir from Edinburgh, and if of that sickness she should die, he would be the first man that should bring him news of it." As usual in all similar undertakings, Cary, while in process of executing his vulture task, consoles himself with a rag of piety. "I did assure myself it was neither unjust nor dishonest for me to *do for myself*, if God at that time should call her to his mercy."

When Elizabeth became speechless, and made signs for the archbishop and her chaplains to come to her, Cary "went in with them and sat upon his knees full of tears to see that heavy sight." After detailing the length and fervency of the Archbishop's intercessions, Cary goes on to state. "I went to my lodging and left word with one in the cofferer's chamber to call me, if that night it was thought she would die, and gave the porter an angel to let me in at any time when I called. Between one and two of the clock on Thursday morning, he that I left in the cofferer's chamber brought me word the queen was dead." Cary rushed to the palace, but the lords of the council were there before him, and had given orders that no one should be admitted; but by favour of the comptroller, he was after some delay allowed to enter. After passing through the cofferer's chamber, where "all the ladies were weeping bitterly," he was shown into the privy chamber, where the council was assembled. This body evidently had penetrated Cary's intentions, as he mentions that he "was caught hold of and assured that he should not go for Scotland till their pleasures were further known." His answer as given by himself is equivocal. "I told them I came of purpose to that end." It is not likely that he would have bearded the whole council, and he probably wished them to believe that he came to obtain their sanction "to that end." Be this as it may, the council gave strict injunctions that none should be allowed to leave except their own servants, to prepare their equipages, and Cary was left in one of the lobbies, to follow out his own meditations. His brother who had had little sleep during the queen's illness was in bed. "I got him up," says our author, "with all speed, and when the council's men were going out of the gate my brother thrust to the gate. The porter knowing him to be a great officer, let him out. I pressed after him

and was stayed by the porter. My brother said angrily to the porter, 'Let him out, I will answer for him.' Whereupon I was suffered to pass, which I was not a little glad of."

Cary rode to Charing Cross to the lodging of the Knight-marshal, and remained there till nine o'clock, by which time the council had returned to Whitehall. Through the marshal he made offer of his services to proceed to Scotland, and the council professed to accept them. Cary hastened to receive his orders, but meanwhile one of the lords whispered to the marshal that if Cary came "they would stay him, and send some other in his stead." The victim was "between the two gates," when this gratifying intelligence was communicated, and he had barely time to make his escape. He started immediately for the north, and reached Doncaster on the same night (Thursday). On Friday he reached his own house at Withrington, and, as it appears to us, he somewhat presumptuously ordered that James should be proclaimed at Morpeth and Alnwick. Continuing his journey, he reached Norham on Saturday at twelve, and he might at the same rate have reached James before supper-time; but his horse disliking his break-neck speed first cast him and then "struck him a great blow on the head that made him shed much blood." This necessitated a slacker gallop, and the king was in bed before the self-constituted envoy "knocked at the gate" of Holyrood. "I was quickly let in and carried up to the king's bed-chamber. I kneeled by him and saluted him by his title of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. He gave me his hand to kiss, and bade me welcome. After he had long discoursed of the manner of the queen's sickness and of her death, he asked what letters I had from the council? I told him, none: and acquainted him how narrowly I escaped from them. And yet I had brought him a blue ring from a fair lady, that I hoped would give him assurance of the truth that I had reported. He took it and looked upon it, and said, "It is enough: I know by this you are a trusty messenger."

Thus did our hero, with great effort and at the risk of his life, perform, in three days, a service which the electric telegraph would now do in as many minutes. James promised to reward him, and possibly intended to do so, but alas for the favour of princes! it was not to be depended on, exposed as it was not only to the royal caprice, but also to the opposition of interested courtiers. Next morning James, in the fulness of his heart, sent Lord Hume to inquire how his courier would like to be rewarded. With his usual smoothness, Cary began on a low scale. "I desired my lord to say to his majesty from me that I had no reason to importune him for any suit, for that as yet I had not done him any service; but my humble request to his majesty was to admit me a gentleman of his bedchamber; and hereafter I knew if his majesty saw me worthy, I should not want to taste of his bounty." Cary, from his experience of Elizabeth, knew that a thriving courtier should always be near the person of the sovereign, and there was, therefore, good policy in his mock-humility. James complied with his request. He was sworn one of the gentlemen

of the bedchamber, and that same evening assisted at the royal toilette. But when James went to England the appointment was not confirmed, and worse still, "whereas I was promised one hundred pounds in fee farm, it was cut down to one hundred marks."

The truth is, the council were mortally incensed at him for having anticipated them in the tidings of Elizabeth's death. Their address to James contains two topics; the first congratulating him on his accession, and the second bitterly accusing Cary for his want of "all decency, good manners, and respect," in not waiting for an authorised report of the death of "the bright occidental star." The document was signed by the lord mayor and thirty-three members of the council, amongst whom was Cary's own brother, Lord Hunsdon, who was irritated at having been made the instrument of his escape.

Lady Cary (her husband had received military knighthood from Essex) found more favour from the new queen than her lord from his majesty, she having obtained the office of mistress of her "sweet coffers," an appointment corresponding to the post now held by the mistress of the robes. But as a set off against this, Cary lost his wardenship. Still even at this low ebb his habitual composure did not desert him, and his after success affords a good lesson to courtiers, as well as to others, never to despair, even when encompassed by the darkest clouds. Our courtier went down to Norham to arrange for the transfer of his wardenship (for which he was to receive compensation), when, as he rather profanely alleges, "God put it into my mind to go to Dunfermline to see the king's second son. I found him a very weak child." This was the then Duke of York, and afterwards Charles the First. Next season the young duke was to be removed from Scotland to England, and Cary exerted himself that his wife should become custodian of his royal highness. "There were many great ladies, suitors for the keeping of the duke; but when they did see how weak a child he was, and not likely to live, their hearts were down, and none of them was desirous to take charge of him." Lady Cary obtained the appointment. "Those who wished me no good were glad of it, thinking that if the duke should die in our charge (his weakness being such as gave them great cause to suspect it), then it would not be thought fit that we should remain in court after." Here follows some more profane garrulity on the subject of the convalescence of the duke, wherein Master Cary would have it to appear that Providence preserved the life of Charles the First in order that the enemies of Cary might be disappointed! What a commentary does the after-history of England throw on this wretched hypothesis! Nevertheless Cary and his wife did run a serious risk in undertaking the charge of a child so rickety as Charles was at the time. He was above four years of age when entrusted to their keeping, and yet he could not speak or walk; and in fact, from excessive weakness in the ankle joints, he could not even stand upright without assistance. James, in his impatience, wished an operation to be

performed on the tongue, and to have the limbs encased in iron boots ; but Lady Cary had more faith in nature than in surgical art, and being at length permitted to have her own way, the child became strong before he attained his eleventh year. For the care of the duke, "my wife got me a suite of the king that was worth to me afterwards four or five thousand pounds. I had the charge given me of the duke's household, and none allowed to his service but such as I gave way to ; *by which means I preferred to him a number of my own servants.* * * * My daughter was brought up with the king's daughter (the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia). * * * My wife had four hundred pounds a-year pension during her life, and by being in the privy lodgings of the duke, got better esteem of the king and queen."

So far all was sunshine for Master Cary, but a storm was at hand. For at eleven years of age it was judged expedient that the duke should have a formal establishment, and Prince Henry, the heir apparent, who had begun public life, undertook the ordering of the arrangements. Being probably of opinion, that the Carys, while very good nurses, were not the fittest persons to form the mind of a prince of the blood-royal, he resolved that a Scotch gentleman, whom Cary admits to have been "of great learning and very good worth," should be sent for "out of Ireland from his service there," and placed at the head of the new household, while Cary should be reduced to the rank of "second violin." Of course providence again interfered on behalf of its especial favourite. The King in council was about to ratify the Prince's plan, when Lord Chamberlain Suffolk interposed on behalf of Cary, and the facile monarch consented that the arrangement should be exactly reversed ; Cary to be first, and the Caledonian gentleman from the Emerald Isle to be second in authority. The Prince endeavoured to upset this decision, but the utmost that he could accomplish was to obtain permission from the King, that no alterations should be made except such as Cary would consent to. The alteration of offices proposed by the Prince would have made the "Scots gentleman" chief of the bed-chamber and master of the robes ; and Cary master of the privy purse and surveyor-general of his lands. Our hero, very adroitly, and with assumed humility, protested that his objection to the arrangement of his royal highness proceeded from his inability to survey lands, while "if he had skill in anything, he thought he could tell how to make good clothes," and by this manœuvre he carried his point, even with the prince.

Shortly after this transaction Prince Henry died, and then a new disappointment was in store for Cary. We have seen that he was at the head of the bed-chamber in the household of Charles while Duke of York ; but when Henry died, Charles, of course, became Prince, and the chief in the Prince of Wales's establishment was a chamberlain, and not a gentleman of the bed-chamber. Master Cary's parasites, like the weird sisters in Macbeth, had prophesied that he should be chamberlain ; but Master Cary was not content with this ; he wished to retain the

bed-chamber appointment in addition: in other words, to be a pluralist. When the vacancy took place, Cary urged the precedent of Lord Somerset, who was the king's chamberlain, and yet kept the bed-chamber. "True," replied the opposition, "but he is a favorite, and never any before had them both." "But there is the Scots gentleman," pleaded our friend, "he is surveyor-general, and yet holds his place in the bed-chamber." "True again," retorted the opposition, "but his is a petty office, and the chamberlain's is of a high nature."

By stratagem Cary was induced to declare before the prince that he would not give up the bed-chamber for the chamberlainship; then the king was got over to the opinion that one man should not hold both offices; and ultimately, but in a secret manner, Lord Roxburgh was appointed chamberlain. Cary having got scent of the foul deed, went to the queen, and excited her majesty's jealousy by insisting largely on the secrecy of the election. This was a happy conception, as at first the queen would not believe that such an important office could have been filled up by the king and the prince without her knowledge and consent. "But when, by Roxburgh's wife, she was assured of it, she sent for me again, and told me it was true that I had said; but bade me trouble myself no further: *her wrong was more than mine, and she would right both herself and me.*" Her majesty was graciously pleased to keep her royal word. Roxburgh was ingloriously sent back to his native north, and Cary was made chamberlain; a consummation which is duly and devoutly acknowledged as a special act of Divine interference "on my part."

Lady Cary waited on the queen till the death of her majesty—"her house was then dissolved, and my wife was forced to keep house and family, which was out of our way a thousand pounds a-year that we saved before." But meanwhile Cary was securing good marriages for his sons and daughters, and thrusting them into every orifice of court preferment that chanced to be open. In 1661 he was created Baron of Peppington, and accompanied Charles to Spain, on the occasion of his fruitless love-expedition to that country. Two years afterwards, James died, and Charles reigned in his stead, and Cary anew lifted his eyes in expectation of promotion, but now his hopes were crushed effectually. Charles broke up his own establishment, and adopted the household of his father with scarcely any change. Cary was allowed to retain his connection with the bed-chamber, and in lieu of other offices, abolished and prospective, he received a pension of five hundred a-year, and obtained a further rise in the peerage, under the title of the Earl of Monmouth. He predeceased his last master, otherwise it is just possible that we might have seen him submerged during a portion of the civil wars, and then again floating on the surface as a functionary in the suite of Old Noll. His title became extinct in his direct male line, and was revived again in the person of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. The peerage of his father, Lord Honnson, has been longer-lived, and is still perpetuated in an existing noble house.

ART: A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE," "PEG WOFFINGTON," ETC.

THE lady had on what might, without politeness, but with truth, be called a dressing gown; it was ostentatiously large everywhere, especially at the waist. The lady's hair, or what seemed her hair, was rough, and ill done up, and a great cap of flaunty design surmounted her head. On her feet were old slippers.

"Good day, sir!" said she, drily.

Alexander bowed. "Madam! I await Mrs. Oldfield."

"*Tête-à-tête* with your muse." Alexander's poetical works were in her hand.

"She is my muse, madam!" replied he; "she alone. Are you not proud of her, madam? for I see by your likeness that you are some relation."

The lady burst out laughing: "That's a compliment to my theatrical talent; I am the party."

"You Mrs. Oldfield! the great Mrs. Oldfield!"

"Why not? What, you come from the country, I suppose, and think we are to be always on stilts, when we are not paid for it. You look as if you were afraid of me."

"Oh, no! madam; and, as you say, it shows how great your talent is."

"You want to speak to me, my lad."

Alexander blushed to the temples. "Yes, madam!" faltered he, "you have divined my ambition. I have been presumptuous—but I saw you on the tragic scene—the admiration you inspired—I fear I have importuned you—but my hope, my irresistible desire—"

"There, I know what you mean," said she with an affectation of vulgar good nature, "you want an order for the pit?"

"I want an order for the pit?" gasped Alexander, faintly.

"Well, ain't I going to give you one," answered she, as sharp as a needle; "but mind, you must—" here she imitated vehement applause.

"Oh! madam! I need no such injunction," cried Alexander, "each of your achievements on the stage seems to me greater than the last." Then, trembling, blushing, and eloquent as fire, he poured out his admiration of her, and her great art: "The others are all puppets, played by rule around you, the queen of speech and poetry; your pathos is so true, your sensibility so profound; yours are real tears; you lead our sorrow in person; you fuse your soul into those great characters, and art becomes nature. You are the thing you seem, and it is plain each lofty emotion

passes through that princely heart on its way to those golden lips!"

Oldfield, with all her self-command, could not quite resist the eloquence of the heart and brain. She, too, now blushed a little, and her lovely bosom heaved slowly, but high, as the poet poured the music of his praise into her ears: then she stole a look at him, from under her long lashes, and sipped his beauty and his freshness. She could not help looking at this forbidden fruit. As she looked, she did feel how hard, how cruel it was, that she was not to be allowed to play with this young, fresh heart; to see it throb with hopes and fears, and love, jealousy, anguish, joy, and finally to break it, and fling the pieces to the devil; but she was a singular character—she was the concentrated essence of female in all points, except one: she was a woman of her word, or, as some brutes would say, no woman at all in matters of good faith. She stood pledged to the attorney, and therefore, recovering herself, she took up Alexander thus:—

"No, thank you, emotions pass through my, what's the name—well, you *are* green—you don't come from the country—you are from Wales. I must enlighten you; sit down, sit down, I tell you. The tears, my boy, are as real as the rest—as the sky, and that's pasteboard—as the sun, and he is three candles, smirking upon all nature, which is canvas—they are as real as ourselves, the tragedy queens, with our cries, our sighs, and our sobs, all measured out to us by the five-foot rule. Reality, young gentleman, *that* begins when the curtain falls—and we wipe off our profound sensibility along with our rouge, our whiting, and our beauty spots."

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

He was requested not to make her "die of laughing" with his tears; his common sense was appealed to. "Now, my good soul, if I was to vex myself night after night for Clytemnestra and Co., don't you see that I should not hold together long? No thank you! I've got 'Nance Oldfield' to take care of, and what's Hecuba to her? For my part," continued this frank lady, "I don't understand half the authors give us to say."

"Oh, yes, you do! you write upon our eyes and ears more than half of all the author gains credit for—the noblest sentiments gain more from your tongue than the pen, great as it is, could ever fling upon paper—I am unworthy to be your companion!"

"Nonsense! do you really think I am like those black parrots of tragedy?—fine company I should be!—he, he!—No! we are like other women, you can court us without getting a dagger stuck into you." She then informed him that the representatives of Desdemona, Belvidera, Cordelia, and Virgin Purity in general, had all as many beaus as they could lay their hands on—that she had twenty at the present moment; that he could join that small, but select band, if he chose, secure of this, that whether a fortunate or unfortunate lover, there would be companions of his fate—then suddenly interrupting her disclosures, she offered him a snuff-box, and said, drily, "D'ye snuff?"

Alexander's eye dilated with horror. She observed him, and explained, "There's no doing without it, in our business, we get so tired!" here she yawned as only actresses yawn,—like one going out of the world in four pieces. "We get so tired of the whole concern; this is the real source of our inspiration," said she, taking a pinch, "or how should we ever rise to the Poet's level, and launch all those awful execrations they love so? as, for instance—Ackishoo!—God bless you!"

Alexander groaned aloud.

"Poor boy!" thought his tormentor, "how he takes it to heart."

"Why, ma'am, a fall from heaven to earth is a considerable descent."

"You look pale, my child," resumed the tormentor. "No breakfast, perhaps. I'd offer you some in a minute, but the fact is, you must forgive me; but I look to every penny; when the rainy day comes I shall be ready," and she brought both hands down upon her knees, in a way the imitated vulgarity of which would have made any one scream with laughter that had seen her game; but it was all genuine to our poor poet, and crushed him.

Having opened this vein of self-depreciation, she proceeded to work it. She poked him with one finger, and looking slyly with half-shut eye at him, she announced herself the authoress of some very curious calculations, the object of which was, to discover by comparing the week's salary with the lines in the night's performance; the exact value of poetical passages, generally supposed to be invaluable. "Listen," said she,—

"Come! come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here!"

They are worth just tenpence?"

Alexander, who had been raised by the poetry, was depressed greatly by its arithmetic.

She recommenced—

"That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry hold! hold!—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!"

Making the point on 'Great Glamis,' at Macbeth's entrance, not on 'hold,' which is done now-a-days, and is too cruel silly."

"Ah! you are yourself again," cried the poet.

"Yes; I am myself again!" was the dry answer: "those bring me in 2s. 8d. every time."

And this was the being he had adored! He had invested this creature with his own prismatic hues, and taken her for a rainbow.

Mrs. Oldfield told afterwards that she felt herself cutting his heart away from her at every sentence. "But it was to be done," she continued. "So now you know my trade, tell me, what is yours?"

"One I used to despise—an advocate."

"Ah! a little long robe; they are actors too, only bad ones; but

tell me," said she, with a silly coquettish manner, borrowed from the comedy of the day, "what do you want of me? You have not followed me so perseveringly for nothing! Speak, what have you to tell me?"

Alexander blushed: he had no longer the stimulus to tell her all he had felt and hoped; he hesitated and stammered: at last he bethought him of his tragedy; so he said, "I sent you a tragedy, madam!"

"What! do they do that in Warwickshire?"

"Yes, madam! I composed it by stealth in my father's office." Oldfield smiled.

Alexander continued,—“It is called, from the heroine of the play, *Berenice!*”

“*Berenice!*” cried the actress, with a start.

Now this tragedy had pleased Mrs. Oldfield more than any manuscript she had seen these three years; but, above all, the part of “*Berenice*” had charmed her, it fitted her like a glove, as she poetically expressed herself; it was written in Alexander’s copper-plate hand, so she had not identified it with the author of her diurnal verses.

“*Berenice!* is it possible?”

“A queen, madam, who, captured by the Romans——.”

“What, sir! you the author of that work?” said she with sudden respect.

“Favour me with your opinion,” said the sanguine poet.

Tremble, Nathan, you had only her womanly weakness to dread hitherto; but now the jade’s interest is against you. Strange to say, her promise carried the day, she was true as steel to Nathan, and remorseless as steel to Alexander. She saw at once that no middle course was now tenable; so she turned on the poor poet, not without secret regret, and with a voice of ice she said, “The town is tired of Romans, my good sir, you had better go into Tartary; besides,” added she, jumping at the common-places of dramatic censure, “your fable does not march, your language wants fire, let me give you a word of advice, or rather a line of advice, “Plead, Alexander, plead, and rhyme no more!” She then added hastily, in a very different tone and manner, “Forgive me, my poor child, you will make more money, and be more respected.”

The reason of this rapid change of manner was this—when we have given dreadful pain, more pain than we calculated on, and see it, we are apt to try and qualify it with a little weak, empty good-nature. Now at her verdict, and her witty line, Alexander had turned, literally as pale as ashes! The drop of oil she poured on the deadly wounds she had given was no comfort to him; he rose, he tried to speak to her, but his lip trembled so violently, he could not articulate; at last he gasped out, “Thank you for undeceiving me—you have taught me your own v—value; and m—mine, forgive me, the time I have made you waste, upon a d—dunce.” And then, in spite of all he could do, the tears forced themselves through the poor boy’s eyes, and casting one look of shame and

half reproach upon her, he put his hand to his brow, and went disconsolately from the room, and out of the house.

Poor fellow! she had made him ten years older, than when, ten minutes before, he entered that room, all faith, and poetry, and hope, and love.

Slowly and disconsolately he dragged his heavy steps and heavy heart home. His father followed and entered his small apartment without ceremony. Nathan found his son sitting with his eyes fixed on the ground, in a few abrupt words he told him he knew all about his amorous folly, and had come up to cure it.

"It is cured," said Alexander; "she has cured me herself."

"Then she is an honest woman," cried Nathan. "So now, since that nonsense is over, take my arm and we will go down to Westminster."

"Yes, father."

They went to Westminster; they entered a court of law, and were so fortunate as to hear an interesting trial. Council for the plaintiff was just opening a crim. con. case.

The advocate dwelt upon the sacred feelings outraged by the seducer, on the irremediable gap that had been made in a house, and in a human heart; the pitiable doubt that had been cast over those sacred parental affections which were all that now remained to the bereaved husband. He painted the empty chamber, the vacant place by the hearth, and the father daggerstruck by little voices lisping, "Papa, where is mama gone," and all that sort of thing. His speech was rich in topic and point, and as for emphasis, it was all emphasis. He concluded in this wise, "Such injuries as these can never be compensated by money, it is ridiculous to talk of money where a man has been laid desolate, and, therefore I hope, gentlemen of the jury, you will give my unfortunate client three thousand pounds damages at the very least!"

At each point the orator made, Nathan nudged Alexander, as if to say, "That is how you must do it some day."

As they returned homewards Attorney asked Poet how he had been charmed by Mr. Eitherside's eloquence.

"Eloquence," said Alexander, waking from his reverie. "I heard no eloquence."

"No eloquence! why he worked the defendant like a man beating a carpet."

Nathan recapitulated Mr. Eitherside's points.

"Well, father," was the languid reply, "this shows me that people who would speak about the heart, should speak from the heart. I heard something like a terrier dog barking, that is all I remember."

"A terrier dog! one of the first counsel in the land; but there, you come to your dinner. I won't be in a passion with you, if I can help, because—you'll be better after dinner."

Nathan's satisfaction at his son's sudden cure was soon damped. Alexander was not better after dinner; to be sure this might have been owing to his having eaten none; he could not eat, and never volunteered a word, only when spoken to three times, he shook

himself and answered with a visible effort, and then nestled into silence again. The next and following days matters were worse. Spite of all Nathan could do to move him, he sank into a cold listless melancholy. About five o'clock (play-time) he used to be very restless and nervous for a little while, and then relapse into stone. And now Nathan began to ask himself what the actress had done to his son during that short interview between them. He began greatly to doubt the wonderful cure, or rather to fear that the first poison had been attacked by a stronger, in the way of antidote, which had left his son in worse case than before.

Hitherto he had thought it wisest to avoid the subject, and silently expel the boy's folly by taking him and shaking him, and keeping him from thinking of it. But now one evening, as he looked at Alexander's pallid, listless countenance, this anxiety got the better of his plan, and he could not help facing the obnoxious topic.

After a vain attempt or two to interest the poet in other matters, he suddenly burst out, "What is the matter, Alexander? What has she done to you now?"

Alexander winced.

"Tell me, my boy," said Nathan, more gently.

Alexander *eclata*.

"She has deceived me. She has robbed my heart of all its wealth. Oh! I would rather have gone on believing her all that is great and good, though inaccessible to me. But to find my divinity a mean heartless slattern. To find that I have poured all my treasures away for ever upon an unworthy object. Oh, father, I do not grieve so much that she is worthless, but that I thought her worthy. To me she was the jewel of the earth.—I know her now, for a vile counterfeit, and I have wasted my affections on this creature, and now I have none left for any worthy object; scarcely for my father. See my conduct to you all this week. Heaven forgive me—and you forgive me, sir. I feel I am no son to you. I am lost! I am lost!"

"Alexander, don't be a fool," roared Nathan, "get up off your knees, or I'll kee—kee—kick you into the fi—fire!" gulped he; "that is right—that's a dear boy: now tell me what has the poor lady done? I can't think she is such a very bad one."

"She has robbed herself and me of the tints with which I had invested her, and shown herself to me in her true colours."

"Why you mustn't tell me she paints her face without 'tis with cold water."

"Oh, no! not that, but off the stage she is a mean, vulgar, bad woman."

"I can't think that of her, Alexander."

"Father, I have no words to tell you her vulgarity, her avarice, her stupidity—as for her beauty, it is all paint and artifice, father. I saw her this day se'nnight in her own house; she is vulgar, and dirty, and almost ugly."

"Oh, you deceitful young rascal, you know she is beautiful as an angel!"

"Isn't she, sir!—ah! you have only seen her on the stage—"

"I see her on the stage! What, do you tell me I go to the play-house! I never was in a play-house in my life."

"Then how do you know she is beautiful? Where have you seen her, if not on the stage?"

Mr. Oldworthy senior hesitated. He did not choose his son to know he had visited the play-actress, and enlisted her in his cause. Alexander saw his hesitation, and misinterpreted it ludicrously.

"Ah, father," cried he, "do not be ashamed of it."

"I am not—ashamed of what?"

"Would I were worthy of all this affection!"

"What affection?"

"That you have for the unfortunate."

"I have no affection for the unfortunate, it's always their own fault."

"If you know how I honour you for this, you would not deny or be ashamed of it."

"Of what? Are we talking riddles?"

"Do not attempt to disguise what gives you a fresh title to my gratitude—it was curiosity to see my destroyer drew you thither. Ah, it must have been the day before yesterday. I remember you disappeared after dinner. Well, father," continued Alexander, with a sad sweet melancholy accent, "you saw her play 'Monimia' that night, and having seen her, you can forgive my infatuation."

"No! I can't forgive your infatuation, obstinate toad! that will tell me I have been to the play-house—to the devil's own shop parlour, that is."

"You have seen her—you call her beautiful, therefore it is clear you have seen her at the theatre, for at home she is anything but beautiful, or an angel."

"Alexander, you will put me in a passion; but I won't be put in a passion." So saying, the old gentleman, who was in a passion, marched slap out of the house into the moonlight and cooled himself therein.

On his return he found his son sitting in a sort of collapse by the fire, and all his endeavours to draw him from brooding over his own misery proved unavailing. The next day he was worse, if possible; and when play-time had come and gone, and Nathan was in the middle of a long law-case that he was relating for his son's amusement, Alexander, who had not spoken for hours, quietly asked Nathan what he thought about suicide, and whether it was really a crime to die when hope was dead and life withered for ever. Nathan gave a short severe answer to this query; but it troubled him.

He began to be frightened: he consulted Bateman. Bateman was equally puzzled; but at last the latter hit upon an idea. "Go to the actress again," said he; "it seems she can do anything with him. She made him love her—she made him hate her; ask her to make him to do something between the two."

"Why, you old fool!" was the civil retort, "you are as mad as he is. No! she almost bewitched me, for as old as I am; and I won't go near her again."

But Alexander got worse and worse. He drooped like a tender flower. He had lost appetite and sleep; and without them the body soon gives way.

His grief was of the imagination. But the distinction muddle-heads draw between real and imaginary griefs is imaginary. Whatever robs a human unit of rest, nourishment, and life, is as real to him as anything but eternity itself is real.

The old men saw a subtle disorder creeping over the young man. It was incomprehensible to them; and after ridiculing it awhile, they began to be more frightened at it than if they had comprehended it.

At last, one morning, a new phase presented itself. A great desire for solitude consumed our poor poet. All human beings were distasteful to him, and his mind being in a diseased state, Nathan and Timothy bored him like red-hot gimlets—the truth must be told. Well, this particular morning they would not let him alone—and so he wanted just to be left in peace—and partly from nervousness, partly from irritation, partly from misery, the poet lost all self-command, and, I am sorry to say, cursed and swore and vowed he would kill himself; and called his friends his tormentors, and wept and raved and cursed the hour he was born. And at the end of this most unbecoming tirade he was for dashing out of the house, but his father caught him by the collar and whirled him back into his room, and locked him into it. Alexander fell into a chair and buried his face in his hands: presently he heard something that made him feel how selfish his grief had been. He heard a deep sigh just outside the door, and then a heavy step went down the stair.

“Father!” cried he, “forgive me! Oh, forgive me!”

It was too late. All who give a parent pain repent; but how often it is too late.

The poor old man was gone, as unhappy as his son, and with more solid reason. He went into the street without knowing what he should do or where he should go.

It happened at this moment that Bateman’s advice came into his head. He was less disposed to scout it now.

“It can do no harm,” thought he, “and I am quite at a loss. She has a good heart, I think, and at all events she seems to know how to work on him, and I don’t. I’ll risk it.”

So, hanging his head, and with no very good will, he slowly wended his way towards Mrs. Oldfield’s house.

When Alexander left Mrs. Oldfield, that lady took off her vulgar cap and the old wig with which she had disguised her lovely head, and, throwing herself into a chair, laughed at the piece of comedy she had played off on our poor poet.

Her laugh, however, was not sincere; it soon died away into something more like a sigh.

The next morning there was no letter in verse, and she missed it. She had become used to them, and was vexed to think she had put an end to them. On returning from the theatre she looked

from her carriage to see if he was standing as usual by the stage-door. No, he was not there; no more letters—no more Alexander. She felt sorry she had lost so genuine an admirer; and the moment the sense of his loss touched herself she began to pity him, and think what a shame it was to deceive him so.

“I could have liked him better than all the rest,” said she.

But this lady’s profession is one unfavourable to the growth of regrets, or of affection for any object not in sight. She had to rehearse from ten till one, then to come home, then to lay out her clothes for the theatre, then to dine, then to study, then to go to the theatre, then to dress, then to act with all the intoxications of genius, light, multitude, and applause; then to undress, sup, &c., and all this time she was constantly flattered and courted by dozens of beaux and wits. Had she been capable of a deep attachment, it could not have monopolised her as Alexander’s did his. However she did thus much for our poor poet; when she found she had succeeded in banishing him she went into her tantrums, and snapped at and scratched everybody else that was kind to her. She also often invited Susan to speak of him, and after awhile snubbed her and forbade the topic.

To-day, then, as Mrs. Oldfield sat studying “The Rival Queens,” suddenly she heard a sob, and there was Susan, with the tears quietly and without effort streaming from her eyes, like the water running through a lock gate. Susan had just returned from a walk.

“What have you done?” whined Susan. “I have just met him, and he said to me, ‘Ah, madam!’ he always calls me madam, and he has lost his beautiful colour—he is miserable—and I am miserable.”

“Well!” snapped Anne, “and am I not miserable too! why, Susan,” cried she, for a glimmering of light burst on her, “surely you are not such a goose as to fancy yourself in love with my Alexander.”

My Alexander—good! She has declined him for herself, but she will not let you have him any the more for *that*—other women!

“Your Alexander! No! I am too fond of my own! here’s your one’s book,” and Susan thrust a duodecimo towards her cousin.

“My one’s book,” said Mrs. Oldfield, with a mystified air.

“Yes! Robert says it belongs to the young gentleman who saved you from the Duchess’s carriage; he picked it up after the battle.”

Mrs. Oldfield opened the book with interest; judge her surprise when the first page discovered verses in Alexander’s well-known hand: in the next page was a spirited drawing of Mrs. Oldfield as “Sophonisba;” under it was written, in gold letters, “Not one base word of Carthage on thy soul,” a line the actress used to speak with such majesty and fire that the audience always burst into a round of applause. And so on, upon every page, poetry or picture. The verses were more tender than those he had sent her by letter. The book was his secret heart!

It was Alexander, then, who had saved her—his love surrounded her. And how had all his devotion been repaid? She became

restless—bit her lips; the book she held became a book in a mist, and she said to Susan, in bitter accents, “They had better not let the poor boy come near me again, or they will find I am a woman, in spite of my nasty blank verse and bombast. Oh! oh! oh!” and the tragedian whimpered a little, much as a housemaid whimpers; it was not at all like the “real tears” that had so affected Alexander.

On the fly-leaf of this little book was written:—“Alexander Oldworthy! Should I die—and I think I shall not live, for my love consumes me—I pray some good Christian to take this book to the great Mrs. Oldfield; it will tell her what I shall never dare to tell her: and if departed spirits are permitted to watch those they have loved, it is for her sake I shall revisit this earth, which, but for her, I should leave without regret.”

“I am a miserable woman!” cried the dealer in fictitious grief. “*This is love!* I never was loved before, and mine must be the hand to stab him; they make me turn his goddess to a slut—his love to contempt; and I do it, mad woman that I am! For what? to rob myself of the solace Heaven had sent to my vacant heart—of the only real treasure the earth contains;” and she burst into a passion of tears.

At this, Susan’s dried themselves; the grief of the greater mind swallowed up her puny sorrow, as the river absorbs the brook that joins it. Anne frightened her, and at last she stole from the room in dismay. Her absence, however, was short; she returned in about ten minutes, and announced a visitor.

“I will not see him!” said Mrs. Oldfield, almost fiercely, looking off the part she had begun to study.

“It is the rough gentleman!” said Susan.

“What! Alexander’s father? Admit him. He is come to thank me; and well he may. Cruel wretches that we both are.”

Nathan entered, but with a face so rueful, that Mrs. Oldfield saw at once gratitude had not brought him there.

“What have you done, madam?” was his first word.

“Kept my word to you like a fool,” was the answer; “I hope you are come to reproach me—it would not be complete without that!” And the Oldfield shed a few tears, which this time were half bitter vexation, half fiction.

Nathan had come with that intention, but he was now terror-struck, and afraid to do anything of the kind. He proceeded, however, in mournful tones to tell her that Alexander had fallen into a state of despondency and desperation, which had made him—the father—regret that more innocent madness he had hitherto been so anxious to cure.

“He says he will kill himself,” said Nathan. “And if he does, he will kill me: poor boy! all his illusions are kicked head over heels; so he says, however.”

“A good job, too!” said Mrs. Oldfield.

“How can you say a good job, when it will be a job for Bedlam.”

“Bedlam!”

“Yes; he is mad!”

"What makes you think he is mad?"

"He says you are not beautiful! 'She has neither heart, grace, nor wit,' says he: in a word, he is insane. I reasoned calmly with him," continued the afflicted father. "I told him he was an idiot, but I am sorry to say, he answered my affectionate remonstrance with nonsense and curses, and a lot of words, without head or tail to them: he is mad!"

"You cruel old man!" cried Mrs. Oldfield: "have you done nothing to soothe the poor child?"

"Oh! yes!" said the cruel old man, resenting the doubt cast upon his tenderness; "I shoved him into a room, and double-locked him in; and came straight to you for advice about him, you are so clever."

"So it seems!" said she; "I have made everybody unhappy—you, Alexander, and, most of all, myself." And tears began to well out of her lovely eyes.

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear!—oh, dear!—don't you vex yourself so, my lamb."

But the lamb, *alias* crocodile, insisted upon putting her head gracefully upon Nathan's shoulder, and crying meekly awhile. On this (a man's heart being merely a lump of sugar that melts when woman's eye lets fall a drop of warm water upon it) Nathan loved her: it was intended he should.

"I would give my right arm, if you would make him love you again; at all events a little—a very little indeed. Poor Alexander, he is a fool, a scatter-brain; and, for aught I know, a versifier, but he is my son. I have but him. If he goes mad or dies, his father will lie down and die too."

"Sir!" said the actress, with sudden cheerfulness, and drying her tears with suspicious rapidity: "bring him to me; and," (patting him slyly on the arm,) "you shall see me make him love me more than ever—ten times more, if you approve, dear sir!"

"Here! he won't come: he rails at you, you are his aversion. Oh, he is mad! my son is deprived of reason: this comes of those cursed rhymes."

A pause ensued: Oldfield broke it. "I have it!" cried she; "he is an author: they are all alike!" (What did she mean by that?) "Speak to him of 'Berenice.'"

"Whom am I to talk to him about?"

"Berenice!"

"What, is he after another woman now?"

"No—his tragedy!"

"His tragedy!"

"Ah! I forgot," said she, coolly: "you are not in the secret; he composed it by stealth in your office." She then seated herself at a side-table, and wrote a note with theatrical rapidity.

"Give him this," said she. Receiving no answer, she looked up a little surprised, and there was Nathan apoplectic with indignation; his two cheeks, red as beetroot, were puffed out; paternal tenderness was in abeyance; finally he exploded in, "So, this

was how my brief-paper went;" and marched off impetuously, throwing down a chair.

"Where are you going?" remonstrated his companion.

"He is an author," was the reply; "he is no son of mine. I'll unlock him and kick him into the wide world."

"What, for consecrating your brief-paper to the Muse?"

"Yes; did you ever know a decent, respectable character write poetry?"

"Yes!"

"No; that you never did! Who, now?"

"David! he wrote Hebrew poetry—the 'Psalms;' and very beautiful poetry too."

Poor Nathan! he was like a bull, which in the middle of a gallant charge, receives a bullet in a vital part, and so palls up, and looks mighty stupid for a moment ere he falls.

But Nathan did not fall; he glared reproach on Mrs. Oldfield for having said a thing, which, though it did not exactly admit of immediate confutation, was absurd as well as profane, thought he, and resolved to serve Alexander out for it: he told her as much. So, then ensued a little piece of private theatricals. Mrs. Oldfield, clasping her hands together, began to go gracefully down on her knees an inch at a time (nothing but great practice enabled her to do it), and remind Nathan that he was a father—that his son's life was more precious than anything—that to be angry with the unhappy was cruel,—“Save him! save him!”

Poor Nathan took all this stage business for an unpremeditated effusion of the heart, and with a tear in his eye, raised the queen of the crocodiles, and with a hideously amiable grin, “I'll forgive him!” said he; “to please you, I'd forgive Old Nick.”

With this virtuous resolve, and equivocal compliment, he vanished from the presence chamber, and hurried towards Alexander's retreat.

Oldfield retired hastily to her bedroom, and having found “Berenice,” ran hastily through it once more, and began to study a certain scene which she thought could be turned to her purpose. Having what is called a very quick study, she was soon mistress of the twenty or thirty lines. She then put on a splendid dress, appropriate (according to the ideas of the day) to an Eastern queen. That done, she gave herself to Statira, the part she was to play upon this important evening; but Susan observed a strange restlessness and emotion in her cousin.

“What is the matter, Anne?” said she.

“It is too bad of these men,” was the answer. “I ought to be all Statira to-day, and, instead of a tragedy-queen they make me feel—like a human being! This will not do; I cannot have my fictitious feelings, in which thousands are interested, endangered for such a trifle as my real ones;” and, by a stern effort, she glared her eyes to her part, and was Statira.

Meantime Nathan had returned to Alexander, and giving him Mrs. Oldfield's note, bade him instantly accompany him to her house.

Alexander had no sooner read the note, than the colour rushed into his pale face, and his eye brightened; but, on reflection, he begged to be excused from going there. But his father, who had observed the above symptoms, which proved to him the power of this benevolent enchantress, would take no denial; so they returned together to her house. It was all very well the first part of the road, but, at sight of the house, poor Alexander was seized with a combination of feelings, that made it impossible for him to proceed.

"I feel faint, father."

"Lean on me."

"Pray excuse me—I will go back to Coventry with you—to the world's end—but don't take me to that house."

"Come along, ye soft-hearted——"

"Well, then, you must assist me, for my limbs fail me at the idea."

"Mine shall help you,"—and he put an arm under his son's shoulder, and hoisted him along in an undeniable manner—and so, in a few minutes more the attorney was to be seen half drawing, half dragging the poet into the abode of the Syren, which he had first entered (breathing fire and fury against play-actors) to drag his son out of. It was, indeed, a curious reversal of sentiments in a brace of bosoms.

"No, father! no!"—sighed Alexander, as his father pulled him into her salon.

"But I tell you it is for your tragedy," remonstrated the parchment to the paper hero. "It's business," said he reproachfully. Now 'tis writ, let us sell it—to greater fools than ourselves,—if we can find them." The tone in which he uttered the last sentence conveyed no very sanguine hope on his part of a purchaser.

"Why did you bring me here, dear father?" sighed the *desillusioné*. "It was here my idol descended from her pedestal. Oh, reality! you are not worth the pain of living—the toil of breathing."

"Poor boy!" thought Nathan—"he is in a bad way—the toil of breathing—well, I never!—your tragedy, lad—your tragedy," insinuated he, biting his lips not to be in a rage.

"Ah!" said Alexander, perking up, "it is the last tie that holds me to life—she says in this note that she took it for another, and that mine has merit."

"No doubt! no doubt!" said the other, humouring the absurdity—"how came the Muse (that is the wench's name, I believe) into my office?"

"She used ever to come in," began he in rapt tones, "when you went out," he added, mighty drily.

Alexander's next casual observation was to this effect—that once he had a soul, but that now his lyre was broken.

"That's soon mended," said his rough comforter; "well—since your *liar* is cracked"

"I said broken, father—it is broken, and for me the business of life is ended."

"Well," said the parent, whose good-humour at this crisis appears to have been inexhaustible, "since your liar is broken—smashed, I hope—and your business done, or near it, turn to amusement a bit, my poor lad."

Alexander looked at him, surveyed him from top to toe.

"Amusement!" winnied the inconsolable one, with a ghastly chuckle—"amusement! Where can broken hearts find amusement?"

"IN THE LAW!" roared Nathan, with cheerful, hopeful, healthy tone and look. "I do," added he; then, seeing bitter incredulity on the poet, he explained, *sotto voce*, "'tisn't as if we were clients, ye fool."

"Never," shrieked Alexander.

Poor Nathan had commanded his wrath till now, but this energetic "Never," set him in a blaze.

"Never! you young scamp," shouted he, "but—but—don't put me in a passion—when I tell ye the exciseman's daughter won't have you on any other terms."

"And I won't have her, on any terms—she is a woman."

"Well, she is on the road to it—she is a girl, and a very fine one, and you are to make her a woman—and she will make a man of you, I hope."

"No more women for me," objected the poet. He then confided to an impatient parent his future plan of existence—it was simple, very simple; he purposed to live in a garret in London, hating and hated; so this brought matters to a head.

"I have been too good to you! you are mad! and, by virtue of parental authority, I seize your body, young man."

But the body had legs, and, for once, an attorney failed to effect a seizure.

He slipped under his father's arm, and getting a table between them, gave vent to his despair.

"Since you are without pity," cried he, "I am lost—farewell for ever!" and he rushed to the door, which opened at that instant.

The father uttered a deprecatory cry, which died off into a semi-quaver of admiration—for, at this moment, a lady of dazzling beauty, arrayed in a glorious robe that swept the ground, crossed the poet's path, before he could reach the door, and, with a calm, but queen-like gesture, rooted him to the spot.

She uttered but one word, but that word, as she spoke it, seemed capable of stilling the waves of the sea.

"Hold!"

No louder than you and I speak, reader, but irresistibly. Such majesty and composure came from her, upon them, with this simple monosyllable. They stood spell-bound. Alexander thought no more of flight; nor Nathan of pursuit.

At last, by one of those inspirations, that convey truth more surely than human calculation is apt to, the poet cried out, "This is herself, the other was a personation!"

"Berenice" took no notice of this exclamation. She continued, with calm majesty,—

“ Listen to a queen, whose steadfast will
 In chains is royal, in Rome unconquer'd still;
 O'er my bowed head though waves of sorrow roll,
 I still retain the empire of my soul.”

Her two hearers stood spell-bound. And then did Alexander taste the greatest pleasure earth affords—to be a poet, and to love a great actress, and to hear the magic lips he loved speak his own verse. Love, taste, and vanity were all gratified at once. With what rich flesh and blood she clothed his shadowy creation; the darling of his brain was little more than a skeleton. It was reserved for the darling of his heart to complete the creation. And then his words, oh! what a majesty and glory they took from her heavenly tongue! They were words no more—they were thunderbolts of speech, and sparks of audible soul. He wondered at himself and them.

Oldfield spoke his line,

“ O'er my bowed head though waves of sorrow roll,”

with a grand, though plaintive swell, like the sea itself—it was really wonderful.

Alexander had no conception he or any man had ever written so grand a line as “ O'er my bowed head, though waves of sorrow roll.” He was in heaven. A moment like this is beyond the lot of earth, and compensates the smart that is apt to be in store, all in good time, for the poet that loves a great actress, that is to say, a creature with the tongue of an angel, the principles of a weasel, and the passions of a fish!

“ And have those lips graced words of mine?” gasped Alexander. “ My verses, father!”

“ His verses! no!” said Nathan, addressing the actress; “ can he write like the sound of a trumpet?”

“ Yes! Alexander, I like your play, particularly a scene, where this poor queen sacrifices her love to the barbarous prejudices of her captors.”

“ My favourite scene! my favourite scene! Father, she likes my favourite scene!”

“ Gentlemen, be so good as to lend yourselves to the situation a moment—here, Susan!” In came Susan, her eyes very red; she had been employed realizing that Alexander was not to be hers.

“ You, sir!” continued Mrs. Oldfield, addressing Nathan, “ are the Consul—the inexorable Father.”

“ Oh! am I?”

“ Yes! you must stand there—on that flower—like a marble pillar—deaf to all my entreaties. You are about to curse your son.”

“ I curse my boy? Never!”

“ Father, for Heaven's sake, do what she bids you.”

“ Dress the scene,” continued she—“ farther off, Susan—this is tragedy, don't huddle together as they do in farce.”

“ But I am in such trouble, Anne.”

“ Of course you are—you are Tibulla—you are jealous. You spy all our looks, catch all our words. Now, mind your business.

The stage is mine. I speak to my Tiberius." She kicked her train adroitly out of the way, and flowed like a wave on a calm day towards Tiberius, who stood entranced, almost staggering under the weight of his own words, as they rolled over him:

"ObeY the mandate of unfeeling Rome;
Make camps your hearth, the battlefield your home;
Fly vain delights, fight for a glorious name,
Forget that e'er we met, and live for Fame."

(In this last line she began to falter a little.)

"Alas! I whom lost kingdoms could not move,
Am mistress of myself no more. I love!
I love you, yet we part;—my race proscribe,
My royal hand disdain this barbarous tribe.
This diadem, that all the nations prize,
Is an unholy thing in Roman eyes."

She did not merely speak, she acted these lines. With what a world of dignity and pathos she said "my royal hand disdain," and in speaking of the "Diadem," she slowly raised both hands, one somewhat higher than the other, and pointed to her coronet, for one instant. The Pose would have been invaluable to Sculptor or Painter.

"We are in the wrong," began Nathan soothingly, for the Queen had slightly indicated him as one of "the barbarous tribe."—"A lady like you.—The Romans are fools-asses-dolts-and beasts," cried Nathan, running the four substantives into one.

"Hush! father!" cried the author reproachfully.

"And you, young maid, kill not my wounded heart;
Ah! bid me not from my Tiberius part."

(Tears seemed to choke her utterance.)

"Oh no! cousin," drawled out Susan, "sooner than you should die of grief—it is a blow, but I give him up—"

"Hold your tongue, Susan, you put me out."

"Now it is too melting," whined Nathan, "leave off—there, do ye leave off,—it is too melting."

"Isn't it?" said Alexander, *rayonnant*, "Go on! go on! You whose dry eye—you whose dry eye, Mrs. Oldfield."

Mrs. Oldfield turned full on Nathan, and sinking her voice into a deeper key, she drove the following lines, slowly and surely, through and through his poor, unresisting, buttery heart:—

"You whose dry eye looks down on all our tears,
Pity yourself,—ah! for yourself have fears.
Alone upon the earth, some bitter day,
You'll call your son your trembling steps to stay.
Old man! regret, remorse, will come too late;
In vain you'll pity then our sad, sad fate."

"But, my good sir, you don't bear me out by your dumb play, —you are to be the unrelenting sire—"

"Now, how ca-ca-ca-can I, when you make me blubber?" gulped out he "whose dry eye," &c.

"And me!" whined Susan.

"Aha!" cried Alexander, with a hilarious shout, "I've made them cry with my verses!"

A smile, an arch smile wreathed the Tragic Queen's countenance.

Alexander caught it, and not being yet come to his full conceit, pulled himself up short: "No," cried he, "no! it was you who conquered them with my weak weapon; you, whose face is spirit, and whose voice is music. Enchantress,"—

Now, Alexander, who was gracefully inclining towards the charmer, received a sudden push from the excited Nathan, and fell plump on his knees.

"Speak again," cried he, "for you are my queen. I love you. What is to be my fate?"

"Alexander," said Anne, fluttering as she had never fluttered before: "you have so many titles to my esteem. Oh! no, that won't do. See, sir, he does it almost as well as I do.

"Live, for I love you;
My life is his who saved that life from harm;
This pledge attests the valour of your arm. Here, look!"

And she returned him his pocket-book.

"His pocket-book!" said Nathan, his eyes glazed with wonder. "Why, how did his tragedy come in his pocket-book; I mean, his pocket-book in his tragedy; which is the true part, and which is the lie? Oh! dear, the dog has made his father cry, and now I have begun, I don't like to leave off somehow." Then, before his several queries could be answered, he continued, "So, this is Play Acting, and it's a sin! Well, then, I like it." And he dried his eyes, and cast a look of brilliant satisfaction on all the company.

He was then silent, but Alexander saw him the next minute making signals to him to put more fire and determination into his amorous proposals.

Before he could execute these instructions, a clock on the chimney-piece struck three.

The actress started, and literally bundled father and son out of the house, for in those days plays began at five o'clock.

Mrs. Oldfield, however, invited them to sup with her, conditionally; if she was not defeated in "The Rival Queens." "If I am," said she, "it will be your interest to keep out of my way; for, of course, I shall attribute it to the interruptions and distractions of this morning."

She said this with an arch, and, at the same time, rather wicked look, and Alexander's face burned in a moment.

"Oh," cried he, "I should be miserable for life."

"Should you?" said Anne.

"You know I must."

"Well then," (and a single gleam of lightning shot from her eyes) "I must not be defeated."

At five o'clock, the theatre was packed to the ceiling, and the curtain rose upon "The Rival Queens," about which play much nonsense has been talked. It is true, there is bombast in it, and

one or two speeches that smack of Bedlam ; but there is not more bombast than in other plays of the epoch, and there is ten times as much fire. The play has also some excellent turns of language and some great strokes of nature, in particular the representation of two different natures agitated to the utmost by the same passion, jealousy, is full of genius.

“The Rival Queens” is a play for the stage, not the closet. Its author was a great reader, and the actors who had the benefit of his reading charmed the public in all the parts, but in process of time actors arose who had not that advantage, and “Alexander the Great” became too much for them. They could not carry off his smoke, or burn with his fire. The female characters, however, retained their popularity for many years after the death of the author, and of Betterton, the first “Alexander.” They are the two most equal female characters that exist in tragedy. Slight preference is commonly given by actors to the part of “Roxana,” but when Mrs. Bracegirdle selected that part, Mrs. Oldfield took “Statira,” with perfect complacency.

The theatre was full—the audience in an unusual state of excitement.

The early part of the first act received but little attention. At length, Statira glided on the scene. She was greeted with considerable applause; in answer to which, she did not duck and grin, according to rule, but sweeping a rapid, yet dignified curtsy, she barely indicated her acknowledgments, remaining Statira.

“Give me a knife, a draught of poison, flames!
Swell, heart! break, break, thou stubborn thing!”

Her predecessors had always been violent in this scene. Mrs. Oldfield made distress its prominent sentiment. The critics thought her too quiet, but she stole upon the hearts of the audience, and enlisted their sympathy on her side before the close of the act.

Mrs. Bracegirdle, who stood at the wing during the scene, turned round to her toady, and said, shrugging her shoulders, “Oh, if that is all the lady can do!”

In the third act Mrs. Bracegirdle made her *entrée* with great spirit, speaking, as she came on, the line—

“O, you have ruined me! I shall be mad!”

She was received with great applause, on which she instantly dropped Roxana, and became Mrs. B., all wreathed in smiles; the applause being ended, she returned to Roxana as quickly as it is possible to do after such a deviation. She played the scene with immense spirit and fire, and the applause was much greater than Statira had obtained in the first act.

Applause is the actor's test of success.

The two queens now came into collision, and their dialogue is so dramatic that I hope I may be excused for quoting it, with all its faults.

Roxana. Madam, I hope you will a queen forgive :
 Roxana weeps to see Statira grieve ;
 How noble is the brave resolve you make,
 To quit the world for Alexander's sake !
 Vast is your mind, you dare thus greatly die,
 And yield the king to one so mean as I ;
 'Tis a revenge will make the victor smart,
 And much I fear your death will break his heart.

Statira. You counterfeit, I fear, and know too well
 How much your eyes all beauties else excel ;
Roxana, who though not a princess born,
 In chains could make the mighty victor mourn.
 Forgetting power when wine had made him warm,
 And senseless, yet even then you knew to charm :
 Preserve him by those arts that cannot fail,
 While I the loss of what I love bewail.

Roxana. I hope your majesty will give me leave
 To wait you to the grove, where you would grieve ;
 Where, like the turtle, you the loss will moan
 Of that dear mate, and murmur all alone.

Statira. No, proud triumpher o'er my falling state,
 Thou shalt not stay to fill me with my fate ;
 Go to the conquest which your wiles may boast,
 And tell the world you left Statira lost.
 Go seize my faithless Alexander's hand,
 Both hand and heart were once at my command ;
 Grasp his lov'd neck, die on his fragrant breast,
 Love him like me whose love can't be express'd,
 He must be happy, and you more than blest ;
 While I in darkness hide me from the day,
 That with my mind I may his form survey,
 And think so long, till I think life away.

Roxana. No, sickly virtue, no,
 Thou shalt not think, nor thy love's loss bemoan,
 Nor shall past pleasures through thy fancy run ;
 That were to make thee blest as I can be ;
 But thy no-thought I must, I will decree ;
 As thus, I'll torture thee till thou art mad,
 And then no thought to purpose can be had.

Statira. How frail, how cowardly is woman's mind !
 We shriek at thunder, dread the rustling wind,
 And glitt'ring swords the brightest eyes will blind ;
 Yet when strong jealousy inflames the soul,
 The weak will roar, and calms to tempests roll.
 Rival, take heed, and tempt me not too far ;
 My blood may boil, and blushes show a war.

Roxana. When you retire to your romantic cell,
 I'll make thy solitary mansion hell !
 Thou shalt not rest by day, nor sleep by night,
 But still, Roxana shall thy spirit fright ;
 Wanton in dreams if thou dar'st dream of bliss,
 Thy roving ghost may think to steal a kiss ;
 But when to his sought bed thy wand'ring air
 Shall for the happiness it wished repair,
 How will it groan to find thy rival there ?
 How ghastly wilt thou look when thou shalt see,
 Through the drawn curtains that great man and me,
 Wearing with laughing joys shot to the soul,
 While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy teeth, and howl !

Statira. O barb'rous rage ! my tears I cannot keep,
 But my full eyes in spite of me will weep.

Roxana. The king and I in various pictures drawn,
 Claspings each other, shaded o'er with lawn,

Shall be the daily presents I will send,
 To help thy sorrow to her journey's end ;
 And when we hear at last thy hour draws nigh,
 My Alexander, my dear love, and I,
 Will come and hasten on thy ling'ring fates,
 And smile and kiss thy soul out through the gates.

Statira. 'Tis well, I thank thee ; thou hast waked a rage,
 Whose boiling now no temper can assuage ;
 I meet thy tides of jealousy with more,
 Dare thee to duel, and dash thee o'er and o'er.

Roxana. What would you dare ?

Statira. Whatever you dare do,
 My warring thoughts the bloodiest tracts pursue ;
 I am by love a fury made, like you ;
 Kill or be killed, thus acted by despair.

Roxana. Sure the disdain'd Statira does not dare

Statira. Yes, tow'ring proud Roxana, but I dare. ?

Roxana. I tow'r indeed o'er thee ;

Like a fair wood, the shade of kings I stand,
 While thou, sick weed, dost but infest the land.

Statira. No, like an ivy I will curl thee round,
 Thy sapless trunk of all its pride confound,
 Then dry and wither'd, bend thee to the ground.
 What Sysigambis' threats, objected fears,
 My sister's sighs, and Alexander's tears,
 Could not effect, thy rival rage has done ;
 My soul, whose start at breach of oaths begun,
 Shall to thy ruin violated run.

I'll see the king in spite of all I swore,
 Tho' curs'd, that thou may'st never see him more.

In this female duel Statira appeared to great advantage. She exhibited the more feminine character of the two. The marked variety of sentiment she threw into each speech, contrasted favourably with the other's somewhat vixenish monotony; and every now and then she gave out volcanic flashes of great power, all the more effective for the artful reserve she had hitherto made of her physical resources. The effect was electrical when she, the tender woman, suddenly wheeled upon her opponent with the words "Rival, take heed," etc. And now came the climax; now it was that Mrs. Bracegirdle paid for her temporary success. She had gone to the end of her tether long ago, but her antagonist had been working on the great principle of Art—Climax. She now put forth the strength she had economised; at each speech she rose and swelled higher, and higher, and higher. Her frame dilated, her voice thundered, her eyes lightned, and she swept the audience with her in the hurricane of her passion. There was a moment's dead silence, and then the whole theatre burst into acclamations which were renewed again and again ere the play was suffered to proceed. At the close of the scene Statira had overwhelmed Roxana; and, as here she had electrified the audience, so in the concluding passage of the play she melted them to tears—the piteous anguish of her regret at being separated by death from her lover.

"What, must I lose my life, my lord, for ever?"

And then her pitying tenderness for his sorrow; and then her

prayer to him to live; and, last, that exquisite touch of woman's love, more angelic than man's—

—— “ Spare Roxana's life;

“ 'Twas love of you that caused her give me death;”

and her death with no thought but love, love, love upon her lips; all this was rendered so tenderly and so divinely, that no heart was untouched, and few eyes were dry now in the crowded theatre. Statira died; the other figures remained upon the stage, but to the spectators the play was over; and when the curtain fell there was but one cry, “ Oldfield!” “ Oldfield!”

In those days people conceived opinions of their own in matters dramatic, and expressed them then and there. *Roma locuta est*, and Nance Oldfield walked into her dressing room the queen of the English stage.”

Two figures in the pit had watched this singular battle with thrilling interest. Alexander sympathised alternately with the actress as well as the queen. Nathan, to tell the truth, after hanging his head most sheepishly for the first five minutes, yielded wholly to the illusion of the stage, and was “ transported out of this ignorant present” altogether; to him Roxana and Statira were *bond fide* queens, women, and rivals. The Oldworthys were seated in Critic's Row; and after a while Nathan's enthusiasm and excitement disturbed old gentlemen who came to judge two actresses, not to drink poetry all alive O.

His neighbours proposed to eject Nathan; the said Nathan on this gave them a catalogue of actions, any one of which, he said, would re-establish his constitutional rights and give him his remedy in the shape of damages, he wound up with letting them know he was an attorney-at-law. On this they abandoned the idea of meddling with him as hastily as boys drop the baked half-pence in a scramble provided by their philanthropical seniors. So now Mrs. Oldfield was queen of the stage, and Alexander had access to her as her admirer, and Nathan had a long private talk with her, and then with some misgivings went down to Coventry.

A story ought to end with a marriage: ought it not? Well, this one does not, because there are reasons that compel the author to tell the truth. The poet did not marry the actress and beget tragedies, and comedies. Love does not always end in marriage, even behind the scenes of a theatre. But it led to a result, the value of which my old readers know, and my young ones will learn—it led to a very tender and life-long friendship. And, oh! how few out of the great aggregate of love affairs lead to so high, or so good, or so affectionate a permanency as is a tender friendship.

One afternoon Mrs. Oldfield wrote rather a long letter thus addressed in the fashion of the day—

To Mr. Nathan Oldworthy,

Attorney-at-Law,

In the Town of Coventry,

At his house there in the Market street.

This, with all despatch.

Nathan read it, and said, "God forgive me for thinking ill of any people, because of their business," and his eyes filled.

The letter described to Nathan an interview the actress had with Alexander. That interview (several months after our tale), was a long, and at some moments, a distressing one, especially to poor Alexander: but it had been long meditated, and was firmly carried out; in that interview this generous woman conferred one of the greatest benefactions on Alexander one human being can hope to confer on another. She persuaded a Dramatic Author to turn Attorney. He was very reluctant then; and very grateful afterwards. These two were never to one another as though all had never been. They were friends as long as they were on earth together. This was not so very long. Alexander lived to eighty-six; but the great Oldfield died at forty-seven. Whilst she lived, she always consulted her Alexander in all difficulties. One day she sent for him: and he came sadly to her bed-side; it was to make her will. He was sadder than she was. She died. She lay in state, like a Royal Queen; and noblemen and gentlemen vied to hold her pall as they took her to the home she had earned in Westminster Abbey. Alexander, faithful to the last, carried out all her last requests: and he tried, poor soul, to rescue her Fame from the cruel fate that awaits the great artists of the scene,—oblivion. He wrote her Epitaph. It is first-rate of its kind; and prime Latin for once in a way:—

Hic juxta requiescit
 Tot inter Poetarum laudata nomina
 ANNA OLDFIELD.
 Nec ipsa minore laude digna.
 Nunquam ingenium idem ad partes
 diversissimas nobilius fuit.
 Ita tamen ut ad singulas
 non facta sed nata esse videretur.
 In Tragediis
 Formæ splendor, oris dignitas, incessûs majestas,
 Tantâ vocis suavitate temperabantur
 Ut nemo esset tam agrestis tam durus spectator.
 Quin in admirationem totus raperetur.
 In Comœdia autem
 Tanta vis, tam venusta hilaritas,
 Tam curiosa felicitas,
 Ut neque sufficerent spectando oculi,
 Neque plaudendo manus.

There, brother, I have done what I can for your sweetheart, and I have reprinted your Epitaph, after one hundred years.

But neither you nor I, nor all our pens can fight against the laws that rule the Arts. Each of the great Arts fails in some thing, is unapproachably great in others (of that anon). The great Artists of the Scene are paid in cash; they cannot draw bills at fifty years' date.

They are meteors that blaze in the world's eye—and vanish.

We are farthing candles that cast a gleam all around four yards square, for hours and hours.

Alexander lived a life of business, honest, honourable, and

graceful too ; for the true poetic feeling is ineradicable ; it colours a man's life—is not coloured by it. And when he had reached a great old age, it befell that Alexander's sight grew dim, and his spirit was weary of the great city, and his memory grew weak, and he forgot parchments, and dates, and reports, and he began to remember as though it was yesterday—the pleasant fields, where he had played among the lambs and the butter-cups in the morning of his days. And the old man said calmly, "Vixi!" Therefore now I will go down, and see once more those pleasant fields ; and I will sit in the sun a little while ; and then I will lie beside my father in the old church-yard. And he did so. It is near a hundred years ago now.

So Anne Oldfield sleeps in Westminster Abbey, near the poets whose thoughts took treble glory from her while she adorned the world. And Alexander Oldworthy lies humbly beneath the shadow of the great old lofty spire in the town of Coventry.

Requiescant in pace !

"And all Christian souls, I pray Heaven."

RIDDLE.

WHATEVER to my charge in trust is placed,
 I guard securely in my grasp encased ;
 Unless, when changed my doom, I hold within
 The things that wish to see, and to be seen.
 With silvery tones at times I ring most clear,
 At times strike harshly on the troubled ear.
 At times I'm all for work, at times for play,
 Or show of gaudy colours a display.
 When strong, I'm eager in my grasp for gold,
 But when you find me of a slighter mould,
 Joined to a band, I'm hurried far and near,
 And now, when Christmas all its pleasures lends,
 May you be cheered by me from many friends !

M. A. B.

THE PRESENT SULTAN.

BY A DIPLOMATIST RESIDENT AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THERE is a large crowd assembled on the shores of the Bosphorus to see an Ambassador, who is going to pay his visit of ceremony to the Sultan. Let us suppose him, for the sake of example, to be the Austrian Internuncio. He will do as well as any other. The new Austrian Internuncio (therefore let us say), and his splendid suite, embark in their gilded caique, to have their first official audience of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan. The Internuncio is not only accompanied by his secretaries, *attachés*, interpreters, and a whole host of minor officials, but his suite is considerably swelled in number, and its splendour vastly increased by a flock of Austrian Naval officers, who have come up from the Dardanelles, and by the magnificent uniforms of several strangers of distinction, who have arrived here to see one of the last acts of a most splendid and wonderful Historical Drama.

Preceded by some half dozen cavasses, a kind of body-guard allowed to the foreign missions in Turkey, the glittering crowd marches on, with not a little clanking of spurs and trailing of sabres; all of which increase the dignity and imposing nature of a grand state occasion of course considerably. Meantime our fancy is busy with their reception. The Internuncio and his suite, however splendid, will surely not proceed at once into the presence of so mighty a potentate as the Sultan. Although most of the Turks of rank and consideration have been told quite often enough of their weakness and decay to understand it perfectly; and although the mild prince who now sits upon the tottering throne of Constantinople, is said to be far, very far, from vain-glorious, yet the magnificent traditions of the East can hardly be yet quite forgotten. The bitter humiliation and consciousness of his own impotence, which must have weighed so heavily on the kind heart of Abdul-Medjid of late years, do not, we think, prevent his being surrounded with a certain faded state, which will have something imposing in it; I had almost said touching. The incense of his own courtiers, we fancy indeed, must sound like a most mournful and unreal mockery to him, when he is torn away from it so often, to submit to the stern lecture of first this stiff-necked ambassador, and then the other; but his own rare efforts to keep up his dignity may be respected, as we would respect the fallen fortunes of any man or thing, that has been great, and is sorely humbled.

Let us follow the Internuncio and his suite, however, and we shall judge for ourselves. When they arrive at the palace, they are conducted by some stragglers who happen to be about the palace, through a little garden formally laid out in the old French style—one of those gardens which have nothing but the name;

a garden with little patches of flower-beds cut into triangles and crescents, and having hard, dry, pebbly, useless, paths between—which nobody ever does or could walk upon. This garden may, perhaps, cover a quarter of an acre of ground, not more; and it is soon passed. The Internuncio and his train have entered into a low stone passage, with many mysterious doors here and there. This passage too is very dark, and rather damp, and particularly bare. It has nothing of oriental magnificence in it, yet we are within the Imperial Palace, and the Sultan is, I dare say, within hearing of us somewhere. Meantime some half dozen straggling servants and officials appear to be as busy as Orientals ever are, in showing us up stairs into the state apartments. There is nothing splendid about them either. Except for their red caps, they might easily enough be mistaken for German artizans in their Sunday clothes; they are quite as heavy, as awkward, with as solemn a sense of dignity, and with as baggy trousers. A few guards, dressed in brown, with dirty gold sashes, and having no arms but sabres, are also posted about, without order or regularity. The day is wet and drizzly; indeed nothing can be altogether more common-place or uncomfortable.

Things change a little for the better as we ascend the stairs, in spite of the dinginess which still seems to hang about everything. Upon the first landing is posted one of the palace guards of the Sultan, and he is dressed in clothes which are at least meant for a uniform. The intention is not very successfully carried out; but it is obvious that it has existed. We are satisfied; here is at least a commencement. Up the dingy stairs therefore we go with the splendid *cortège* of the Internuncio, and from the dingy stairs into a dingy room—oh! how dingy; dingier I vow than a Lawyer's offices in Lincoln's Inn. It is ill-furnished; and there are not chairs enough for the ambassador's suite; more are brought in from another apartment; but there are still not enough, so that a fresh supply must be sent for. Then the carpet, which is dingier really than anything ever seen except the sofas, does not half cover the room, but this perhaps is merely Oriental fashion, so we must not be surprised. At last the Grand Vizier is brought in, and the Grand Interpreter, (a high officer in Turkey,) then the Minister for Foreign Affairs, all dressed in ill-made European clothes; and they are followed by the usual pipes and coffee.

The pipes are handsome; they have richly jewelled mouth-pieces of amber, and their value is sometimes as preposterous as an English race-horse. The coffee also is served in little cups of jewelled filigree, of which the best are made at Malta. Neither the coffee nor tobacco is very good, and the former is served without sugar, and unstrained, according to the fashion of the East. There is not much conversation; everybody feels very cold and strange. Everybody also is ignorant of the etiquette of the place, and does not like to commit himself. There might, perhaps, be plenty to say, for men must be dull indeed who cannot talk to a Minister for Foreign affairs; but to make a remark is rather too serious a business to be repeated often. Thus, for instance, the Internuncio observes, for want of anything else to say, "that it is

a cold day." No sooner is the observation out of his Excellency's mouth, than the head Dragoman leaves off snorting over his scalding coffee, and dropping what remains over his knees, rises with an expression of pain and confusion. A tear of intense anguish is in one of his eyes.

"It is a cold day," repeats the Internuncio, nodding; for he is a pleasant, cheery man.

The Dragoman does not hear or does not catch the words.

"It is a cold day, tell him," says the First Secretary, in a sharper tone.

"Whisper to Nooderl to say it is a cold day," says one of the *attachés*, who likes the interpreter, speaking to another who does not.

"I won't speak to the fellow, tell him yourself," is the answer, in the same under tone.

Grand Vizier (who thinks the Internuncio is impatient to see the Sultan:—All in good time.

Minister for Foreign Affairs:—Let us go!

Grand Interpreter (taking his pipe out of his mouth):—That is not it!

Internuncio:—What does he say?

Dragoman:—His Excellency the Minister for Foreign Affairs is anxious to know what your Excellency said.

Internuncio (who supposes the whole affair of the cold day has been settled long ago):—I?—I said nothing! What was said to me?

The Dragoman is puzzled.

The friendly *attaché* pulls the Dragoman by the skirts of his coat, and communicates the first observation of the Internuncio.

Dragoman:—His excellency the Internuncio takes advantage of this opportunity to observe that it is a cold day.

Minister for Foreign Affairs (who has been whispering anxiously to his colleagues) is much relieved, and murmurs:—God is Great! amidst general silence.

Internuncio (smiling pleasantly):—Eh? What?

"His Excellency the Minister for Foreign Affairs observes to your Excellency that 'God is Great!'

"Oh, yes! Of course! I dare say! It is a Turkish——(in an under tone) but when are we going in to the Sultan?"

The Internuncio looks bored, and the pipes having been changed for others still more magnificent, the whole party rise. They take their way through a passage and pass through a dingy curtain; after which they find themselves in a suite of rooms of considerable size but miserably furnished. A freshly-lit fire of coal burns sulkily in one or two of the grates, and I know of nothing more dreary and dispiriting. The rain rattles solemnly against the windows of the palace. The noses of the guards ranged in a line are quite red with cold, and their hands are blue. Let us go on.

The last room of the suite is smaller than the rest. It would be used as a refreshment-room, if Strauss or Jullien were to give a ball in the palace. A coal fire burns very sluggishly in the

grate, and there is a plain sofa without a back, placed next to the wall at the extreme end. As the Internuncio enters with his suite, an individual is seen to rise slowly from this sofa, and he stands up to receive the visitors. He is a dark, wearied looking man, in appearance about forty, though in reality some ten years younger. He is dressed in a dark-blue frock coat, with a Russian collar. The sleeves and the collar of it are embroidered with gold and diamonds: both his coat and trousers are much too large for him. He wears no ornament but the nisham, a large medal of gold set with diamonds and hung round his neck, and a heavy Turkish sabre, set with diamonds also, but dirty. On his head is a red cap, and on his feet black jean French boots with varnished tops; but so large it is marvellous how he walks in them. This is Abdul Medjid, the Sultan of Turkey.

As the ambassador and his suite approach, it is painful to see the embarrassment of the monarch. It appears to amount to constitutional nervousness, and is evidenced in many ways. His eyes wander here and there, like those of a schoolboy called upon to repeat a lesson he does not know. He changes his feet continually, and makes spasmodic movements with his hands. I am sure his beard—a very fine one—is uncomfortable to him, and that he feels as if he had a hair shirt on. I am still more sure that he feels literally ambassadored to death. One was at him yesterday; here is another to-day; and to-morrow is not the ambassador of ambassadors announced, the terrible Sir Hector Stubble. Oh, for a little rest! Oh for his ride where the “sweet waters flow!” Oh! for repose on the one true bosom which waits his coming in the harem, and who will soothe his aching temples, and lull him softly to sleep with her late. The Internuncio stands forward, his suite fall back, and he begins to speak, while the cold drops gather upon the Sultan’s forehead, and his thumbs are never still a minute. His excellency, however, has not much to say; a few of the common-place civilities which are always paid to royalty, and a flourishing encomium on the power and glory of his own nation, nothing more. The Sultan replies. What he says nobody knows. Not the best oriental scholar in the room, though he listen with strained ears, can make anything of it. Certain dislocated sentences are jerked painfully from his majesty’s lips in gasps, that is all. The imperial interpreter, however, is by no means at a loss. He, at least, has got a neat little speech cut and dried: he learned it by heart at mosque yesterday. So he begins to bob and duck with great assiduity. He is a fat little man, whose clothes are too tight for him, and he does not appear to advantage, but he delivers himself successfully. The Sultan looks hopelessly up at the ceiling, then down at his boots; and once (oh! how lovingly,) at the door. There is silence: you might hear a pin fall, while every eye is turned upon the changing countenance of the monarch. Then comes a bustle: strangers must withdraw; and the ambassador with his interpreter, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the interpreter of the Porte remain alone. No wonder his majesty looked so bored. He is safely tied down for an hour’s advice

against every preconceived opinion he has in the world, against his prejudices, his education, his conscience, and his religion. Ah, me!

“The weary thing
To be a king!”

Let us go scuffling out with the rest of the throng, turning our backs upon majesty with rather too little ceremony. We shall return to the room from whence we came, and there await the ambassador's coming. Our feet are damp, our noses are blue, our uniforms pinch us under the arms, our corns are shooting wildly. We rejoice at the second appearance of coffee and pipes; and when they are disposed of, we look stiffly at each other from our stiffly embroidered coat-collars, and our backs ache not a little.

A fair hour has elapsed, many of us have long ceased to feel our noses at all, and our pipes have been burnt out and carried away, before the ambassador returns. He is quite radiant. He has delivered himself with great *éclat*. He is a kind, good, pleasant man; yet I am convinced that he has said things in his private audience with that gentle prince, which would provide him with his passports in twenty-four hours at any Court in Europe. Yea! even at the Court of Schwarzwursti-Schinkenshausen. As for the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has been only recently appointed, because his predecessor did not please Prince Knockoff, he is quite red with anger and humiliation, his under lip has fallen, and he seems to be literally wincing corporally. If the ambassador were to speak to him suddenly, I think he would stand up with his hand out in the form of a boy about to receive punishment. However, as I said before, the ambassador is delighted, and his entrance into the room causes quite a reaction on our spirits. After a few words, of course we all rise, and putting on our clogs in the passage, made across the garden, which has now become tolerably deep in mire, and then cuddling ourselves up in our cloaks, return from whence we came.

Such is the ceremony at the reception of ambassadors at Constantinople in the Year of Grace One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-three. The Court of the Sultan has neither grace, dignity, nor splendour. I confess that I could not help being saddened by the spectacle. I was sorry to see the most just and merciful prince who ever sat upon that blood-stained throne so shorn of that pomp and power which all Orientals prize so highly. No one can really and seriously regret the humbling of Turkish power in Europe. One is too apt to remember the epitaph on the famous brigand, in which the traveller is requested not to mourn for the robber, for had he been living the traveller would have been dead. The decay of Mussulman power is synonymous with the advance of Christianity, and even the coldest philosopher could scarcely lament the gradual passing away of a race who never founded but one* civilized empire in the world, and who, from the palsying influence of Mohammedanism, have done

* Granada.

nothing for art, science, or literature, during the 400 years that they have possessed in wealthy leisure one of the finest countries upon earth; who have done worse, who have suffered the sands to collect upon her storied monuments, and the pride of her palaces and towers to crumble into dust. Where stood the Forum of Constantine, the founder of the city, with its porticoes, and lofty columns of porphyry? Where is the colossal statue of Apollo, supposed to be the work of Phidias? Where is the stately Hippodrome, with its statues and obelisks? the Baths, with their three score statues of bronze? the circus, the theatres, the schools? the marvellous treasures of antiquity which would have been standing to-day, had they fallen into other hands. I cannot, perhaps, better conclude this article than by contrasting, as a reminder to hectoring Ambassadors, the reception which they formerly received from the Ottoman despot with that I have already related. It may be useful to them.

The receptions always took place on the grand Divan days, and immediately after the payment of the troops, so that the Foreign Envoys might see the Court of the Sultan on parade, and that the assembled troops might give the stranger a fitting idea of the Ottoman might. The Ambassador was usually granted audience upon a Tuesday, and as the Divan assembled shortly after day-break, the Ambassador had to get up betimes in order that he might present himself at the Bagdsche Kapussi (Garden Gate of the Palace) before sunrise; after which there was no admittance. Here he was received by the Tschausch Baschi, an inferior dignitary of the empire, who was charged with his reception. He welcomed the stranger envoy as his guest, and arranged the order of their further procession. The Tschausch Baschi rode before a Minister, but gave a kind of surly precedence to an Ambassador, riding, however, on his right hand, and before all the rest of his suite. When the procession reached the "Divan Joli," or grand street of the Divan, it halted, and the Ambassador proceeded on foot to visit the Grand Vizier. He was often kept waiting the pleasure of this functionary many hours. When the Vizier deigned at last to show himself, his suite took precedence of the Ambassador's, which were directed to march in order and at a measured pace. A little further on they were brought to halt again, and the High Chamberlain made his appearance, carrying a silver staff, which he struck haughtily on the ground as he walked. I cannot help fancying he must have been a strange sight. Preceded by the important functionary with the silver stick, the Ambassador and his train, who must have been rather tired and hungry by this time, moved slowly on once more. At the Divan the Ambassador was obliged to leave the greater part of his suite behind him. The Grand Vizier now caused numerous leather sacks full of money to be brought to him, and began to pay the soldiers. A more perfect piece of Oriental make-believe than this can hardly be conceived. Behind the place where the Grand Vizier sat was a little window from which the Sultan could see all that was going on without being seen. When the Divan was over, the Ambassador alone was

allowed to dine at the table of the Grand Vizier, and his suite were huddled pell-mell together, somewhere else.

The audience being now requested usually by the Grand Vizier, it was the wont of the Sultans to answer, that if the stranger (the Ambassador) had been already clothed and fed by his generosity, he would graciously consent to receive him. The reception, however, did not take place at once, but the envoy and his suite were still kept waiting an hour or two in the open air at the gate of the Sultan's palace. This was the time when the Ambassador presented his gifts, if he had brought any, and it was the almost invariable custom to do so; at the same time his Excellency and his suite were clothed with costly robes of oriental magnificence. The Sultan then consented to admit the stranger into the presence, but would not allow his whole suit to exceed twelve persons. At the audience were always present the Rapu Agassi, or chief of the white eunuchs, the "Sulfi Baltadschi," the long-haired axe-bearers, and a crowd of white eunuchs dazzlingly arrayed in cloth of gold. The Ambassador and his suite were borne into the presence of the Sultan by two stout men seizing each of them under the arms and lifting them in this manner off the ground, after which they carried them rapidly as near to Majesty as they were allowed to approach. When at last they stood before the Sultan, the High Chamberlain took them by their heads and made them bow before his Highness with due reverence. The Ambassador presented his letters of credence upon a velvet cushion embroidered with gold, which was carried by his secretary. The letters were received by the Grand Interpreter, who handed them to the Grand Vizier, and he laid them humbly at the Sultan's feet. During the whole interview the Sultan never deigned to address a single word to the Ambassador. When, therefore, he had said what he had to say, he was marched off and dismissed without further ceremony. The Ambassador was never permitted to see the Sultan more than twice. On the first occasion to present his letters of credence, and on the last to take leave.

Ambassadors were looked upon with such small esteem in Turkey, that the representative of Sweden was once beaten by a Janissary without being able to obtain redress. Even an English Ambassador lies buried in unconsecrated ground at the little island of Halki, and the place of his interment was uncertain till Sir Stratford Canning erected a simple monument to his memory. Now, however, the question is altered. Ambassadors are everything. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the present state of things in Turkey may be said to exist only for the Embassies. They are above the law and the prophet; they take small account of either. I never see an Ambassador going down in state to hector the Sultan without being filled with a solemn joy at the greatness of Europe and the progress of Christianity; though now and then I may also, perhaps, own to a regret that he is not about to assert our glory before a prince less gentle and merciful, less amiable and beloved than Abdul Medjid.

GABRIELLE D'ESTREES.

FROM THE CAUSERIES DU LUNDI.

M. NIEL, librarian to the Minister of the Home Department, a student of history and an amateur of art of considerable taste and judgment, has been publishing, ever since 1848, a succession of Portraits or Crayons of Celebrated Persons of the Sixteenth Century. And here we are introduced to kings, queens, and kings' mistresses, who make already a folio volume. M. Niel has been careful not to admit into his collection anything which might not be authentic and thoroughly original, and he has confined himself to one style of portraits, to those, namely, which are drawn in crayons of different colours by the different artists of the sixteenth century. Drawings which were executed in red chalk and black and white lead pencil, were then called crayons, says M. Niel; they were tinted and touched up in such a manner as to give them the appearance of paintings. These drawings, in which a red shade predominates, and which are faithful productions, are chiefly by unknown artists, and appear to be of the pure French school. These artists must be viewed in the light of humble companions and followers of the chroniclers, for they only sought in their rapid sketches to give a faithful notion of the face according to their ideas of it; the desire of producing a close resemblance alone occupied their mind; they never dreamt of adopting any foreign mode of treatment of their subject.

Francis the First opens the volume with one at least of his brilliant mistresses, namely, the Countess de Chateaubriand. Henry the Second, who is giving his arm to Catherine de Medicis and to Diane de Poitiers, is placed next to him; then we have two portraits of Mary Stuart when quite young, and before and after her widowhood.

In this style of drawing the men in general appear rather to advantage, while, on the contrary, it requires a strong effort of imagination to invest many of the women's portraits with that delicacy of expression and freshness of beauty which the artist nevertheless intended to convey to the mind of the beholders. There are two sketches of Charles the Ninth, at twelve years old, and again between eighteen and twenty, which are taken from nature, and seem actually endowed with animation. Then there is Henry the Fourth, younger and fresher than we are accustomed to see him, it is Henry of Navarre before his beard became grey; there is also a portrait of his first wife, Marguerite de France, in the prime of her beauty, but she is so much disguised by her toilet and buried in her ruffle, that it is necessary to be perfectly acquainted with the charms she possessed to feel at all sure that this doll-like figure could ever have been attractive.

Gabrielle d'Estrées, who stands next in order, and looks quite

stiff and imprisoned in her rich toilet, would not be appreciated without the aid of the short memoir which M. Niel has affixed to each of the portraits, and which is prepared with much care and erudition.

The date of her birth is not well known, and consequently we are ignorant how old she was when she died, so suddenly, in the prime of her youth and beauty. M. Niel imagines that she was born somewhere about 1571 or 1572, which would make her about twenty-eight at the time of her death. She was the daughter of a woman not famous for her purity of conduct, and came of a race remarkable for its gallantries, and about which little mention has been made.

Madame Gabrielle was the fifth of six daughters, all whom created a sensation in the world. Her brother was the Marquis de Cœuvres, afterwards Maréchal d'Estrées. He was a man of much penetration and shrewdness, a gay fellow, and so clever and intriguing that he made all the warriors and negotiators appear blockheads.

One of her sisters was Abbess de Maubuisson, whose unbridled conduct rendered her so celebrated. Gabrielle came between this brother and sister; she appears not to have possessed so much talent as her brother, or to have been quite so ill regulated as her sister the abbess; but we must not be too eager to scrutinize her conduct during those early years which preceded her acquaintance with Henry the Fourth.

This Prince saw her in Picardy about 1591, at the time he was carrying on a war in the environs of Rouen and Paris. He formed almost a little capital at Mantes, and from thence he flew to Mademoiselle d'Estrées for diversion, or else induced her father to take her to Mantes, but the bustle there was a source of annoyance to them. Bellegarde, who had introduced Gabrielle to the King, soon repented that he had done so; the jealousy and rivalry of the servant and master have been tolerably described in the history of Henry the Fourth's amours, which was written by a person living at the period, Mademoiselle Guise, afterwards Princess de Conti. She has introduced some little anecdotes, which Madame de la Fayette afterwards related, when writing Madame's amours.

Henry the Fourth's passion for Gabrielle seems to have gone through many different stages; at its commencement it appears to have been of rather a coarse nature. In order to emancipate M. d'Estrées' daughter from restraint, the King thought the best thing was to marry her to a gentleman of Picardy, M. de Liancourt. It has been asserted that he promised to go to her deliverance before the end of the wedding day, however, he did not keep his promise. The poets of the time wrote some verses on this marriage of obligation, which were printed under Henry the Fourth's eyes, and which are not more indelicate than those addressed fifty years before to Diane de Poitiers, or than those which were written a century and a half afterwards to Madame de Pompadour. In endeavouring to give a description of Gabrielle's sentiments,

these poets do not hesitate to apply to her the qualities of chastity and modesty—words which, according to their ideas, might be used without any important meaning being attached to them. The marriage was not considered very binding, however, and the King, as soon as he could, endeavoured to dissolve it. He recognised and legitimated the three children that he had successively by Madame de Liancourt. From this connection sprang the Vendômes, a valiant and dissolute race, of which many members followed the original example both in irregularities and deeds of prowess.

While Henry the Fourth was away from Paris, making war in order to recover his kingdom, his amours with Gabrielle had not become a matter of state interest. At most the King's faithful servants and companions might occasionally complain, not without a cause, that he prolonged unnecessarily these expeditions and sieges in the neighbourhood of his mistress's residence, but when Henry entered Paris, and became King of his rights, all the details of his conduct began to assume an air of importance, and Madame de Liancourt began to occupy the Parisians' attention.

The *Estoile*, which was the echo of the lawyers' opinions, as well as of that of the bourgeoisie, observes, "that on Tuesday, September the 13th, 1594, the King came secretly to Paris, and returned the next day in his coach to Saint Germain-en-Laye, accompanied only by Madame de Liancourt. At his solemn entry into Paris, by torchlight, on the 15th of September, the King passed over the Pont de Nôtre Dame on horseback, about eight o'clock in the evening. He was accompanied by a large body of cavalry, and was surrounded by the flower of the nobility." He wore a smiling face, and was quite delighted to hear the people shout joyfully, "God save the King!" He had his hat in his hand continually, especially when he saluted the ladies, who were gazing from the windows. Madame de Liancourt was some little distance before him, in a magnificent uncovered litter loaded with pearls and precious stones, so brilliant that they quite paled the light of the torches; she was attired in a dress of black satin ornamented with white trimmings. This account shows us that from the time of his entry into his reconquered capital, Gabrielle was placed on the footing of a queen, and already affected the airs of royalty.

For Gabrielle to have maintained such a position for more than four years without any decrease, but, on the contrary, with increase of favour, there must in reality have been a conjugal interregnum. Queen Margaret, Henry's first wife, was now so only in name. She was banished to her Chateau d'Usson in Auvergne. The sole thing to be done was to get her to agree as to the form of dissolving, as amicably as possible, this ill-assorted union, an union which had on both sides been held in little regard.

Henry the Fourth was therefore an acknowledged widower for this number of years; the public declaration was only wanting, which, since his conversion, could not well be long delayed. From

this plausible circumstance it was that Gabrielle contrived to hold such a position at Court; she filled up a void; for few have imagined that she aspired in reality to the dignity itself. However she gradually gained greater favour, and the King became attached to her both from habit as well as from years. She advanced a step with each new child with which she presented him. She relinquished the name of Liancourt, and became Marquise de Monceaux about March, 1595; then in July, 1596, she was created Duchesse de Beaufort. She was called simply Madame la Marquise, in the first instance, and afterwards merely Madame la Duchesse; thus by degrees she ascended to still greater good fortune. The chief president of the Parliament in Normandy, Groulard, informs us, in his curious Memoirs, how far she was treated as a princess by the King, and how she was presented by him to the most learned magistrates, as a person to whom homage was due. "Thursday, the 10th of October, 1596, Madame la Marquise de Monceaux arrived at Rouen, and lodged at Saint-Ouen, in the chamber beneath the king's. Friday, the 11th, I went to pay my respects to her, and also the Sunday, after having received the king's commands to do so from the Sieurs de Sainte-Marie du Mont and de Feuguerolles."

Henry the Fourth went to Rouen to be present at the Assembly of Notables. It was here that he made the following celebrated harangue, which was at once blunt, military, and to the purpose: "I have not summoned you, as my predecessors did, to induce you to approve of my intentions. I have assembled you that I might receive the benefit of your counsels; to give ear to them, and to follow them; in short, I desire to place myself under your guidance; a desire which is seldom felt by kings, greybeards, and conquerors; but the immense love I bear my subjects," &c., &c. He made this harangue in the hall of the house where he took up his abode, and insisted upon having Madame la Marquise's opinion, for which purpose she concealed herself behind some tapestry. The King asked her what she thought of this address, to which she replied, she had never heard anything better; only she had been very much surprised when he talked of placing himself under their guidance. "*Ventre saint gris*," exclaimed the King, "very likely, but I meant with my sword at my side."

During this sojourn at Rouen, the Marquise gave birth to a daughter, at the monastery of Saint-Ouen, and her baptism was celebrated with all the ceremony of the children of the House of France.

The first few years which followed Henry the Fourth's entry into his capital, were not as prosperous as might be supposed; after the bursts of joy for deliverance, fears soon began to be experienced. Though the civil war was brought to a conclusion, the contest with Spain grew more violent in the heart of the kingdom, nay, even in the provinces near Paris. Unfortunate seasons, heavy rains, and contagious diseases, served to increase the already many forebodings, and to infect the imagination of the people in general. The ballets, masquerades, and banquets, which

were given at Court, and at which the ladies appeared covered with precious stones, in the most extravagant costumes, formed a strange contrast to the surrounding misery. To these entertainments Gabrielle gave the *ton*; "On Saturday, the 12th of November, 1594, a handkerchief was displayed by an embroiderer of Paris, which had just been completed for Madame de Liancourt; she was to wear this handkerchief the next day at the ballet; and was to pay the enormous sum of nineteen hundred crowns for it, and ready money. The few particulars that we gather from the *Estoile* concerning Gabrielle's dresses and ornaments are not at all exaggerated: an historical account was published some years ago of an inventory of her furniture and of her wardrobe. This inventory is still preserved among the Royal Archives: nothing can be comparable to the magnificence, the luxury, the refined extravagance in art, which was to be observed in all that surrounded Gabrielle, both as to her furniture, and as to her attire. When she rode on horseback, she preferred to wear green. "On Friday, the 17th of March, 1595," says the *Estoile*, "there was a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, during which the King was in the neighbourhood, hunting with his Gabrielle (lately created Marquise de Monceaux) by his side. She was mounted on horseback like a man, dressed entirely in green, and returned to Paris with him in the same style." In the inventory of Gabrielle's wardrobe, the description of this elegant kind of riding-habit may be seen, which gives, perhaps, some notion of that to which the *Estoile* alludes. A hood and riding petticoat of violet-coloured satin, embroidered with silver, and trimmed here and there with silver lace upon a ground-work of green satin; the hood lined with green gauffed satin. The aforesaid riding petticoat was lined with violet-coloured taffetas; the hat was also of violet-coloured taffetas, and trimmed with silver, valued at two hundred crowns.

At the baptism of the Constable's son, for whom the King stood godfather (5th of March, 1597), the Marquise was present, magnificently attired in a costume entirely green, and the King amused himself in arranging her head-dress, telling her that she had not enough brilliants in her hair—she had only twelve, and he said she ought to have had fifteen.

We must judge of the style of Gabrielle's beauty by the general impression it created at the time; this will help us to form some idea of her attractions in spite of the stiff and cumbrous dress in which her portraits represent her. She had a fair and clear complexion; light hair threaded with gold, which she wore turned back in a mass or else in a fringe of short curls; she had a fine forehead, a delicately-shaped and regular nose, a pretty little rosy smiling mouth, and a winning and tender expression of countenance; her eyes were full of vivacity, and soft and clear. She was a thorough woman in all her tastes, in her ambition, and even with regard to her defects. She was very agreeable and had very good natural abilities, though she was not at all learned, and the only book found in her library was her prayer-book. Without exactly occupying herself with politics, she had some penetration, and

when her heart prompted her, her mind readily seized upon some things.

One day (March, 1597) after dinner, the King went to visit his sister, Madame Catherine, who was ill. Madame had remained a Protestant, and in order to relieve her weariness, therefore, a psalm was chaunted to the accompaniment of the lute, according to the custom of the Calvinists. The King, without reflecting, began to sing psalms with the others, but Gabrielle, who was sitting next to him, immediately perceived how much mischief might be manufactured out of this imprudence by any malignant person, and hastily placed her hand over his mouth, entreating him not to sing any longer, to which solicitation he directly yielded.

In spite of all the pains she took to conciliate the people of Paris she found great difficulty in the task, and when, in the height of festivity of mid lent, it suddenly became known that Amiens was surprised by the Spaniards, great was the public indignation. Henry the Fourth, turning towards the Marquise, who was crying, said to her, "My beloved mistress, we must lay down our arms here awhile, and just mount our horses and wage another war," and he hurried away to repair by resolution and courage the slight check which he had sustained. It should be observed that Gabrielle quitted Paris in her litter an hour before him, as she did not feel safe the moment the King had left the city, for she was accused of having turned the King's attention from business, and of having lulled him in pleasure: the same sentiments were entertained towards her in Paris after the taking of Amiens, as those which were created by Madame de Pompadour, after Rosbach. † Sully has spoken a great deal of Gabrielle in his Memoirs, and his remarks have been largely discussed. I do not think, however, sufficient justice has been done to him. He has been reproached for being severe and unmannerly in his judgment of her, though originally he was under obligations to her for his advancement; but admitting that he was under these obligations, it would certainly be very unreasonable if a man of such sound sense and discrimination as Sully were compelled to surrender his opinion of a woman, in an historical point of view, because she had done him some good offices altogether of a personal nature. Let us form our judgment from the words of the faithful servant of Henry the Fourth, without either adding to them or detracting anything from them. As long as it was only a question as to whom the King should have about his person as a female friend, as a woman to whom he could confide his secrets and his griefs, and from whom he might receive gentle and familiar consolation," it will be seen that Sully had no objection to offer. One day when he was escorting Gabrielle on a journey to join the King, a very serious coach accident nearly happened to the lady on the road. Sully, who thought she was dead, confesses that he felt considerable uneasiness on the King's account; however he inwardly consoled himself, and like the old Gauls, drily resolved how to act, saying to himself, "After all, it is only the loss of a woman, and plenty more can be found" (I do not

quote this as a very delicate or knightly sentiment, but it is Sully's.

At Rennes (1598) when the King seriously contemplated marrying Gabrielle, and wished, yet did not feel sufficient nerve, to enter upon the subject with Sully, he one day took courage, and inviting the minister to a stroll in a garden, kept him chatting three hours exactly by the clock. Of this conversation, which was at once political and witty, we have a very amusing sketch. Henry begins by saying, "Let you and I take a turn or two alone," at the same time putting his hand familiarly into his according to his wont, and passing his fingers through Sully's; "I want to discuss a matter at length with you, which I have been on the point of speaking to you about, at least four or five times, but some trifle or other has always contrived to prevent me on these occasions. But now I have determined to carry out my purpose."

He does not, however, commence the subject for at least half an hour, during which he talks of various other affairs: after which he veers towards the desired point; yet, with considerable circumlocution, he mentions the fatigues and anxieties which he has had to endure to reach the throne, and to establish tranquillity in the kingdom, but all this, he says, will lead to nothing solid or durable, if he possess no heirs. But acknowledging the necessity for heirs, and bearing in mind that a divorce with Queen Margaret is being decided upon and brought about by the Pope, what wife should he take?—of whom make choice?

Henry the Fourth here jests according to his custom, and mixes up divers sallies with the consultation. "My greatest misfortune," he remarks, "would be to have an *ugly wife, a spiteful and unamiable one*; and if I marry from inclination, in order that I may not repent, I shall make seven principal conditions, namely, beauty of person, modest tenor of life, compliant humour, considerable intelligence, great fruitfulness, noble extraction, and great possessions. But I fully believe, my friend, that this woman is dead, or perhaps is not yet born, or not on the point of being born; and, therefore, let you and I glance over the list of girls and women, both abroad and at home, whom it may be desirable for me to marry."

This being agreed, he runs over the list of all the royal personages who are disposable in marriage; he exhausts, as we might say, the whole Gotha Almanack of his time, and he indulges here and there in a banter, but discovers some objection to all that are named. Then he turns his attention to the ladies of his own kingdom; he speaks of his niece De Guise, of his cousin De Rohan, the daughter of his cousin De Conti, but he finds an obstacle to all these alliances, and concludes by observing, "but if even all these women were to suit me, who could secure to me the three principal conditions which I desire, and without which I will have no wife; namely, that she shall bear me sons, that she shall have a sweet and compliant disposition, and wit and intelligence to soothe and comfort me in my home affairs, and to be able to rule over my kingdom and manage my children in case anything should happen to me before they came of age."

Sully is not to be duped by this circuitous mode of proceeding, and he lets the King see it.

“What am I to understand, Sire, by all these affirmatives and negatives? I can only conclude one thing, that you strongly desire to marry, and that you do not find a single woman on earth adapted to you. So completely does this seem to be the case, that it will be necessary to implore Heaven to restore the youth of the Queen of England, or to bring to life Margaret of Flanders, Mademoiselle de Bourgogne, Jeanne la Folle, Anne de Bretagne, and Marie Stuart, all rich heiresses, in order that you may make a choice;” and he, in his turn, began to joke and banter, and proposes, as a last resource, to have a proclamation made throughout the kingdom, that all the fathers, mothers, and guardians, who had beautiful daughters, who were tall and from seventeen to twenty-five years old, should bring them to Paris, that the King might choose from among them the wife who would be most agreeable to him; and he pursued this ludicrous view of the question with all kinds of embellishments.

The King, however, still insisted on three conditions, and determined to make himself sure of them beforehand, that the wife in question might be beautiful, that she might be gentle and amiable, and that she might bear him sons. Sully still maintained on his side, that he could not answer for any woman; that it would be previously necessary to make some trial with regard to these matters. Henry at length can contain himself no longer.

“And what would you say, were I to name one?”

Sully feigns astonishment, and is careful not to guess; he is not clever enough for that, he declares.

“Oh, you cunning fish,” exclaims the King, “but I see well enough what you mean by playing the ignorant and simpleton; it is because you intend to make me name her, and I will do so.” And accordingly he names his mistress Gabrielle, as evidently uniting those three conditions.

“Not that I thought of marrying her,” said he, in an embarrassed tone, endeavouring to make a half retreat, “but I only wanted to know what you would say, if one day, on my being unable to find another, such a whim were to come into my head.”

Some time after this curious conversation between Sully and the King at Rennes, the baptism of one of Gabrielle's sons took place, and they wished to treat him with the ceremony due to a royal child, the minister, who objected to a draft of this nature upon the treasury, exclaimed aloud, “There is no son of France!” and in consequence drew upon him the mother's direst anger.

The whole of this scene has been minutely related, as well as the reconciliation which Henry endeavoured to effect between his minister and his mistress, and which only served further to exasperate the latter. The language which, on this occasion, is put into the mouth of Gabrielle, appears to be quite natural, though not of the most refined description. These kind of scenes with her, however, were extremely rare. She was one of those women who soothe and cheer those whom they love, and who are the last to

create a quarrel. Matters were in this position when the King was taken seriously ill, at Monceaux, when he received fresh proofs of her sincere attachment to him. At the beginning of the year 1599 Gabrielle was apparently nearly being raised to the dignity of queen; for she was again on the point of becoming a mother. From the moment her hopes of advancement began to increase, she grew particularly courteous and officious in attention to all, so much so, indeed, that those who were determined not to like her could not dislike her.

"It is really astonishing," confesses the satirical D'Aubigné himself, "how this woman, whose beauty had no tincture of earth in its character, has been able to live more like a queen than a mistress for so many years with so few enemies." It was one of Gabrielle's extraordinary charms, as well as really one of her arts, to possess the power of investing this equivocal and unblushing mode of life with a kind of dignity, nay, almost with an air of decency. She had, however, some enemies and a few rivals; the young Princess of Florence was already the subject of conversation. One day, in looking over the portraits of the marriageable princesses, she said to D'Aubigné, while pointing to the likeness of this princess, "She it is whom I fear." The King's heart had not been so entirely won over as it seemed to be; indeed, in spite of his well-known weakness on this head, he had always been known finally to surrender pleasure to business, for he had ever a principle of honour in his composition, which might, at the last moment, triumph over his love. This is undoubtedly what Sully means when he says to his wife, in quitting Paris to go to Rosny, in Holy Week, 1599, "The cord is well stretched, and the game would be exciting, provided the cord does not break;" but according to his notion, the success would not be so great as certain people imagined. The mind must be singularly constituted that could conjure this judicious observation of Sully's into a sign that he connived at the supposed poisoning of Gabrielle, and he might in truth say with Dreux du Radier, "This is a suspicion worthy of punishment."

The rest of Gabrielle's history is well known. She left the King at Fontainebleau to go to Paris, in order to perform her devotions during Holy Week; and proceeded to the house of an Italian financier, Zamet, who lived near the Bastille. On Holy Thursday, after dinner she went to hear the musical service of Tenebræ, at the Petit-Sainte-Antoine. She felt herself suddenly indisposed before the service was over, and returned to Zamet's; as her illness increased, she was anxious at once to leave the house, and to be taken to the residence of her aunt, Madame de Sourdis, near the Louvre. She was alternately seized with convulsions and with symptoms of apoplexy, which in a few hours quite altered her appearance. They announced her death, indeed, before she breathed her last: she expired during the Friday night, on the 9th or 10th of April, 1599.





LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH.

THE DAUPHIN (LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH).

WITH A PORTRAIT.

EVERY heart capable of human sympathy grows sad on recalling the sufferings and fate of the fair child who, while life was yet in its earliest spring, was hurled from the summit of worldly hopes to the lowest extremity of debasement and misery. This victim to the intemperate fury of revolution, has since, by the hollow mockery of a political formula, been enrolled amongst the legitimate sovereigns of the world, as Louis the Seventeenth, King of France and Navarre,—the lineal representative of an uninterrupted line of sixty-six powerful monarchs. Hereditary misfortune has clung to the descendants of certain royal houses for many succeeding generations. The Stuarts of Scotland and England, the Carlovingian dynasty of France, with the second line of Valois, including their successors, the collateral branches of the house of Bourbon, have often been quoted as pre-eminent examples. History here presents us with an almost unvarying record of tragedies, invaluable as instructive lessons, although acutely painful by the mode in which they are conveyed. The history of the young Dauphin is by far the most heart-rending episode in this long tissue of calamity. A child, not actually assassinated by a blow, merciful in its conclusive suddenness, but virtually murdered by slow, homœopathic doses of poison, directed unceasingly against the mind and body. The guillotine, the bowl, or the bowstring, would have been expedients of humanity compared to this protracted torture. A thousand qualifying circumstances sustain, alleviate, or dignify, the sufferings, the imprisonment, the execution, of maturity or age. There is manly or matronly fortitude, arising from religious conviction, the innate consciousness of rectitude, or the firmness of moral courage. But the feeble innocence, the half-developed intellect of childhood, has none of these sustaining resources. Like the reed before the blast, it bends in powerless submission. Our own annals supply examples of barbarism sufficiently revolting, but they arose from individual tyranny or jealousy, and can scarcely be stigmatised as national crimes. The captivity and murder of Prince Arthur were prompted by the fears of John; the assassination of Edward of Caernarvon was contrived by Queen Isabella, and her paramour Roger Mortimer; Richard the Second fell under a private conspiracy; the young princes, sons of Edward the Fourth (if they were murdered in the Tower), were the victims of their uncle Gloucester; the catastrophes of Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and Mary of Scotland, however pitiable, were not without some colouring of justification, and were still acts of private vengeance rather than public cruelty. But the gradual, predetermined destruction of the young Dauphin, was the deliberate deed of a nation acting through its chosen repre-

sentatives—an atrocity without parallel, and for which no sophistry can set up the shadow of an extenuating plea.

“The tyrannous and bloody act is done—
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet the land was guilty of.”

When Simon the Shoemaker became custodian of the unfortunate prince, and commenced the systematic brutality which soon undermined his constitution, and hastened him to the tomb, he would gladly have anticipated the end by a shorter process. “What does the Convention intend to do with the pernicious urchin?” demanded the savage of his employers; “transport him?”—the answer was in the negative. “Kill him?” “No!”—“Poison him?” “No!”—“What then?” “*Why, get rid of him.*” How was this to be effected? Chabot, the ex-Capuchin, hinted, or rather boldly pointed out the method, the manner, and the agent. “It must be the apothecary’s business,” said he, “to disembarass us of that child.” After the fall of Robespierre, on the 28th July, 1794, the idea was still retained, although the successors of the Terrorists were not quite such incarnate demons as the preceding faction. In January, 1795, Cambaceres delivered his opinion that there was “little danger in keeping the offspring of Louis Capet in prison, but that there might be a great deal in setting them free.” Not long before the death of the Dauphin, Romme said to Boissy D’Anglas, “A few days more will settle the question of the brat’s leaving the Temple. He will go out, but it will not be upon his legs.” We should scarcely have expected that the life of a child, which lasted only ten years and two months, could have furnished materials for an extensive biography. Yet Mons. A. de Beauchesne, whose work has been ably translated by Mr. W. Hazlitt, has found matter enough in the subject to fill two most interesting volumes; and as the documents on which he has based his recital are of unquestionable authenticity, the fullest reliance may be placed on every particular advanced. The autographs he has inserted speak for themselves. Of no less value are the ample details included in Mrs. Romer’s “*Filia Dolorosa*”; or, *Memoirs of the Duchess of Angoulême*, the last of the Dauphines.” The journal of that ill-fated princess, also explains many important occurrences during the terrible period of her captivity, respecting which it is impossible that any other person could have given such correct information.

Perhaps many of the calamities which visited the house of Bourbon, and even the fall of the monarchy itself, might have been averted, had the King possessed the firmness of mind and purpose, which alone could grapple with such gigantic difficulties. As a man he was amiable and virtuous; as a king, uncertain and irresolute—ever listening to the last counsellor, and letting go by, until irretrievably lost, the golden moment for decisive action. During the first years of his marriage, he neglected his young and beautiful bride, but, at the same time, he wronged her not by erratic intrigues, and was ever faithful to his conjugal vows. The derangement of the public finances, a leading cause of the revo-

lution, was not, in his case, owing to the profligate expenditure of a legion of selfish mistresses—the Montespons, the Pompadours, and Du Barrys, of former reigns—who drained the vitals of the state exchequer, demoralized the manners of the court, and lowered the character of the monarchy itself. Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette were married eight years before they were blessed with children. From that period, the love of the King for his wife became ardent and unalterable. Their offspring in all amounted to four, but two only survived, the princess Marie Therese, afterwards Duchess of Angoulême, and Louis Charles, the subject of the present brief notice. The first Dauphin, a child of precocious intellect, but sickly in constitution and deformed in person, died in his eighth year. The infant Princess Sophie expired almost immediately after her birth. Thus the royal progeny were reduced to Madame Royale, as she was called before her marriage, and the second Dauphin, more than seven years younger than herself. During the life of his elder brother, he bore the title of Duke of Normandy. He was a beautiful child of the fairest promise, quick in talent, amiable in temper, with a natural lightness of heart and captivating vivacity, apparently intended expressly to harmonise with the brilliant destinies that seemed in store for him. Too young to comprehend the ominous preludes which ushered in the destruction of the throne he ought to have inherited, his gaiety never forsook him, and, with infantine simplicity, he wondered how the people could wish to harm his Papa, who was so fond of them. During the anxious preparations for the ill-omened flight to Varennes, they dressed him in female attire, and when his sister asked him if he knew what they were going to do, the unconscious boy replied, that he thought they were going to act a play, as they were disguised. Alas! his innocent dreams were soon rudely dissipated by awful realities which even childhood could no longer mistake. He was rudely torn from the arms of the mother he idolized, the sister he adored, and the friends who had surrounded him from infancy. A young prince, heir to one of the first thrones in the world, nursed in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to all the delicate refinements of the highest rank, was now forced to clean his own room, make his own bed, and perform the most menial offices for the wretch Simon and his wife, who taunted him incessantly with opprobrious epithets, forced him to repeat ribald songs, and blasphemous expressions, and to express his joy at the triumph of the republic and the abolition of royalty. Sometimes he resisted, and was beaten into submission. Every diabolical effort was made to vulgarize his mind and manners, and to degrade the descendant of a hundred kings to the level of the most brutal ignorance. At last, he was stupefied with wine, and the miscreants held his hand while they compelled him to trace the signature of Louis Charles Capet to an accusation in which the innocent child was forced to accuse his own mother of crimes too revolting even to allude to, and the meaning of which he was utterly incapable of comprehending. This foul act was made the basis of the charge on which Marie Antoinette was soon after led to the scaffold. After this,

the unhappy Dauphin became silent, abstracted, immoveable, and insensible to blows or the affectation of kindness. Tears would roll involuntarily down his cheeks, but he said nothing. His head sank on his hands, and resting on the table, he could seldom be induced to look up, to evince emotion, or reply to any interrogatories, although accompanied by threats and violence. Once he spoke, and if the heart of Simon had been less hard than the nether millstone, he must have shrunk from the reply to his question. He was wont to drag the wretched captive confined to his charge out of his bed on a cold night, merely for the pleasure of buffeting or kicking him away again. On one of these occasions, when the boy had fallen half stunned upon his own miserable couch, and lay there groaning and faint with pain, Simon roared out with a savage laugh, "If these Vendéans should make you king, Capet, what would you do to me?" The child thought of his father's dying words, and said without hesitation, "I would forgive you." It was impossible that human nature could much longer endure this treatment, which had already lasted nearly two years. The end was at hand. A slight indication of humanity appeared in the re-construction of what was then denominated the Government of France, and in February, 1795, commissioners were appointed to visit Louis Charles, as he was now called, and to make a report on his actual condition. They found him seated at a common deal table, playing with dirty cards. They spoke to him kindly, but he never raised his head, and made no reply. He appeared to listen with attention, but no words escaped his lips. Either he was unconscious of what they said, or he remembered a former interview, when other emissaries decoyed him into the signature which he had since learned was used against his mother. He knew not that she was now beyond their vengeance, but he internally determined not to be entrapped a second time. They offered him playthings, playfellows, bonbons, cakes, permission to walk in the gardens, or ascend the summit of the tower. They then grew tired of kindness, and proceeded to menaces. All means were equally fruitless. They desired him to walk across the room. He obeyed without speaking, and then returned to his seat. They asked him to walk a little longer, whereupon he sat down, placed his elbows on the table, and hid his face in his hands. It was impossible to make anything of him, he was either dogged or idiotic. He ate his homely dinner without remark, and when they offered him raisins, received and swallowed them, uttering no expression of thanks or consciousness. At this time, he was covered with tumours, and exhibited all the symptoms of rapid consumption. His intellect became gradually weaker and weaker. Had he even survived, it would have been in a state of mental imbecility, more melancholy than death itself. But the fiat had gone forth—his days were numbered. At the twelfth hour the Committee of General Safety ordered the celebrated physician Desault to attend their prisoner. Desault pronounced him in extreme danger, yet undertook the case with the confidence of success. But Desault died suddenly, and was succeeded by Dumangin and the surgeon Pel-

letan. These declared that there was no hope. Accordingly, on the 9th June 1795, Louis the Seventeenth terminated his short and miserable existence. As a matter of course it was reported that he was poisoned, which many believed, while more maintained that he had escaped, and was still alive. But the fact that he died at the time, and in the manner we have related, is too well substantiated to admit of dispute. For some curious particulars respecting his last words, his hearing celestial music, and fancying that amongst the angelic voices he could distinguish that of his mother, we must refer to the details given by M. de Beauchesne, who states them on the authority of parties present, by whom they were communicated. We see no reason to dispute them, as instances equally remarkable have come under our own observation, of the strange fancies which fit across the minds of the departing, during the last struggle between life and death. What is there in the doctrines of our faith to contradict the supposition that the dying have revelations of the other world, while they are yet hovering on the confines of this? Two days after his decease, the body of Louis the Seventeenth was interred publicly, with common decency, but with no external marks of respect or reverence, in the cemetery of St. Marguerite. The grave was filled up—no mound marked its exact situation. The soil was restored to its former level, no trace remained of the interment, and subsequent researches have hitherto failed in discovering the spot or identifying the remains.

As in the case of Don Sebastian of Portugal, and other historical personages, whose death has not been ascertained beyond the possibility of dispute, many pseudo-Dauphins presented themselves from time to time, each claiming to be the legitimate representative of the house of Bourbon. Of these, the most plausible were, Hervagault, Bruneau, and Neundorf, well known in England as the "Duke of Normandy." These three obtained ardent partizans and supporters, and produced much annoyance to the Duchess of Angoulême and her family. But they were all gross and clumsy impostors, their tales so incoherently arranged and involving such palpable contradictions, that it appears extraordinary how any persons, excepting only very enthusiastic old ladies, could have been misled by them for a moment. The case of Perkin Warbeck was of a much superior order. If not the real Duke of York (which many suppose he was), he almost deserved to be so from the consistent ingenuity of the assumption.

The biographical works we have named above are valuable contributions, and safe evidences to quote or refer to, on all matters connected with the conduct, treatment, and fate of the Royal Family of France. But for an ample and impartial record of the French Revolution in all its phases, the History of Mons. Thiers holds the leading position, and will continue to be read and relied on by present and future generations, as the standard authority; and one in which the author's clear intellect, and earnest desire of representing truth, have kept him free from the blinding influences of prejudice, political bias, or national partiality.

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 XXXIII.

THE READING IN THE GREENROOM.

THE "reading" of a new piece to the performers who are to play it, is a nervous operation for a young or inexperienced dramatist. It is a first performance without any stage aids. All the excitement which a lighted theatre, music, applause, novelty of effect, bring to his support, are wanting; and all his own share in the work stands out in naked isolation. A somewhat cheerless and gloomy room, a group of keen, but—until he has earned his spurs—not sympathising auditors, and, if he read his own piece, the incessant sound of his own voice, are adjuncts not likely to raise an author's courage. It requires much experience and many successes to teach him to look with perfect composure upon all this, to remember that the play is the result of his own calm and well-considering leisure, that he sees the drama as a whole, whereas the actors see it in parts only, those parts being their own, so far as they can identify them (for the characters are not distributed until the reading is over), and that their judgment upon those parts is swayed by influences which are natural enough, but which diminish the value of the opinion. When he has attained this composure, a reading becomes a very agreeable process, for by that time the performers have acquired a faith in his dramatic skill, and in his capacity for suiting them with characters, and they are prepared to laugh at his wit, or to applaud his more effective passages of declamation. Yet, even then, he learns to distrust the most sincere approbation of the green-room. The allusion, the equivoque, that calls out the unanimous shout of the company, often falls flat upon the audience, less trained, as a body, to appreciate the happiness of an expression, while a careless quibble, or a common-place retort, which the green-room passes over in deserved silence, will frequently convulse the public from pit to gallery. The author must make up his mind that he knows nothing further of the merits of his play, after the reading, than he knew before. The sole and real advantage of a good reading before intelligent actors, is the chance it affords them of detecting any accidental or intended plagiarism from other dramas (in which they are wonderfully acute), and the opportunity thereby afforded to the

author to purge himself of the offence by removing the passage before putting himself upon the country. We are informed that, in happier days (those which stolid, bald-headed men, when they hear you applaud any modern talent, tell you with a pitying smile, that you ought to have seen), the reading was a miniature performance, so admirably was it managed; and that each actor went away with a mental model of the character he was to take. And one is rather induced to believe this, for the mass of the "standard" characters of the drama, and the traditional mode of playing them, are certainly not such as would occur naturally to an artist, but are rather quaint whims which he must have been taught to embody. But, as what has been lost in individuality has been gained in nature, we will not complain that an actor is now obliged to read his part before he can complete his conception of it.

Carlyon was first at the theatre, distancing Mr. Phosphor and all the performers. But they gathered by degrees, and Bernard privately confessed to a sort of mortification of his literary vanity, when he found that the little groups into which the corps clustered, while awaiting upon the stage the summons to the green-room, were not occupied in discussing the probable merits or authorship of the new drama, but upon such topics as interest other people than actors. Mr. Wigsby was full of talk about his flowers, especially some favourite roots which he was always digging up and wrapping in the blankets of his bed, to Mrs. Wigsby's great discouragement. Miss Flabbington had a tale about a cab-driver, who overcharged her eightpence to Chelsea, and Mrs. Boddle, who was understood to display some little occasional want of self-restraint in the social circle, delivered a curious detail of certain remarkable remedies she employed for the lumbago, to which a habit she had of sitting on the stairs, when convivial, rendered her subject. And the benevolent Grig, the Animal's Friend, came late, but in high glee, having sent an unlucky drover to the tread-mill for twisting a calf's tail to make it descend from a terrified old lady's Bath chair, into which it had leaped from the Kensington road.

There was, however, a general impression among the actors, that Carlyon, whose name Mr. Phosphor had casually mentioned to one or two of them, was a non-existent person, and that the astute manager, or, as they termed him, "dodgey Foss," had fixed the name upon some nobody, for purposes to be afterwards made manifest. He had been convicted on previous occasions of having announced unlucky pieces as by persons who had never been heard of before, or afterwards, but if the dramas proved successful, Mr. Phosphor, questioned as to the authorship, would put on a look of imitation-modesty, which implied that "alone he did it." If the play failed, he never looked in this way, but had a fiction at hand about the author's being detained with a broken leg at Shrewsbury.

But the summons came, the performers took their stations in the green-room, around the manager's table, Mr. Wigsby getting behind Mr. Phosphor, in order, at convenient intervals, to

make faces at Miss Ford, and cause the lady to laugh in the wrong place. Mr. Phosphor presented Mr. Carlyon to the circle, as the author of the new play, and Mr. Grig, with great respect, begged leave to touch that young gentleman, which, having done, Grig solemnly assured the other actors that it was "all right," that there really was such a person as Mr. Carlyon. This joke Bernard did not understand, but Phosphor, who did perfectly, grinned a remarkable smile, between amusement and rage.

Mr. Phosphor, having again offered Carlyon the reading of his play, which Bernard declined, with a complimentary speech, commenced by naming the characters. This done, Mr. Grig rose, and, with the utmost gravity, begged to say one word. He was grieved to have to do so, but every one would see that he did it more in sorrow than in anger—much more. He said that it was so desirable, for the sake of an author of a drama, and of the profession, that a performer should pay every possible attention to the structure and dialogue of a piece, in order to comprehend its bearing, and to acquire a due perception of its meaning, that he would express a most fervent, but most 'umble hope, that Mrs. Boddle might be cautioned to leave off thinking of that Spanish onion in her bedroom cupboard, and to listen to what was going to be read.

"How can you be such a fool, Grig?" said Phosphor, indignantly, as everybody burst into a laugh.

"I've done my 'umble duty to the theatre," said Mr. Grig. "Go on."

The play was read, and the frequency of the smart and brilliant repartees, and a certain freshness of tone and treatment, pleased the audience, and a series of approving murmurs came, very agreeably, upon Carlyon's ear. A general clapping of hands greeted the close, and Bernard, although he had not spoken a word, felt as if he were out of breath.

"Very nice indeed," said Grig, "very nice."

"Very smart," said Wigsby. "One or two things that we have heard before, but gentlemen who read much can't help that. The joke about the doeskin glove is in the *Forged Turnpike Ticket*."

"I never heard of that piece," said Carlyon.

"No, it was never played in London," said Wigsby, "but anybody who knew the Norwich circuit will remember it, eh, Grig?"

"Rather," said Grig.

"We'll strike it out, of course," said Carlyon.

"We'll do no such thing," said Grig, "if you please. I shall give it as bold as brass; the public has not been the Norwich circuit."

"The situation in the green-house you borrowed from poor Charley Williams's farce—*Where's My Horseradish?* of course," said Mrs. Boddle.

"I think not," said Carlyon, smiling. "This is the first time I ever heard either of the author or the farce."

"Ah! perhaps you've seen it under another name," replied the lady. "It was played in the country, and the title changed according to the locality. It was called *Where's my Norfolk Biffin?* in one place—*Where's my Bath Lozenges?* in another, and *Where's my Epsom Salts?* at a third. I have played in it under all those names, and also during an election time in the east of England, when, to annoy an influential nobleman, it was called *Where's my Pinch of Curry Powder?*"

"But is the unintentional plagiarism so bare-faced?" said Bernard, turning to Phosphor: "I must—"

"No you mustn't," said Phosphor. "It's all right—if people altered until they got something unlike anything that can be remembered, we should never have a play at all. There's no plagiarism, but there's a green-house in Mrs. Boddle's farce, and a green-house in your comedy; I suppose two people can think of a green-house, Mrs. Boddle?" said the manager, getting into a passion.

"I didn't say they couldn't," said the old actress. "I only remarked the likeness."

"There are many likenesses which it might be as well not to remark," retorted Mr. Phosphor, looking insolently at Mrs. Boddle, whose history, a quarter of a century before, had been a little notorious.

"That's true," said the old lady, offended at the *inuendo*, and rising to depart. "I have heard people say that some people looked very much like gentlemen, but I can't say I ever remarked it myself." And, taking up the manuscript which Phosphor had thrown to her, she went out.

"Extremely mischievous person in a theatre, that," said Mr. Phosphor, in self-justification, the fact being, that Mrs. Boddle was one of the most harmless old sinners who ever forgot all the errors of her youth in favour of nearly the only one age cares about—one to which we have delicately alluded.

"When do we do this?" asked Grig.

"Monday," said the manager.

"Fortnight, or three weeks?" said Grig.

"Next Monday of all," returned Phosphor.

"With a pleasing variety of hooks, over any number of sinister shoulders, and don't you wish you may get it?" observed Mr. Wigsby, vaguely, as he went off to his roots in the blanket. He was supposed to imply doubt.

"Lazy old humbug!" said Phosphor, looking after him. "He thinks of nothing but his blessed cow-cabbages."

"But Monday—honour," said Grig, "because I want to be off to Brighton."

"Well, be off to brighten, it's time you should," said the manager, facetiously, "for you are deuced dull now. But we play this on Monday, mind."

"I'll never forgive you if we don't," said Grig, nodding to the author, and departing.

"I shall be sure to break my heart about that," said Phosphor,

spitefully, the moment Mr. Grig had disappeared. "Brighton, indeed! I remember when he was glad to get a holiday once a week to Gravesend, and eat ahrimps," continued Phosphor, not choosing to see anything to the actor's credit in the fact that his talents had made him independent.

"How do you wish me to dress Lady St. Rollox, Mr. Carlyon?" said Miss Ford, coming up with her prettiest smile.

"Dress?" said the surprised author, for this was an inquiry he had not anticipated. It was the first time a pretty girl had come up to him requesting him to direct her toilette, and speaking as submissively as if she had the slightest intention of following his dictation. "O—Lady St. Rollox is a leader of fashionable society—I am sure I need say no more to Miss Ford."

"I was thinking," said Anna, "of—" and she plunged into a pleasing *mélange*, in which she blended with great fluency a variety of choice terms from the vocabulary of the French milliner, to the utter confusion and rout of her auditor, to whom she finished by saying, "Do you think that will do for the first dress?"

"Admirably, I should think," said Carlyon, making a desperate effort to remember something of this description, in order to ask some feminine acquaintance what it meant.

"The second is an evening dress—a ball dress, I suppose," said Anna, "and that cannot be too handsome."

"Nothing can be too handsome for Miss Ford," said Mr. Carlyon, who speedily saw that he was assisting at a farce. And Miss Ford tripped off with a very gracious and comprehensive bow, (as graciously returned by the manager,) and descended to the neat brougham which awaited her at the very stage door to which a few months ago, the night must have been very bad when she ventured to summon a hack cab.

"Get in another change of dress for her, if you like," said the manager to Bernard. "She likes dress."

"Are not such things expensive?" said Carlyon.

"We don't mind it in some cases," replied Phosphor, with a peculiar smile. "Now, Miss Ponsonby, what's the dreadful matter with you?"

"I have been to the wardrobe, sir," said the girl timidly.

"Well, I hope the wardrobe's quite well, and all the sweet little drawers also, not forgetting the pretty pegs. Did you come to tell me that?"

"No, sir," said the girl, upon whose careworn face the manager's jocularly awoke no smile. "But I wanted to ask you," she said, earnestly,—"I have had so many new dresses to find lately—and there is a cotton velvet body there which is quite useless now, but to which I could put skirts, which would do quite well for this part, and it would save me money which, since my mother's illness, I can hardly spare—and, of course, sir, if you chose, the skirts should belong to the theatre afterwards."

"You both surprise and shock me, Miss Ponsonby, by your attempt to defraud the establishment which remunerates you. You undertook to find your own dresses, and if you do not like to do

that, give notice and leave us. No lady but yourself seeks to break her engagement. Miss Ford's two dresses in this very piece will cost at least twenty pounds, and yet I have not heard her complain."

The poor girl looked up, and flushed crimson, but she did not dare to say what came to her lips. She only turned away, and lingered for some time in the dark lobby, considering what next article of dress she could best spare to the pawnbroker. It must be the solitary black silk dress—after all she only wore it when she went to tea at a friend's—she had very few friends—and seldom went to see them—what did it matter? So she went home, and began to brush and carefully re-fold the black silk dress, for the pawnbroker, just as Miss Ford, and a noble friend upon whose judgment she could rely, were entering Swan and Edgar's.

"Just like them all, trying to swindle you, if they can," said Mr. Phosphor. "Now Baby Waring, you come here."

A very pretty blue-eyed girl, with a demure look, but with a mouth so rich and rosy that it contradicted the downcast eye, advanced at this appeal.

"Baby Waring," said the manager, "shake hands with Mr. Carlyon."

Bernard thought that a pleasanter face had seldom been turned up, with a half-modest, half-wicked smile, to meet his look, and that a warmer or softer little hand had seldom been placed in his own.

"Baby Waring," said Mr. Phosphor—while Bernard retained the hand—"listen to me. At Mr. Carlyon's express and urgent desire, I have allotted to you the most splendid, the most effective, and the most magnificent part that ever was written for a young lady in this world, whatever she may get in the next. Here it is, the *Aurora Trevor*. If you play it to his satisfaction, perhaps, some day, he may write you another. But if you do not, and likewise to mine, I declare to heaven that not only shall you never speak another line on my stage, but you shall go on for attendants in processions, chambermaids in pantomimes, and the back row in the ballet every night until your time is up. Remember, you are engaged to me for everything. Do you hear?"

The Baby looked in no wise terrified, but replied, with a charming smile,

"I hope Mr. Carlyon will be so very kind as to take a little pains with me, and hear me say my words."

"That you must arrange with Mr. Carlyon. I dare say he will do anything in reason."

There was no particular reason, however, why Mr. Carlyon, having given a glance which assured him that Baby was very neatly dressed, should ask her which way she was going to walk, or, as the afternoon was bright, should suggest to her to walk down Regent Street. Because he could not well hear her say her words there. But Baby's face was as pretty a one as they saw in all that ramble, almost as pretty as one that he did not see, but which, in the corner of a carriage, turned pale as Lilian passed him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A DAUGHTER IS CLAIMED.

BUT where was Angela Livingstone, expressly engaged for the part of *Aurora Trevor*, thus transferred to Baby Waring? That very natural question has now to be answered.

She came to the theatre, signed her engagement, and was duly "called" to the reading of Carlyon's play. But another call was made before the latter event. Mr. Phosphor was closeted with Bernard, discussing certain alterations in the comedy (he suggested them with a freedom of treatment by no means pleasing to the writer, who discontentedly saw his dialogue scored out by the foot, under the pretext of making the piece act "closer"), when a card came up. Phosphor turned to Bernard, and said, deferentially,

"Will you permit me to allow this person to interrupt us? It is not his rank, or wealth, of course, that weighs with me for a single second, but it may serve the interests of the establishment if I see him. Still, if you object to it, my doors are hermetically sealed against him until we have done. He may be a lord, but 'a man's a man for a' that.'" And Mr. Phosphor sat immovably, watching the reply, as if uncertain what it would be, and prepared to be guided by Carlyon's sentence. The manager bowed gratefully as the author's assent was given, and the next moment admitted the Earl of Rookbury, who had, according to his manner, walked over everybody and everything, and by sheer loftiness of bearing compelled the daunted officials to conduct him, unbidden, to the presence chamber.

"How d'ye do, Phosphor, old fellow?" said the Earl, with a good-humoured familiarity which had as much contempt as courtesy in it, and which Phosphor perfectly well understood, though affecting to be greatly gratified at the Earl's condescension. "And how are you, Mr. Carlyon," he added, his manner making his much less familiar greeting far more cordial. "I am disturbing a plot, I fear."

"Mr. Phosphor has just convinced me to the contrary, my Lord," said Bernard, pointing to his manuscript; "he denies the existence of any plot at all in what we are revising."

"Don't pay the slightest heed to what he says," said Lord Rookbury, seating himself. "None of these theatrical people know anything about the drama, and they are all as bigoted as the very deuce. I myself invented the last scene of a ballet once, and produced a mechanical effect which the whole Opera-house management had solemnly declared was utterly impossible."

"I suppose," said Phosphor, humbly, "that I must not remind your Lordship of the circumstances under which that feat was accomplished."

"Yes, you may," said the Earl. "You mean that, as I said it could be done, and as everybody else said it could not, I did it at my own expense."

"Two hundred pounds I think that experiment cost your Lordship."

"Quite that," said the Earl. "But it made the fortunes of the house for the season. Do you remember Madame Aglaia, as she came gliding up through the silver lilies?"

Phosphor remembered that, and also that Lord Rookbury, having betted five hundred pounds with an exceedingly wealthy and silly friend of Madame Aglaia that the thing *could* be done, could very well afford to lay out two hundred to get one of his dearly beloved "pulls;" the rather, too; that his Lordship had disputed the machinist's bills, and starved him into taking off a third of it. But Phosphor did not mention this.

"I'm afraid I shall be unwelcome to both of you, when you know what I've come about," said the Earl. "Phosphor's feelings I don't much care for, because I can make things pleasant for him, but to you, Bernard, I don't know what to say. However, duty knows but one course."

Carlyon looked doubly curious when Lord Rookbury mentioned duty, and wondered what could have put such a word into his head.

"At least," continued his Lordship, "if I am right in supposing that you, Mr. Carlyon, are going to bring out a piece here."

"Mr. Carlyon has favoured me with a very charming piece," said the manager, "into which we have thrown all our best people, intending to make a great hit with it."

"It will be one," said the Earl. "Mr. Carlyon—I say it to his face—is a man to succeed, and you are very lucky in obtaining his aid—very lucky. Secure him, on his own terms, Master Phosphor, for you won't get such a catch every day."

"Your Lordship's opinion is my own," said Phosphor.

"It used to be, in old times, eh?" said the Earl, with a significant look, "and I do not imagine you have grown any wiser. But have you included among your performers a Miss Livingstone?"

"That young lady has just joined us, and we propose to entrust to her the leading part in our comedy."

"Is she in the theatre?"

"I have some idea that she is in the wardrobe," said Mr. Phosphor. "We have so little time to lose that I desired her to see about her dresses at once, and—does your lordship wish to know her?"

"Please."

The manager pressed his pedal, and orders were given to scour the theatre in search of Miss Livingstone.

"I'll tell you why I want her," said the Earl. "There is no need of mystification and so forth with you, Phosphor, because—in fact you have known me a long time—nor with you, Carlyon,

because you are a man of the world and my friend. I am going to take her away from you."

"Is *that* absolutely necessary, my Lord," said Phosphor, in a tone that offended Lord Rookbury, though it was most respectful, and only appended, to the manager's concurrence in any plan of his Lordship's, a suggestion that the theatre need not lose Miss Livingstone's services.

"Yes, sir," said the Earl, snapping at him, viciously; "for a reason, if I am bound to give it, which I suppose you will condescend to think a good one. The young lady is my daughter."

Carlyon stared, being really surprised. This was natural, and therefore he deserves no credit for it. But Phosphor, who was surprised at nothing Lord Rookbury could say—perhaps from old recollections—and who, moreover, did not place the slightest offence in the assertion, merited great praise for the magnificent and artistic look of mingled astonishment and pleasure which he instantly put on. The sight of so good a piece of acting brought back Lord Rookbury's good temper, and he added in a much more courteous manner,

"Yes, so it appears. It is one of those cases—I speak, as I said, to men of the world—which *will* occur, and in which one's only course is to make reparation as soon as possible. I had lost sight of her, to my unspeakable annoyance, but having discovered her by an accident, I am eager to offer amends for past neglect."

Mr. Phosphor gradually permitted his astonishment to subside from his face like a dissolving view, and to leave nothing but pleasure, which he next deemed it expedient to dash with a trifle of sentiment, so he set his eyes twinkling, and affected to stifle a light sob. He then got up to offer Lord Rookbury his hand in manly gratulation, but his Lordship, with a queer look, put the ivory head of his umbrella into the manager's gripe, instead of his own hand, and an effect was spoiled.

"All right; thank you, Phosphor," said the Earl. "Well, Mr. Carlyon, you don't tell me whether you forgive me for taking away the leading lady of your play."

Bernard scarcely knew what to believe. But it seemed the safest course to say that it would indeed be selfish to think of his own temporary interests, when the permanent welfare of so charming a person was in question. Such thought no doubt *was* selfish; but—we disguise nothing—the fact did not prevent Carlyon's almost wishing that Lord Rookbury's real or pretended discovery had been made later or not at all. Such are authors. How fortunate that the race is not numerous, or the virtuous world might be contaminated.

"Just what I expected you to say, Bernard," said the peer, "and in keeping with your character."

"I gather," said Mr. Phosphor, in bland, but anxious tones, that Miss — we will call her Livingstone, until further notice, my Lord—is unaware of the glad tidings which we have just learned. We will withdraw at her approach, nor mar, by a

stranger's presence, the pure and holy pleasure of such a meeting. Come, my friend," he added to Bernard, doing the regular business, and pointing to the door.

"Do no such thing, please," said Lord Rookbury. "I will thank you, Phosphor, to introduce me, and Mr. Carlyon to assure the young lady that I *am* Lord Rookbury. Some people whom Phosphor knows might not be in a hurry to credit such a statement, the world's so sadly suspicious."

"Nay," said Phosphor, swallowing down all insult spoken and implied; "when I gaze upon that brow, and upon those features, and listen to that voice, and then recall those of the dear young lady, the resemblance is so marked, that I wonder I can have avoided seeing it."

To this Lord Rookbury made no reply, beyond executing a slight grimace at the ivory handle. The next moment Angela came in. She coloured slightly at finding herself summoned to a triple presence, but Phosphor handed her a chair, and Lord Rookbury, rising, said, in his kindest way.

"I have a little communication to make you, my dear, but first you should know who it is that has the pleasure of speaking to you. I am the Earl of Rookbury."

Now if Angy had been a better instructed young lady, it is probable that she might have been more disturbed at this announcement. But what did *she* know of the leading names of the past half century, the Parliamentary notorieties, the aristocratic *roués*? How could she appreciate that strange reputation which the old gentleman before her had made for himself, of his victories over prime ministers and *prime donnee*, his sinfulness, and his sarcasm, and his stratagems, his boroughmongering and his turf gambling, his political *status* and his social demerits? To estimate Lord Rookbury, one must have been "well up" in fifty years of English history, and you have no right to expect that at fifty shillings a week. Angela only saw a tall, remarkable, and very courteous old man, who seemed to have an interest in her; and so, when he uttered the name at which clubs looked up, and peers (if respectable) looked down, she simply replied,

"Oh, I'm sure I'm very glad." Meaning, probably, that she was glad to make his acquaintance.

"As you have never seen me before, and possibly never heard of me," said the Earl, "you should be assured that I am what I say, though I don't suppose you are likely to doubt it. Your manager, Mr. Phosphor, has known me of old, and Mr. Carlyon here has visited me, and can certify to me."

"This is, certainly, Lord Rookbury," said Mr. Carlyon, gravely. "I am ready to certify that," he said, with a slight emphasis on the last word. The Earl caught it, and in his heart rather approved the feeling that enjoined it.

"I should not have thought of doubting a gentleman's word," said Angela. "What needs this iteration?"

"You are quite right, my dear," said the Earl. "But I am about to be something more to you than a gentleman. I will tell

you, in the simplest words, for I see that you are a girl of good sense, in what position you and I suddenly find ourselves. You were brought up by a couple named Lobb, to whose support you have since worthily and nobly contributed, and with whom you are still residing."

"Well," said Angela, "considering that you are speaking of one's father and mother, I don't see that there is anything particularly noble in one's trying to help them."

"And now, my dear," said the Earl, "for one of those discoveries which I dare say you have made a hundred times on the stage, but which are not so common in private life. I have to inform you that your father stands before you."

Poor Angela did not know exactly what to reply. Her first conviction was that the whole thing was what she would, I fear, have termed a "sell," and she was about to repay it with a smart answer. But, looking at Lord Rookbury, he appeared so gentlemanly, and so much in earnest, that it was difficult to believe him a partner in any mystery—and then there was Mr. Carlyon, whose character she knew through Paul Chequerbent, and he stood gravely by, a witness—and lastly, the manager was doing one of his very best bits of pantomimic sympathy, which Angela did not yet know him well enough to estimate duly. She rose from her chair, and then sat down again, sorely troubled.

"I can quite understand your surprise, my dear child," said the Earl. "As yet, indeed, you hardly believe us in earnest. This you will very soon find is the case, but it will be kindest to you to defer any other explanations until you have somewhat re-collected yourself. I have no desire for an *éclaircissement* or a *dénouement*. Only understand this—I have recently discovered our relationship, and am anxious to make amends to you for the long time it has remained undiscovered. I preferred seeing you here to visiting you at home, because here I am known, and because I also wished to tell you, in the presence of Mr. Phosphor, that the stage is no longer your calling. Now, my dear child, give me your hand. There. And now, not another word until you have had time to think. Take this card, and come to my house in Acheron Square, as soon as you feel disposed. I will be at home all to-morrow morning. Then I shall have the pleasure of telling you what I intend to do for you."

He drew the girl towards him, bewildered and trembling, and kissed her forehead.

"Mr. Carlyon," he said, "you are an acquaintance of my daughter's, and a friend of my own. I shall be much indebted for your kind offices in assuring this child of the reality of what she has heard, and which seems to her like a dream. You will also advise her on one or two other matters."

Angela began to cry, poor girl.

"To-morrow, in Acheron Square," said the Earl, pressing her hand. "Until then, the less *we* say to one another, the better. Phosphor, I will see you in a day or two. Mr. Carlyon, I have some little claim, is it not so, to ask your assistance?"

"Every claim, my lord," said Carlyon. "But one word with you, before matters go further."

"I know the word," said the Earl, smiling; "and, all things considered, I have no right to be offended at your saying it. I will anticipate it. Come this way." And they went out together, and in a couple of minutes Carlyon returned, looking thoughtful, but not dissatisfied. I hope I need not say that the regret at the injury to his play had utterly vanished from his mind.

Angela looked up at him quite piteously, as he approached her, and begged him to tell her what it all meant, and whether they were playing with her feelings.

"Certainly not, dear Miss Livingstone," said Bernard. "That person, I am able to assure you, is Lord Rookbury, one of the richest and most influential men of the day. He has just assured me, in the most solemn manner, that you are his daughter. It is a matter, therefore, for the warmest congratulation that he should claim you; and I congratulate you most heartily, though a sufferer by your good fortune."

Mr. Phosphor's face, during this speech, had resembled a series of *tableaux vivants* from the work of Lavater. This had been a most favourable opportunity for the delineation of the passions, and he had availed himself of it. He now laid his head upon the table. His shoulders went up and down, and as his breath came forth in agitated fits, it is fair to infer that this last pantomime indicated exceeding grief. The actress who would, at a different moment, have smiled and applauded, was moved. Herself excited, she was ready to suppose excitement in another. But the author had formed a juster estimate of the performance, and he signed to Angela, who was about to rise, to wait the issue. Perhaps the manager expected to be comforted, but as nobody seemed to begin the process, he wiped away some imaginary tears, and started to his feet.

"Miss Livingstone," he said, in his finest style, "I am grieved—but still I rejoice. Here is your engagement," he said, darting at a pigeon-hole, lettered L, and plucking out a solitary document. "Thus I scatter it to the winds," he added, tearing the paper in halves.

'For I would sooner stop the unchained dove,
When swift returning to its home of love,
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
Than turn one farthing by yon bond of thine.'

"It remains to me to congratulate you, as I do most fervently, upon your advancement, and to hope that in the day of your glory you will not altogether forget those who first hoped to cradle your fame."

Despite the manager's volcanic manner, the act and the words were kind, and Angy endeavoured to express her acknowledgments. But Mr. Phosphor would hear nothing.

"I had anticipated a brilliant run for the play," he said, "thanks to your genius illustrating that of the author. But it

was not to be. Mr. Carlyon, I fear that this interlude has unfitted us all for serious performance. So, perhaps, as Miss Livingstone has been committed to your guardianship, you will escort her home, or where you will. 'For my own part, I will go pray.' Bless you, my dear young lady, and you, my gifted friend (whom I shall be glad to see to-morrow at twelve o'clock), bless *you* too, and adieu!" He again laid his head on the table, and Carlyon led Angela out.

As soon as they were gone, Mr. Phosphor lifted himself up, and proceeded to execute a sort of frantic hornpipe about the room, clenching his hands, and gnashing his teeth at intervals. Relieved by this exercise, he observed that the "*sentimentalibus lacrymæ roarem*" was off his mind. The next thing he did was to devise a calculation, wherein he was aided by Mr. Snunk the treasurer, by which he could justify to Lord Rookbury an application for enormous compensation for the loss of Miss Livingstone's services. The next was to compose a letter, artfully appealing to the honour and feelings of Angela, in order to commend that exorbitant demand to his Lordship. But the application was to be reserved for a day or two. The last thing Mr. Phosphor did was one which all parties concerned could far less easily forgive him. It was a composition which nobody but himself and the printer was permitted to see that night, but which, by eleven o'clock the following morning, was hanging in every public-house and pastrycook's shop in London, was exhibited in every omnibus, and was posted in gigantic letters upon every dead wall and boarding, was paraded upon vast boards, which a legion of mercenaries bore like standards into every quarter of the town, was blazoned in every newspaper, and was the subject in most journals of a special and most inviting paragraph. In short, by the hour we have mentioned, every one of Lord Rookbury's aristocratic acquaintances, in addition to many thousands of more plebeian Londoners, was made aware of the fact that MISS ANGELA LIVINGSTONE, HAVING BEEN MIRACULOUSLY DISCOVERED TO BE THE LONG-LOST CHILD OF A NOBLE EARL, she would not be able to make her first appearance at that theatre, as had been intended, but an occasional address, and a farewell to the British public (including a detail of all the circumstances) would be spoken for her by MR. PHOSPHOR.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ARISTOCRAT IN THE PIT.

THE reason has therefore been shown why Angela was not to the reading of the play. But those who have seen a distinguished personage claim her as his own, may like also to know the circumstances under which he obtained his first view of her. For it was that noble Lord's way to do nothing in a straightforward manner, except when on horseback. Having, by means which he and Mr.

Phosphor have both promised to explain, and into which, therefore, it might be discourteous for us to enter, obtained a certain clue to Angela's identity, the Earl of Rookbury one night took a hack cab, and departing from Christendom, went up in the direction of Hoxton, and sought out Miss Livingstone's sphere of action, just as the manager had done. But Mr. Phosphor, in all the pomp and pride of managership, had on *his* visit attired himself in a great shiny Hudson's Bay fur coat, with collar of sables, and had got himself up resplendently, with eye-glass and white gloves, and sparkling rings outside them, and a huge gold-headed cane, and had swaggered and clattered into the most prominent private box, whence he had compassionated the spectators, and severely scanned the excited company. The Earl of Rookbury, on the contrary, put on a quiet old great coat and brown gloves, paid his shilling, (which entitled him to sixpennyworth of spirituous nastiness called refreshment,) and made his way into the pit, and among his fellow-mortals, contriving, however, to get a front place. And then his Lordship had the happiness of beholding Miss Livingstone in the same terrible drama as that Mr. Phosphor had witnessed.

Lord Rookbury understood theatrical matters perfectly well, having indeed had ample opportunity, during half a century, of studying them publicly and privately. And he still took interest enough in them to pay sufficient attention to what was going on to comprehend the action of the piece. It was, as has been pretty clearly shown, one to which the poet's phrase, "daubed with lace and blood" applied admirably. Wit and ruffianism were cleverly mingled in the never-flagging scenes, and the feverish story whirled along through nightmare terrors and nightmare pleasures, until a hideous catastrophe fairly shamed human nature out of its previously loathing admiration of the wicked power and talent which had been convulsing themselves for the production of "effect." Nothing could be more striking or more atrocious. Lord Rookbury's recollection reverted to our own miserable and bungling melodramas, with their coarse transitions from the cottage to the ball-room and back again, their vulgar inflation of the language of passion, and their low buffonery, introduced as relief, and while recovering from the influence of the drama he had just seen, with something like a feeling of self-reproach, he owned that the French dramatist was an artist who at least understood his business.

But he did not come there only to listen. The principal actor came on in answer to the thunderous call of the audience.

"A clever performer, that," said Lord Rookbury to his neighbour, a sneering mechanic, who returned his remark with a grunt. The Earl looked at him for a moment, and the antagonistic nature of the old peer was aroused. He instantly resolved that, just because he had no right whatever to make the fellow speak, he *would* make him; for my Lord Rookbury hated to be baffled. He had read his neighbour, and had remembered an exclamation or two which escaped him during the piece.

"But," added the Earl, in a tone of off-hand contempt, "obviously far too good for so low a class of audience as this."

The man looked angrily round. "I don't see that," he said, sharply. "I suppose I may know good acting from bad, though I don't look at it through a fool's spyglass."

The Earl was amused at this assault upon his *lorgnette*, a quiet black one, really carried for use. He replied, civilly,

"I use this, my good friend, because I happen to be short-sighted; and if you had asked me for it, I should have had much pleasure in lending it to you."

"I don't want any glasses," said the man, who had not forgiven the insult to his order, "and if I couldn't see this distance, I should say I ought to stop out of a theatre."

"I should say so too," said a stout woman, immediately behind the mechanic, with a rude laugh. Lord Rookbury had offended her also by not offering her the glass, a piece of politeness from which he might have been deterred by the probability that she would have handed it to a male friend in an old shooting coat, to whom she occasionally shouted over four or five rows of that dense mass, in which case it might accidentally have found its way out of the house.

"A lady against me!" said the Earl, revenging himself for the appellation by a private grimace—"then I am wrong, I never contradict a lady."

The old nobleman's apparently good-natured smile disarmed his female opponent. He was really a handsome man, and had excellent teeth.

"But we can't help our infirmities," she said, condescendingly.

"Confound her insolence," thought Lord Rookbury, "I haven't any infirmities." But he assented, with an expression of pity for himself. "It is doubly vexatious," he said, "when a clever creature like that is acting, that I can't see her without assistance. When I was your age, m'm," he continued, resolved to make an opening somewhere, "I could have read a playbill in that gallery. But five and twenty years make a sad difference."

"It does," said the woman, thoroughly mollified by a speech which fairly lied away nearly the fifth part of a century in her favour: "though I shouldn't have thought there was so much difference between us."

"Nor I neither, you old fool," muttered Lord Rookbury. "Living in the country, you see, as I do, makes me look younger than I am, m'm," he said. "Pray what was that lady's name who played the principal part?"

"Miss Livingstone," said the woman, glad to enlighten the polite countryman. "She's not a bad actress."

"Nor a bad woman, I hope," said the Earl, at a venture.

"O, what can you expect from the stage?" said the speaker. "One don't look for much good there, I reckon; or if one does, it's like looking for wool on a pig. Not much morals there," repeated the lady, who happened to be a dealer in marine stores, and who was considered, in police circles, to have induced a

couple of generations of the little boys of her parish to turn their attention to paths which led straight to the hulks.

"The stage actresses would be well enough," said the mechanic, who had no notion of being neglected, sulky as he was, "if the aristocracy and their profligate scions" (the man had read the cheap press with advantage to his vocabulary) "would let them alone. But that very girl there I saw, one Monday as I was lying in Bushey Park, going in a carriage to the King's Arms at Hampton Court, to dine with two or three idle young fellows, tax-eaters, of course, who would spend in one dinner what would keep me for a week. I saw them at the window at night, as I was getting into the van."

"Sad thing she should idle away a Monday in pleasure, or dine in the country," said the Earl. "People—I mean aristocrats and actresses—should be prevented from doing such things. But there's nothing against her character, is there? She looks so very modest."

"Modest! Why don't you read the *Penny Stethoscope*?" said the man. "See how she's shown up there, every week, in the answers to correspondents. Thank God, the aristocracy can't put down a free press, for the people wills to have one."

"A glorious sentiment," said the Earl, "gloriously illustrated, and truly, I have no doubt. But how should the writers of the publication you mention know anything about this lady's private character? Because it can't be worth her while to be very intimate with people of a class likely to write about her in penny papers, or to tell of her to those who do."

"All very fine," returned the mechanic, "but information, like light, breaks through very small chinks and holes."

"Keyholes, no doubt," said the peer, incensed that a man in a fustian coat should venture on a simile. "For that's the way such information is generally got."

"If it comes through a keyhole," sneered the shrewd mechanic, perceiving his advantage, "it must be true, don't you see?"

"And the inquiry must be creditable to the listener, and to those who encourage him," said his antagonist.

"I don't see," said the man, "why I have not as much right to put my spy at an aristocrat's keyhole, as he has to send his policeman in disguise to my meeting. But I suppose you are one of the gang."

"On the contrary," said Lord Rookbury, recollecting that he was engaged in an unworthy contest, and by no means so sure that he was gaining in it, "I hate them, but I love truth." Two sentiments which, the other remarked, were enlightened.

"I consider these draymers do great good," said the mechanic: "they show up the aristocracy in their true colours, and though these are only French, still the moral's the same, that a privileged class must be dissolute tyrants."

"This represents a bygone age," said a respectable lad, with weak eyes, who coloured at the sound of his own voice. The man laughed.

"The present time is just the same, or worse. Read the account of George the Fourth, and his goings on, in the *Secrets of the Palace of St. James's*, now publishing in penny numbers. You'll see, then, that all that we have seen to-night is quite equalled by the way Gentleman George, and Lord Hertford, and Lord Castlereagh, and them fellows went on."

"But all that is lies, and very clumsy lies, which anybody with ordinary historical information can expose," said the lad, who, despite his weak eyes and ready colour, had plenty of pluck.

"Is it?" scoffed the mechanic. "Lies or not, it's read by thousands and thousands, and believed too," and he turned away to enjoy his ill-temper.

"I never heard any harm of Miss Livingstone," suddenly broke out the lad, blushing to the very eyes, "and I ought to know, for I lodge in the same house, and I see her goings out and her comings in, and I believe her to be as good a young lady as ever lived."

The mechanic laughed a coarse laugh. "I don't suppose she's in love with you, certainly," he said.

She was not, but the poor boy was hopelessly in love with her—the victim of one of those passions which are epidemic with young gentlemen of his age in regard to favourite actresses—an age when a corner of a play-bill is preserved merely because it has the loved one's name upon it, and when one hates to hear that the Charles Kemble, or Elliston of the day, with whom she is going to play, is celebrated for his *bonnes fortunes*.

"I don't think the worse of the young man for standing up for a female who he thinks wronged and abused," said the dealer in marine stores, who had herself, in her time, been a good deal abused (without being exactly wronged), especially by the parents of sported youth.

"And I think all the better," said Lord Rookbury, snatching at the news he had heard. "I am going out—it will be very kind if you'll come and take an oyster with me, sir, or at least show a countryman where he can find a place to sup. I see Miss Livingstone don't play again to-night."

The youth looked first surprised, and next pleased, and then assented, and the Earl, in order to annoy his neighbours in the only way left to him, deliberately selected a very dirty and dissolute-looking woman, whose brideless tongue had already occasioned some scandal around the place where she was standing, hot and defiant, and a little tipsy, and installed her in the seat he was resigning.

"You will like one of the 'people' near you, perhaps, better than an aristocrat, my friend," he said to the mechanic. "Another 'lady,' who will be company for you, m'm," he added, to the marine merchant, as he very respectfully handed the disreputable drab into their close proximity, and escaped from their indignation and the theatre.

He did not, however, obtain much information from the youth in exchange for the supper he gave him. The lad, who copied

music, and who enjoyed the supreme felicity, to a lover, of knowing that many of his mistress's songs were studied from his own writing, occupied a back room on a third floor in the house where Angela lived, and usually sat upon the stairs for an hour or two every night, in extreme *dishabille*, to enjoy the pleasure of hearing her footfall as she came in from the theatre. Beyond a reiterated assertion of Angela's virtue and purity, a defence founded upon private fondness rather than upon any fact within poor Mr. Ebenezer Jashby's knowledge, he had little to say. And as the Earl could extract nothing more from that young person, except praises of Miss Livingstone, the strength whereof increased with each frothy tumbler of Guinness's porter, and became absolutely maudlin over some consequent brandy, the Earl paid for the supper, insisted upon his young friend's not hurrying away, and left him staring affectionately at a play-bill which hung over the fire-place, and contained Miss Livingstone's name in very unsociable letters.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A SCENE WITH THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

MR. PHOSPHOR was true to his word. At least, on the following Saturday his *affiches* announced a new comedy for the Monday, and the title, which had been hitherto kept back, lest some rival theatre should steal it, was then allowed to appear. And Bernard, as he walked down to rehearsal, was met at every turn, by a line, which, absurd as the action might be, he could not help pausing to contemplate on at least thirty different play-bills. It was *THE SLAVES OF THE RING*.

He had been so very kind as to hear Baby Waring say her words; and not being satisfied with the way she said them the first time, Bernard had insisted on the lesson being repeated: and, indeed, had bestowed much pains upon her. He had met her at rehearsal every day, and had twice or three times escorted her from rehearsal, by a very circuitous route, for which there could be no necessity, as she had been accustomed to come and go alone, or said so. And upon the other mornings, he had not attended her from the theatre, because, at her own suggestion, he had met her at the corner of the next street but one, and thus saved her from the observation of her fellow performers. He had taken her to dine at Blackwall, and also at Richmond, and they had returned in the evening, just in time to get her into the theatre before her absence could be noticed. He had given her a new bounet, a ring with pearls and rubies in it, and a box of French gloves. Now all this might be very necessary and fitting attention on the part of a young dramatist towards one of his actresses, but if it were essential to show so much attention to one of his actresses, why did not Bernard treat Mrs. Boddle in the same way as he treated the rosy-mouthed Baby?

But when Carlyon entered the theatre on the Saturday, the manager met him with a vexed countenance, and put the manuscript of the play into his hand.

"Do you know the Lord Chamberlain's Office?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bernard; "I have seen a brass plate at St. James's Palace, with some such words on it."

"Then get into a cab, and go down and see his Lordship, and convince him that there's nothing in your play calculated to bring down the constitution, either in Church or State, or else we can't produce it on Monday. I have had a note from Mr. Anlace, saying that we are not to have the licence."

Lord Doveton, the Lord Chamberlain, was the most amiable of men. He would not willingly have caused or permitted suffering to any human being. But if there were an exception to his rule of kindness—if there were anybody for whom he did not entertain so warm a sympathy as for the rest of the world, it was an author. But even an author, much as Lord Doveton deplored his existence, he would not have put harshly out of the world. His lordship would have shut him up in a pleasant garden, with plenty of "Court Guides" and "Red Books" to make him happy, (taking care that there was no Eve to preserve the race of undesirable beings), and would have kept him there until he became painlessly extinct. Lord Doveton was not an obtuse man; on the contrary, he had done statesman's service in his time, but he could never see the use of an author. Plato would not have more rigidly excluded a poet from a model State, than Lord Doveton would, if he could have done it gently, have banished a dramatist. But as this could not well be done, and as the mode Alcibiades adopted with a satiric comedian—that of drowning him—was as impracticable, and would have been even more repulsive to Lord Doveton's nature, it only remained for his lordship to take care that so mischievous a creature should do no mischief which the chamberlain's wand could avert. He seemed perpetually to address the author in the language of the lady in Pope:—

"Come—only be a good kind soul,
Who dares tell neither truth nor lies."

Yet Lord Doveton managed to do a great deal of harm, and to give an enormous amount of trouble to people who felt that the fault was hardly with him, but with those who had invited him to a situation in which his peculiar temperament necessarily required him to interfere in matters at which a stronger man would have smiled.

His Lordship received Carlyon with the most perfect courtesy, and even opened the conversation by a gracious regret that he had been obliged to withhold from the public a work of so much talent. But he had no doubt Mr. Carlyon would see the propriety of the interdiction.

Mr. Carlyon hoped to induce his Lordship to remove it, and would respectfully beg Lord Doveton to point out the objectionable portions of the play. His Lordship sent for his own copy, and while it was being fetched, expressed a hope (which, had the

Lord Chamberlain been a less kindly person, would have been a sarcasm) that theatrical interests were flourishing. The play was then brought for examination.

"In the first place, Mr. Carlyon, the name of your play is open to objection," said his Lordship. "You call it the *Slaves of the Ring*, the 'ring' referring to marriage. Now you are doubtless aware that at this moment there is a bill under discussion by the legislature upon the very subject of marriages in Scotland. You must see that this title is calculated to give offence. Suppose, Mr. Carlyon, instead of answering these objections in detail, you make a note of each in your own copy, and consider them at your leisure."

"Leisure," thought Carlyon, "and the last rehearsal but one going on while he speaks." But he took out his pencil.

"Now, in the list of characters, I observe 'Lord St. Rollox.' I have no doubt that you had too much good taste to intend this for an allusion to Lord * * *, but pray alter this name, as St. Rollox sounds a little like the first half of his title before his last elevation."

Carlyon smiled, and noted this.

"In the opening soliloquy," said Lord Doveton, "this nobleman observes, 'I wish I had kept my wife in Herefordshire.' Now it so happens that there is but one nobleman in that county who has differences with his wife, and therefore you had better alter the county, or, still better, say, 'I wish I had kept my wife in the country.'"

Bernard bowed, and wondered who the non-uxorious nobleman was.

"On page 3, Mr. Carlyon," continued his Lordship, "the American servant has a sneer at 'Highgate's Ointment.' Now I do not suppose that Mr. Highgate's ointment is so infallible as he alleges, but as he is an indefatigable tradesman, and this is a trading country, the Government, at this commercial crisis, do not feel justified in sanctioning his interests being injured by the American's remark that in Kentucky they cure all the hams at once by putting Highgate's ointment into the pigs' trough. Say 'a quack medicine,' if you like."

This also was duly noted by the author, who scarcely dared to look up.

"Now in page 5, if you please," said the Lord Chamberlain, "I see that Lady St. Rollox says, 'Yes, Sir Malachite, but a good painting may be hung in a bad light.' Now this may be taken in two ways. Either it is a severe remark directed against the Committee of the Royal Academy, whose exhibition is now open, and who are a most respectable and influential body, and must not be insulted, or else it is a stricture against Government, in reference to the treatment of the Vernon Collection, in which case I need hardly say the observation is uncalled for."

Carlyon could not trust himself with more than a bow, but he made some strange marks on the manuscript.

"A word, only one, in page 7." "Good gracious, Foambell,

don't be so positive. You would contradict Babbage's calculating machine." "We don't like names to be introduced—say *the* calculating machine, please."

"And now, Mr. Carlyon, we come to a very serious matter, and one which makes me doubt whether, under any circumstances, I can license this comedy. This you need not write down, but have the kindness to consider what I say. Your Sir Malachite, a person of low birth, who has been knighted by an accident (*that*, you must of course remove, as every body knows to whom you refer), seeks to seduce the wife of a nobleman. Now, in these times, what can I say to this?"

"I would merely say, my Lord," said Carlyon, "that though your Lordship and your predecessors have hitherto protected the monopoly of theatrical vice, I have thought myself justified in opening a little free trade. From time immemorial the stage seducer and libertine has always been a nobleman, and his victim a plebeian. Every drama intended for the lower classes is framed in the spirit of one of their most popular songs, 'See the star-breasted villain to yonder cot bound!' People have been taught to believe the aristocracy one mass of cruel, ignorant, and selfish Don Juans. That this sort of representation has been always permitted, and is at this moment taking place in a dozen theatres attended by the class upon whom these amusements really make an impression, is a fact to which the attention of your Lordship's office has no doubt been directed. But in selecting my libertine from another body than the House of Lords, I venture to think that if I have not done a good service, I have exhibited a good motive."

"There is much in what you say, Mr. Carlyon, and I deplore the habit which has arisen of permitting the class of pieces you describe. But my business is with the drama immediately before me. In making the libertine a man of the people, you excite attention to antagonistic principles, and that is very undesirable. All is very quiet in the country just now, and we will try to keep it so."

"It is a spurious quiet, my Lord, that turns its back upon a danger, and denies the existence of what it refuses to behold," said Bernard.

"All politics are a compromise, you know," said Lord Doveton, smiling. "But we are straying from business."

"Perhaps not, my Lord," said Carlyon. "I am sure your Lordship will acquit me of any intention of dictation or declamation, but I would respectfully urge upon you that this is not a mere question of detail. Your Lordship, exercising a discreet supervision of the drama, sees many allusions and inuendoes in every play, upon the propriety of retaining or rejecting which, your opinion, as that of a high-minded nobleman as well as a practical man of the world, ought, in all reason, to be final. For myself, I could wish nothing better than so gentlemanly a censorship, which would tend at once to the improvement of the tone, as well as of the art of the dramatist."

Lord Doveton nodded, not assentingly, but in token that he listened.

"But I would urge upon your Lordship the consideration of one simple fact. There are fifteen theatres open every night, without counting aristocratic regions where Masaniello's treason, Lucrezia's incest, and Bertram's blasphemy, will, it is presumed, fall harmlessly upon the exalted and educated. But at each of the other theatres, a low average of a thousand spectators nightly imbibe, with the good faith, greediness, and earnestness of plebeian listeners, precisely such lessons as it suits the Government they shall learn. Fifteen thousand eager auditors every night attend the sermons appointed for them by their betters, and your Lordship may rely that no portion of text or inference escapes them. This mighty crowd may be reached, in the most effectual manner, and in spite of themselves, by as weighty a machine, now in your Lordship's hands. But Government does not think it worth while to influence ninety thousand people every week—nay, not even to take care that they shall not be influenced by its enemies. The only care of Government is, that the dramatic machine shall not give offence by creaking; and your Lordship's office is to oil the wheels."

Carlyon spoke earnestly, but with so much natural courtesy, that it was impossible for Lord Doveton to take offence at the expressions of the animated author. But when he had concluded, Lord Doveton said—

"You feel strongly upon a matter connected with your profession, Mr. Carlyon, and that is a sure omen of your success in it. But unless you are willing to alter your comedy in conformity with an opinion which I see no cause to change, I fear you must reckon its prohibition as one of the obstacles, in spite of which I have no doubt you will one day attain deserved popularity."

What could Carlyon do? Bow, and having ascertained from the Chamberlain that subject to the alterations he had dictated, and a few similar ones afterwards mentioned by Lord Doveton, there would be no further objection to the play, take it to the theatre, and alter it in conformity with instructions. The *Slaves of the Ring*, after a volley of execrations from Mr. Phosphor, directed against hereditary nobility in general, and the gentle Lord Doveton in particular (whom Phosphor was certain could be impeached, if Mr. Thomas Duncombe would only take the matter up), was re-baptized as "*Love, Honour, and Obedience*," Lord St. Rollox was called Lord Serpentine, and was made to regret that he had not kept his wife in sight of the Wrekin. The Yankeeism was struck out, to the improvement of the piece, and in deference to the quack-salver, and the innocent statement that a picture might be hung in a bad light, was altered to some other common-place, which could not offend the Academy or the Vernon Trust. The complimentary mention of the most extraordinary mechanical mathematician in the world was suppressed, and the great grievance, Sir Malachite's low birth, was redressed, to the remarkable advantage of the aristocracy, by an awkward discovery that he was the

illegitimate child of another "Star-breasted villain," who had to be dragged in, most inartificially, at the end of a piece in which he had never been heard of previously.

Thus cleared of "offence," the comedy was produced.

It was a decided success. A telling speech, early in the play, put the house into good humour, which luckily lasted throughout. The drama, like the earlier works of most authors, and the later ones of a great many, was deficient in plot and structural arrangement, but it had something fresh and real about it, the personages were not mere stage conventions, and it opened a fire of smart things which was kept up with great spirit. The curtain, at the end of the first act, came down upon a good and startling "situation," which produced the very desirable effect of surprising the spectator for the moment, and then setting him to wonder how the newly-created difficulty would be solved. Bernard had hidden himself in the corner of his private box, but now ventured to look round the house, and to make out various friends, posted in favourable positions for backing up the piece, if necessary. But there was one friend whom Carlyon did not see, for she was hidden behind her curtain, and did not lean forward, but she sat opposite to the author, and was not the least observant spectator in the house.

Baby Waring opened the second act, and dashed away with a confidence which contrasted with the careful, first-night delivery of her companions, showed that some extraordinary and intelligent drilling had been bestowed upon her. A round of applause rattled about the house, as Baby concluded a well-conceived scene, between smiles and tears, and Carlyon added his own applause, which the pretty actress acknowledged by a most affectionate look, thrown into the private box. It was seen elsewhere, and though Lilian Trevelyan could not note the gesture which returned it, she saw enough to stir a certain pang into biting shrewdly. She lost the thread of the plot, and the rest of the play to her was a mere vision of forms coming in and passing away.

The play ended, amid a perfect storm of plaudits from all parts of the house. Every actor was called before the curtain, and Baby Waring, amid her smiles and flurry, had another opportunity of sending a fire-glance into Carlyon's box. Then came the cries for the author, and when these had been long, loud, and peremptory, Carlyon rose and bowed, and all the faces turned round upon him, and made him feel that he was somebody in the world. And then he went down to the Green-room, now warm, and lighted, and glittering with mirrors, in which the dresses of the actors in the spectacle which was to follow were reflected over and over until the glasses presented a chaos of embroidery. Every kind of congratulation was lavished upon him by the actors, who are usually in earnest in wishing success, even when they have done little to promote it—an *esprit de corps* making them greatly dislike unfavourable theatrical criticisms by the public. Many a hand greeted Carlyon, and many a pleasant voice assured him that a triumph, founded not on accident, but on sound and sterling merit, ought

to be followed up. Miss Anna Ford came in, and assured him that a very distinguished person in the *proscenium* box appeared very much pleased with the play, and Mrs. Boddle ecstatically declared it reminded her of the first night (as Carlyon understood her) of some drama of Sheridan's, but that could hardly be within her recollection, and her recollection itself was just then a little turbid, from an extra infusion of a stimulating order. Wigsby, for the moment forgetting his *ranunculuses*, remembered to tell Bernard that he had done his best with an ungrateful part, and that Carlyon must recollect that he owed him a "sugar-plum" in his next play. But amid the excitement of congratulation Carlyon did not forget a little scene which had followed the reading of his play, and seeing poor little Miss Ponsonby pass the green-room door, in her bonnet and shawl, making her hasty way home to her sick mother, he called to beg her to come in. The poor child was not over-anxious to parade her old brown stuff frock, and well-washed shawl, under the strong light of the green-room, but she obeyed meekly enough.

"You were not going, I hope, Miss Ponsonby," said Carlyon, in a voice at once kind and respectful, as he took her hand—it was in a silk glove of many darns—"without allowing me to thank you, very sincerely, for your exertions to-night. There is nobody to whom I am more indebted for the success of the piece, and—if my opinion on that point be worth your having, both your dresses were remarkably neat and becoming—will you let Miss Ford pass?" he said, bowing to that young lady as she went out,—
"Yes, you looked and acted exceedingly well."

And the gratified girl drew back, and hastened with a light step to her squalid home—a few kind words are so valuable to some people that it is a sin to omit them when they are merited, and scarcely a sin to bestow them when they are not.

"Very pretty praises, indeed," said Baby Waring, coming in. She had changed her stage dress for her usual coquettishly neat and close-fitting, but quiet attire. "And now will you please to praise me? Did I not say all my words right?"

Carlyon hesitated for a moment. He felt half inclined to go into the front of the house, and receive more congratulations, for they are things for which we easily acquire an appetite. But he conquered this desire by an effort of self-command, rendered easier by circumstances. He was far too much elated to go home. He whispered something to Baby, who smiled and shook her curls—

"Well, I'm sure," she said. "Yes—if you like."

He had, of course, merely asked her to go to the Haymarket, and have some supper. And as she was graciously pleased to assent, he conducted her to the stage-door, where, not being able to obtain a cab, they had to go round to the street before the theatre. And there, as Carlyon, with Baby on his arm, was waiting for a vehicle to draw up, a lady and gentleman came down from the house to their own carriage. The man was Mr. Heywood, but him Bernard hardly recognized, for by this time he had confronted the blue eyes of Lilian Trevelyan.

ST. JANUARIUS' TO ST. CONSTANTIIUS.

To return to Capri, after our bath, and funeral, and reflections on the real and the respectable, we continued to climb the steep and came to the Acqua Viva fountain.

When we had done washing off the "saline particles," towards which end we strip all above our waists, and put our head and shoulders under the gush, we found at the corner of the fountain lane three or four blind soldiers performing a mook review with walking-sticks.

Now, in order to appreciate this incident, you must know that the King of the Sicilies is a despot, who depends for his existence on the vigorous support of his army, not perhaps possessing over much the affections of his people. The army is, moreover, his hobby, and he exercises, and drills, and drives about the poor devils, weighted with heavy harness, under the sultry sun, clouded only by stifling dust, that they often drop with fatigue.

The discipline is so severe, that it has become a common resource among the soldiers to disqualify themselves by voluntary blindness. They are then pensioned off in various settlements at a vile figure, where they starve and stagnate in their brains and stomachs, but, at any rate, have the great Italian privilege, dearer by far than liberty, the boon of indolent rest; and they bask, as vacant-minded as young puppies, in the sun they cannot see, almost all day long.

It appeared that this little knot were tired of inaction, and were seeking to diversify the blank darkness of their lives by a rehearsal of the very drudgery they mutilated themselves to escape. It seemed to amuse them; they appeared cheerful enough; perhaps they were only calling up a more vivid reminiscence of their former misery, to make the ease they had bought so dear with a fifth of their senses, seem more real and luxurious and worthy of the sacrifice.

In the evening we went down to the Piccola Marina, which is on the southern shore, and is reached by a single and steeper and rougher pathway than any of the three which ascend the garden and vineyard-flooned lap of the island towards the north.

The Piccola Marina was formerly the only port, where Augustus and Tiberius used to land and embark. At present the southern shore is not so much patronised by emperors or even mariners, as by quails and quail-catchers.

All along the declivity hang broad light nets, between tall masts set into sockets cut out of the rock. About this time of year quails come in great quantities from Sicily and Africa. Hundreds, and sometimes thousands, are sent daily to Naples, and yield the quail-catchers a handsome net income.

This *calata*, or descending-place, is guarded by a rather ruin-

ous fort, called Castello di Muho. The fort is manned by a middle-aged speckle-faced corporal, a pretty young wife, three children, and a good many tame rabbits. The whole garrison subsists on eightpence a day, allowed by government.

I made a sketch of the wife and youngest child. The child was a picturesque, round, bare-legged, and (not to put too fine a point upon it) bare-bottomed babe; the mother a gipsyish little woman of about twenty, still looking like a girl, though her eldest child was five years old. But there was an anxious expression in her large dark eyes, and a certain dragged and slatternly cast about her figure and dress, which showed a trace of maternal cares somewhat prematurely undertaken.

We bought a pair of the rabbits, one of which the young matron assured us was *gravidâ*, and would bring forth regularly every six weeks. Meanwhile my friend was devoting his artistic powers to the *fariglioni*, tall horns of rock, something like the Needles of the Isle of Wight, only much larger and flat at the top. They stand boldly out of the deep sea. As we drew, the sun went down, and the shadow of the lofty highlands of Ana-Capri rose slowly out the sea, and crept from base to summit up the furrowed flank of the precipitous crag-tower: but when the last gleam faded from the brows of the Fariglioni, we climbed the stony steep of our homeward path to supper.

This morning, Catarina, the same young lady of whom I made a sketch on my former visit, came to be drawn at greater leisure.

As I cannot show you my drawing, I will do you a careful pen-and-ink sketch of her, as she sat looking out of my little window contemplating the broad scalloped leaves and tortuous branches, which our own fig-tree stretches up from the garden.

She is eighteen, about five feet four inches in height, and having a small Grecian head, and a slender fine-boned figure, with little hands and feet, looks taller than she is. The clear cut brow (intelligent, without that turnipy mass of clumsy phrenological bumps usually surmounting the shallow grey eyes of intelligent females of the Anglo-Saxon race, who are proud of having a high forehead) is deeply clustered round by wavy folds of ebon tresses, not wavy with a small trout-stream ripple, such as goffering-irons can raise on the bright, placid, straw-coloured hair of a milk-and-watery blue-eyed blonde, nor even the crisp-flowing golden auburn of Titianic nature, which is apt to have something frizzly and confused in the minuteness of its contortions; but large, clear, dark waves, unbroken with any frizzly froth, taking blue reflections of heaven's own colour at each glossy turn.

This wavy stream flows down on either side by the eyebrow's softly pencilled close, nestling into the corner-dip of the arched brow-line, rolling over the rounded cheek, hanging in rich festoons over the shaded hollow behind the jaw, beneath which appears the pale coral ear-lap hung with glittering gold, and finally winding itself into the massive wealth of rolls, and wreaths, and plaits,

hanging down the nape, secured by a silver hair-pin, whose forked ends join in the form of a hand that holds a flower.

Her eyes are beautiful, with long dark fringes, flashing with a wild and simple intelligence. The nose, mouth, and chin, are pretty, delicately formed, and expressive, but not so perfect in a sculpturesque point of view as the eyes and brow.

The fair Catarina's principal characteristic, however, is not so much her beauty, as a sort of general gracefulness and picturesqueness pervading alike her form, attitudes, expression, and gestures. And it was this made us first remark her at a distance, where she stood leaning against a wall, a little below the gate of the town, resting from the weary burden she had brought up from the Marina on her head.

In the afternoon we went to see the Arco Naturale (natural arch), one of the wonders of the island, and I shall have, much against my will, to plunge into an abyss of verbal landscape-painting, which is the most troublesome kind of writing.

We pass the market-place, enter one of the tunnel-mouths, and follow the narrow winding alley between low houses (with whose door-posts and balconies gnarled serpentine vine-coils grapple), and whose fantastic medieval foreheads are here and there united by a dilapidated arch.

Following the saddle-back ridge of the island we emerge upon the lany and gardeny suburb. The saddle-back ridge rises towards the lofty pummel of Tiberius's palace, but after we have ascended some little way, we turn off between the two eminences of Tuoro Grande and Tuoro Piccolo, as it were, between the two crutches, so that we keep more on a level, skirting beneath the pummel.

The way now runs along a narrow ledge between the hill above and gardens below. Soon the hill changes to a precipice above, and the gardens to abrupt abysses below. The path breaks itself like a little stream in slanting down the scraggy rock face. It is like the way to heaven, the extremity of roughness and narrowness, only it is downwards.

Now we turn a corner of the precipice, and the view begins to open upon us, beyond gigantic crag-fangs, like glacier peaks, which, here and there perforated with caves, characterise this headland. We force our way through the trailing branches of the upper tier of a little crescent-terraced vineyard in the corrie-shaped chip out of the ledge where it had been wider.

A detached glacier-peaked rock stands out from the others, a straddling Colossus, with a pair of rude flying buttress legs. Beyond, at the other side of the strait, rise the pyramidal promontory of Campanella and the rocks of the Syrens: the real Homeric Syrens, mind you, that Ulysses had himself lashed to his mast to hear in safety.

We now turned down a little to the right to get more in front of the arch, and sat down on the edge of the precipice below a little pointed head of rock. I made a sketch of the view, which

is a very striking and fantastic group of Nature's architecture. I have the page of my sketch-book open before me, but, for the life of me, I cannot tell whether to begin at the top or bottom to give you an idea of it.

The *Arco Naturale* is a rough-headed peak pierced with a tolerably round-topped archway, forty or fifty feet high, above a sloping floor of herbage. Through the aperture you see the purple mountains of the mainland, and a shining silver strip of the strait, which is about three miles wide, between the nearest promontory and Capri. This strip is cut by a sloping saw-toothed perspective of the island's peak-palisaded wall, from whose base, through two smaller holes in the lower part of the archway's broader jamb, glance upwards ultra-marine eyelets of deepest blue.

Now add to this vague idea of receding peaks and ultra-marine sea at their bases, the airy magnificence of immense depth, for we are at an elbow of a precipice eight or nine hundred feet above the sea, looking down, and down, and down, so that a boat crossing the little blue eyelet looks like a very small spider in a table-spoonful of water.

Returning homewards, at a turn of the rock, the Cyclopean crag-wall of Ana-Capri's highlands broke upon us, with the uneven-roofed town of towers, and spires, and oranges, and palms, below us, wreathing the ridge that divides the great gap between the island's loftier ends.

One day, when my constitution had had time to recruit itself, after the weariness of metropolitan civilisation over the Bay, I was emboldened to make a morning call at —.

Through the market-place—into an alley, under an arch, turn to the left—up a very narrow dirty crevice of a street. Second door on the left, a ruinous little courtyard, an open door (under steps leading up to a frowning pergola), and behold the tenement of the fair Catarina and her aunt Palma.

It was a single room; close to the door stood two ribbon-looms; for the door was the main entrance of the light, being only assisted by a little window of wooden grating, which peeped unostentatiously down over its shoulder; and was calculated to give just enough light to swear by when the door was shut. Two or three chairs, and a rude bed, made up the rest of the furniture, a shelf of crockery and kitchen utensils, consisting of about three plates, two cups, a knife, and a couple of wooden spoons. The walls were hung with dog-eared lithographs of saints and virgins.

In one of the looms sat La Signora Zia, the maiden aunt, who stands to Catarina in the place of her mother, for she is an orphan. The aunt is a skinny old hag, with sharp eyes, a great deal of frizzy grey hair, that looks like a tangled mass of tow on a distaff, a turned-up nose, with large nostrils, and two rows of very perfect grinning teeth, like a monkey's. Indeed, she principally resembles a middle-aged baboon; she is active, strong, and upright in her figure, about fifty years old. Her expression is chiefly compounded of sliness and servility. But

by the cut of her features I should think she was sharp-tempered, cruel, and not at all calculated to make Catarina's home a very happy one.

In the other loom sat the fair Catarina, herself busily weaving away among the chirping machinery, a complication of stanchions and cross-bars, from which a crane-like head slants out with a pulley, over which hang the strands of the woof, weighted with a heavy stone, so that it can be pulled as the ribbon grows, and is wound up at the other end.

Her pretty little rippled head, with deep-fringed downcast eyes and slender figure, gracefully leaning forward into this sort of mechanical cage, with nimble fingers tossing the shuttle to and fro, and pretty shoeless feet, that came and went on the alternate pedals, formed altogether a combination that seemed to be some cleverly baited love-trap in a fairy tale: and the grinning old baboon of an aunt came well into the background, as the wicked fairy who was to make the heavy stone drop on my head at the appointed moment, for the final catastrophe.

Nothing of the kind occurred. I sat at a respectful distance, and made myself master of the family's history. Catarina's mother was called Pasquarella Ferrar, and married a mariner, called Francisco Coppola. He was drowned a day or two after his daughter's birth, having got into a *cattiva mare* (bad sea) near Livorno. Her mother died four or five years afterwards. There was a *mala sciorla* (evil destiny) attached to the family. Catarina had inherited it. She was not very strong, nor up to much work, and subject to headaches.

This did not to me seem difficult to account for in a delicately constructed young lady, whose occupation was to carry hundred-weights of lime on her head from morning to night. But she and her aunt attributed it to the influence of the evil eye. Indeed, they knew it *was* the evil eye, for they had fed an old woman with a hen, by way of remuneration, to perform an infallible operation.

The test was to set a plate of water on the patient's head, and to drop wax into it from a lighted taper. If the wax remained floating on the water the evil eye was not implicated—but in this case the wax had entirely disappeared. However, the spell was broken, and the pain disappeared with the wax-droppings.

A few days after, my call was returned. The young lady not venturing to come alone, brought another young lady, called Columbrina, to keep her in countenance.

They informed us, with some little circumlocution, that to-day, being a *fiesta* (feast-day), they had come to pay us a visit, and wished to dance the tarantella. Dominico was dispatched for a chaperon to play the tambourine.

When the tambourine arrived, it was decided, because the dining-room was a very narrow dark little vault, that we should go up stairs and dance in my bed-room. Here a chaos of portmanteaus, and chairs, festooned with clothes in unvaleted confusion, and tables sprinkled with pens and half written sheets,

and plates, with water-colours rubbed in blue, and red, and yellow patches, on their upturned bottoms, had to be swept to the sides and ends of the apartment.

Now the tambourine began, jingle, jingle went the loose tin plates in the holes of the hoop; thump, thump, thump, hurra! rump went the chaperon's oscillating fingers and thumb on the parchment tympanum, while the plume of feathers and artificial flowers at the top nodded and bobbed to the vibrations of the light instrument, which, being loosely held in the right hand, is quite as aggressive in its relations with the fingers and thumb of the left hand, as they are towards it. The finger-ends are occasionally moistened, and when (the much-beaten parchment being in a state of repulsive energy) the frictions finger-points are moved along the surface which leans against it, the tambourine of itself makes a series of little jumps, which result in—thurra, rurra, rurra, rump, jump, thump, thurra, rurra, rurra, &c.

I must now (instead of telling you how many mistakes we made in our first lesson, and how patiently we were corrected and led about by our kind instructresses) give you some idea of the dance.

It is called the tarantella, from the tarantula, whose bite is said to produce a dancing madness. If the patient dances till he is entirely exhausted, the perspiration cures him; if not, he dies. So says the tradition, and the dance seems eminently adapted to support such a theory by its violent sudorific measures.

At first the partners perform a sort of hornpipe, Highland-fling, jig-step, opposite each other, within about six feet; then they draw closer, and perform a sort of balance, leaning very much forward, and snapping their fingers over each other's heads. Then they are seized with a sudden and violent *chassée* in opposite directions, crossing, face to face, on two parallel segments of a circle. Having crossed twice, clapping hands, they turn away round in the same *chassée*, and, coming opposite to one another, recommence the jig, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Or the time changes to the tarascone, which is something like the Valentian dances—a sort of easy sling canter round and round. The partners keep as close as they can to each other without touching, and the two figures, invisibly performed face to face, keep circulating round the other two figures. Three steps forward, and three backward take you round. It is what you might imagine the old-fashioned waltz would be like, without taking hold of waists and shoulders.

After a while the figure changes, and the partners begin to revolve singly round each other, making between these couples a figure of 8. Then they join hands in a circle. Thump, thurra, thump, thurra, thump, thurra, thump; they go round and stop short; thump, thurra, thump, thurra, thump, thurra, thump; they go round the other way, and stop short again.

As it was a fine clear afternoon, we agreed to go up to Anacapri, which was yet to me an undiscovered land. I have been

to the foot of that formidable stair, but we had never had time or courage to ascend.

Descending from the gateway of the town, we sloped across the hollow above the Grande Marina, through about a mile of narrow lanes among the terraced gardens, and emerged upon a pathway which winds along the myrtle and laurel-wreathed declivity, above which tower the Cyclopean ramparts of the high land.

From the steep wilderness beneath the crags came honeyed draughts of flower-breath as we approached the stair and passed a little shrine at a corner where the path crosses a ghastly scarred ravine in the hill-side.

The stair is at a corner of the great precipice, dividing the island, opposite to that in which is the stalactitic cave of sacrifice (which you saw in the distance from the platform of the English gun), and is very near, above the Palazz au Mar where we bathe. Its form, traced in white upon the grey crag, is something like the conventional representation of a streak of lightning in an old print. It sublimely exceeds anything one might have imagined of Jacob's ladder, and the pretty peasant maidens you always meet on your way up or down, will naturally put you in mind of the angels ascending and descending. It is very perpendicular, and as it is composed of five hundred and thirty-two steps, each near a foot high, you may imagine it is a considerable undertaking to attack it.

Half way up there is a little chapel, where you may stop to take breath, and gratefully expending our first instalment on a prayer for the soul of an unfortunate lover, who was killed here by a stone falling on his head. The stone had been impatiently kicked over the edge by the foot of a maiden who was waiting for him on the brow of the precipice above, and she built a chapel to his memory on the spot.

As you climb flight after flight, the town-rimmed ridge (which was above us at the bottom) sinks and sinks, while the blue sea-line beyond appears and rises gradually over house-tops, and tower, and dome, and over the Moorish castle on the hill. At length we are at the top; we pass beneath a ruinous old archway, where, till lately, there was a gate, shut every night, for the people of the high and low country used to fight vigorously. You look down from the parapet-wall of a sort of battery on the dizzy depths below, where the clear blue waves lap upon the shore with a faint and distant murmur, and the forms of the rocks beneath tremble as the ripples heave.

We are now in flat country, of a character quite unlike the uneven ground we left in the lower part of the island. It is wooded and full of houses, sprinkled among level gardens and groves, and reminds one strongly of that upper layer of country discovered by the immortal Jack at the top of his beanstalk. The town is not so large as that of Capri, and, from being on level ground, not so picturesque, though the architecture is much the same. It does not look so ancient, however.

Beyond the town, the plain falls away in undulating slopes of grass and park-like trees, and behind the broad platform to the north, on which the town is built, rises a stony mountain-ridge, of which the highest is the telegraph-pointed Monte Solar.

By the time we had returned to the head of the stair the sun was sinking on the sea, and the golden horizon brought out the islands of Ponza, and Zannone, and St. Stephano, like dark little flecks upon the amber sea. The evening was clear, and we could see northwards as far as Gaeta, and to the south as far as the headland of Licosa, in Calabria; points between which there must have been one hundred and thirty miles. It was dark when we got back to Los Piz.

After vespers we walked up to the English gun. On our way down we turned off the path over a wall to reconnoitre a small level on the northern shoulder of the castle hill, which Don Carlo thinks a good site for a house, which he dreams languidly of building somewhere in the island, some day when he has made up his mind to retire from the world for good and all.

Forgetting that the territory was not yet purchased, we sat down at the root of an olive to make a cigarette, when all of a sudden the rightful tenant fell upon us with inquiries as to what business we had there. I at once replied, by requiring him authoritatively to give a categorical account of what harm we were doing him, and who there was in the island or elsewhere that had a right to stop English signori going where they chose, as long as they did no damage.

Hereupon he became very civil and communicative, and showed us all about his little farm. He was a small, brisk, curly-headed, velvet-jacketed, garlicky, and garrulous old man. "Here, in the corner of the wheat-field, on that little square of stone blocks was a cannon. There was another. He remembered the war very well; he was a little boy. They fought thirteen days.

"The Coronel Anglese was cheering on his men. God d—n yours eyes, you dogs! cried he (that is in your language, as you are aware. *signori*), *corraggio*, *giglioli miri*. The English fought very bravely, but the Corsicans would not fire, except blank cartridge. The Coronel (Sir Hudson Lowe) was a great signor, and very rich. He took a *bella figliola* of the island—she had a son, and two daughters, who became *monacas* (nuns)."

He took us up to the castle, and we saw the empty store-room for gunpowder. Some parts of the little castle, which is very ruinous, look Moorish, and some perhaps Roman. When we came down from the castle, and had rewarded him for his services, he insisted on our visiting his house, to be introduced to his wife and other antiquities. We were accordingly introduced to his wife, and persuaded to lay out twopence in a copper coin of Augustus, which we did not want; and which I shall be happy to give the first reader who asks me for it, if it still lies at the bottom of my portmanteau at the time of asking.

ARTHUR ARDEN, THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. WORMWOOD'S temper was restored to an unusual degree of gentleness, on account of an expected visitor. Miss Wormwood was adorned in her best attire, and an additional servant was added to the establishment to wait at table, and open the door. Mr. Edwards was expected to dinner, and although my master thought the expense would ruin him, he had really provided sumptuously for his entertainment.

George Edwards was an old friend of the family, young and handsome, a junior partner in an extensive mercantile establishment in Manchester. He had only lately been raised to the rank of partner, having been previously a traveller for the same firm. A year had elapsed since his last visit to the house, and as he was treated as an accepted lover of Miss Wormwood, a due care was taken to make everything agreeable for him.

A superb-looking fellow he was, and his mind was as attractive as his person. He had a heart likewise, unlike most men who have seen as much of the world, in all its shades and colours, as he had. I wished him a better fate than a wife like Miss Wormwood; but if he was contented with the prospect, it was no business of mine.

They had been children together; and many a pleasant hour had he passed, when a boy, in leading little Sarah through the mazy windings of the woods, and the verdant pastures of their native village, at one time gathering for her the sweetest wild flowers which he taught her to admire, at another lifting her over the pebbly brook that glittered in the sunbeam, or carrying her through thickets of the prickly furze, or thorny brambles. The little girl was proud of her gallant attendant, and jealous of his admiration. Thus, as years passed away, and the pretty boy grew into a handsome man, and the really beautiful child into a very pretty woman, they remained lovers from habit, almost as much as from inclination. Sarah Wormwood was vain of her admirer, and loved him for his external adornments alone, while he, on the other hand, loved her for virtues and mental beauties that she did not possess, their existence having no place but in his own ardent imagination.

Sarah's passion for wild flowers had long given place to coarser gratifications. She now considered a fine rump steak, or a couple of large mutton chops for supper, preferable to all the wild flowers in the world; and thought a gay dress and a smart bonnet looked much better in the street than in a green field, or a thick wood, with nothing but birds, rabbits, and squirrels to look at her; still as George liked the fields and meadows, when he did come to see

her, she sometimes gratified him with a rustic walk in those solitary, stupid places. The neighbourhood of the Staffordshire potteries has not many such walks to boast of, but Miss Wormwood could find a spot where wild flowers grew, and birds might be heard sinking in green boughs, that hang over the placid waters of the baby Trent, before they are increased into the full splendour of a beautiful river.

In one of these rambles, during the last visit George had made, she amused him with recollections of their early friendship, and the flowers he had gathered for her, when they were children. She called to his remembrance the love she had felt for daisies, cowslips, buttercups, wild hyacinths, and dogroses, and pretended that she still loved them, both for their uncultivated loveliness, and for the recollections they conveyed of those happy days that could never return. He listened with excess of pleasure to her conversation, and would have pressed her to his heart, for her confiding gentleness, if he had not seen a mischievous cow-boy grinning at him over a hedge. Flowers were blooming around them, and he stooped to gather a bunch of buttercups; but Sarah prevented him.

"Look," said she, "look at those beautiful primroses growing on the other side of this rivulet. Can't you jump across and gather them for me?"

"I am afraid not," he replied, looking at the flowers with an intense desire to pluck them.

"Come here, you grinning monkey," he called to the cow-boy, "I'll give you a shilling to gather those primroses for me."

The lad approached, hat in hand, and, taking the shilling, put his thumb to his nose, and ran away at such a rate, that there was no prospect of catching him. Miss Wormwood enjoyed the sport, and urged Edwards to jump across, and pull the flowers himself. He took the leap, and alighted far over the side of the rivulet; but the ground being wet, his feet slipped, and he fell upon his back. He was but slightly injured, and when he had gathered the flowers, tried to jump back again, but only succeeded in carrying one dry foot across. He complained of a slight pain in his back, and when he returned to Manchester, was confined to his bed more than six months, in consequence of it.

It was thought for a long time that he would die; and Miss Wormwood blamed herself as the cause of his illness; and in the first moment of her passion, called herself his murderer; but instead of dying, he recovered gradually, and at length wrote a letter to her, conveying the promise of a speedy visit. He gave a cheering account of his prospects, which made Sarah Wormwood deem herself a fortunate girl to be the object of his choice. This was the expected visitor, and this was the appointed day for his arrival.

Many an anxious glance Miss Wormwood cast through the window, to see if the handsome young merchant was coming, and many a glance she cast on the chimney glass, to see that her hair was properly curled, and every ringlet in its proper place. I was

amusing myself with laughing at her anxiety, and disturbing every curl as she re-arranged it.

She was in a good temper, therefore teasing was not displeasing.

"Mr. Arden," said she, "I declare you are grown almost as tall as George."

"How tall is he?" I inquired.

"Five feet eleven and a half, without his shoes," she replied.

"There he comes," I exclaimed, as a handsome horse came prancing along, and whirling a very tasty gig at his heels; "I'll make myself invisible, for a third person would be out of place at such a meeting."

I left the room, that the lovers might kiss, and be as silly as they chose, without a witness to their greeting, after so long a separation; but as soon as Edwards was admitted, I heard Miss Wormwood scream violently, and run up the stairs to her own room.

"What can be the matter?" I exclaimed, rushing into the parlour again, and there to my astonishment, stood a little man, with an enormous hump on his back, instead of the fine-looking George Edwards. His face was still as handsome as ever.

"Are you really Mr. George Edwards?" I asked, rather doubtful of his identity.

"I am indeed!" he replied, sinking on the sofa, and pressing his hands to his eyes to prevent his tears from flowing. "I am altered; but I did not think that she —," he sobbed in the anguish of disappointed affection, "that she would have met me thus."

His spine had been so much injured by his fall, that the bones had become diseased, and he only escaped from his bed with a frightful deformity, that no art could either conceal or remove. Mr. Wormwood went to his sister's bed-room, and requested that she would come down, and speak to her unfortunate lover; but she refused, and desired her brother to tell him, that she never could look at him again.

"He is your affianced husband—therefore I say you shall come down to him," exclaimed Mr. Wormwood, trying to burst open the door.

"I tell you I will not, Charles," replied the tender-hearted young lady. "Burst open the door, and come in and murder me if you like. But I never will marry that man with a hump upon his back, I can't bear the sight of him. I wonder how he could have the impudence to come here with such a lump of deformity on his shoulders. Tell him that I shall die if I look at him again."

Edwards with natural curiosity had stolen half way up the stairs to hear what Sarah would say of him to her brother, expecting at least some words of pity for his misfortune; but he was mistaken. Anger rose in his heart to conquer his disappointment, and he strode out of the house in a torrent of passion. His temper was naturally generous and gentle, but when he stepped into his gig, and the servant asked him where he should drive, he replied, "To —! for what I care, or anywhere else." From that hour his temper was as crooked as his back.

Mr. Wormwood, after storming and swearing at his sister to no purpose, locked himself up in his bed-room to calm his agitation, and shut out the recollection of the good things he had purchased for that day's dinner, for which he had no appetite left.

"Tell Mr. Arden," said he, to the servant, "that he will dine alone to-day, unless he likes to invite a friend to dine with him."

I construed this message into a permission he had never granted before, and invited my new friend Tom Furnival to partake of Mr. Wormwood's uncommon hospitality. He came at the proper time, and after discussing the events of the morning to our mutual amusement and satisfaction, we sat down to discuss a better dinner than I had ever seen in that house before.

The smell of the savory viands went up like a pleasant perfume to Miss Wormwood's solitary room, and proved too tempting for her to withstand. While Tom and I were expressing our separate opinions on the conduct of the young lady with regard to her discarded lover, she entered the room, and seated herself at the table, as though nothing had happened.

"Miss Wormwood—Mr. Furnival," said I, "I was told that we were not to have the pleasure of your company to diuner, Miss Wormwood."

"My brother may starve himself if he likes," she replied, with a haughty toss of her head, "but he shall not starve me."

"By Pan, Pandora, and fryingpan! that's right," exclaimed Tom, "I admire fine spirits, by all the spirits above, and the spirits below, and the spirits in bottles! there's no use in keeping them corked up."

Miss Wormwood heard this strange address with astonishment; but it got the only reply Tom desired, a good-humoured smile. She looked over the table, and saw everything to her satisfaction but wine; of that there was none. More in malice to her brother than in good feeling towards the guest, she opened a cellaret, and placed a couple of decanters on the table, an almost unexampled piece of extravagance in that house, and then we began to cut and eat.

"I shall be proud to take a glass of wine with you, Miss Wormwood," said Tom, bowing across the table. Before she could reply, Mr. Wormwood opened the door, and walked into the room. He looked as black as thunder at the whole party.

"Sarah," said he, in a sort of growl, "I thought I ordered you to remain in your room to-day. I insist upon your returning to it."

Tom looked ludicrously surprised, and emptied his glass, while Sarah answered her brother, and then filled it again, like a man who has no time to spare.

"I am not to be schooled like a baby, Charles," she replied, while he cast his eyes over the table and discovered the decanters with his best wine, which seldom or never was allowed to see daylight.

"How is it you are drinking wine at dinner, as though you were a nobleman, Mr. Arden?" he asked me, with forced calmness.

"I got it for them," said Miss Wormwood.

"Where did you get it from, may I be permitted to ask?"

"There," she replied, with the air of a queen in tragedy, pointing to the cellaret.

"You dishonest wretch! you want to ruin me!" he exclaimed, and, to Tom's amazement and my annoyance, kicked the dinner table over; and all the delicacies upon it, roast and boiled, peas and potatoes, sauces and salt, pepper and mustard, vinegar and wine, all mingled together, fell upon the floor. He ordered the servants to pick up the fragments, and all that remained of the repast, and throw them into the dust-hole.

"By Carthage and Avoirdupois—I mean Troy," exclaimed Tom, "there's a ruin for a man to feast his eyes upon—his eyes, not his appetite,—'Temper is ris, provisions is fell,'—a queer state for the markets to get into, Mr. Wormwood."

"Impudent rascal!" muttered the person addressed; and, thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, he stamped his way out of the apartment.

As there appeared to be no prospect of getting a dinner there, Furnival and I walked to Newcastle, and dined at an inn. We afterwards went to the theatre, to have what he called a spree. The pit and boxes being too vulgar, in his estimation, for two smart young fellows like ourselves, we paid a shilling each, and seated ourselves in the gallery, where we were quickly joined by five or six other *genteel* young men, in the same profession. In the gallery, we considered ourselves little lords and kings amongst the select few assembled around us, and we smoked cigars, and threw oranges and apples at the actors in the most gentlemanly fashion. We were alone in our glory; but our presence was esteemed no favour by the other gods in that exalted region, for they saluted us by the pleasant names of gallipot-scrappers, sawbones, blue pill and sticking-plaster; still, my companions were at no loss for abusive language to reply to these honourable epithets; and, as the whole pleasure of going to the theatre consisted in getting into a row, they got up two or three fights, and committed so much disturbance, that the other celestials mutually agreed to turn us out of their company, as intruders, and succeeded in kicking us, one by one, down the narrow staircase by which we ascended.

Furnival became a frequent visitor at Mr. Wormwood's house, and, as he said, "fell over head and ears in love with Sarah," in spite of the pretty character I had given her; but he found out that she was, most unfortunately for him, in love with me. I admired her taste for the preference, but was too much in love with myself to show her any gratitude. If she was in love with me, she certainly displayed her affection in a very strange way; at one time pulling my hair, at another, scratching my face; sometimes making horrid faces at me, or biting my fingers; sometimes tying ribands or rags to the skirts of my coat; waiting in corners, and crying out "Bob!" when I passed; slapping, pinching, kicking, calling names, pricking me with pins and needles, and so forth, until I lost all sorts of patience, and treated her as rudely as I thought she deserved. I

absolutely hated her, and hurried out of her way as often as I saw her coming.

"You treat me like a baby or a fool," I exclaimed to her one day, when she was pinching my ear, and pulling my nose, "I shall be so angry directly, that I shall almost strike you."

"I never saw such a boy as you in my life," said she; "out of this house you can be as pleasant and cheerful as anybody, but in it you are as peevish and as brutish as a young bear."

"You are tiresome enough to make anybody bearish," I replied.

"You will never meet with any one who will bear with your ill-humours, and treat you so kindly as I do," she observed, with a little dash of melancholy in her tone.

"Why not, Miss Wormwood?" I asked.

"Because you will never find any one to love you as I do," she replied, most unblushingly. I did blush, I could not help it; and, perfectly at a loss what to say, I stared at her, until she blushed also; and, after waiting a second or two in vain for a reply, she exclaimed, "You young brute!" and marched out of the room in violent indignation.

CHAPTER V.

TOM FURNIVAL'S winters were spent in London, and greatest part of the summers; therefore it was only now and then that I was enlivened by his company. He was five or six years my senior, and had some influence over my hastily-formed opinions. He was, in religion, an open unbeliever of anything sacred—a complete atheist—and therefore it cannot be expected that I learned anything good from him; still, he accustomed me to open my eyes, and not allow myself to be cheated by everybody. Notwithstanding his total want of religion, he was of a frank and friendly generous disposition—honest, as he said, in all things, as far as the world would allow him to be—and of such an easy temper, that nothing had the power to ruffle it.

The last year of my apprenticeship passed away, like the soul of a crabbed old relation, whose presence is no longer desirable, unwept and unregretted. The prospect of becoming my own master gave me unclouded pleasure; and when Mr. Wormwood offered to keep me as an assistant, with the liberal salary of twenty pounds a year, I could scarcely resist grinning in his face.

"I feel gratified with the offer, sir," I replied; "because it shows that you are satisfied with my conduct, but I am not satisfied with the amount of salary."

"Please yourself, Mr. Arden," said he; "I shall not give you any more."

At last the day came for my departure, and without a sigh, I shook hands with him, and bade him adieu. I had to perform the same ceremony with Miss Wormwood, and, taking a liberty that I knew she would not disapprove, I kissed her lips, and said good-bye with as much feeling as I could call to my assistance.

To my great annoyance she wept, and persisted in making me accept a ring, with her own hair inserted in it, telling me in the most sentimental tone imaginable, to wear it for her, and when I looked at it, to recollect that I had at least one sincere friend in the world.

"Confound the girls," I said to myself as I turned away, "what a troublesome thing it is to have a handsome face and a good figure."

Once more I returned to my mother's humble abode, and she pressed me to her heart with that affection that none but a mother can know, and—not being a mother myself—of which I have not the smallest idea, although I am a father, and love my own bright-eyed boy, and although a fair and lovely woman, with eyes as bright as the boy's, whose place is generally at my side, says that I am a good father, and love my child very much, I must confess that my organs of philoprogenitiveness are not very large, and therefore I cannot know anything of a mother's affection—but I imagine it to be something approaching to the love of happy spirits for each other, with a dash of pride in the idea that the beautiful idol of her heart is, in reality, a flower plucked from her own bosom, or a ray of light and life emanating from her own existence.

The greatest, and almost the only change that had taken place in my mother's sweet little cottage, was in the appearance and fortune of the pretty child introduced in the first chapter, little Helen: from a sweet interesting child she had grown into a perfect gem of beauty; but she had tasted of the bitters as well as the sweets of life in that short time.

Her history is so mingled with mine, that they must be described together; and from her I shall probably win a lustre not properly my own. I have said she was beautiful, but how little does that denote sweetness of face and elegance of form. She had higher claims to beauty; for beside all that, she had the sweetness of perfect innocence, and the elegance of a mind judiciously cultivated, not in the superfluous nonsense of boarding schools, but by precepts and examples of all that was just, generous, and good. She supplied the place of a daughter to my mother, and my mother even more than supplied the place of a parent to her. Helen had such charms for a heart like my mother's, that, before they had been known to each other many days, in her the little orphan found a new parent, and in the orphan, my mother found another child.

Nevertheless, care was taken that she should be educated sufficiently to mix in the world in whatever station her uncle thought proper; and she was sent as a day scholar to the best school in the town, where she was instructed in all the accomplishments usually considered necessary for young ladies in the country. In everything her progress was rapid, and she bore the praise of her instructresses with such moderation, that none of her little schoolfellows looked upon her with envy or ill-nature. As she became older, she was looked upon as the belle and the

oracle of the establishment; the little girls consulted her, how they should arrange their hair, what dresses were most becoming, and when they should have their little parties. They vied with her, and with each other, in giving pennies to the poor beggars that constantly beset them, until the doors of the school were crowded with them, and the pastrycooks wished all the beggars in the world at Hanover, or somewhere else.

Helen was loved by every person in the place: the heart that was seared by affliction, and the mind that was soured by disappointment, blessed her; the rich admired her, and gave her presents, and the poor loved her for her humane disposition and the presents she gave. When she went out in the summer she returned laden with fruits and flowers, and when she went out in the winter, she returned with kisses and blessings.

By the little aristocrats of that little country town, the daughters of professional men, and of those men who lived upon their own incomes, and were proud because they could subsist without labour and "eat the bread of idleness," she was allowed to mix with all classes, from the daughters of the regular old squire to the daughters of the grocer who supplied them with tea and sugar, without losing caste, a privilege they would allow to none other of their companions; indeed, her natural gentility, her beauty, and the unaffected amiability of her disposition, united to give her the privilege of doing what she pleased, and what my mother thought right.

There was an old man there, as unlike other old men as I am unlike you, or as you are unlike your fourteenth cousin,—an almost solitary being, whose life had surpassed the lives of all his relations—alone in the world he stood, friendless and childless. He could not be unhappy, for the widow and the orphan prayed for him as regularly as the sun rose in the east and set in the west. Though he had no friends amongst his equals, amongst the poor he had many who would have died for him; for he was the friend of the poor—a title surpassing the titles of kings and emperors.

He had lived in the hearts of cities, and had amassed riches, of which he considered himself the trustee, to overlook their proper distribution. Accustomed to the ways of the world, and the duplicity of worldly men, he at length learned to despise them, and fled from the contamination, as a fearful man would have fled from the plague. He purchased the Grove, and lived almost the life of a recluse, avoiding mankind, except for the gratification of relieving their distresses.

The Grove was a pleasant mansion, situated on a beautiful green slope, not half a mile from my mother's cottage. Mr. Miller purchased the house, land, furniture, and stock, without even the trouble of a valuation. Instead of growing wise in worldly transactions he appeared to be going back to foolish confidence in everybody, for he paid six or seven thousand pounds for his new possession more than what it was worth, than what even the seller expected for it; but it was purely an act of benevolence, for the gentleman whose property it was, by a series of misfortunes had

been reduced from affluence to absolute poverty, without a sufficiency left even to pay his debts. The unexpected price paid by Mr. Miller for the Grove came upon him like a bounty from Heaven; and the purchaser took possession of the property amidst the blessings and grateful thanks of the whole family.

A man who could afford to buy a place like that, and to throw away so many thousands at once, necessarily became a desirable person to visit; and, during the first few weeks spent in his new habitation, the knocker at his hall-door was almost incessantly thumped and hammered. He was "not at home" to everybody, and as his pertinacious visitors would not be satisfied with repeated denials, he won his first claim to eccentricity by hanging a board to the knocker with "not at home" written in letters five or six inches long upon it.

It was a laughable sight to see the lawyers, doctors, and parsons from the town and the country adjoining, meeting each other in the path leading to the Grove, with their faces each telling the same tale, that there was no admission, and no chance of getting inside the old gentleman's new abode. When they saw the board on the door, at first they laughed, and then they went home to their families in rage and indignation, swearing that the new occupier of the Grove was insane; and then Mr. Miller got the solitude he wished for.

Twelve months passed by, and the old gentleman was by that time known to all the poor inhabitants of the place, and the poor children followed him at a distance, and looked upon him as some being superior to human kind; the girls curtsied till they could scarcely stand on their legs, and the boys tugged at the hair on their foreheads until they almost pulled their heads off, in making their thousand-times humble obeisances. He had claims upon their civilities; for while he lived almost the life of an anchorite, he gave away more than what remained of his income, after the moderate expenses of his domestic establishment had been paid.

He carried his humanity and benevolence to a pitch of eccentricity, almost of absurdity, if any one could have laughed at a man with so benevolent a disposition. The fruit in his orchard and in his garden was left ungathered for the birds, and his poultry was properly fed, but never killed to be fed upon. The natural consequence was that both fruit and poultry were kept in due bounds by petty plunderers, for he placed neither conspicuous warnings, steel traps, nor spring guns to prevent them from being stolen.

Years passed away and still he received no visitors, but those who came to him with tales of poverty and distress; to them his doors were always open; and while his charity won their gratitude his munificence excited their surprise. He was in the winter of his years, and his hair was white as snow, but his heart was still in its summer. It wanted nothing but an object for its love.

He was standing one day at the door of a poor cottage administering kind words and friendly advice to a sick labourer, who held in his hand a five-pound note which Mr. Miller had just presented

to him, to satisfy the demands of a greedy apothecary, who most shamefully refused to visit him again, or send him more medicines, unless the expenses already incurred were immediately paid, when he heard the voice of a child, soft and musical as a flute, endeavouring to console a little sturdy urchin for the loss of his leathern cap, which he had just thrown into a horse-pond. The child with the sweet voice was Helen Spencer.

"There's a good little boy, don't cry," said the little girl; "I've got a shilling, and I'll give it your mother to buy another."

"You sha'n't give it my mammy," screamed the boy, "she'll only buy me some nasty old thing; give it to me, and I'll buy one for myself with a gold band and a feather in it."

"You don't want such a fine cap," replied Helen; "besides a shilling won't pay for gold bands and feathers, and I haven't got any more money to give you."

"Yes, you have," screamed the boy, "and I'll have a gold band and a feather."

"No you will not," said Mr. Miller, "go home and let your mother beat you as you deserve, you naughty boy, and you, my pretty little girl, put your shilling in your pocket and don't give it to a naughty boy like that."

"But he has lost his cap, sir," Helen modestly responded, "and his mother will beat him so for it—let me give him the shilling."

"What is your name, my dear?" asked the old man, shaking her hand affectionately.

"Helen Spencer, sir," she replied, smiling in his benevolent face.

"Well then, Helen, you shall give him the shilling if you like."

Away ran the little girl after the ill-humoured boy and gave him the solitary shilling, which my mother had given her in the morning to purchase a new doll, but the boy looked at it and threw it on the ground.

"It is n't enough to buy a gold band and a feather," he cried, "so I wont have it."

Rather mortified, Helen returned to Mr. Miller, and by her interesting manners and her innocent, yet intelligent, conversation, made such an impression on his mind that his love for solitude ceased in some measure, and he invited her to visit him at the Grove, when he promised to show her everything worth seeing.

Helen loved flowers, and in the innocence of her little heart, when she did visit the old man, did not go empty-handed. What she loved so much she thought could not be unacceptable to him, and therefore her present consisted of the prettiest buds and flowers that my mother's cottage garden could produce. He smiled at the poetical present from the child to the old man, and nursed the inartificial bouquet with a care that showed how much he estimated it.

"Do you like fruit, my little girl?" he asked, when he had disposed of the flowers to their mutual satisfaction.

"Oh, yes! but it is so expensive that I don't eat much," she simply replied.

He forgot his custom never to gather the fruit from the walls where it hung in profusion for the sole use of the feathered tenants of his grounds, and inviting his new friend to walk in the gardens took her hand and led her out with the tenderness of a father.

How tame the birds were, and how many! pecking and picking all the finest fruit of the season—peaches, greengages, and apricots. Nothing was there to terrify them, and from far and near they gathered together to the feast that was so liberally spread. Mr. Miller called his garden, laughingly, the asylum for distressed birds, and so in truth it was. Though not so tame as the inhabitants of many dovecots, still more tame than the inhabitants of many others, the winged denizens of the forest, shadowy grove, and dingle wild, had more than half forgotten their natural timidity; and Helen, when she saw so many of these delicate inhabitants of the air, hopping from branch to branch, and spray to spray, and heard them warble their native woodland notes, so near, that she could distinctly see their dark eyes sparkle in the sun, clasped her little hands together, and laughed with the delight of a young and simple heart, in tones almost as musical and as wild as the voices of the birds themselves.

The old man smiled at the little innocent being before him, and felt a new emotion arising in his heart, at the enthusiastic pleasure she displayed, in a way at once so natural and untutored. The chord she struck in his bosom was in unison with her own, and he wondered that an old man and a child should delight in the same feelings.

"Will you not gather some of the fruit you see so plentiful, if the birds had not pecked it?" he asked, almost anticipating the reply.

"No, no," she replied, smiling in the old man's face, "let the birds have it all; I would not rob them of a single cherry. It wouldn't please me half so much as it pleases them."

The reply of the child was like the fabled touch of the fairy's wand—it was a spell that awoke sensations in his bosom that had long been dormant—he was so affected that he wept, and clasping the little unsophisticated girl to his breast, he cried, "Bless thee—bless thee, my child, thou art a gem indeed! May intercourse with the world never sully thee, and the kindness of thy heart never diminish!"

CHAPTER VI.

HELEN continued to be an almost daily visitor at the Grove, until she was fourteen, and so highly Mr. Miller estimated her, that he made her the frequent distributor of his charitable gifts to the poor; and, in return for her assistance, presented to her books, and other presents fit for the mind of an intelligent child, until her little room was almost changed into a little library; and the

wise heads of the parish already adopted her as the future heiress of the Grove, and all Mr. Miller's property. Thus her consequence was doubled in the eyes of the far-seeing inhabitants of —, and she was the little lawgiver to all the little fashionables of the place. Parties at home, and parties abroad, were made for her, and happy was the little girl who could sit by her side all the evening, or the boy who could win her hand for a dance.

But in the midst of this prospect of future happiness and wealth, a cloud fell upon the scene, in the shape of a mandate from her uncle, that she must be immediately apprenticed to a milliner and dressmaker, and be taught to obtain a living for herself, as she could expect nothing from him beyond the means for obtaining knowledge sufficient for that purpose. My mother read the letter again and again, scolded the writer, and cried until she was tired. "Make Helen a dressmaker!" She never anticipated such a thing. According to her opinion, she had given her little favourite the education of a lady, and that was only what she had a right to expect. "Helen," said she, "your uncle says you are to be apprenticed to a milliner and dressmaker."

A slight touch of country-townish pride increased the colour in the little girl's cheek for a moment, and then it vanished.

"I have no right to expect more from my uncle," she replied, "and if I am to be apprenticed to a dressmaker, let it be to Mrs. Simons."

My mother thought that Mr. Miller had taken such delight in the child, that he would never submit to see her in the despised situation of a milliner's shop-girl, so she called upon him, and told him of the letter from her uncle.

"Since her parents are dead," said Mr. Miller, "and her uncle is her nearest relative, to take upon him the duty of instructing her how to get through the world, it is her duty to submit to his wishes, until she is old enough to be her own mistress." Having said this, he turned over another page in the book he was reading, and became absorbed in his study.

My mother was much disappointed; and, before the end of the week, it was known to everybody that Miss Helen Spencer, after all the fuss made with her, was positively apprenticed to Mrs. Simons, the milliner and dressmaker. The little girl was shunned by every child that had a fifth or sixth-rate claim to gentility; even the shopkeepers' daughters no longer recollected her, and as my mother still persisted in allowing the milliner's girl to live with her, she was likewise shunned by the elder members of all these country-town genteel people.

Helen was no longer beautiful, she was not even considered pretty; her intelligence was called pertness, and her amiability was called deceit. Many were the slights she had to bear, since her new occupation led her, as a milliner's girl, to the very houses where she had been a welcome guest, to assist in making dresses for the very people whose guest she had been. She had to win a fresh reputation, and soon, though her former claims to gentility were quite forgotten, she was considered the best

behaved milliner's apprentice that ever entered a house; but as years passed away, and the child remained a child no longer, her beauty was so conspicuous, that young ladies with ugly hearts and ugly faces grew envious of her, and tried to pick holes in her character and conduct which were in all respects irreproachable.

Mr. Miller still continued her friend, and her visits were still repeated to the Grove, until I returned home, after my five years had expired at Mr. Wormwood's. This was the only circumstance these nice young ladies could turn to Helen's disadvantage; and they cleverly contrived to show that Mr. Miller was not such a saint as he was usually considered, and that Helen was not what they called "so good as she ought to be." This report was soon widely circulated, and the better part of the scandal-loving inhabitants of — turned up their eyes with horror at the hypocrisy and deception of the two accused parties, who contrived to look as innocent as though they really were so. Until I was made master of the scandal, Helen and Mr. Miller remained in happy ignorance of the unfounded imputations cast upon them.

My pride was rather annoyed that my mother should allow Helen to live in the house, while she held such a despised situation; but as she formed a portion of the family, I considered it to be my duty to protect her from calumny, and, therefore, when I first heard of the scandal, I asked the narrator if he thought it was true.

This took place in the principal stationer's shop in the town, which held the respectable character of universal lounge and repository of scandal to the parish. A little doctor, an amateur, because he had nothing to do, and a lawyer, who had less, and two or three idle young men, were congregated together there, as well as myself, when I asked the question—"Do you think the story you have related of Mr. Miller and Helen Spencer is true, Mr. Morris?"

Mr. Morris was the doctor, and although he was rather startled at the tone in which I asked the question, replied—"Of course I do—nothing more probable. The old man has a sweet tooth in his head, and, I must say, Miss Spencer is a beautiful creature."

The blood almost boiled in my face, and I walked as calmly as I could into the next shop, which was a saddler's, and asked for a stout horsewhip. As soon as I got one to my mind, I went back with it to the stationer's.

"Mr. Morris," said I, walking up to the amateur doctor, "perhaps you have a sister, a cousin, or a lady depending on you for protection: if you ever hear a scoundrel speak ill of her, I'll teach you how to treat him.—Come into the street with me, sir."

Mr. Morris was not at all inclined to do that, so I carried him out of the shop by the coat collar, and horsewhipped the little monkey in the middle of the street, to the astonishment and amusement of the by-standers, with whom he was no favourite.

"Well done, Arden—served him right," exclaimed the idle

lawyer, who felt happy that the punishment had not fallen upon him.

"And you, sir, and all of you," said I, shaking my fist in the last speaker's face, "if I ever hear you speak one evil word of Miss Spencer, or any inmate of my mother's house, by Heaven, I'll flog you all like dogs!"

Having uttered this grand threat, which was duly appreciated by those cowardly scoundrels, who fought only with their malicious and viperous tongues, I proceeded to the Grove, to request that Mr. Miller would counsel Helen never to visit him again.

"Young man," he replied, rather hastily, "you are intrusive and impertinent."

"I am not, sir," said I. "The scandal-lovers here have got up a malicious story about you and Helen, and I am determined to put a stop to it. I have already horsewhipped one fellow, and I'll horsewhip a dozen more, if I hear it repeated."

"What is it about, young man, that you are so furious?" he asked.

"It is positively ridiculous in itself; but they say that you are a wicked old man, and have been cunning enough to make a victim of Miss Spencer. To you the accusation is of little consequence, but to her it is of the greatest; if not speedily stopped, it may cling to her for life, and mar every prospect of happiness that she may expect in this world. She must visit you no more. To you she still appears a child, but younger eyes than yours acknowledge her to be a beautiful woman; therefore you must see that it is not proper for her to visit the Grove as though she were a child still."

"I do see, young man—you are right," he replied; "I did still consider her a child: but how can you remove the slur that my thoughtlessness has cast upon her? can you tell me how?"

"Shut their mouths with gold, sir," said I. "They had a meeting this morning for the purpose of raising funds for building a new charity school. Their collection amounted to nothing, so they are going to raise subscriptions. Give them a check for fifty pounds," I continued, thinking I was naming an enormous sum, but not more than the case demanded. He immediately sat down, and filled up a check for five hundred.

"Take that," said he, "and present it in my name to the committee. It is a bad method; but Helen, poor child, must not suffer on account of her own innocence, and my negligence. Good morning, young man; I shall be glad to see you again."

Successful beyond expectation in my mission, I carried the precious scrap of paper to the treasurer of the new charity, and told him it came from Mr. Miller, in aid of the new school.

"Thank you, Mr. Arden," said he; "I will give you a little acknowledgment for it. How much?" he continued, slightly glancing at the amount—"Five hundred pounds! there surely must be some mistake."

"Not at all, sir," I replied. "Mr. Miller never does things by halves—I can assure you it is quite correct."

"Well, he is a good man, a charitable man—very.—Whoever can speak ill of such a man is a villain—that's my opinion, Mr. Arden," he exclaimed.

"And that's my opinion," I added; and that was the opinion of almost all the townspeople before many days were over, when the liberal donation was generally known. The scandal died a natural death, and Helen visited the Grove no more.

It was with a feeling of pride that I walked with the pretty milliner to her place of employment on the following morning, and accompanied her and my mother in their evening walk, and on the Sunday to church; just to show that there was some one in the town who defied the whisperings of malice; and a gentleman (for I was considered a gentleman there) who could hold up his hand in defence of a despised girl, obliged by harsh circumstances to learn an employment to support herself by; and that, although this was the case, she was nevertheless entitled to that delicate respect due to every virtuous woman.

In this manner things went on for several months, and Helen certainly admired me for the spirit I had displayed in her defence; although her strictly religious education, and her own beautiful piety, taught her that I had too little command over the violence of my temper. I felt that she clung to me for support against the insults she was often exposed to, and loved her with the affection of a brother, for pride put to flight every other feeling. I could not look upon a milliner as a proper person to become the wife of a professional man. I know not whether that feeling has entirely departed now, but I hope so.

I could sing a good song, write verses in albums, dance tolerably well, play at almost every game that was proposed, and, considering I was country bred, had a good address, therefore I was constantly invited to dinner, or more especially to tea parties, for they are more convenient and less expensive, where London houses have not turned dinner to supper, and tea into nothing but tea and coffee. A merry time I passed, and just felt that I was beginning "to live."

I sometimes spent an evening with Mr. Miller, and so much did I appear to rise in his estimation, that I began to speculate on the exact sum I might expect at his death; for, being an old man with none but very distant relations, it appeared natural that he should leave his money to those he liked best.

Thus matters proceeded, until in a thoughtless moment I communicated to my mother and Helen the exact state of my religious opinions, and, with the Bible before me, fortified my arguments with passages from the Scriptures, reading what I considered contradictory statements, and ridiculing great part of them as absurd traditions, which common sense taught every sensible mind to reject. My mother listened with astonishment and horror, and Helen in indignation; and as I proceeded in my self-conceited opinions, which I had gathered from the most atheistical works ever published, my mother prayed "God forgive him!" and cried in the bitterness of deepest sorrow, while Helen started from her

seat in the anger of insulted piety and commanded me with startling energy to shut the book that I had dared to profane, and quit the presence of my mother, whom I had rendered so unhappy.

I looked with surprise at the astonishing beauty of her who had thus dared to use such language to me in my mother's house, and felt almost inclined to believe that I stood in the presence of one of those spirits whose existence I had just denied. A cowardly sensation crept over me, and while the blush of shame burnt my cheeks like an avenging fire, I left the room in silence to hide my confusion. I locked myself up in my own apartment, and reflected on the opinions I had upheld, and which seemed so horrible and profane in the ears of my mother and Helen; but having become a stranger almost to Christianity and all true religion, no ideas came to my assistance but those gathered from the very authorities that had done the mischief, and I remained firmly rooted to my disbelief of all religious creeds, classing them all together as fabrications and superstitions invented by priestcraft, without any divine authority but that of their cunning devisers.

This circumstance hastened my departure for London, for when we met at table there was an unpleasant restraint upon the whole party, a mutual fear of starting one tacitly forbidden subject, and I expressed my desire to leave the place as soon as possible. It was some days before I could quite forgive Helen's presumption in commanding me to leave the room; but in spite of my own opinions, I had still a respect for the opinions of others, and therefore confessed that she displayed no more than a conscientious devotion to those she had been educated in, and even admired the proud spirit in which she came forward in their defence.

Before I left the place entirely she entreated me, with tears in her eyes, never to express such sentiments again, to give up the perusal of blasphemous authors, and to study the writings of those who were most fitted to instruct the mind in duty to God and in true religion.

After a short visit to Mr. Miller I returned home with a beautiful gold watch and chain, which he had given me in return for sundry trifling offices that I had performed for him. My mother began to think that my speculations upon the old man's death were not unfounded, and pressed me in her arms with pride. The coach that was to carry me away rattled over the rough pavement, and I returned her embrace with emotion insignificant compared with her own.

"Helen, where are you? I'm going," I called out to her, for she was absent, and replied by running into the room. She was weeping. The guard of the coach sounded a blast of impatience on his horn, and I kissed the lips of the beautiful girl who had ever played the part of a dear and amiable sister.

"Good bye, Helen," I repeated, but she had no voice left to speak, and fell fainting in my arms. I laid her gently on the sofa, and next minute was on my way to London.

CAMPAIGN OF THE TURKS ON THE DANUBE. THE WAR ENDING IN THE TREATY OF KAINANDJE.

FOR thirty years after the reconquest of Belgrade, and of all territories north of the Danube, the Turks allowed the Christian powers to repose; these, in turn, being too much occupied with their own wars and rivalry to molest the Turk. Frederick the Great had sprung up. And he occupied Austria, its armies, and its politics, far too anxiously to permit Maria Theresa to cast a thought beyond the Danube, beyond that of preserving peace. The Turks raised some chicane, and demanded certain disputed portions of territory which Austria yielded, rather than raise a dispute. At the same time, no warlike Sultan or Vizier felt emboldened by victories gained elsewhere, to try once more the fortune of war against Europe. In 1769, however, the Sultan, Mustapha the Third, determined to make war upon Catherine the Second, Empress of Russia, because that princess had sent armies into Poland, and displayed unmistakable intentions to reduce under her power that ancient republic. Mustapha saw, that if Russia succeeded in such a scheme, the balance of power, on which the peace of the east of Europe reposed, would be fundamentally broken. He therefore resolved to march to the succour of Poland, and to defy and obstruct Russia in its ambitious projects. There can truly be adduced no circumstance reflecting greater disgrace upon Europe than this of the Sultan's being the only prince alive to the fate which threatened Poland, and courageous enough to risk a war in its defence. Had the States of Western Europe shown equal foresight, spirit, and activity, Poland would have been still a kingdom, and Russia would have been kept within her natural limits.

Turkey commenced this war, so near our time, with all the barbarity of remote centuries. The Sultan commenced by sending the Russian ambassador, M. Oubrescoff, to the Seven Towers, where he was confined, with the eighteen persons of his suite, in a low, damp, dark room, highly injurious to his health. At the same time the Standard of the Prophet was ordered to be taken from its sanctuary, and hoisted at the head of the army. It happened that M. Brognart, Austrian internuncio, with his family, conceived a great and ill-judged curiosity to witness the procession in which this sacred banner figured. He hired a house or window in the line of procession, and repaired thither with his wife, four daughters, and other companions, male and female. The secret of the Austrian envoy, with his family, being present to behold the Standard of the Prophet, became known to the fanatical crowd of Turks who accompanied it. These, enraged at what they considered a profanation, beset the house, burst into it by doors and windows, dragged forth the men, and the women

also, after grossly maltreating them, their lives, as well as that of the envoy himself, being with difficulty preserved by the interference of some troops. As the outrages, however, proceeded from the envoy's own imprudence, he could not make it a cause of quarrel between the two governments.

The war opened with the invasion of the southernmost provinces of Russia by the Crim Tartars under the Khan; these had the ravages of the Crimea by the Russians on former occasions to revenge. And fearfully did they perform this duty, by burning and destroying habitations, crops, and property, and dragging away all of the population that could be made use of, as slaves. The Baron de Tost accompanied the Khan on this expedition, of which he has left, in his Memoir, a most graphic and fearful account. The foray took place in the early winter months of 1769. In the spring of that year, the Empress Catherine had mustered an army of 150,000 men, of which the most active portion was placed under the command of Prince Gallitzin; whilst the Grand Vizier, Mohammed Emir, advanced to the banks of the Dniester, with forces no less considerable, and with the purpose of penetrating into Poland. The military policy which was uppermost in the mind of the Empress Catherine, which guided her efforts, and was impressed by her upon her generals, had been conceived, recommended, and bequeathed by old Marshal Munch, or Munich, the momentary conqueror of the Crimea, but who had been subsequently exiled, and allowed to return to Russia only in extreme old age to die. Munich's advice to the Russian war department was, to make use of their religious connection to win Greeks and Slavens from the Poete, and make them rise in insurrection, whilst the immediate aim of the Russian armies should be to drive the Turks from their positions upon the Dniester, and thereby separate them from the Tartars and the Cossacks, who, especially the Tartars, were their best soldiers and most formidable allies.

Accordant with these views, Prince Gallitzin passed the Dniester, and marched to surprise Choczim, with the Turkish commander of which he had been in communication. Choczim and Bender were the two fortresses held by the Turks on the Dniester, and in the province of Bessarabia. The Turkish soldiers in Choczim suspected their pacha of treason. They accordingly deposed him, appointed another commander, called in succours, and when Gallitzin arrived, he found Choczim not to be taken save by a long siege. In the partial combat which took place, the Turkish cavalry carried everything before them at first, till stopped by the regular Russian infantry, who followed Munich's rules of always drawing up in squares, and pushing *chevaux de frise* before them to break the onset of the spahis. Gallitzin was obliged to make his retreat beyond the Dniester; whereupon Sultan Münstapha was so elate, that he caused the title of *Ghazi* to be solemnly conferred upon him, as the present Sultan did the other day, when his army took the field. *Ghazi* means ensuring the triumph of the Faith by conquest.

The great army of the Turks was, as usual, late to enter on the campaign. So that, in July of the same year, 1769, Gallitzin determined to make another attempt at Choczim, Catherine being discontented with his previous failure. Gallitzin again encamped before Choczim and attacked it, but the Grand Vizier and the Khan of the Tartars again arrived to its succour, and Gallitzin had but the same resource, to beat a retreat across the Dneister. The first act of the Grand Vizier was to reward Karaman Pacha, who had twice so gallantly defended Choczim, by ordering his decapitation.

The campaign, limited to such small aims and unsatisfactory results, terminated in a manner most unexpected by both parties. The Grand Vizier, Mohammed Emir, occupying Choczim with his army, determined to push across the Dneister, in order to beat Gallitzin, and invade Podolia. For this purpose he prepared a bridge made of chariots, there being no boats, and upon this he sent the greater part of his Janissaries and artillery, and some cavalry, across the river. Instead of reinforcing them at once, he delayed, and in the meantime a great storm arose, which broke his bridge, and left the Turks on the other side exposed to be cut off. Gallitzin perceived it, brought his army upon them in the night, and drove them at the point of the bayonet into the river, capturing some eighty guns, and destroying the best troops of the Turkish army. Of these, some escaped by swimming over to Choczim, when the effects of what they related created such a panic that the Turkish army at once abandoned Choczim, and scattered in retreat, leaving the Grand Vizier with merely a few horse. The disaster took place on the 17th of August, and so sweeping were its consequences, that before the end of the month the Turks had evacuated the whole of the Principality of Wallachia and Moldavia, except Bender and Ismail, and withdrew behind the Danube.

There are few finer pages in military history than those filled with the efforts of the Russians in the following year, 1770, especially those which they made by sea. One must do the Russians the credit to admit, that they did not begin the war with Turkey, but, on the contrary, tried every means of avoiding it, anxious as they were to confine their present aims to Poland. But when the war was forced upon Catherine, her spirit rose with it. No scheme was too lofty, no effort too great for her. Marshal Munich's idea to wound and distract the Ottoman, by causing an insurrection in Greece, was taken up not merely by Catherine, but by her favourite, Orloff, and his brother. With their zeal and power, Russian fleets were fitted out, able admirals were procured in Elphinston and Gregg, with whom the Orloffs themselves, and Admiral Spiritof, sailed. The minds of monarchs, and the expectations of men, had been strained to expect and admire the marvellous, by the exploits of Frederic the Great. Catherine's ardour was to rival these. And certainly the dispatch of a Russian fleet from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, where the Russian flag had never floated, had for the world all that charm of the novel and marvellous which it loved. It does not fall within our scope

to narrate the naval campaign, splendid as it was. The Morea was raised in insurrection for the first time by the Russians, and the seeds of that resistance and hatred to the Turks sown, which bore its fruit and accomplished its purpose in our time. The naval combats between the Turkish and the Russian fleets were marked by the greatest heroism on both sides, especially off Scio, in which the two admirals grappled and fought, till both blew up and were consumed. A Turkish sailor, named Beker, who was blown up with the vessel, attached to one of the yards, fell into the sea, and survived to tell his story at Rhodes, in 1800, to Sir Sydney Smith and the historian Von Hammer. Nor was the courage and address of Hassan, the second of the Turkish admirals, to be less admired than those of the Russian and the Scotch leaders. The Turkish fleet, however, was destroyed at Teheran; and Elphinston set the example of forcing the passage up the Dardanelles with his vessels. They were too few, however, and their crews too severely cut up in frequent actions, to allow of the accomplishment of Catherine's order, which went to no less than the attack of Constantinople itself.

The land campaign displayed as fully as the maritime one, how much everything depends upon the gallantry and skill of the leader. The Ottoman army was no longer commanded by the Vizier and generals of the preceding year, who, with the Voivodes of Moldavia, paid the usual penalty for ill-success with the Turks, that is, had lost their heads. The Ottoman army was now commanded by Ibrahim. A corps of Turkish cavalry and light troops being first flung across the Danube, facilities were gained for erecting a bridge at Isaktcha. And here Ibrahim passed with the great body of his army, threatening to cut off the Russian corps that occupied Wallachia. These under Stiffelou and Proscrowski, made haste to fall back upon Jassy, and rally the army of Romanzoff, which was on the Pruth. But ere they could effect their retreat, the Turks managed to attack them separately, and in each case to achieve a victory. Repnin, who commanded as chief the Russians in the Principalities, was then obliged to evacuate them, and to recross the Pruth in almost as short a time as had been spent in the conquest of the same Principalities in the preceding campaign. Ibrahim even followed the Russians beyond the Pruth, defeated them again, and compelled them to take refuge in their new conquest of Choczim.

In the meantime a second Russian army advanced under Romanzoff, who had superseded Gallitzin, and, being far more numerous than the troops commanded by Ibrahim, the latter was obliged to retire towards the Grand Vizier Khalil, who at the head of a large army was only crossing the Danube at Isaktcha in the month of July. Romanzoff followed along the western bank of the Pruth, whilst the Turks kept in Bessarabia, between the Pruth and the Dneister, to succour Bender, if necessary, and to keep in junction with the Tartars, who were marching to join them. Romanzoff was very anxious to repair the early disasters of the campaign. For there was no finding grace with

Catherine but by exploits and daring. Romanzoff did not fear to cross the Pruth between the two Turkish armies, one of the Grand Vizier at Isaktcha, the other reinforced by the Tartars, and commanded by the Khan, encamped on a range of heights between the Pruth and Dneister. Had Ibrahim been still in command, he would no doubt have attacked the Russians on their passing the river, and made use of the great superiority of Turk and Tartar cavalry. Instead of this, the Khan, and the Tartars with him, encamped on a height where they thought they could not be attacked, and, moreover, far beyond the reach of the Grand Vizier to succour them. The plainest prudence would have suggested to the two Turkish armies to unite, since the two Russian ones of Repnin and Romanzoff had done so. Romanzoff saw his advantage, and on the 17th of July attacked the right of the heights on which the Turks and Tartars were posted. The latter were more astonished at Russian audacity than prepared to repel it, so the Turk and Tartar were driven from their position, thrown into rout, and obliged to make the best of their way towards the Grand Vizier. Potemkin hastened with the Russian cavalry in pursuit. But the discomfited Tartars rallied, turned on their pursuers, and so completely cut up Potemkin and his horse, that they were glad to retreat to their main body. In fact, the audacious attack of Romanzoff, though attended with success, had not extricated him from his perilous position, for the Tartars were too numerous to be altogether dispersed; and whilst some retreated to the Danube, the greater number under the Khan still held together, and composed a formidable force in the rear of Romanzoff.

The latter was not the less determined to attack the Grand Vizier Khalil, who with his large army of 100,000 men had kept to the north of the Danube, and was marching along the left bank of Lake Kagoril. The Vizier was an irresolute commander, always seeking counsel, and tardy in forming a resolution. His aim was to advance and save Bender, the capital and stronghold of Moldavian Tartary, which now formed the sole link by land between the Turkish and the Tartar provinces. The Russians, for similar reasons, were bent on taking Bender; but to attain this, it was necessary not only to rout the Tartars under the Khan, but to discomfit the formidable army under the Grand Vizier. Romanzoff had not a third of the Vizier's force. But he was between the two Turkish armies, without provisions, and with every risk of being surrounded and crushed by both. He therefore boldly marched against Khalil along the old road of Trajan.

It was the eve of the 1st of August. The Turks, learning the approach of the Russians, threw up a hasty entrenchment, which they had not time to mount with artillery. The Russians approached, according to Munich's tactics, in four large squares, their artillery in the centre, knowing that if they could repulse the first charge of the Turkish cavalry, the victory would be easy. As they expected, the spahis did rush forth in the early morning to charge the Russians, but the solid squares of infantry repulsed

them, and drew nearer to the entrenchments, when their guns opened fire. The Turks had not their cannon ready to respond. But the janissaries supplied the want, by issuing forth, and charging the Russian right with impetuosity. They broke one of the Russian squares and dispersed it, but the next square mowed them down with its artillery. The Russian square on the left was commanded by Bauer, a German officer, who had served with the English, and in whom Romanzoff, noted for his distaste of Russian officers and love of foreigners, placed all confidence. Bauer took the Turkish entrenchments in flank, surmounted them, and enfiladed the Turkish position with his artillery. The battle soon became a rout, and the Grand Vizier fled across the Danube, losing his guns, and camp, and baggage. Such was the battle of Kagorl, which drove the Turks behind the Danube, and had for its result the reduction of Bender, as well as of the smaller Tartar tribes between the Dneister and the Don. Unfortunately, the Russians, in offering the Tartars almost complete independence under their Empress's suzerainty, were able to promise exemption from the fiscal exigencies, tyranny, and cruelty of the Turks.

An ample page might here be filled with a relation of the siege of Bender, obstinately attacked by General Panin, as gallantly defended by the Turks, and at length taken by storm amidst a general conflagration of the town. The siege and capture fill some of the finest pages of Rulhieres. The Empress Catherine was shocked at the loss of so much life, Russian as well as Turkish, at the siege of Bender, and wrote to Panin that the conquest, however glorious, had cost too much blood. And hence, as soon as it was taken, Romanzoff, by order of the Empress, sent a colonel with a letter to the Vizier, offering to treat and conclude peace, but without the intervention of any foreign power. This pretension, put forward eighty years ago, is a favourite demand of Russia at present.

Whatever such pretension may be now, it was then not unnatural, for, in truth, the intrigues at that time of the young Emperor of Austria, of the old King of Prussia, of France, and of England, at the Porte, were very petty, vile, and discreditable. It was the King of Prussia, the Great Frederic, who first made it the vogue for sovereigns to propose, mediate, and negotiate the partition of neighbouring empires. Frederic had the political scissors always in hand, and he infected Catherine and Joseph, and even Sultan Mustapha, with his mania of political tailoring. Hammer asserts that it was Sultan Mustapha who at this time first proposed the partition of Poland, Turkey and Austria being co-partners in the enterprise. But Russia and Austria had similar views on the Ottoman Empire, the former proposing to take Moldavia and Wallachia, and gave, at the same time, Bosnia and Dalmatia to Austria.

Meantime the war continued. A new Grand Vizier, as incapable, but more cautious than his predecessor, led a numerous army to the Danube. But the troops were chiefly Asiatic, without

confidence or discipline, and more anxious to disperse to their homes than meet the enemy. On one occasion it was proposed to make an attack upon Bucharest, and the janissaries, eager for booty, pressed for the expedition. The Vizier replied, that such an attack should be executed by infantry, not cavalry; that the janissaries were by right an infantry corps; but now every janissary had a horse, and fought as he pleased. The Vizier offered to lead the janissaries against Bucharest, if they would quit their horses. But they refused to march on foot. Indeed, it was found impossible to recruit either janissaries or spahis as long as their corps were in actual campaign. Youth, anxious for military renown, obtained much better pay by enlisting as volunteers for the campaign, and being free when it was over. In short, the Turks were in a state of transition between their old feudal military organisation, and the new one of paid troops. But the change was operated by weak hands, who spoiled both systems, and so demoralised the Turkish host, that, although individually brave, they could neither be commanded nor depended on. At the commencement of the campaign the Seraskier of Wallachia and his two chief agas perished in an insurrection of the janissaries. And, with an immense army on the Danube, the Sultan's officers could do little more than defend it. The revolt of the janissaries afforded the Russian general Ollitz the opportunity of attacking and capturing Giurgevo, which the Turks had retained, and which they had fortified by a double entrenchment and a number of guns. But the Grand Vizier some time after dispatched a division of 12,000 Turks, who retook Giurgevo in the same expeditious manner. General Essen at the head of 22,000 men again attacked Giurgevo, but was beaten off; and it was then that the janissaries desired to be led against Bucharest.

The great event of 1771 was the conquest of the Crimea by the Russians under Prince Dolgorowski. The Porte, indeed, sadly mismanaged and indisposed every semi-independent state, even although it were Mahometan. They had but one rule and one policy, which was, to despoil and decapitate every chief or commander who proved unfortunate, which by no means secured the appointment of any more capable.

The family of Ghivai reigned over the Crim Tartars, and the Porte had done little for a century except to change, slay, enthrone and dethrone the different members of the family, so that a settled administration was impossible. In 1771 Selim Ghivai had quite sufficient force to defend the wall and the fortresses which guarded the entrance to the Crimea. But he made no use of them; and neither he nor the Turks, who always garrisoned the towns, made any resistance. The Russians overran the peninsula and took all the towns, whilst Selim Ghivai fled to Constantinople, and the Turkish pacha to Sinope. In the month of July, 1771, the Russians were complete and undisputed masters of the Crimea. The chief Tartars, and even two sons of Selim Ghivai withdrew their allegiance to the Sultan, and transferred it

to Catherine. When at the same time Syria and Egypt were in insurrection, and Georgia menacing to imitate the Crimea, it may be judged how near the brink of ruin the incapacity of Sultan and Vizier had reduced the empire.

In consequence of these reverses the new Grand Vizier adopted the plan of defensive war, which has almost ever since been resorted to by the Porte. Leaving strong garrisons in Silistria and the other fortresses on the Danube, he collected his army in a camp at Schoumla, a position strong in itself, and commanding the plains of Bulgaria, strengthening it with works and entrenchments, and a formidable artillery. In this attitude the Porte awaited the result of those negotiations which the powers of Europe hastened to undertake, in order to save the tottering empire of the Sultan from the grasp of Russia. The first to give support to Turkey was Austria, who, however, did so secretly, venturing no further than to bargain for a subsidy in return for future military aid.

Frederic of Prussia was also rendered uneasy by the progress of Russian arms. Symptoms and proofs of the rising jealousy and probable hostility of the two German courts alarmed the Czarina, and she in consequence came forward, as Russia always does, with a declaration of her readiness to make peace. She accompanied this with a proposal to Prussia for a partition of Poland, a suggestion the best calculated to mollify the hostility of the two German courts, and to turn their ideas into another channel. It must be added, that along with the great victories and military advantages which the Russians had gained, they had also suffered immense loss, both by war and disease, and that the empire was not in a condition then to furnish either the men or the supplies for prosecuting the war beyond the Danube. An armistice was in consequence concluded between the belligerents in May, 1772.

This truce lasted a whole twelvemonth, during which Russia offered to cede its conquests in Moldavia and Bessarabia, and give up all the towns, provided the Crimea was given up by the Turks, and the independence of the Tartars acknowledged. What this independence meant, appears from the condition that the Russians were to garrison the fortified towns in lieu of the Turks. The Sultan refused to cede his sovereignty over the Tartars, alleging that the religion of Mahomet obliged him to remain the sovereign of all the Faithful. The Sultan counted, moreover, on the mediation and support of Austria and of Prussia. But these powers merely objected to the extension of the Russian dominions westward of the Black Sea. They would not permit Russia to advance to the Danube, but had no objection to its extension on the side of Tartary. When we mention that it was, moreover, in that very year of truce, that the first partition of Poland was planned and perpetrated, the reason will be understood of Russia's not pressing the war, and of Austria and Prussia being lukewarm in their support of the Sultan. Towards the expiration of the truce, the Ottoman ministers were inclined to

yield, but the Oulemas would not permit the Mahometan towns of the Crimea to be given up to the infidels.

War therefore recommenced, and assumed, as we before observed, that same system of offence on the part of the Russians, and defence on that of the Turks, which has been the routine of subsequent wars. The Grand Vizier entrenched himself with a large army in a camp at Schoumla, whilst the Russians, passing the Danube, first laid siege to Silistria, and then turned their efforts against Varna. Could they get possession of the latter place, they might winter in Bulgaria. In the sieges of these two places the Russians spent the entire campaign of 1773; and in both attempts they were unsuccessful. The Turkish commanders in Silistria and in Varna made, each of them, a valiant defence, beat off Romanzoff, and compelled him, in both cases, to retreat behind the Danube. On one occasion, the Turks tried to cut off their retreat, and had occupied a defile through which General Weismann must pass. That general saw his danger, but did not hesitate to attack the Turks with all his force. This succeeded in cutting its way through, but left the general mortally wounded.

It is remarkable, that whenever the Turks were in small bodies, and had trust in their commanders, whether defending a town or marching on an expedition, their discipline was good, and their efforts marked by daring, and crowned with success. But whenever they were in large armies, amounting to 100,000 men and upwards, as at Schoumla, they became unmanageable, fought with each other, deserted, disbanded, and proved a weakness, rather than a defence, to the empire. In rencontres of small divisions of either army, during 1773, the Russians had generally the worst of it. But when, in 1774, General Romanzoff determined to put an end to the war, by marching upon Schoumla itself, he obtained full success. The Turkish army in Schoumla was more numerous than the Russian. The latter advanced nevertheless, and as only cavalry came forth to repel them, General Kamenskoi defeated them, and infused discouragement into the Turkish camp. The Russians took post all round it, not only on the side of the plain and of Varna, but in the defiles of the Hæmus behind Schoumla. The incapable Vizier took no steps to prevent this. The consequence was, that the troops of the camp, finding themselves ill commanded, and gradually surrounded by the enemy, went off in whole bodies, and took the road to Constantinople.

The Vizier was left without an army. He was accordingly compelled to treat, and to accept such terms as the Russians pleased to impose. Under such circumstances was concluded the Treaty of Kainardje, on the 26th of July, 1764.

By this treaty Russia gained the Crimea, given up nominally to the Tartars, but with Russian garrisons in Kertch and Yenikale, as well as Azov. Russia restored Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia. The countries between the Bog and the Dneister were to belong to neither Turkey nor Russia, but were to be a

frontier between them, Turkey, however, retaining Oczakov. The straits were to be opened to Russian traders. With respect to the conquests ceded by the Russians in the Archipelago, and north of the Danube, Russia stipulated that the Christians and their priesthood should continue to enjoy the privileges and immunities of which they were possessed, and, moreover, that the Porte would listen to the demand for the erection of a Greek church at Pera. It is these stipulations, contained in the seventh article of the treaty, which have been the cause of the present quarrel, and of the war to which it has led, or is likely to lead. Previous to the Treaty of Kainardje, now eighty years concluded, Russia never advanced any pretensions on the score of religious fraternity or sympathy, over the Greeks, or other Christians subject to the Porte.

SEMPRE LO STESSO.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

EVER the same!—let this our watchword be
 Upon the dreary battlements of time,
 With a clear soul I breathe it unto thee
 In tones whose fervour mocks this idle rhyme;
 Ever the same;—how sweet to earn with pain
 The tested love that casteth out all fear,
 And amid all we suffer, doubt and feign,
 To own one true and self-absorbing sphere!
 Ever the same;—as moons the waters draw,
 A simple presence calms all inward strife,
 And by the sway of some benignant law,
 With high completeness fills the sense of life:
 The Holy One this sacred thought confest
 When leaned the fond disciple on his breast.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMPAIGNS UNDER THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

“THE noble army he had so long commanded,” with due deference to Monsieur Thiers, was *not* that which served under Wellington at Waterloo. About one third of the men perhaps might have been the same, but it was not *the* army of which its commander said that, “with *it*, he could have marched over Europe.”

After the close of the war of 1814, in the South of France, the bulk of the Peninsular army sailed, with some few exceptions, for America, and did not return in time to bear a part in the closing scene of Napoleon's career. A few battalions only, favoured by fair winds and fine weather, landed in Belgium, and were on the march up, once more to serve in the ranks of their old chief, but arriving too late, came like *la moutarde après le dîner*. Volunteers from our militia and recruits, hastily got together, formed principally the ranks of those who fought at Waterloo.

Most famously and right well did they sustain their own character and their nation's honour. All the staff, and most of the other officers, had previously served with the Duke; those in the junior grades, however, and at least two thirds of the men were fresh hands, with good constitutions and youthful looks. It is a fine thing to be young! Our health is hearty, and our powers great, unburthened with too much profundity of reflection. Keen for celebrity, and careless of consequences, the young soldier possessed all the love of distinction, gently softened by the bloom of inexperience. “Oh, the merry days, the merry days when I was young!” bring back thoughts of joyous hours and happy frolic, aye! and the remembrance of kindred hearts and kind friends, now all gone!

In our present peaceful days the opportunity for a young soldier to distinguish himself is of rare occurrence. I have heard of one lately who, having tried all things, has at last found an expedient with great probability of success. *En désespoir de cause*, this young officer, on joining his regiment in a certain metropolis, has taken a lodging in a fashionable street, gives himself out as a Republican, and keeps a monkey. That's *brave*.

Our Waterloo army, without detracting from their great merit, were quite a different specimen of humanity from our old Peninsular people, and instances of the want of *savoir faire* occasionally occurred, two of which happened in the company I commanded. Amongst the whole of them I had but six old soldiers, the rest, subalterns and all, were fine gallant young innocents.

We arrived at Quatre Bras on the 16th June, at about 6 o'clock in the evening; on halting for a short time at Nivelles, we had heard a cannonade, and on reaching the battle-field, we found severe fighting had already been going on some hours. The

Brunswick Infantry were formed in squares, to our right the Bois de Bossu was full of French tirailleurs, whose straggling fire was somewhat unexpectedly felt by our division on their advance from the Nivelles road, to support our friends in action. The first Brigade, by order of H.R.H. the Prince of Orange, immediately formed to their right, and stormed the wood in line (a movement, by-the-by, more successful in its results than prudent in its conception), the casualties occasioned in fifteen minutes being 534 men and 13 officers. Our Brigade deployed towards the left on the other side of the road, and came up in flanking support of the Brunswickers, formed in squares *en echelon*. We soon, however, again broke into open column and moved down to the houses of Quatre Bras, on nearing which, some round shot from the enemy's guns passed close over the heads of my juvenile company, striking the walls of the houses near us.* My friends began to dodge, which is not unusual with young troops.

“ But when one has been shot at once or twice,
One's ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.”

I informed them that so many civil salutations towards the enemy on their parts was quite superfluous, as before the sound struck the ear the shot would take the head. I gave the word “steady, men, steady,” and *steady* they *were*. They had an opportunity, however, to cultivate this habit, for in the next three days they were exposed to a fire which occasioned casualties in a force of some 3200 rank and file, in the division of the Guards alone, of 1563 men, and 48 officers.† The other instance of a want of *savoir faire* was on three days' provisions being served out to them at night, when the action was ended, the piquets posted, and the cavalry and commissariat had come up. Strong disapprobation seemed to arise amongst our juveniles at the lean quality, as well as the recent slaughter of the meat. They amusingly alluded to carnous substances in a discursive manner, called down area steps in metropolitan towns, and vulgarly yclept, “dog's meat.” My young friends' memories bore too vivid a sense of the recent charms of British beef and porter; they scorned what the Commissary offered, and left their rations on the ground. In spite of their disinclination to burthen themselves with such doubtful looking diet, as they might be for the next three days without food, I ordered them to take charge of it. In the mean time my six old Peninsular friends *wanted* no such pressing invitations, but rather looked too kindly towards the neglected portions cast aside by their younger comrades. The bump of acquisitiveness was strong upon the more matured. They prudently checked their propensities, however, and contented themselves by insacking their own share. At the bivouac fire, where I sat, one of my old ones presently produced from the depth of his depôt such dainties as pepper and salt, then placing a portion of the raw material of his

* Our loss this day was trifling, being only seven rank and file in our brigade

† In this body of the Foot Guards 177 more men were killed and wounded than in all Nelson's fleet at the battle of Trafalgar.

rations on a ramrod, he cooked it in a way that in Peninsular parlance was denominated "a frizzle." The odour proved *appétissante* to those who had that day marched far and fasted long. One of my youthful charges at last exclaimed, "I say, Tom, that smells capital, gi'e us a bit o' it." The response was pithy and practical. "D— your eyes, cook for yourself, can't you!" *La jeunesse* took the hint, and postponed all further reflections to a more fitting occasion, and so ended *le combat des voraces et des coriaces!*

Having thus somewhat suddenly left Portugal for Belgium, and forestalled an anecdote to prove a fact, I must hasten to return to Abrantes, and once again make myself three years younger than I was in the campaign of 1815.

Having completed the fitting of our men's clothing, and furnished ourselves with what we could get as necessary for hard marching and active service, on the third of March we once more moved on Elvas by Gaviao, Garfate, Flores de Rosa, Alta do Chao to Fronteira, which we reached on the 7th. Here we again halted for a few days. All the troops were now concentrating towards Badajos, preparatory to the siege. Lord Wellington still remained at Frenada in the north, from whence he wrote to Lord Liverpool as follows. "All my arrangements preparatory to the attack of Badajos are in train, and I believe getting on well. Some of the troops have marched for the Alentejo and others will follow soon, and I intend to go myself the *last*, as I know that my removal from one part of the country to the other will be the signal for the enemy, that the part to which I am going is to be the scene of active operations." In accordance with these views Lord Wellington remained on the banks of the Coa, and did not arrive at Elvas till the eleventh of March. We were for the moment well lodged in Fronteira, which was a capital village, in distance four leagues from the good town of Estremoz, and therefore in a convenient and comfortable neighbourhood. The Alentejo in general, and this part of it in particular, had suffered less from the ravages of war than most other provinces of Portugal. The climate is milder and the soil more fertile than on the rugged northern frontier of the kingdom. Here we were informed that Hill's corps had moved on to Merida and Talavera Real. The enemy had much strengthened Badajos by repairing the ramparts, remounting guns, adding to the out-works, and forming mines. The garrison consisted of 4000 French and 1000 German troops, with 150 cavalry: Phillipon, a general of engineers, and clever man, was in command. He had already been a prisoner in England, but had escaped by breaking his *parole*, and, strange to say, was again opposed to us as Governor of this fortress. pontoons were now being brought up to form a bridge over the Guadiana. We were all very sanguine as to the result. If not interrupted by Marmont's or Soult's armies we had little doubt of success. Two ways alone offered to evade interruption; one was to take the place before the enemy could collect their forces to annoy us, the other was to cover the siege by corps in advance, fight a general action and disable them from further interference with our oc-

occupations. The season was favourable, the weather fine, and not too hot. We still had the equinoctial rains to look forward to; rather cooling torrents to encounter before the broiling heats of a Peninsular summer set in. Lord Wellington writes from Elvas,* “I had intended to commence the operations against Badajos between the 6th and 7th of March, and all my arrangements were made accordingly, but because the large and rich town of Evora, which has suffered in no manner by the war, would supply no carriages, I could not commence till the 17th: at this moment the powder for the siege, and much of the shot, and many of the engineers’ stores are not arrived at Elvas, and we are obliged to consume the stores of that garrison. I am destroying the equipments of the army in transporting the stores from Elvas to the ground of the siege, because no assistance is given by the country, or assistance quite inadequate to the demand and wants of the service, &c.; I cannot, however, avoid taking the opportunity of calling the attention of your Lordship, and of his Majesty’s Government, to the neglect of the Portuguese authorities to furnish the means of transport necessary for the success of this or any other operation. My own anxiety and the detail into which I am obliged to enter, in order to find resources to overcome difficulties which occur at every moment, I put out of the question, although I believe no officer at the head of an army was ever so hampered, and it is desirable that the attention of one in that situation should be turned to other objects. But the serious inconveniences to which the troops are exposed, and the difficulties and risks which attend the execution of all services for want of means of transport, become of such magnitude that no officer can venture to be responsible for them, * * * and I hope that His Majesty’s Government will exert their influence with the Prince Regent of Portugal, to order the local Government not only to frame a law which shall have for its object the equipment of the armies in such a manner as to enable them to defend the country, but to carry that law into execution, so that the people of the country shall understand that they *must* comply with its provisions.” Why our Government, furnishing as they did an army, together with the money and munitions of war, in defence of Portugal, did not previous to this advanced period of our operations diplomatically and *effectively stipulate* for the means to carry that war on, especially as all that was required of the people was paid for by us, was best known to our Ministers at home, but was perfectly unaccountable to anybody else. Inadequate as were our supplies we had not the effective means of moving what we had. Lord Wellington was constantly at the last stretch of his ingenuity to provide what was wanting, or procure the necessary means towards the end. He was constantly acquainting our Government at home of this fact with but slight or no result. On one occasion he remonstrated with them in the following words,—“It is the duty of the King’s ministers to provide supplies for the service, and not to

* See Dispatches to Lord Liverpool.

undertake a service for which they cannot provide adequate supplies of money and every other requisite."

These worse than errors of our Government at home, were overcome by the extraordinary energy and determination of the great man who commanded; but as the vice of ill supporting and attempting to control military men in what concerns their own profession seems inherent in our English Government, it may be as well to observe that the want of a cordial support and a love of dictation by unprofessional authorities in the face of all experience can have but one result, and that a mischievous one.*

A soldier is bound to obey and must do so, but that is no reason why the commander of an army should be expected to accomplish objects without being afforded the means required; or that his views, actions, and movements should be thwarted or overborne by the ideas of non-professional and irresponsible governors or ministers. However salutary and necessary their views may be in *ordinary* times, they have a most pernicious effect in war or under circumstances which require rapidity of decision and unhampered energy. "In the life of nations, as in that of individuals, there are moments which decide their fate for years. To use that moment is success, to lose it is ruin." In England the undue influence and love of interference by civilian ministers with the strategical operations of a military commander, is the very worst species of aulic council.

The Austrian machine, detrimental as it was to freedom of movement, was at least composed of military men who might be supposed to comprehend what they dictated, but this illegitimate control with us happens to be the very reverse with regard to any professional knowledge; and is likely, therefore, to prove, if possible, still more calamitous. England's great chief often said, "Never make a *little* war;" it would be still better, if possible, to never make any, but when you *do*, be in earnest. Let your supply be ample in men, and not niggardly in quantity and efficiency of material, well weigh the merits of those appointed to the critical post of commander, but when chosen support him effectively, grant him full confidence, then throw on him, if you will, all the responsibility of his free action.†

* I much fear it will be found that the late universally regretted General Godwin experienced in no slight degree the disadvantages of this system in the Burmese war. Sir Charles Napier says, in his "Defects of the Indian Government," "Of fourteen commanders-in-chief in India, since the year 1792, *ten* have resigned before their term (of service) was out, and, of those who did not, two were Governors-General; the others but two held their commands to the last, 'suffering all things.'"

† A similar misunderstanding between the Government at home and the commander abroad, or rather a similar incapacity in the home Government, occurred in the great war of Hannibal with Rome. After the annihilation of the Roman army at Cannæ, the Carthaginian generals sent envoys to Carthage, to demand fresh supplies of men and money, and above all a well appointed battering train, in order to enable him, on the opening of the next year's campaign to attack Rome itself. The reply of the Anti-Barcha party, as represented by its mouth-piece Hanno, was that, since Hannibal had, according to his own account, achieved such successes in the field, he must be fully competent to

Generally speaking, in the men of our army, there was to be found much more audacity of personal than of moral courage, caused probably by the early habit of submission to discipline, and a too great deference for the opinions of those above them, interfering with the feeling of self-reliance. The great and remarkable exception was Lord Wellington himself, and he felt this advantage so strongly, that whatever official rebuke he found it necessary to inflict on individuals, for want of judgment in acting or *not* acting for themselves, he always gave those under him the aid of his *public* support, by which he encouraged a feeling that he himself so eminently possessed. He is a bad workman who finds fault with his tools—correcting, but also upholding men placed in highly difficult positions in the best of all possible ways of being well served.

On the 14th, at half an hour's warning, we left Fronteira, and marched by Alta do Chao to Elvas, where we bivouacked between Fort la Lippe and that town. With the exception of the 5th Division, still on the Coa, and Hill's corps in advance in Spain, all our legions were assembled here preparatory to our destined operations against Badajos. Lord Wellington had already arrived. I was frequently asked to dine at Head Quarters. I have a lively remembrance on this occasion of passing a pleasant evening in one of the best houses the town of Elvas afforded. The assembled party amounted to some eighteen—among whom were the authorities of the town, some ladies, two commanding officers of the regiments of the Guards, other younger and lively characters belonging to Lord Wellington's personal staff and the corps *en bivouac* in the city's neighbourhood. Lord Wellington was in high spirits and very attentive to two pretty Portuguese young ladies, whose names I heard but have forgotten, although at the time I was introduced to them. With great liveliness they possessed good manners, spoke French well, and of course formed the centre of attraction. During dinner there was a man, to what corps belonging has escaped my memory, whose hunger exceeded everything but our astonishment at it, and his own surprise at finding himself surrounded by so many dainties. Certainly in those days of scarcity an invitation to a decent dinner was well worthy of attention. The commissaries and some few of the generals, according to their capabilities, might occasionally indulge their hospitality. Lord Wellington, although personally moderate in all his habits, still, as circumstances permitted, kept the best table going, as he was in possession of a good French cook and a *maitre d'hôtel*.

The attention of the latter, as well as our own, was excited in no ordinary degree by the development of the unaccustomed guest's powers. His youthful passion for pastry made *pâte* after *pâte* disappear, for to the rapidity of a conjuror he added the

provide himself henceforward both with the sinews and the engines of war. Hannibal was consequently disabled, by this unreasonable parsimony, from following up his movements in the field, and Rome was saved.

swallow of a cormorant. He by no means confined himself to such light material, however, and shortly proved that he was not purely farinaceous, by turning his abilities to more substantial fare with equally strong marks of a monopolising spirit. Like the camel at the spring in the desert, he seemed determined to lay in a stock which should bear him harmless against all coming privation. After having unconsciously occasioned us considerable amusement, in which our great chief participated with as much zest as the youngest amongst us, and that mirth and wine had sufficiently circulated, we all rose together with the ladies from table, and retired to the drawing-room. In the course of the evening the two young ladies, under the sanction of their respectable bundle of a maternity, gratified Lord Wellington's taste for music by singing many pretty airs, amongst which, a duet so forcibly struck me, as to stamp the air in my memory even to this day. The words ran thus:—

“Lindos olhos matadores,
Tem a gentil bella Arminda,
Tem a gentil bella Arminda,
Alvos dentes, boza lnda.
Gosto della mas porem,
Tenho medo dos amores,
Saõ crueis naõ pagaõ bem,
Saõ crueis naõ pagaõ bem.”

The charms of song, and the bright eyes of those who sang, shed their soft influence on us. A gallant troubadour, Colonel Fermor of the Guards, was so inspired as to indulge the ladies *en revanche* with several French romances. Thus concluded an agreeable evening, which carried with it some humanizing remembrances; and as we returned to our Orson-like life in the fields, we thought with regret of these pleasant hours that had but too speedily passed.

On the 15th, at about a league from Elvas, a pontoon bridge had been laid over the Guadiana, and by daybreak on the following morning we were on foot again. The successful opening of a campaign always acts favourably on the spirits of a soldiery, and now Lord Wellington was about to fulfil his promise previously made to Lord Liverpool, that “if we took Ciudad Rodrigo we should make a fine campaign in the spring.” In furtherance of this assurance we crossed the Guadiana on the 16th of March, 1812, to commence movements and operations which continued without interruption until the middle of the November following. On the 16th, Badajos was invested by Marshal Beresford, who crossed the river, and drove in the enemy's outposts. The Third, Fourth, and Light Divisions, and a brigade of Hamilton's Portuguese, about 15,000 men, were destined for the attack of the fortress. The First, Sixth, and Seventh Divisions and two brigades of cavalry, formed a corps under our divisional chief, Sir Thomas Graham, and our movements were directed by Valverde and Santa Martha upon Llerena; Hill moved by Merida upon Almendralejos. These corps acted as a covering army to protect

the operations of the siege, and amounted to 30,000. The Fifth Division was on the march from Beira, and the whole army consisted of about 51,000 sabres and bayonets, of which 20,000 were Portuguese.* Soult's army at this time was between Seville and Cadiz, and some moveable columns of Drouot's and Darieau, of about 5000 men each, at Villafranca and near Medellen. Before entering further into notice of movements necessarily connected with my anecdotal journal, I may mention that Lord Wellington, in taking the field, thought proper to inaugurate the event by giving a grand *fête* to Field Marshal Beresford and his staff; a cordial to his friends, as an introduction to the more inimical operations of the siege of Badajos, thus following the soldier's motto, "Let us be merry to-day, for to-morrow we die.†" Near Badajos there was no house or building within half a mile of the spot selected for Lord Wellington's head-quarter camp. It was a bleak and barren place enough, the only advantage being, that although within range, it was concealed by some rising ground from the fire of the fortress. During the siege, however, two or three shells did fall amongst these canvas residences. The tents for the use of the two Head-Quarter-staffs of the British and Portuguese armies were brought from Elvas that morning; they arrived at their destination at nine o'clock; the ground was marked out, the tents erected, the kitchens made, a substantial oven built by transporting materials from the stone wall of a vineyard half a mile off, mortar was concocted, wood for fuel collected, and everything accomplished before one o'clock, at which time that man of celebrity the *chef*, or head cook, reached his scene of glory. Surrounded and within range of all the warlike implements of destruction, this greater than Vatsi "a parfaitement conservé son sang-froid dans ses entrées." At half-past two, the elements on which his art depended arrived on foot. The bullocks, poor things, little thought of the uses to which they were walking, or that their respectable parts (although their forms partook of the greyhound cut) would be so precipitately transubstantiated into joints, gravy, and gelatinous substances. They, however, were killed, skinned, and cut up, and by six o'clock were served up to a company of distinguished men in as many savoury shapes as any party of guests in Grosvenor Square ever sat down to dawdle over; the difference being that air and exercise, and a too great absence of plenty, occasioned a somewhat different appreciation of the indulgence, and a keener sense of the value of things. Dryden's recommendation of "Take the goods the gods provide thee" was then turned from a poetical to a practical god, leaving "lovely Thais" out of the question, unfortunately, because nobody had much time to attend to her, poor lady! It may be seen, from the sudden preparations and rapid accomplishment of this banquet, that in pleasure, as well as busi-

* See Napier.

† Lieutenant-General Lord Keane, when Commander-in-Chief at Jamaica, had these words written over his dining-room door, I suppose in compliment to the yellow fever.

ness, the grass was never allowed to grow under our feet. Without half the ceremony I have alluded to, and with the slightest possible disguise by cookery, I have often seen a lean, well-travelled bullock killed and eaten in half an hour, his hide and horns alone remaining in demonstration of what he once had been.

Having passed the pontoon bridge over the Guadiana, we entered on immense plains of unwholesome and malaria-like appearance, producing coarse grass and great quantities of the wild garlic. We followed no road. The First, Sixth, and Seventh Divisions, and two brigades of cavalry, marched in contiguous columns over this wide and tiresome expanse of level. Neither tree nor hill was to be seen. No living thing was visible excepting innumerable hares, which sprang up amidst our columns. The men's shouts drove them like shuttlecocks from one to the other, till, bewildered by noise, and surrounded by foes, followed by every yelping cur, and galloped after by every officer they approached, they fell a sacrifice in endeavouring to force their way through our ranks. In their endeavours to escape they were almost all killed, and afforded capital sport to the many, and no slight profit to the few. Between forty and fifty hares graced the bivouac fires of our camp this day. The weather in the morning was mild and pleasant, though dark and lowering, but in the evening it became cold and rainy. We bivouacked this night near Valverde, a village in a decent state of preservation.

This night, for the first time, I felt the genial comfort attached to the proprietorship of a tent. I had thus suddenly become *le petit propriétaire* in reality, and indulged in the pride of possession, the more so as it was the first tenement of any kind that ever really belonged to me, and I hastened to show a proper sense of the claims of hospitality by sharing it with a tentless comrade. Ensnconced beneath its cover this tempestuous night, we smoked our cigars, and listened in contemptuous security to the pattering rain driven by the wild wind against its sides. The disagreeable remembrance of being frequently *out* on such a night as this, peculiarly recommended to us the advantage of being *within*. Those happy young fellows lately at Chobham camp had a sufficiency of bad weather probably to make them estimate at a *guess* the disadvantage of being on the wrong side of canvas, and might possibly have presented to their minds a comparison between the inside seat of a first-class railway carriage, or the outside one on a donkey in a storm. It was with grateful feelings towards those kind friends who had sent me this defence against weather, that we drank to them with the soldier's toast, "Here's a health to all absent friends, God bless them!" They, alas! with many others, are gone, and can no more read the passing record of my gratitude.

On the 17th, the 3rd and 4th, and light Division broke ground before Badajos, but as our *corps d'armée*, under Graham, advanced towards the south, we knew little and heard nothing in detail of the operations in our rear. We had an enemy in front

who was to occupy our attention, and we wished, in return, to occupy *his*, by preventing his dwelling too pertinaciously on the operations of the siege, that we were destined to mask. In the mean time we had to feel for the enemy's moveable columns, which we knew to be in our neighbourhood, and consequently out-posts, patrols, and piquets were in plenty. We moved on Santa Martha; a small force belonging to Soult's corps retired as we advanced. It was reported that Marmont was at Talavera de la Reyna. We continued our movements by La Para to Zafra, an excellent town, which the enemy had left but a few hours before we entered it. The weather was so bad and the Spanish towns so good, that we left off bivouacking and were sheltered in most agreeable and capital quarters. We were delighted with this part of Spain, and with the comparatively clean good houses, their well white-washed exteriors indented by substantial doors, and iron grated windows, from whence peeped forth the dark houri eyes of the Spanish women, the good nature and lively manners of these people, their guitars, their song and dance. Though too short our stay, Zafra was to us a pleasant place; in comparison to the rough life we led, quite an oasis in the desert. Short of labouring *on* the land we had become by living in it the purest of all possible species of agriculturists, for we sojourned entirely in the fields, woods, bogs, and mountains. The roofs which were destined to shelter us in Portugal were widely different and greatly inferior to those offered us in Spain and resembled more, with due deference to Hibernian proprietors, an Irish hovel than a human habitation.

“ Oh, ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
How little do you think upon the dangers of the—fleas.”

In Spain, although not quit of these hopping vampires, always to be found in southern climates, the people, the towns and houses stood us in compensation. Besides after a man had been some time on service in these countries, his mental as well as his bodily feelings became hardened—the latter by degrees partook of the nature of the Rhinoceros, and both at length defied the petty stings of fortune and of vermin. Our taste for Spanish towns increased with experience; being already on the road to Seville we hoped, before we finished our promenade, to reach the cities of the South so much lauded in the native tongue.

“ Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla,
Quien no ha visto Grenada,
No ha visto nada.”

Eighteen more years from this period were to elapse before I trod the streets and visited the Alcazar of Seville, and enjoyed the scenes and the climate of the vega of Grenada, with all the grandeur of its overhanging Sierra de Nevada, and the beautiful remains of its Moorscan palaces. The people of this part of Spain, the middle and lower order, for of the high classes we saw little, and what we did see was by no means prepossessing, are a remarkably handsome fine-looking race, occasionally betraying a

tinge of the Saracen blood, mixed with the *sangre azul*, which spoke in palliation of the Valencian proverb:—

“ Buen cielo, buen tierra,
Mal'entre tierra y cielb.”*

Still there was amongst them an assimilation in tastes to their not far distant neighbours the Italians, and the *dolce far niente* seemed to prevail. When roused to energy they may be induced to act, but with pompous promises and grandiloquent phrases, postponement and the fear of troubling their lazy intellects predominated. It was always *manana*, but never to-day with them. To put off everything seemed looked upon as the acme of all that was clever, and never to do that which they could persuade another to do for them, was the perfection of dexterity. Their whole mind, in short, seemed bent upon doing nothing, and—they did it. At the same time there is no want of quickness or intelligence in them. When imperative interest or passion urges, they display all the readiness of resource and acuteness so truthfully depicted in the character of *Figaro*.

On occasion of the movements of some of the enemy's flying columns employed against the Spanish guerillas, as our detective police might be against pickpockets, the French marched on a Spanish town to punish it for some real or pretended grievance. The people fled, as, innocent or guilty, they well knew the result would be disastrous. They left their houses in the night, or, as our sergeant-major, a man of *eloquence*, used to say, they “surreptitiously and promiseously took their departure.” Of all the inhabitants, two young girls, of considerable personal attractions, alone remained in a house belonging to one of the authorities of the town. Their alarm at such a visit of vengeance may be conceived. They well knew that their good looks were their least defensive quality; “for beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.” No means of escape presenting itself, the elder directed the younger to retire to her bed, which could scarcely be considered the safest place in the house. Militarily, it seemed a false position to assume for a weak garrison intending a resolute defence, but what will address and good tactic not accomplish? She painted her sister's face a ghastly white, and gave to the apartment all the air of a sick room. These preparations had scarcely been completed when the enemy, arriving from different directions, finding nothing in kitchen or cellar, they set about exploring the other rooms. On entering the supposed invalid's apartment, the nursing sister, in the deepest apparent affliction, covering her face with a handkerchief, broke out into loud lamentations, “*Madre de Dios, la probe cica tienne una calentura contagiosa—el peste!*”† The French rushed out instantaneously, vacating the quarter even more promptly than they had

* Which may be translated thus:—

“ Fair sky, fair land;
All between, nothing grand!”

† Mother of our Lord, the poor little thing has a contagious fever—the plague!

entered it, echoing the cry as they went—"La peste, la peste! le diable emporte la peste!" The obtrusive visit of their would-be conquerors was thus disposed of by these ready-witted beauties. It must be confessed, however, that to the female portion of the community *Messieurs les Français* generally made themselves very acceptable; and although the Spanish women complained of them, saying that "*Los ladrones Francesos* have eaten all our Andalusian bulls, killed our poultry, and knocked from their niches every emblem of the Virgin," still, many of them were sufficiently imbued with the attributes of Christian charity to return good for evil, and not to allow their patriotic prejudices to overcome their personal feelings. In all characters that a Frenchman may be called upon to enact, he is always proverbially insinuating, gay, and agreeable; and the Spanish women, if there be truth in our experience, seemed well disposed to act up to their national proverb, of—

"Todo el mundo es un Bolero,
El que no baila es un tonto." *

It was with great regret that on the 21st we left Zafra to occupy Fuente del Maestro, where, however, we still found good cantonments—the more acceptable as the weather continued very bad. Although this town was fourteen leagues from Badajoz, we could distinctly hear the cannonade, as its deep, unfriendly sound came undulating through the air. We here heard that the enemy had made a sortie, in which they lost some men—that Colonel Fletcher, our chief engineer, had been wounded; and that Captain Cuthbert, Picton's aide-de-camp, had been killed; that some of our batteries were to have opened on this day, and that a breach might be expected to be rendered practicable in about ten days.

With regard to our covering corps, the Seventh Division was at Villa Franca, some of our cavalry at Zafra and the rest at Llerena and its environs. Marmont, report said, was still at Talavera de la Reyna with 36,000 men (which, however, was doubtful). Suchet at Valencia. Soult was occupied in collecting his forces, some 20,000, at Seville and its neighbourhood, and 40,000 more of the enemy were at this time at or near Medellin. We were all full of conjecture. Many seemed to think that a general action would shortly ensue. I remember differing with some of my comrades on this point. I thought that our foes were not likely to attack us unless they could hope to raise the siege, and this they could not do unless they brought down on us their whole force. The distance between their different corps prohibited a combination within a probable time to save the fortress. Without such a hope it was useless and not to their advantage to fight, as there was nothing to fight for. Marmont was said to display no inclination to act in conjunction with Soult, but we subsequently discovered, from intercepted dispatches, that the Emperor's orders directed him to operate in the north and on the banks of the Coa, threatening an irruption into the province of

* All the world is a ball, and he is a frog who does not dance.

Beira in Portugal. On further information we found that the delay occasioned by the bad weather, want of material, and inefficiency of transport, had still further postponed the opening of our batteries against Badajos. At the same time Lord Wellington himself said, that we were not by 20,000 men so strong on the left bank of the Guadiana as we ought to be. We were uncertain also of Drouet's whereabouts; he was believed to be in the neighbourhood of Don Benito with a view to protect the junction of Foy by the bridge of Medellin. Lord Wellington's intention was to move our right divisions and the cavalry to Zalamea and Quintana, at the same time that our left division from Almandralejo should reach Oliva, and Hill's corps Medellin, and thus force back the enemy from their best communications across the Guadiana with Soult, and by thus intercepting them create delay in their conjunctive movements. But we could not hope to maintain this position long, as Soult could move from the south on our right flank, or, if he chose, on our rear. To gain Badajoz, therefore, we were once more fighting against time as we did at Ciudad Rodrigo. The difference was, that here the task was tougher; the place from natural position as well as art being stronger, its garrison more numerous, and its governor more able. At Fuentes del Meistro, having marched on foot from the northern frontier of Spain, a distance of between three and four hundred miles, I here purchased another mule, although our adjutant, whose duties devolved upon me, had left me his stud during his absence. It was fortunate I did so, as our movements now became much more rapid and harassing. A sudden thought struck the commander of our *corps d'armée*, and on the 25th, without baggage, and at the shortest possible notice, we left Fuentes del Meistro at 7 A.M. and proceeded two leagues towards Los Santos, where, having halted for a few minutes only outside the town, we continued our march four leagues further, and reached Bien Venide at 5 P.M., having accomplished, in a ten hours' march, with scarcely a check, six "leguas grandillones," a distance most uncertain, except being a short one.

The country was a dead open flat, devoid of trees and with only occasional culture. We established our bivouac beside a small stream in some low undulating ground concealed under a gentle slope, and were ordered to consider ourselves *au secret*. The day had been hot, the march rapid and harassing, and some rest was requisite. Evening closed in, the moon rose and seemed to look down in bright contempt on our barren hiding-place. Our divisions were all assembled here, but at ten at night we were on foot again directing our march on the town of Llerena. We now discovered that this secret and forced march was for the purpose of surprising a small flying column of the enemy, consisting of some 2600 men belonging to Drouet's corps. The operation was an attempted imitation of the Arroyo de Molinos affair, so cleverly executed by Hill in the previous campaign of 1811. Eleven thousand infantry, 2000 cavalry, and 24 pieces of artillery were formed in contiguous columns; the First, Sixth, and Seventh

Divisions in one body, the two brigades of cavalry on our left and the 24 guns in our front with some Light Infantry in advance. Thus massed we moved in close order during the rest of the night. This formation forbade our availing ourselves of the road further than as a line of direction across the country we were traversing. Previous to our leaving our bivouac at Bien Venide we heard that those we were about to seek were safely in their quarters at Llerena in perfect ignorance of our stealthy, tiger-like approach. They were sleeping probably and little dreaming of our intended visit to them at such an unfashionably early hour. Unluckily no movement of any part of our force on the enemy's flanks to intercept their retreat seemed to have been in contemplation, and we moved altogether in a straight line and in one lump. We had also to take on trust the chance of the prudence and loyalty of the Spanish peasants to their own cause. As they might give information of our approach, we took the precaution of allowing none that we knew of or could stop to proceed in the direction of Llerena. In an open country, devoid of hill or wood, it requires rather more address to conceal a body of some 13,000 men, in movement on its surface, than for a gentleman of the thimble-rig profession to hide his pea on the downs and heaths of Ascot or of Epsom.

The moon had set, the night, though starlight, was dark; we marched in close formation and in strict silence, but still a large body moving over the flat face of mother earth might be detected, and the clink of cavalry sabres, the roll of the wheels of guns, the tramp of horses, and the heavy sounding tread of 11,000 warriors might be wafted through the still night air to distance and the attentive ears set on watch to ward the approach of coming danger. A dog's bark, a bird's flight or a hare's course would create suspicion that some disturbing influence was on foot and would put on the alert those well versed in war's alarms and outpost duty, thereby betraying the movements of our column. On and on we went in wearisome darkness and in seemingly interminable space; half asleep and stumbling, our men blundered against each other, then again resumed their order, giving vent to some grumbling exclamation of discontent. The night was far spent, but before daylight had dawned we all at once were aroused from our monotonous heavy trudge by coming upon a cavalry patrol dispatched by the enemy from one of their neighbouring outposts to reconnoitre. They instantly fired on us and galloped off. Had our movements been kept secret till now this reconnoitre must have effectively revealed them. The *contretems* unfortunately did not end here, in consequence of all our Divisions having been injudiciously ordered to load. When we came upon the enemy, the Sixth Division had on the march gained slightly in advance of the rest, and the Seventh, on receiving the fire of the French patrol, were tempted to return it, and by so doing fired into the Sixth, as the flashes of the enemy's carbines came from that direction. Fortunately, the officers of this last column restrained their men from returning the untoward salute, or, in the surrounding darkness,

we should all have been fighting one another. As it was, a surgeon, a pay-master, and six men were killed and wounded; and thus, in the most critical moment of an intended surprise, we much surprised ourselves by firing on our own people instead of the enemy, to whom, by all this noise, we gave undoubted notice of our approach. It may be imagined that some excitement ensued. The columns were now closed up, the officers instantaneously dismounted and fell into their ranks, leaving their horses to shift for themselves. S——, who commanded the company next to mine, did not at all approve of quitting a steed he "ne'er might see again." I luckily found a little drummer whom, in an unauthorised manner, I pressed into my service, consigning my Rosinante to his charge. My mind being made easy on that score was turned in anxious expectation to what would next follow.

We still moved forward, marching over some of the bodies that the 7th Division had slain; at length, as day began to break, we arrived within a short distance of the town of Llerena, and as objects became more visible we discovered our enemy on the other side of it, quietly marching away, leaving us to our reflections. A parting shot or two from our guns, by way of acquainting them with our *address*, was the only communication that ensued between us. Our long march, like auld Meestress McSillygossip's long story, related by the late Mr. Mathews in his "*At Home*," was a wearisome prolixity without a point. A forced march of nearly fifty miles had been accomplished in nineteen hours by a body of 13,000 men, for the purpose of surprising 2,600 of the enemy, but as no detached flank movements were attempted to intercept or even interrupt their retreat, they marched out of one end of the town of Llerena as we marched into the other. Had the execution of our movements been supported by strategical combinations the result might have been different. As it was, however, we were so far successful that by driving back on its reserve this small advance corps of Drouet we effectually interrupted any immediate communication between him, Dariesau and Soult. The enemy exchanged some few shots with our Light Troops, when they went their way and we saw no more of them. After our fatiguing but somewhat futile attempt we were rewarded by a twenty-four hours' halt in the good town of Llerena. Good towns being as scarce as the opportunities we had of enjoying them, this indulgence was duly appreciated by way of compensation for our disappointments. Next day our baggage having come up, after a refreshing rest in our excellent quarters, we moved again four leagues further to a bivouac near Marguilla. This village is situated on a plateau between the two streams of the Coracha and Matachiel, at the foot, and no great distance from one of the spurs or offshoots, of the Sierra Merona, running down in this direction to the plains beneath. Here, to our astonishment, the German Legion and our Brigade remained quiet for a few days: we were in a happy state of uncertainty although kept in constant readiness and expectation to move. The other two Divisions had gone forward; the 7th to Asuaga and the 6th to Berlanga on our right, in the direction of Seville, on the

road leading to the south. Major-General Stopford's Brigade of Infantry we pushed still farther forward in the same direction, and as far as Quadalcanal. Various reports reached us concerning the enemy, but nothing that could be depended on. The breaching batteries at Badajoz were to open on the 31st, and should the enemy intend to make an attempt to interrupt our operations, or relieve the fortress they had not a moment to lose. Hill's corps was still in the neighbourhood of Medellin.

On the 1st of April we left Marguillas, moving in a retrograde direction towards Badajoz, by Llera and Usagre to Los Santos. Here our route was changed from that of Fuentes del Meistro to La Para, then to Almandral, and thence to a bivouac in the woods in front of the position of Albuera, where, after a five days' march, all our corps, under Sir Thomas Graham, were again concentrated, ready once more to occupy the old battle-field, if rendered necessary by the enemy's advance. Of them we heard nothing, but surmised, from these movements of ours, that they were approaching. During this march a gay and gallant young Guardsman, aide-de-camp to Sir Rowland Hill, reached us with communications from his chief. A better informed and more agreeable companion and good soldier was not easily found. We were about the same age and standing, and our acquaintance, begun here, ripened into great intimacy in after life, for I never gambled, borrowed, or lent him money! Lively, brave, and warm-hearted, he was, alas! reckless, thoughtless, and extravagant; would lend or give you, while he had it, all he had; but could afford to owe you, even to the Greek Calends, any amount of cash you lent him. I fear it might be said of him that he never paid a debt, except that to nature. His reckless gallantry lost him his life in India, where he fell, much lamented. Peace be to his manes! I loved him well, in spite of his faults, for he had many good, and even great qualities. His name matters not, it was well known and distinguished in our military annals of the preceding century; his friends will recognise it but too well in reading this tribute to his memory. In our ilex and cork-wood bivouac, *en attendant* the expected advance of Soult, our men huddled themselves. From those excellent troops, the Hanoverian Legion belonging to the Division, our men learned much in this, as well as many other useful arts. The Germans displayed great ingenuity in rural architecture, forming commodious turf and leafy dwellings half under ground, small sunken snuggeries very cleverly contrived, and adapted to the nature of their necessities. Serving as a defence against the heats of day, the dews of night, and the rains of spring and autumn, they were rendered more or less substantial or effective according to circumstances, and the probable time of their occupation. Light, and simply defensive against the elements for a night's lodging, they became more *beaver*-like when a longer residence was promised. The English generally improve on the invention of others, and, in following so good an example we even constructed stables and sheds for our horses and beasts of burthen. It was always considered one of the greatest camp conveniences,

and highly diplomatic, to be well with the quarter-master of the regiment, or on intimate terms with the butcher of the brigade. They were the chiefs, the masters of the ceremonies, and distributors of the delicacies of provender (such as oxtails and lumps of suet from the well-marched and hastily killed cattle) to the numerous hungry applicants. These, on being paid for, might, as a favour, be added to the rations of the officers; "but what was this among so many?" Our good old quarter-master H—— was a character; a perfect specimen of this class. He had risen by his merit, and by weight, rotundity, and respectability he maintained the dignity of his position. Possessed of great matter-of-fact good sense, he was an honest, bright-faced, downright old soldier. He always had the best fire in all our bivouacs, and had become the oracle of all the ensigns. The "idle club" of the camp would frequently assemble around his merry bonfire to hear or communicate the current news or reports of the day, yclept in Peninsular language, "shaves." Those handicraftsmen of our corps, the pioneers, were his attendants, and under his orders they were the cutters of wood, the *shoers* of horses, and dispensers of liquor, when such was received for distribution from the commissaries. The well-known sound of K——, the cooper, singing out in his shrill, squeaky voice, "Cucks (cooks) for wine!"* may still tingle in the ears and rest in the memories of those who heard them in "auld lang syne," and the joyous buzz and commotion created amongst our men by so welcome an announcement, may still be remembered.

In Soult's hasty retreat from Oporto, in May 1809, our Brigade came suddenly on the enemy's rear-guard near Salamonde, and turned their retreat into a flight, taking from them baggage and all kinds of material. Two very powerful nags, one black and the other white, such as drag diligences in France, fell to the lot of that "tun of man," old H——, the quarter-master. He contrived always to keep these cattle, out of compliment to himself, I suppose, in an unusual state of rotund condition. Unwieldily as he appeared, he was a perfect picture on horse-back, for the *combination* was complete of the "Elephant and Castle," a goodly sign warmly greeted wherever met with. On the march he always headed the baggage of the Brigade, and far, far off in the winding distance might be seen his portly figure, on the milk-white steed, as unlike as possible to "Death on the pale horse!"

The distributions of camp delicacies from the above cavalier, or from Jones the butcher, added in no small degree to eke out the rations of the separate messes and pic-nics of the officers. Seldom more than two of us messed together, chiefly those belonging to the same company or the one next in line to it. We found from experience that, however well masters might agree, it was difficult to get servants to do so, for which reason I preferred the pic-nic plan, instead of having a mess in common. Two

* The pioneer's duty, under the superintendence of the Quarter-Master-Sergeant, was to distribute the liquor amongst the cooks of the different messes of the men.

or three would thus club their provender and dine together, each bringing their plates, knives, forks, and drinking cups. I well remember my friend B— joined us frequently in this way. He always brought his *convert*, as the French call it, but deuce the thing else in the shape of comestible or beverage. When rallied on the absence of these most essential contributions to a pic-nic, and accused of providing nothing, he would reply that we cruelly maligned him, for he always brought his knife, fork, and an excellent appetite.

At this bivouac near Albuera, and on the 6th of April, towards evening, a reinforcement of detachments, from England, reached our Brigade, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel B—, afterwards D. A., Adjutant-General to our Division. The rest of the draft was composed of 400 men, together with two young Ensigns H— and K—, belonging to our regiment. The first of these made a right good soldier, and was severely wounded later at Salamanca. He now sits in the House of Commons, being an Irish Peer. With this detachment I received an English spaniel, six shirts, and a groom-boy. We made our recruits as welcome and comfortable as we could, by offering such hospitality as the field afforded, and did our best to make them forget the luxuries of beef, porter, iced champagne and sugar-plums. Their round fresh English faces bore strong contrast with the copper-coloured, weather-beaten, visages of our old hands. Recent news from dear England, brought by these blooming fellows, was very acceptable, and was received at all times with pleasure, whether coming in verbal, printed, or written shape. After sunset, and the convivial hour of the evening meal had passed, most of us in time and due course retired to our tents and to rest. The night was dry, though mild and cloudy; everything was still save the customary croaking of frogs, or the low murmur of conversation round some bivouac fire; all but the sentries and camp guards had sunk to sleep, the occasional sound of a distant gun alone broke the silence, when at once, and as if from a volcano, explosions, like thunder, rolled and bounded along the surface of the earth, and trembled through the air of night. Salvo after salvo in continued succession reached the ear of the sleeping soldier, and roused him in his bivouac lair to the consciousness of the living struggle carried on by his far-distant comrades.—Lord Wellington was storming Badajos.

MARGARET OF NAVARRE.*

For several years past the character and writings of Margaret, Queen of Navarre, the sister of Francis the First, have considerably occupied the attention of scholars and literary men: as a contemporary of the Renaissance, in which she took an active part, and with which she endeavoured to become thoroughly acquainted, and to follow out in all its branches, she would alone present herself in an interesting point of view; but as the constant companion and much-loved sister of Francis the First, all that concerns her awakens a lively curiosity.

Marguerite de Valois, the first of the three Margarets who figured in the sixteenth century, was not altogether the person she has been generally represented to be. She was born at the château Angoulême, the 11th of April, 1492, two years before her brother Francis, and under her mother Louise de Savoie's care, received a solid and virtuous education. She learnt Spanish, Italian, and Latin, and, at a later period, Hebrew and Greek. But all these languages were not acquired at the same time, or when she was a mere child. Brantome describes her as a Princess of great intelligence, and remarks that her natural abilities were quite equal to her attainments. She continued eagerly to cull information as long as she lived; with her whole heart and influence she sought to patronise genius and men of letters of all sorts and classes, while, for her own pleasure, she cultivated their intimacy, so that we find her at one time entering the lists with Marot the poet, and at another time corresponding with Erasmus upon the most learned and important subjects. We must be careful, however, to avoid exaggeration, and fortunately Margaret's writings are sufficiently numerous to afford us abundant means of justly discriminating between what is original in them and what is the work of simple intelligence. As a poet and prose-writer, Margaret's originality is not remarkable, or, to speak more plainly, she is totally deficient in this quality; her intelligence, on the contrary, is great, active, eager, and comprehensive. In her time a wonderful change began to operate in men's minds, an inquiring literary spirit was abroad, which produced in all hearts and minds the same enthusiasm and excitement which politics created at a later period. Margaret, who was then young, and readily impressed by all that was good and noble, eagerly took up the cause, and, when her brother came to the throne, she said to herself that it should be her office to be his good genius, to show herself the patron and protector of all those men who brought down upon themselves pedantic ridicule and anger by their learned innovations.

* Adapted from the "Causeries du Lundi."

It was in this way that she took up and became gradually imbued with the principles of the reformers, to whom her attention was first directed in a literary point of view. As translators of the Scriptures, it appeared to her that they were only anxious to breathe forth their true spirit, as well as to render them better understood by pious minds. She enjoyed considerable intercourse with the reformers, bestowing her favour on them as on learned men, as lovers of literature, as well as faithful worshippers of Jesus Christ, and she would not allow herself to dream of any unlawful inroads in the back-ground; indeed, even when she did become a little undeceived as to the whole bearing of the subject, she continued earnestly to intercede with her brother for those persons who moved in this cause.

Margaret's love for her brother, which almost amounted to adoration, completely overruled all other feelings. She was about two years and a half older than he, and the young widow, Louise de Savoie, was only fifteen or sixteen years older than her daughter. Both these women possessed the most devoted attachment for Francis the First; they looked upon him as the future prop and crown of their noble house, as the Dauphin who was soon to be a glorious and conquering Cæsar.

"On the day of Saint Paul's conversion (25th of January, 1515)," says Madame Louise, in her journal, "my son was anointed and crowned, in the Cathedral of Rheims, for which I consider myself deeply indebted to the Divine mercy, by whom I have been amply recompensed for all the adversity and annoyances which I endured in my early years, in the bloom of my youth; humility kept me company, and patience never deserted me." A few months afterwards, the jour de Marignan, in the transport of her feeling, she writes as follows: "On the 13th of September, which was Thursday, 1515, my son conquered and defeated the Swiss, near Milan. The battle commenced at five o'clock in the afternoon, lasted all night and the following morning, till eleven o'clock, and on this very day I left Amboise, and set out on foot to Nôtre Dame de Fontaines, to recommend to her protection what I love more than myself, that is my son, a glorious and conquering Cæsar, and vanquisher of the Helvetians." She adds, "moreover, on this same 13th of September, 1515, a flame of fire, of the length of a lance, was seen in the heavens, in several places in Flanders, between seven and eight in the evening; it appeared as if it must fall on the houses, and was so brilliant that a hundred torches would not have given so much light."

Margaret, clever and enlightened as she was, seems also to have believed in this omen, and wrote nearly the same words on the subject as her mother. She kept her whole heart and idolizing affection for her brother, for, at seventeen, she was married to the Duc d'Alençon, a Prince of feeble and uninteresting character. When, therefore, the unfortunate defeat at Pavia occurred, in the tenth year of Francis' reign (25th of February, 1525,) and Margaret and her mother heard of the total destruction of the French army, and of the King's captivity, it will easily be imagined what

a frightful blow it was to them both. While we find Madame Louise who was made Regent of the kingdom, displaying all her courage and strength of mind, we may gather Margaret's thoughts from the series of letters which she wrote to her brother, and which M. Genin has published. Her first idea is to console the captive and to give him confidence. "Madame (Louise de Savoie) appears endowed with so much additional strength that, as long as the day and evening last, there is not a minute wasted with regard to your affairs, so that your kingdom and children need have no concern nor care about them." She then proceeds to say, "how pleased she is that he has fallen into the hands of so good and generous a conqueror as the Viceroy of Naples, Charles de Lannoy; she begs him, for her mother's sake, to take care of his health; she (Madame) has learnt that you intend to eat neither eggs nor meat during the whole of Lent, and sometimes to abstain from all food, in God's honour: Monseigneur, as far as so very humble a person as your sister may be allowed to entreat you, let me beg of you not to do anything of the sort, and bear in mind that fish does not agree with you, and remember that, if you persist in this course, she (Louise de Savoie) has declared that she will follow your example, and, if this be the case, I shall then see you both pine away."

About this time Margaret attends her husband's death-bed at Lyons, he was one of the fugitives of Pavia, she mourns for him, but after the first few days, during which it was impossible for her to master her grief, she endeavours to disguise it before the Regent, for not being able to be of use herself, she says, "she should consider herself most unfortunate were she to harass the mind of the person who was rendering such great services."

When it is arranged that Margaret shall visit her brother in Spain, and work out his deliverance (September 1525) her joy is unbounded. At length, then, she can assist this brother, whom she views as the only one left her by God, in this world, to be her father, brother, and husband. She intersperses and varies many many times in her letters the names of master, brother, and king, and heaps them upon him, though these do not half express her sincere and ardent attachment to him. "Whatever may be ordained, even if my bones were to be scattered in cinders to the wind for your good, nothing would be too much, too difficult, or too painful for me, but on the contrary, consolation, repose, and honour."

These expressions which in some persons would bear the appearance of exaggeration are perfectly truthful as coming from Margaret. Her mission to Spain was not attended, however, with much success, wherever she attempted to awaken generosity and to arouse the spirit of honour, she met with nothing but dissimulation and political manœuvres. She is only allowed to see her brother for a short time, he himself desires her to shorten her stay as much as possible, and to travel homeward, because he thinks she may better serve his interests in France, "She tears herself from him with much grief, especially as she sees him suffering, and very much out of health. Oh! how much she longs to return to him, to remain

near him, and that he would even allow her to perform the office of lackey near his litter. She is of opinion that he should purchase his liberty at all costs, that he should get back to France on any conditions, that whatever sacrifice he might be called on to make, it could not be so great, provided he was allowed to return to France, and were the conditions ever so good, they could avail him nothing at Madrid. As soon as she sets foot in France she is received as the messenger, as the "Baptist was of Jesus Christ." On reaching Beziers, she is quite thronged with persons anxious for news. "I can assure you, Monseigneur," writes she to her brother, "that when I imagined I was only speaking to two or three persons, as soon as I named the King, everybody drew near to listen to me, so that I was compelled to give them an account of you, and by the time I finished speaking of you, I saw tears in the eyes of people of all classes."

Such was then the sincere grief of France for the loss of her King. As she proceeds further into the country she perceives, however, the absence of the master. This kingdom is "like a body without a head, it lives to recover you, but is dying because you are so great a distance from it." As far as Margaret is concerned, the long and fatiguing journeys in Spain appear to have been much more endurable to her than the life of repose which she is compelled to lead in France, "where painful fancies torment me a great deal more than actual suffering and hardships." Margaret's letters, in general, do honour to her heart and set forth all her generous qualities, as well as the solidity of her character and the affectionate and cordial nature of her disposition.

That the captivity of Francis at Madrid, and his interviews with his sister, have furnished a subject for many novels and dramas, is quite natural, but these simple and affectionate letters show what were her real feelings, and say more than all the rest. The following is an extract from one of them, which is very graceful; here she endeavours to appear cheerful, and seeks to enliven the captive, by sending him news of his children. Francis the First had five at this period, and, with one exception, they had just had the measles, when she writes. "And now," says Margaret, "they are all quite recovered and in sound health again. M. le Dauphin applies himself wonderfully to study, and intersperses his studies with a hundred thousand other occupations. Anger and ill temper are now no longer thought of, but all kinds of amiable qualities. M. d'Orleans seems nailed to his book, and says that he wishes to be learned; but M. d'Angoulême knows more than the others, and does and says such extraordinary things that really you would be quite astonished to hear them. Little Margot, who is very much like me, was determined not to be ill; they tell me here that she is a graceful little thing, and is becoming much prettier than ever Mademoiselle d'Angoulême was."

Mademoiselle d'Angoulême is herself, and the little Margaret, who promised to be prettier than her aunt and godmother, was the second of the Margarets and afterwards Duchesse de Savoie. If we examine the best portraits of Margaret of Navarre, our idea

of her personal attractions, which are taken from the exaggerated praises of the time, will be considerably altered. Margaret resembles her brother very strongly, her nose is slighty aquiline and very long, her eye is soft and expressive, her mouth, though large, is delicately shaped and smiling, and her countenance wears an expression of much goodness and refinement."

The last of the Margarets, that other Queen of Navarre, the first wife of Henry the Fourth, was, during her youth, the Queen of fashion and elegance; in all matters of taste she took the lead; but the Margaret of whom we are now speaking was totally unlike her in this respect; she was very simple in her toilet, and left all these matters to the management of the Duchess d'Etampes. Marot himself, in singing her praises, lays more particular stress upon her gentleness, which eclipses, he says, the beauty of the most beautiful. He dwells upon the modest expression of her countenance, and on her frank and inartificial manner of conversing. She was sincere and "light-hearted," and she readily laughed with honest enjoyment, and was, in short, the friend of anything like rational mirth and gaiety. She was, besides, very religious, rigid in morality, and endowed with much wisdom, so that she quite deserved the high encomium passed upon her by Erasmus. This wise monarch of literature, this emperor of Latinity of his period, seeks at once to console Margaret when she is overwhelmed with the terrible news of the defeat at Pavia, and writes to her as follows:—

"For a long time I have admired in you the many eminent gifts which God has bestowed on you; your prudence, which is worthy a philosopher; your chastity, your moderation, your piety, your unconquerable strength of mind, and your supreme contempt of all perishable things; and who would not view these qualities with admiration in the sister of a King, which are scarcely to be found in priests and monks?"

In this last remark concerning monks we trace a slight tincture of satire in this Voltaire of the period. In this letter, which is addressed to Margaret in 1525, and in another letter which he soon after dispatched to her, Erasmus offers her his thanks for, and congratulates her upon the services which she continued to render to the common cause of literature and toleration. Margaret did indeed do good service, but while, on the one hand, she was the object of panegyric, from another quarter she met with many reproaches. Her brother formed a second alliance for her with Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, and in 1527 she was united to him. Now she held her little court at Pau, which became the refuge and harbour of safety for the persecuted, as well as for all innovators. She at first favoured Calvinism, but she finally abandoned it, says the President Henault, and was the cause of the rapid progress which was made by this growing sect. The President Henault's opinion, however, appears rather too decided. It is perfectly true that Margaret, ever alive to all the noble and literary sentiments of her time, did conduct herself as a person who, at the commencement of 1789, would have done all in her power to aid the cause of

liberty, without, however, desiring, or foreseeing the Revolution. She, it seems, who like the whole Court of France at this period, followed the stream with regard to the progress of letters and the pleasure of understanding the Holy Scriptures, and singing the Psalms in French, must necessarily become a Lutheran or Calvinist, without knowing it.

The first alarm took place one morning (the 19th of October, 1534), in consequence of some offensive placards against the Roman Catholic religion, being seen posted up in different parts of Paris. The imprudent members of this body had unfortunately set light to the powder before the proper hour. The good and right-minded Margaret, who had nothing to do with party-spirit, and who only formed her opinion of the Reformers through the medium of honest persons and the literary men of her acquaintance, was disposed to think that these vile placards were not the work of the Protestants, but of those who sought an excuse to compromise and persecute them. Her charitable and humane feelings led her always to induce her brother to lean to the side of clemency. Thus she made two or three attempts to save the unfortunate Berquin, who had been caught dogmatizing, but, in spite of all the entreaties which the Princess used with her brother, Berquin was burnt alive on the Grève, the 24th of April, 1529.

Brantôme relates a story of Margaret, which gives us an admirable idea of her peculiar character. A brother of Brantôme's, Captain Bourdeille, became acquainted at Ferrara, at the Duchess' (daughter of Louis the Twelfth), with a young French lady, Mademoiselle de la Roche, whose love he succeeded in engaging. He took her with him to France, and she was received into the court of the Queen of Navarre, where she died, and he thought no more of her. One day about three months after her death, Captain Bourdeille was visiting Pau, and went to pay his respects to the Queen of Navarre, as she was returning from vespers. He received a very gracious welcome, and, by degrees, as they were walking, the Princess gently led him into that part of the church where the tomb of the lady whom he had loved was situated.

"My cousin," said she, to Captain Bourdeille, "do you not feel something moving beneath your feet?"

"No, madame," replied he.

"But, think a moment, my cousin," answered she.

"I have observed, madame, and I feel nothing move, for I am standing upon a stone, which is perfectly firm."

"Then I must remind you," said the Queen, without keeping him longer in suspense, "that you are treading on the tomb and the body of poor Mademoiselle de la Roche, who lies interred beneath your feet—she whom you have so loved, and since souls have a sympathy after the death of the body, we can scarcely doubt but that this sweet creature, so lately removed from us, must have experienced a feeling of strong emotion directly you walked over her; you may not have noticed it, on account of the depth of the tomb, but you may still be sure that she was affected at your presence; besides, it is a pious duty to offer up prayers for

the deceased, and certainly for those we have loved; I entreat you, therefore, to say a *Paternoster* for her, as well as an *Ave Maria*, and a *De profundis*, and to sprinkle her with holy water, and justly earn for yourself the title of very faithful lover, and good Christian."

And accordingly she left him alone, in order that he might perform these holy ceremonies in honour of the dead.

We do not know why Brantôme chooses to think that the Princess started this subject merely from good feeling, and by way of inducing conversation, rather than from conviction that what she said was indisputable: on the contrary, it seems perfectly natural, that, in this instance, she was actuated by belief, as well as good feeling, both being the characteristic qualities of her delicate and pious mind, and thus the matter appears easily explained.

Many people severely reproached Margaret for the protection which she offered to the literary friends of reform; she was condemned at the Sorbonne as well as at court. The constable Montmorency, when speaking to the King of the necessity of purging heresy from the kingdom, suggested to him that he must first begin by doing this at court, and from among those nearest and dearest to him, and he then named the Queen of Navarre. "Oh, don't imagine anything of the kind with regard to her," said the King, "she loves me too well; she will never believe anything which I don't believe, and will never belong to a religion which will be prejudicial to my kingdom."

The tales and novels of Queen Margaret do not, as might be imagined, form such a great contrast to her life, nor to the habitual tenor of her thoughts. M. Genin showed considerable judgment when he made this remark, and a careful reader will bear him out in it. These tales are not pictures of the gaiety and sins of youth, for she composed them at a mature age, and they were chiefly written in her litter, when she was travelling, by way of recreation, though she was earnest even in this kind of recreation. Death prevented her from carrying out her ideas; instead of seven days in the week, the number we have, she wished to make ten. After Boccaccio's plan, she wished to produce a French Decamerone, and not an Heptamerone. In her prologue, she imagines that several persons of condition, both French and Spanish, are assembled during the month of September at the baths of Caunterets in the Pyrenees, and that, at the end of a few weeks, they separate, that those who are natives of Spain, return thither by the mountains as best they may, but that the French persons are prevented journeying home on account of the overflow of rivers, produced by long continued rains. A stated number of these travellers, ladies and gentlemen, after meeting with divers adventures, more extraordinary than agreeable, find themselves again assembled in the abbey of Nôtre Dame de Serrance, and near this spot, as the river was not fordable, they decided to construct a bridge. "The Abbé," says the author, "who was very glad that they took this expense upon themselves, in order that the number of pilgrims might increase, readily procured them workmen, though he did not give a fraction towards the bridge himself, for he was too avaricious; but as the

workmen said that the bridge would not be completed under ten or twelve days, the company, both ladies and gentlemen, began to grow very weary; it therefore became quite necessary to devise some "agreeable and virtuous" occupation for these ten or twelve days, and accordingly application is made to a Dame Oisille, the oldest of the company. This Dame Oisille replies in the most edifying manner. "My children, you have consulted me upon a point which I have found one of the most difficult in the world, that is, to suggest some pastime which may serve to relieve your tedium; I have sought for a remedy against weariness all my lifetime, and have never succeeded in discovering more than one, namely, the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, in which real happiness and joy consists, as well as health and repose to the body."

This merry company could not, however, resolve to adopt so austere a measure, and it was agreed that their time should be divided between profane and sacred matters. The company assembled the first thing in the morning in Dame Oisille's chamber, in order to benefit by her lecture on morals; from thence they went to hear mass, after which everybody retired to his own apartment to attend to his own affairs, and met again at noon in the meadow. "And if agreeable to you, we will assemble every day, between twelve and four o'clock, in this beautiful meadow, which borders the river Gave; and where the trees are more richly covered with foliage, so that no sun can pierce their shade or break in upon the delicious coolness, there will we recline at our ease, and every one shall tell some anecdote or tale, with which he has himself been mixed up, or which he has heard related by a man whose truth is not to be suspected; for it is to be thoroughly understood that none but *true* stories must be told; there must be no invention used; when it is necessary, however, the names of persons and places may be disguised."

As the company consisted of ten persons, men and women, and as each person was to relate a story every day, the result would be that at the end of ten days a hundred tales would be completed. Every afternoon, towards the end of this delightful *séance*, at four o'clock, the bell rings, which warns them that it is time to go to vespers; the party accordingly proceed to church, though not without keeping the monks waiting some time; however, they do not complain. Thus passes the time, and nobody accuses him or herself of overstepping the bounds of rational gaiety, or of having committed any sin.

These tales of the Queen of Navarre do not seem to carry out this idea, or to fill in this framework; every story is intended to have its moral, to uphold a particular maxim, or some argument started with regard to the superiority of the one or the other sex, or the nature and essence of love, or as an illustration or proof (and frequently very questionable) of her opinion on the subject.

Without any prudery, few of these stories are really pretty; they relate to the period, and there are moments when we feel inclined to exclaim, with Dame Oisille, "Good gracious! shall we never have done with tales about these monks!"

In reading Margaret of Navarre's stories, it is impossible not to note how singular it is, that the conversation of virtuous people should have so much varied at different periods, before it assumed the garb of true delicacy and decency. Elegant conversation dates farther back than might be supposed, and polished society had its existence earlier than is generally imagined. Conversation, as we now understand it, however, and as it is understood in modern society, borrows much of its character and attraction from women being called upon to join in it, and during the most brilliant period of the middle ages, at certain courts of the South, in Normandy, in France, or in England, conversation must have assumed great charms, from the simple fact of women being permitted to be present, and to take part in it. In those castles of the South, where the *troubadours* made merry, and whence they sent us forth some of the sweetest and most touching ballads, and where such exquisite and fascinating stories were composed as that of "Aucassin et Nicolette," there must have been all the grace and refinement in conversing which could be desired. But in taking a view of things as they appear in France at the end of the fifteenth century, we note a strange mixture, an obvious struggle between pedantry and licentiousness, between refinement and coarseness. For instance, the pretty little romance of "Jehan de Saintré," which commences by depicting the very ideal of all that is knightly and truly noble, and pretends to lay down a little code of politeness, courtesy and gallantry—in short, to show the finished education of a young knight of the time—this pretty novel, however, is full of absurd pedantry, of minute matters of ceremony, and, towards the end, the grossest and most sensual details. This vein of licentiousness and frivolity, which had never ceased to have play since its origin, and which was covered by a knightly disguise in elegant company, and in seasons of brilliancy, completely threw off its mask at the commencement of the sixteenth century, and seemed to borrow from the Renaissance of classical tastes a still more unbridled outlet. It was during this period that virtuous women actually told stories *à la Roquelause*, and discussed them before everybody. Such is the state of society of which Margaret gives us a *naïve* picture in her tales, the more *naïve* inasmuch as she has no improper object in view.

A whole century was required to reform this vicious taste. Madame Rambouillet and her daughter were compelled to read lectures to the Court on morality, and professors of politeness and good taste, such as the Chevalier de Méré and Mademoiselle de Scudery found it necessary to preach propriety for many years, and even then there were frequent relapses; and traces of coarseness could often be detected amidst refinement and precise manners. The happy moment is that, when, by a sudden change in the atmosphere of society, enlightenment and cultivated taste spread itself equally and richly over a generation of vigorous minds, and people were delighted to be natural, and to feel that they might be natural without necessity for restraint.

This fortunate state of things may be dated from the middle of

the seventeenth century, and we can hardly fancy anything much more charming than the conversation of the young members of the Condé family, of the Rochefoucaulds, the De Retz, of Saint Evremond, of Madame Sévigné, and of Turenne. What delicious hours those must have been when Madame de Lafayette conversed with Madame Henriette, who meanwhile reclined at ease! Thus we pass through the most brilliant era to Madame de Caylus, the joyous and laughter-loving niece of Madame de Maintenon, to that graceful state of perfection which does not rob intellect of its attraction, but which avoids all chance of giving offence.

There was only Madame Cornuel in the latter portion of the seventeenth century, who was forgiven for her coarse mode of expression, and this was on account of the wit and talent which she discovered, in spite of this disagreeable failing. At all periods virtuous women must frequently have heard many more things than they could repeat; but the fact especially worthy of notice is, when they themselves ceased to speak on these improper subjects, and to discuss them in such a way that they became matters of history, which they were once in the habit of doing without imagining they were infringing all rules of propriety and decency.

Queen Margaret, as a romance writer, does not seem to have had a notion of this refinement of taste; as a poet she is not remarkable for anything but for her facility in expressing her ideas; for she chiefly imitates and reproduces the different forms of poems which were in vogue at that period. It is said, that she frequently employed two secretaries at a time, one to write the French verses, which she composed impromptu, and the other to write letters. There are none of her verses which might not have been composed in this manner, and we must not look for that sparkling talent and passionate feeling, which are to be found in her young contemporary, Louise Labé, la Belle Cordière.

Margaret died at the Château d'Odos, in Bigorre, the 21st of December, 1549, in her fifty-eighth year. She was the mother of Jeanne d'Albret. This little sketch of her, in which no exaggeration is used, in which the traits of her character are simply set forth, will serve to prove that she merited the title of "*gentil esprit*," which was so universally bestowed upon her. She was a worthy sister of Francis the First, a worthy patroness of the Renaissance, and a worthy ancestor of Henry the Fourth, both from her clemency and joyous temperament.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE IN 1858.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE OUT.—JENNY LIND.—CAPTAIN WEST.—CUSTOM HOUSE.—
LANDING.—THE COUNTRY.—LIVERPOOL.—MR. MARTINEAU.—BIRMINGHAM.—
—JOSEPH STURGE.—WARWICK CASTLE.—STRATFORD ON AVON.—
COVENTRY.—NOTTINGHAM.—LINCOLN.

Liverpool, June 10.

THE gallant steamer *Atlantic*, on which I came out passenger, sailed from New York on Saturday, the 29th of May, a sunny and quiet day. As Jenny Goldschmidt and her husband were on board, an immense concourse of people were assembled at the landing, on the docks and vessels near by, to see them off. They stood on the wheel-house with Captain West, bowing, smiling, and waving their grateful farewell. As with a parting gun we bounded from the shore, the heart gave one last, wild, agonized throb for friends and home, then sank into depths of dread unknown before. Yet that thronged and beautiful city, that magnificent harbour, white with countless sails, ploughed and overswept with busy life, was a glorious sight, seen even through tears.

As we approached Sandy Hook, the atmosphere grew hazy, and before we were out at sea we were enveloped in a dense fog, and obliged to come to anchor, where we remained some fifteen hours. We passed this time very pleasantly, in exploring the ship, chatting, writing letters to send back by the pilot, eating and sleeping. I awoke late the next morning, and found we were at sea in earnest. I remember very little more of that morning, except it be the incident of my finding out, as by instinct, the use of a queer little utensil of painted tin, a sort of elongated spittoon, which stood by my washstand. I performed my toilet as speedily as circumstances would allow, and hurried on deck, where I soon found myself quite well. The day was delicious beyond what words may tell. The air was fresh, yet the sea tranquil, and the sunshine rich and warm. There seemed a sort of strife of beauty, a rivalry of brightness, between the heaven above and the waters below, and the soul of the gazer now went floating off on the green undulations of the waves, to where they seemed to break against the sky, or dreamed itself away into the fathomless blue, in a sort of quiet, worldly ecstasy—"the still luxury of delight." Then came on the night—our first night at sea. The wind had freshened, the sails were set, the ship shot through the gleaming waves, scattering the diamond spray from her prow, and the moon was over all. As it went up

the sky, its course was marked by a long reach of tremulous radiance on the deep. It seemed to me like the love of the dear ones I had left, stretching out towards me. But there came a yet higher thought—that such a path of brightness must have shone under the feet of Jesus when he “walked on the water” towards the perilled ship.

Two pleasant days and nights followed, during which many agreeable acquaintances were formed among the passengers. My seat at table was on the left of Captain West, and opposite the Goldschmidts. Otto Goldschmidt, husband of Jenny Lind, impressed me, not only as a man of genius, but of rare refinement and nobility of character. He is small, and delicately formed, but his head is a remarkably fine one, his face beautiful in the best sense of the term. He is fair, with hair of a dark, golden hue, soft brown eyes, thoughtful even to sadness. I have never seen a brow more pure and spiritual than his. Yet, for all its softness and youthfulness, Mr. Goldschmidt's face is by no means wanting in dignity and manliness of expression. There is a maturity of thought, a calm strength of character, a self-poise about him, which impress you more and more.

The pure and graceful Greek column makes no solid or defiant show of strength, like the unchiselled stone or the jagged rock, yet it may be as strong in its beauty and perfect proportions, and decidedly pleasanter to lean against. I believe that Jenny Lind in her marriage followed not alone the impulses of her woman's heart, but obeyed the higher instincts of her poetic and artistic nature.

For the first few days of our voyage, she seemed singularly shy and reserved. I have seen her sit hour after hour by herself, in some unfrequented part of the vessel, looking out over the sea. I often wondered if her thoughts were then busy with the memories of her glorious career—if she were living over her past triumphs, the countless times when the cold quiet of the highest heaven of fashion broke into thunders of acclamation above her, and came down in a rain of flowers at her feet. Was it of those perishable wreaths, placed on her brow amid the glare and tumult of the great world, she mused—or of that later crowning of her womanhood, when softly and silently her brow received from God's own hand the chrism of a holy and enduring love? Was it the happy, loving wife, or the great, world-renowned artiste, who dreamed there alone, looking out over the sea?

On Wednesday, our last really bright day, I espied a spent butterfly fluttering its brilliant wings on one of the ship's spars. It had been blown all that distance, the captain said. I could hardly have been more surprised if the spar on which it had lit had blossomed before my eyes. This day and the one following, many gentlemen and some of the ladies amused themselves with the game of “shuffleboard.” We had among the passengers three right reverend bishops, one of whom joined heartily in this play. I was amused by the style of address used towards

him occasionally. "Now, bishop, it's your turn! "Go a-head, bishop!"

I think it were scarcely possible for a ship to take out a finer set of passengers than we had. Intelligent, agreeable, kindly, all seemed striving for the general enjoyment; and had the elements continued propitious, the entire voyage would have seemed like a pleasant social party, "long drawn out."

On Thursday, woe's the day! we were off the banks of Newfoundland—the fogs became chill and heavy, and towards night the sea grew rough. The next morning I found it quite impossible for me to remain on deck, even with overshoes, blankets, and shawls. The wind from the region of snows cut to one's very bones. It brought to mind strange pictures of seals crawling from iceberg to iceberg, and of young polar bears diverting themselves by sliding down ice precipices three hundred feet high. I sought the saloon in despair, where, as wind and sea rose, and the ship lurched and rolled, I all too soon grew ready to admit our friend Horace Greeley to be the truest of sea prophets, the honestest of voyagers.

A strange thing is this physical sympathy with elemental disturbance—the tumult without answered by "that which is most within us"—the surge and heave oceanic—the surge and heave stomachic and responsive—"deep calling unto deep." But we will not dwell on it.

For three days and nights I was really a great sufferer, but I had plenty of companionship in my misery. Very few of the passengers escaped seasickness entirely, and many were very ill. Mr. Goldschmidt suffered severely; his wife was not affected in the ordinary way, but underwent much from nervousness, restlessness, and fear. Yet I saw the true loveliness of her nature more than ever before. She went from one to another of the sick with a kind word and a sweet sad smile; and, for my part, I felt that such words and such smiles were not too dearly bought, even by a fit of seasickness. What lover could say more?

My state-room was too far aft for comfort; I could not endure it after the rough weather came on, but, day and night, occupied a sofa in the saloon, where, with blankets, cushions, and pillows, I was made as comfortable as circumstances would allow. I could not have had in my own father's house kinder or more constant attention, and a father could not have cared for me better than did Captain West. He more than answered my expectations—more than fulfilled the pledges and justified the praises of his friends. A plain, honest, generous-hearted sailor, yet every inch a gentleman. I trust he will pardon, as I am sure that many, very many, will echo, my simple, involuntary expression of gratitude and esteem.

On Tuesday morning, about ten o'clock, I was helped on deck to catch the first sight of land. The sea had "smoothed his wrinkled front," the wind had gone down somewhat, and the sun shone out fitfully. Everybody was on deck—all, even the invalids, in high and eager spirits. At last the welcome cry was heard,

and dimly through the mist was seen the high and rocky shore of Ireland—blessed old Ireland! *soate* Ireland! the gem of the sea! No name seemed too fond or poetic to apply to it at that moment.

Cape Clear for a long time belied its name; but finally the fog lifted, and we saw coast, rocks, and lighthouses very distinctly.

The last dinner on board ship was very pleasant, though there were no speeches; and Captain West, with characteristic modesty, slipped out before his health could be proposed; so we had no response from him.

The approach to Liverpool has been often enough described. I will only say, that the shores, seen through a drizzling rain, and even the city, seen under a black cloud of coal smoke, were sights welcome and beautiful to my sea-wearied eyes.

About twelve o'clock the custom-house officers came on board, and the examination of baggage commenced. Lady passengers, who had suffered throughout the voyage from a nervous dread of a stern official ransacking of carpet-bags, and from the belief that it is through much tribulation in the way of tumbled trunks and exposed nightcaps that we enter into the kingdom of Great Britain, were then most agreeably disappointed. Trunks were opened indeed, but by no means a minute examination made of their contents. A sealed package lay on the top of my trunk. The officer politely asked me what this contained. "An American book," I answered. "Will you tell me its title?" "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," I replied. "O, we will pass '*Uncle Tom's Log Cabin*,'" he answered, laughing.

The tide not allowing the Atlantic to go into the dock, we were landed by a small steamboat. We left our beautiful ship and noble captain with a feeling of regret, and all hands and voices joined in three hearty cheers for both.

The expected arrival of Madame Goldschmidt—the peoples' *Jenny Lind* for ever—had assembled a large crowd, but the presence of a strong police force kept down all enthusiastic demonstration.

On landing, Liverpool first struck me as differing from our seaport towns, in having a vastly greater number of docks, vessels, police officers, ragged boys, red faced men, barefooted women, and donkey carts.

The *Adelphi*, the best house in Liverpool, does not compare with our first-class hotels, either for comfort or elegance. The attendants are respectful and kindly enough, but provokingly slow. They are eternally "coming."

Woolton, June 14.

From Liverpool I came here, where I have spent some days quietly, but most delightfully. "Rose Hill," the residence of Dr. M.—, in whose family I am visiting, is quite apart from the village of Woolton, and is certainly one of the loveliest places I have ever seen. The house is approached by a winding road, through a dense little forest of beautiful trees, is surrounded by highly-cultivated grounds, and overlooks a wide and varied extent of country. O, the glorious old trees, the beautiful green hedges, the

gorgeous flowers of England! What words of mine would have power to set them whispering, and waving, and gleaming before you? I never shall forget the effect wrought upon me by the sight of the first flowers I saw, born of the soil and blossomed by the airs of Old England. You will think it strange, but the first tears I shed after my last parting with my friends at New York fell fast on the fragrant leaves, and glistened in the rich, red heart of an English rose. In some mysterious depths of association, beyond the soundings of thought, lay the source of those tears.

I have had a wet welcome to the land of mists and showers. It has rained every day since my arrival, yet every day we have had some hours of beautiful sunshine, and the sweet freshness of the air compensates for the unseasonable coolness.

Strange and delightful to me are the long English twilights. Think of the sun hanging on till nearly nine o'clock, like a pleasantly-entertained visitor, reluctant to retire. The nights here are deliciously cool and quiet. Then, no one, without the actual experience, can imagine the luxurious rest and "sweet release" of one, who, after having been cribbed up in the narrow berth of a steamship for a dozen or more nights, may

"Spread
The loosened limbs o'er a wide *English bed*."

As for me, after four days and nights' toilsome occupancy of a narrow sofa, without the advantage of previous "practice on a clothes' line," recommended by my friend E——, I really could not sleep at first, for the pleasure of the change. I tried one soft pillow, then another, in the very daintiness of repose. I made sundry eccentric excursions, explorations of the vast extent of unoccupied territory around me. I measured the magnificent length and breadth of the elastic mattress beneath me, and wrapped myself regally in the lavender-scented linen.

Owing to my continued indisposition, and the rainy weather, I have as yet seen little of Liverpool and its environs. The docks are the great pride of the city. Fancy more than seven miles of continuous docks filled with shipping. St. George's Hall, a new building, is said to be one of the finest in the world; I certainly have never seen any thing handsomer. Many of the churches here are elegant and imposing structures, but none more tasteful, quaintly, and quietly beautiful than the Hope-street Unitarian Chapel, where Mr. Martineau preaches. I brought letters to this gentleman, and on Saturday was at his house. I found him, in personal appearance, all I looked for. The pure, fervid, poetic spirit, and the earnest eloquence which adapt his writings alike to the religious wants, the devotional sense, the imagination and the taste of his readers, all live in his look, and speak in his familiar tones. He is somewhat slender in person, with a head not large but compact and perfectly balanced. His perceptive organs are remarkably large, his brow is low and purely Greek, and his eyes are of a deep, changeful blue. There is much quietude in his face—native, rather than acquired, I should say—the repose of

unconscious, rather than of conscious power. About his head, altogether, there is a classical, chiselled look—the hair grows in a way to enchant an artist, and every feature of his face is finely and clearly cut. But the glow of the soul is all over.

On Sunday morning I enjoyed a pleasure long hoped for, and never to be forgotten, in hearing him preach one of those wonderful discourses in which his free but reverent spirit seems to sound the profoundest depths of the human soul, to unveil the most solemn mysteries of being, and to reach those divine heights to which few have attained since Paul and John were caught up and rapt away from earth, in holy visions and heavenly trances.

We dined and spent the night yesterday at Seaforth Hall, an elegant seaside residence, belonging to a wealthy manufacturer of Liverpool. Here I saw a pleasant water view, lofty rooms, beautiful conservatories and hothouses, pictures, and statuary; and, what was better, very agreeable people, and genuine English hospitality. As far as the style of living and manners are concerned, I as yet have remarked little difference between Liverpool and Boston.

Edgbaston, Birmingham, June 17.

I left Liverpool on an afternoon of unusual brightness, but plunged immediately into a young night, in the shape of the longest tunnel I ever passed through. They tell me it is scarcely noticeable, compared with one between this place and London; but it will do to begin with. The English first-class railway carriages are more luxurious than ours. Substantially made, softly-cushioned and curtained, nothing can surpass them for comfort; while they have a John Bull exclusiveness about them, each carriage being calculated for six passengers, and no more. So rapid is the rate at which they run, and so smooth the rail below, such an absence is there of noise and dust, that it is even difficult to believe we are going at all. When I closed my eyes on the scene, I was really bewildered; but when I looked out on the whirling landscape, I was forced to the conclusion that either the trees and hedges were having a grand gallopade, a furious country dance together; and, what was more unlikely, venerable churches were recreating themselves with a wild steeple chase, or that we were under glorious headway.

The country between Liverpool and Birmingham, as far as my dizzied sight would allow me to judge, seemed flat and uninteresting. But the glory of a most luxuriant summer greenness and bloom is over it all.

A peculiar and constant joy to me is in remarking how everywhere the simplest cottages of the common people are built and adorned with taste, and kept with the utmost neatness and care. Many of them are exquisite miniatures of the residences of the rich—with sweet little lawns, and flower plots, like children's playgrounds, diminutive hedges, tiny trellises, and gravel walks scarcely a foot wide.

My friend Mr. Sturge met me at the Birmingham station, and drove me out to his place at Edgbaston. It rained hard, and the

twilight was deepening, when I arrived: but I was received into the warmth and light of a pleasant little drawing-room, opening into a conservatory of beautiful bright flowers. I was met with sweet words, and sweeter smiles of welcome, by the lovely young wife of Joseph Sturge, and by his fair children—quaint, Quaker specimens of child beauty, which is found in its rosy perfection in “merrie England.” I felt thoroughly at home and at rest from the first; and then, that very night, after I had retired to my room, there was sent to me, all unexpectedly, a package of letters from America! It were impossible for one to conceive, as for me to describe, my emotion on beholding these. I actually grew faint with excess of joy; and after having come safely over the salt seas, there was danger of their being illegible by a briny greeting on shore. And yet, I had been parted from the writers but seven-teen days. Ah! the poet is entirely correct—“Time is not of years.”

Mr. Sturge's place is retired, modest, and unpretending in every way, but very lovely. The smooth, closely-cut lawns are a perpetual pleasure to my eye; next come the hedges, the ivies, the honeysuckles, the hollies, and glossy-leaved laurels. Roses and rhododendrons are now in full bloom: peonies are a-flame; the May-tree is a little *passé*, but the laburnum is yet in its golden glory, and with its long pendent branches, all in flower, seems pouring itself down, in a bounteous royal shower, reminding one of Jove's auriferous courtship of Danæ.

The most beautiful tree I have yet seen in England is the copper beech; at least, it has the finest effect amidst other foliage. There is one in the line of trees skirting the lawn before me, which, with its dark, rich tint, looks, amid the surrounding bloom and verdure, like a Rembrandt in a gallery of bright, modern paintings.

Delicious and countless bird notes are quivering through the moist air all day long. I have already heard the cuckoo, the blackbird, and the thrush; and English poetry and English life will henceforth be the sweeter to me for their remembered strains.

I have seen some fine bloodhorses since my arrival, but I actually admire most the powerful dray-horses of Liverpool. They are magnificent great animals. I shall never have done wondering at the little donkey-carts, or rather, at the immense strength, and no body, of the donkeys themselves. I had no idea that this really estimable, though much-contemned animal, anywhere existed in such small varieties. While driving, the other day, our carriage was run into by one of these same donkey establishments, the awkward driver of which was, by several sizes, the greater ass of the two.

Cattle, pigs, and poultry are, as far as I have seen, finer here than with us; because, I suppose, so much more carefully kept. There is of late, a rage for rare poultry here, as in the United States. Cochin China fowls, in especial, sell at a preposterously high price.

The English home style of living does not differ widely from our own, except that it is often simpler, and always quieter. I notice that the table at meals is usually decked with flowers—a beautiful custom we should do well to adopt.

The manner of an English gentleman towards the American visitor is polite and considerate, but sometimes a little too *marked*. At a dinner party, the other day, during a little playful discussion of Yankee character, a bland and benevolent-looking old gentleman at my side informed me that he had come to the conclusion that the wooden-nutmeg story was neither more nor less than a mischievous satire. “For,” said he, “there would be such an amount of minute carving required to make a successful imitation of the nutmeg, that the deception would hardly pay the workman. For myself, I do not believe the cheat was ever practised.” I thanked him in the name of my country for the justice done her, and assured him that the story of the Yankee having whittled a large lot of unsaleable shoe-pegs into melon seeds, and sold them to the Canadians, was also a base fabrication of our enemies.

We have carious weather—chill, driving showers, alternating with bursts of warm, effulgent sunlight—and often sunlight and shower together. According to a popular tradition of our country, a certain gentleman in black is, at this season, administering marital discipline with unusual frequency and severity.

Evening.—We have just returned from a pleasant drive into the country, some four or five miles, to see the old Handsworth Church, and Chantrey’s monument to James Watt. This is within the church, but curtained off by itself; is a plain, large, white marble pedestal, supporting a sitting, life-size figure of the great inventor. It is a beautiful work of art, and a form and face of noble character.

The church itself is a curiosity for its great age. It contains some effigies in stone, said to be more than five hundred years old. There is a knight in complete armour, with a very dandified waist and enormous thighs, and a slim lady, with a tight-fitting shroud, crowded against the wall behind him. The good dame’s frill has suffered some dilapidation, and the gallant knight is minus a nose.

The high, quaint old pews impressed me most. I at once imagined little David Copperfield sitting in one of them, with his mother and Peggotty. By the way, you can have no idea of the luxury of reading Dickens in *England*.

On our way back, we stopped for a half hour at a fine cemetery, from some heights of which I caught my first real view of the town in all its industrial grandeur and smoky magnificence. Within these grounds we encountered the beadle, in all the pomp of his parish livery. He was a stout man, and of course dignified to solemnity. Seeing him unoccupied, I ventured to make some conversation with him, and must acknowledge that he met my advances in a most gracious and un-Bumble-like manner. I asked him if they buried the poor in layers, and in a common grave. “Yes, *mem*,” he replied, “but it often ’appens, quite

agreeably, that members of the same family go into the same grave. Whenever we can, we lay them together, or not many bodies apart—we try to make them comfortable, mem."

A distant sight, beheld on our drive this afternoon, was a new monastery, occupied solely by renegade clergymen from the Church of England—a haunt of priestly owls, scared by the light and freedom of the time back into the cloistered gloom of the dark ages. What a precious set of cowed conservatives!

To-morrow I visit Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and, it may be, Stratford-upon-Avon. Splendid stuff for dreams, such a prospect.

June 18.

My first full view of Warwick Castle is hung in my memory a picture of beauty and grandeur, which must be "a joy for ever." As we rode into the old town, we paused on a noble stone bridge over the Avon, where the finest view is obtained. It had been raining, but the shower was now past, and the sun out in dazzling radiance. The air was freshened with a pleasant wind, and sweetened with roses, and, from the tower of an old church near by, mellow-toned bells were ringing the morning chime. At our left stood the castle, with its dark, battlemented walls, its hoary turrets, and gigantic towers.

As the Earl of Warwick was at home, we were obliged to stop at the porter's lodge, while our cards were sent up to him, and leave accorded to us to see the castle. But we were well amused by the portress, who showed up the famous porridge pot of the redoubtable Earl Guy, with his armour, sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, walking staff, flesh-fork, and stirrup. These are a giant's accoutrements—the sword weighs twenty pounds, and the armour of the knight and that of his steed are in proportion.

The faith of the old retainer in the marvellous legends she rehearsed was quite edifying. She assured us that Earl Guy was nearly ten feet in height, and that he was accustomed to take his food from that identical porridge pot, which holds one hundred and two gallons, and which, on the occasion of the present earl's eldest son (Lord Brooke) coming of age, was filled with punch three times a day for three days, for the people. After receiving his lordship's graciously-accorded permission, we passed up a noble passage, cut in solid rock, some eight or ten feet deep, and prettily overgrown with moss and ivy, leading to the outer court. As I walked slowly on, my thoughts went back three hundred years, when knights and ladies gay went dashing up this pass, followed by fair pages and fairer maids, dainty minstrels and jolly friars, faithful esquires, and stout men-at-arms. I could almost hear the tramp of mail-clad steeds, the light curvetting of palfreys, the clang of armour, the jingle of gilded bridles, the laughter of young gallants, and the sweet voices of merry dames. I could almost see the waving of banners and plumes, the flash of shields and arms, and gorgeous vesture, as the glory of feudal power and the flush of courtly beauty swept by. Alas for wasted sentiment! I all too soon ascertained that this rocky pass was con-

structed by the late earl, the castle having formerly had a different approach.

We passed over the drawbridge, under the portcullis, into the court-yard, which contains nearly an acre. The moat is not filled with water, but overgrown with shrubs and grass of the brightest green. We were first shown into the great hall, a magnificent apartment, hung with old armour, antlers, &c. Its deep, wide chimney, with large blocks of wood piled in the corner, reminded one of the hospitable hall of Cedric the Saxon; but the floor of tessellated marble, and the beautiful, but evidently modern roof, effectually marred the antique effect of the whole. From the hall we were shown through the suite of state apartments—the ante-room, the cedar drawing-room, the gilt-room, the state bedroom, the state dressing-room, and the great banqueting-hall. These were all rich beyond description in pictures, marbles, busts, vases, cabinets and tables exquisitely inlaid, curiosities and antiques of all sorts. Among the pictures are many which my heart stood still to behold. There was Shakspeare, Leicester, Queen Elizabeth, Sir Philip Sidney, Cromwell, Prince Rupert (a glorious creature!), Henrietta Maria and her children, and a choice number of England's immortal decapitated—Anne Boleyn, Earl of Essex, Strafford, Montrose, Mary Queen of Scots, and "Charles the Martyr," who, according to Catholic tradition, presented himself to St. Peter with his head, not his heart, in his hand.

The finest pictures in the collection are, I think, by Vandyke. Nothing, surely, can be grander, in the way of a portrait, than his equestrian picture of Charles the First, which hangs at the end of the corridor by itself. The state bedroom, where stands the famous bed of Queen Anne, a splendid, comfortless-looking affair, is hung with quaint faded tapestry, made at Brussels in 1604. The state dressing-room is an exquisite little apartment, hung with small but valuable paintings; its windows command some lovely views, and Lady Warwick has shown good taste in appropriating it as a boudoir.

The armoury is a curious, heterogeneous collection, comprising, it seemed to me, every weapon of personal offence and defence, of every age, over the whole world. There hung the crossbow of an ancient Briton by the tomahawk of an American Indian; a light, richly-mounted modern rifle beside the heavy battle-axe of a Crusader; and next to the velvet-sheathed dagger of Queen Elizabeth lay one of Colt's murderous revolvers. In short, the long, high armoury seems one chaotic mass of all the instruments of war and assassination which the genius of man, aided by infernal inspiration, has yet been able to devise.

On our way up to the billiard-room, we were shown the splendid trappings of Queen Elizabeth's horse, perchance those she wore at Kenilworth; and on the billiard-table lay her maiden majesty's fiddle, a curiously carved instrument, in an old worm-eaten case.

As our time was limited, we did not ascend either of the towers, or pass along the walls; but we visited the greenhouse,

where we saw the famous Warwick vase, brought from Adrian's villa, Tivoli, by Sir William Hamilton; and afterwards strolled through the grounds for a time—alas! too short a time. Trees more beautiful and stately never caught the sunlight on their glistening leaves, never answered the winds with continuous murmurs, or cast a gracious shade on the earth. The cedars of Lebanon gave me a sort of religious joy and awestruck admiration—flung their beauty on my soul like solemn shadows.

St. Mary's Church, Warwick, is principally celebrated for its beautiful chapel, and as containing the Beauchamp tombs. In the chancel are the marble effigies of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and his countess, Catharine Mortimer; of their son Thomas, and his countess—"they four and no more." The sarcophagus of the poet, Sir Fulke Grevil, is in the chapter-house. It contains this pithy inscription: "*Fulke Grevil, servant to Queen Elizabeth, councillor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney. Trophæum peccati.*"

The Beauchamp Chapel, famous for its exquisite Gothic architecture and splendid windows, contains monuments and effigies of two Earls of Warwick, of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and of Lettice, his third countess. The figures of the last two are dressed and coloured as in life. They seem to have stretched themselves out for a sort of stiffened siesta. Strangely enough, I felt an involuntary indignation against them both, on poor Amy Robsart's account. Opposite is the tomb of Leicester's infant son, who was heir to eight titles when he died. This "*noble impe,*" as the inscription calls him, was impiously poisoned by his nurse; but he may have escaped the scaffold in this way—who knows? He is a pretty child as he lies there, like a stately little petrification.

From Warwick we drove to Stratford-on-Avon, about eight miles, by a pleasant and quiet road.

I cannot hope to give in their fulness the feelings with which I approached this shrine of my highest intellectual worship; to tell how every hill and green-shadowed vale, and old tree, and the banks of that almost sacred river, spoke to my hushed heart of him who once trod that earth, and breathed that air, and watched the silver flowing of that stream; of him whose mind was a fount of wisdom and thought, at which generation after generation has drunk, and yet it fails not; of him whose wondrous creative genius passed not alone into grand and terrible forms of human and superhuman power, nor personations of manly wit, royal courtesy, and warlike courage; but who made himself master of all the mysteries of the feminine soul of Nature, called into being a world of love and poetry, and peopled it with beautiful immortals; of him whose bold yet delicate hand swept every chord in man's variable nature, to whom the soul of childhood gave up its tender little secrets, from whose eye nothing was hid even in the deepest heart of womanhood.

I knew the house—I should have known it any where, from plates and descriptions. We passed through the shop into what

seemed to have been a sort of family room. Here I felt disposed to linger, for in that deep chimney corner *he* must have sat often, in winter nights, dreaming the dreams that have since filled the world. Perhaps he there saw, in the glowing embers, the grotesque and horrible faces of Caliban and the Weird Sisters, or the delicate forms of Ariel and Titania, floating in the wreathed smoke, and heard in the rain without the pitiless storm which beat upon the head of Lear.

We ascended a short, narrow flight of stairs, and stood in the birth chamber of Shakspeare! the humble little room where his infant heart took up that throb which had in it so much of the intellectual life of the ages to come. As I stood silently there, I was almost pained with a vain wonderment as to the mother of Shakspeare. Was she great-hearted and large-minded — fully worthy of the glory which rays back upon her? Did no instinctive pride stir grandly in her bosom, as she laid against it first her new-born? Did no prophetic glorying mingle with her sweet maternal joy?

The entire house is small and simple even to meanness; and yet it has ever been, and must be, while it stands, the "pilgrim shrine" of genius, and wealth, and rank, and royalty, where the humble and great of all nations do homage to a monarch of the human mind, absolute and undeposable. As I emerged from this low, dark house, which I hold should be dearer to England than any palace of her kings, and walked towards the Church of the Holy Trinity, I was disagreeably struck by the smart, insolent newness of some of the buildings on my way, and by the modern dress and air of the people. How I hated the flaring shop windows, with their display of cheap ribbons, and prints, and flashy silks. But I was comforted by the sight of a goodly number of quaint and moss-grown houses, and I could have blessed a company of strolling players and ballad singers, who had collected a gaping crowd in an open square, for being in harmony somewhat with the place. I could have willed Stratford and all its inhabitants to have been wrapped for ever in a charmed sleep, like that of the fairy tale, when Shakspeare was laid to his rest in that picturesque old church on the banks of the Avon. Nature seems nowhere unharmonious with one's poetic memories of him—you could almost believe that the trees, and the grass, and even the flowers, were of his day. I remember a rich June rose, hanging over a hedge, its warm leaves glowing through glistening raindrops, and that it seemed to me *he* might have looked into the heart of this rose, and dreamed of the passion-freighted heart of Juliet. We entered the church, passed up into the chancel, and stood before the bust and above the ashes of Shakspeare.

On our return to Warwick, we found that we had not time sufficient for a visit to Kenilworth Castle. I am intending to "do" that, on my way to London, next week, together with the famous old town of Coventry, where the benevolent Lady Godiva once

took an airing on horseback, not for her health, but for the common weal.

Sunday afternoon.—I attended worship this morning in the old parish church of Edgbaston. I chose this because I was told it was a beautiful, antique, ivy-clad, foliage-embowered little building. I found it all this—the very ideal of a country church, half hid among the trees, and calling sweetly to worship with most melodious bells; but the service was more than two hours long! The beadle in his red livery and baton, striding pompously up and down the aisle, a terror to all sniffing little boys and coughing old paupers, struck me most ludicrously: the sermon was weak, and the delivery weaker; and, on the whole, I came to the conclusion that when next I wished to see a country church for its picturesque situation and ivy-mantled tower, I would choose a weekday for my visit.

To-morrow I am to have my first sight of an English cathedral. I wonder if, in its consecrated precincts, I shall feel any awe-struck remorse for my present irreverence; or if, like most tourists, I shall forget all such things as personal religious sentiments in admiration of its architectural proportions, sculpture, and stained glass. *Nous verrons.*

June 23.

THE old castle of Nottingham, which figures so largely in history, occupied a grand site, and, judging from the outlines as they can now be traced, and by a gateway and lodge still standing, must have been a strong and noble feudal edifice. It was destroyed in Cromwell's time. The building, standing, though in ruins, was built in 1679, in the dull, ugly style of that period; it has no pretension to the name of castle, and not even its lofty site, one hundred and thirty-three feet above the meadows, nor ruin, nor ivy, can make it picturesque or venerable. The only interest attached to it is, that it was the residence of Queen Anne in her shadowed days, and was finally burned and demolished in the mobs of 1881, in a popular outbreak against the Duke of Newcastle, for voting against the Reform Bill. But the old castle was a famous place. It was built by William the Conqueror, on an immense rock, perforated with druidical vaults, caverns, and long, winding passages. It was a favourite place of residence, or visitation, and a stronghold of power with all the old English kings, and swarms with historical associations, and strange, dismal legends. Here Richard Cœur de Lion held his first council after his return from the Holy Land; here the cowardly King John often shut himself up, out of the way of his stern barons; here the voluptuous Queen Isabella held her court, and through those dark, secret passages, leading from the meadows below, came her adventurous lover, Roger de Mortimer, to keep his perilous appointments; here he was taken by Edward the Third; here Henry the Fourth often came in state, and here Owen Glendower was imprisoned. Richard the Third frequently held his court here, and here he first heard of the landing of Richmond in England;

through that same old gateway he set forth for the march which closed on Bosworth Field. The first Charles here planted his standard in 1642—an ominous storm blew it down that night; here he was brought, a prisoner, in 1646.

The view from the castle terrace is exceedingly fine, comprising a vast extent of waving grain-fields, and meadows, and wooded hills, beautified by silvery streams, sweet rural villages, picturesque old churches, and elegant residences.

We were greatly pleased with a drive about the town, which has some fine churches, and a goodly number of literary, scientific, and charitable institutions. We saw "Gallows Hill," where Robin Hood and Little John released Will Stukely, and hung "the proud sheriff" in his stead, and the house in which Henry Kirke White was born. Nottingham is peculiarly favoured in being the natal dating-place of poets. Thomas Bailey, and his son, Philip "*Festus*" Bailey, William and Mary Howitt, Thomas Miller, the "basket-maker," and a score of others more or less distinguished, were born in the shadow of "the great rock."

On our way to Lincoln, we passed the residence of Sir Robert Peel, and the ruins of Newark Castle, which show oddly in the midst of the busy town, hard by the railway station. Lincoln is built on the rocky site of an old Roman city; and here, for the first time, I saw Roman arches, roads, and pavements.

The ruins of Lincoln Castle and of the Episcopal Palace are the finest I have yet seen; but everything sinks into insignificance beside the magnificent cathedral. We ascended to the top of the great tower. O, such a fearful "getting up stairs!" But the grand prospect from the summit well repaid us for our toil and loss of breath.

On descending, we found one or two vicars, and a little crowd of white-gowned boys, performing service in the chapel. We heard the organ rolling its melodious thunder through the solemn arches, and the choristers singing a beautiful anthem. But, beyond the solemnity of sound, the grandeur of noble music, the English worship struck me as utterly unsuited to the splendour of old Catholic cathedrals. It has form without poetry, ceremony without mystery. It is wanting in the ideal and picturesque; and so, to the outward eye at least, comparatively cold and tasteless. There is a dreary bareness, an incompleteness, about a vast cathedral like this, without the warmth and glory spread abroad by pictures of saints and "the Virgin of virgins," without the grace of sculpture, the pomp of gorgeous priestly robes, the silvery wreaths of incense, the radiance of illuminated altars, and, above all, the presence of a kneeling crowd of fervent and humble worshippers. If we are to have a religion of form, let it be the perfection of form, say many in these days; if we are to worship through the outward and visible, let at least our types and symbols be beautiful and harmonious. In a country of confiscated cathedrals, and churches denuded and despoiled of their fitting and legendary accessories, I can easily understand this Puseyite reaction. Though it is undoubtedly in many directions a strike for

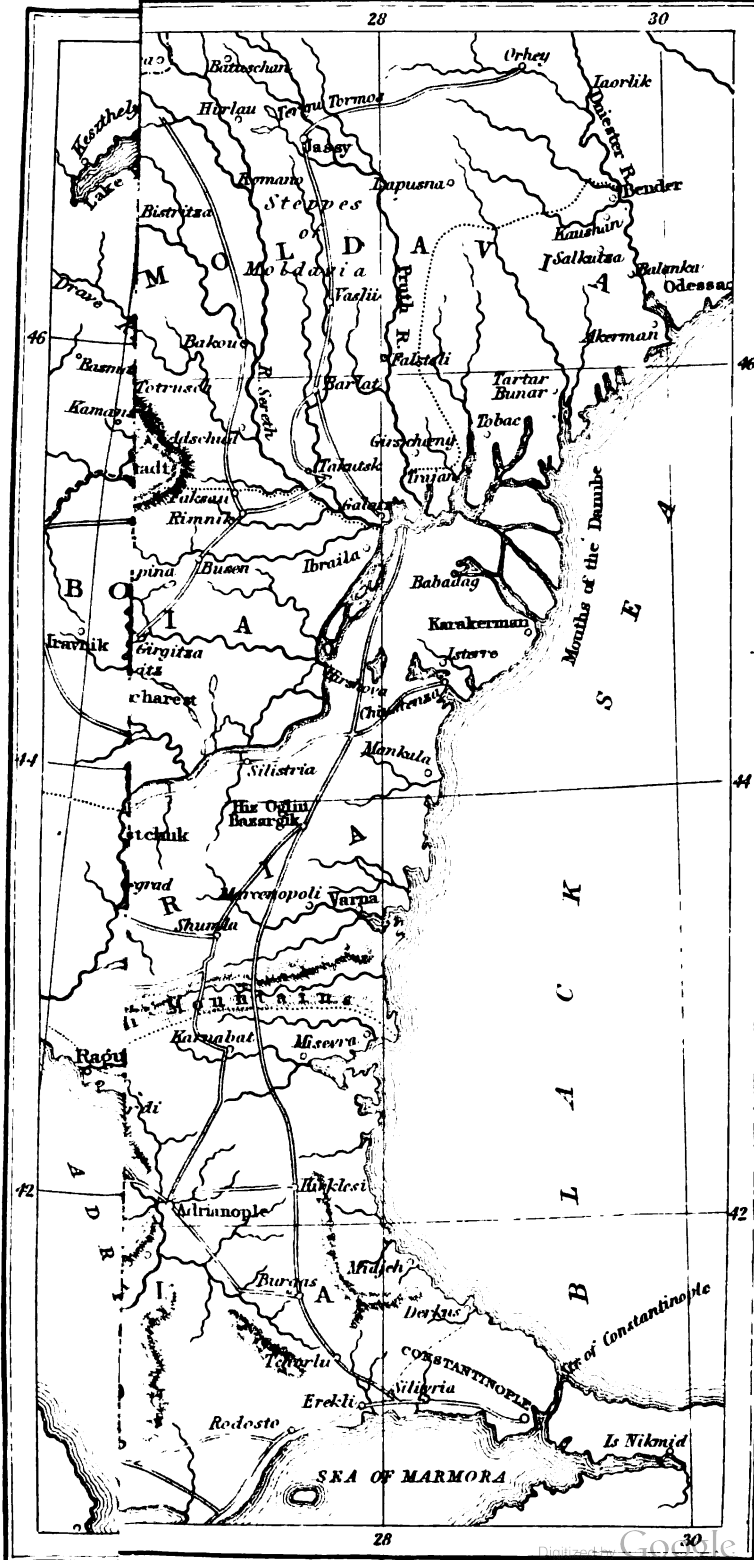
power, it is in some a mere rebellion of taste. This sentimental passion for all things mediæval, from the illuminated prayer-book of the noble lady to the Gothic red-brick country-house of the retired grocer—this rage for mouldy tapestry, ingeniously-uncomfortable chairs, and hideous old saints in stained glass, is a part of the same religious back set.

POEMS: By JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.*

HERE is a very interesting little volume of miscellaneous verse, which glides "trippingly o'er the tongue," as we repeat the songs and ballads, and conveys the impression that it has been written without labour, and flowed spontaneously from the well-stored imagination of the writer. Half the pleasure of reading is lost, when we toil on with an effort to be entertained or roused, painfully suggestive of the difficulty with which the pages before us have been filled. In poetry, above every other class of composition, truth, ease, and simplicity constitute the leading charms. A single verse of unsophisticated feeling wins more than a whole canto of the mystical obscurity, which is sometimes mistaken by the authors for the true Heliconian inspiration. Herein lies the peculiar strength of Goldsmith, Burns, and Moore, the most graceful and popular of lyric poets, who are ever fresh and delightful, because they are natural, and express ideas with which all can sympathise, in language which every one can understand. In the opposite extreme we may equally trace the weakness of many modern bards, who make a desperate grasp at the sublime, and expect to soar into reputation by becoming unintelligible. The present age has been pronounced unpoetical. The fault, we think, lies rather with the authors than the public. The divine art will never lack encouragement, if its votaries strike the lyre of Apollo with appropriate skill. Mr. Waller has long been known as one of the leading contributors to the "Dublin University Magazine," and other periodicals, under the literary *sobriquet* of "Jonathan Fickle Slingsby." As an Irish poet he has proved himself a worthy successor of the brilliant names which have preceded him. He writes with warmth and intensity, regulated by classic taste, and a spirit of pure devotion undisfigured by cant. We have not room for extracts, but "The Music of Nature," "Angel Hymns," "Laborare est orare," and the three short lyrics, "Spring," "Summer," and "Winter," may be named as happy illustrations of his peculiar style. Seeing how well he has done what he has already given to the public, we look for some higher attempt from a mind so highly cultivated.

* London, Orr and Co.; Dublin, M'Glashan. 1854.





PROVINCES.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AND THE WAR IN THE EAST.

WITH A MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

FOUR hundred years have been added to the age of the world and the experience of man, since Mahomet the Second, in 1453, after fifty-eight days of reiterated assault, spurred his fiery charger through the yawning breach in the walls of Constantinople, while the recreant Genoese, John Justiniani, fled, subdued by the anguish of his wounds, and the last Palæologus fell like an emperor at his post. The breach was ill repaired, and is still distinguishable, while fragments of the shattered walls lie crumbling in the ditch—emblems of Turkish apathy and fatalism, records of their triumph and omens of their predicted fall. Every successive autocrat of Russia has persuaded himself that he and his countrymen, as representatives of the Orthodox Church, are sooner or later destined to be the instruments of retribution, and to replant the cross on the temples which the crescent has usurped. Their wars against the Moslemah have been in essence as much religious as political; a revival of the ancient crusades; and they have pressed steadily and avowedly on to the coveted object, which appeared within their grasp from the hour when Catherine the Second exclaimed on receiving the despatch of Suvaroff, announcing the capture of Ismail, "Now the road to Constantinople is open before us." Other enterprises may have diverted them from their course during a feverish interval; diplomatic or physical difficulties may have compelled them to pause for a time in mid career; but their eyes have never been turned from the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. The prize seemed within their grasp when Diebitsch crossed the Balkan, in 1829, and encamped with a few exhausted thousands on the plains of Adrianople—a rash but successful demonstration, which succeeded when it ought to have failed, and terrified the Sultan into an abject peace, when the bear had rushed voluntarily into the toils, and lay completely at his mercy. Again, in 1833, they approached still nearer to the long-desired goal. Called upon as unwelcome auxiliaries, in the last moment of Turkish despair, to repel the Syrian invasion, Russian legions encamped on the heights of Scutari, and feasted their eyes on the stately dome of St. Sophia, and the glittering minarets of the Seraglio. For the first time, Russia *retired* when she had been called in to *protect*, and feigned moderation while thirsting for conquest. The storm has now gathered again more fiercely than ever from the same ominous quarter, and everything indicates that this time the coming struggle is to be for life and death. Either Russia will be permitted to accomplish her ends, or she will receive such a lesson as will force her henceforward to live contented as a respectable member of the European family, and occupy herself with internal improvements.

A restless neighbour must be coerced, who refuses to listen to reason. The unwieldy empire of the Czar has many thousand square miles of trackless deserts and uninhabited wastes, which the plough of the husbandman has never yet furrowed, and where the hammer and anvil of the artisan have never resounded. Far better would it be for civilisation and the happiness of the world, that these vast districts should teem with industrious life, pouring forth riches and fertility, rather than remain, as they now are, silent, barren, and tenantless, conscious only of the presence of wild animals, or the occasional transit of an array of armed serfs, and the lumbering passage of a train of artillery. France and England have done all that becomes the position of the two leading nations of the globe to check the headlong march of barbarism; and now, if compelled to have recourse to the *ultima ratio regum*, the final arbitrement of bullet and bayonet, we enter into the struggle with a conviction that the sword was never drawn in a juster cause, and with a *prestige* of victory founded on the extent of the provocation.

When Talleyrand was once asked by a lady to explain to her the nature of the Russian government, he replied, readily, "*C'est une monarchie absolue limitée par l'assassinat*," an absolute monarchy limited by assassination. The definition is as memorable and expressive as it is clear. He had studied the annals of the house of Romanoff, and spoke humorously but truly. The witticism is an historical fact. The first and second Demetrius, the Czarovitch Alexis (son of Peter the Great), Ivan or John the Fifth, Peter the Second, Peter the Third (the elder brother of Paul, a child), and Paul himself, are sufficient examples to instruct coming generations, and to speak as a hand-writing on the wall, to warn their successors. It was long thought by many, that the last Emperor, Alexander, might be included in the list. His death was mysterious and unexpected, which occasioned a general outcry of "Murder!" through Europe; but M. Schnitzler, in an able and most interesting work,* lately republished in English, has supplied ample and authentic details to convince us that, in his case, typhus fever anticipated the more legitimate effect of secret conspiracy, and that had not natural disease interfered, he was equally marked out, like his predecessors, for the assassin's dagger. He had offended some of the high military officers and influential nobility, and after his death, the plot which was intended to destroy him exploded, and was put down by Nicholas.

In the composition of a Muscovite autocrat two developments appear to be especially prominent—ambition and apoplexy; the one natural, the other incidental. Nicholas has given ample evidence that he inherits the first, although he may have sufficient prudence to pause before he passes into an illustration of the second. It has been said sometimes that he is insane; at others, that he is a fanatic. If his madness be political only, he may halt and recover; but if it amounts to religious frenzy, if he has satisfied him-

* Secret History of the Court and Government of Russia, under Alexander the First and the Emperor Nicholas. By J. H. Schnitzler. 8vo. London 1864.

self that he is an elected instrument to establish the supremacy of what he believes to be the true faith, his case is beyond cure, no reasoning will stay him; assuredly he will rush on, regardless of consequences, unless interrupted by the bow-string, or by a cannon-shot or a Minié rifle-ball, on the field of battle. "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*" has been often applied to mad ambition,—signally in the instance of the first Napoleon, who courted ruin by his march to Moscow, when no human power could have shaken him.

The ambition of the Emperor Nicholas has another remarkable characteristic, it exhibits itself most strongly in the autumn of life, at the mature age of fifty eight, a period when the active, stormy passions are usually exhausted by indulgence, or sobered by reflection. In youth and manhood, and through a long reign of twenty-eight years, he was looked upon, and his actions corroborated the opinion, as sagacious and moderate in his generation, a man of truth, trustworthy in his dealings, a gentleman of honour, as well as an absolute sovereign. But now the reverse of the picture presents itself, and we find him treacherous, hypocritical, indulging in premeditated falsehood, and "his spirits toiling in frame of villainies," as Benedict says of John the Bastard, in "Much Ado about Nothing." In proof of this lamentable change we need only point to the hollow plausibilities of Count Nesselrode, and the melancholy catastrophe of Sinope,—an act perpetrated under a solemn assurance that no such outrage would be attempted. We must admit the justification of our ministers to a certain extent. As mere diplomatists they might be called on to trust nobody; but as high-minded gentlemen, it was difficult to suspect a sovereign who had not until then violated his pledged word. By that disgraceful deed, and in that single moment, like the Santon Barsiss in the Eastern fable, he sullied a long life of integrity, and forfeited a character he can never regain. Until very lately, nearly all travellers who visited Russia, although their eyes were widely open to the abominable oppressions of the government, personally respected the Emperor. They thought him individually kind and beneficent, although the system was an incarnation of unmitigated tyranny. Even the republican, Maxwell,* a citizen of the United States, was led away by the popular delusion. He detests the despotism, but he admires the despot. The passage is worth recording. He says, "there is every reason to suppose that the private conduct of the monarch is not only divested of the avowed and shocking immoralities of his predecessors, but that it is far better than that of contemporary sovereigns. He has avoided the errors which in former times filled the palace with confusion, and in this respect, has set an example of infinite value to those who may come after. He is quick and passionate but sincere and generous. Proud of his position, he is sensible to every attack upon his dignity, and seeking the good opinion of mankind, it is his wish and his endeavour to promote the glory and the

* The Czar, his Court and People, &c. By John J. Maxwell. London, 1848.

prosperity of his realm.—His labours are Herculean, but his task is greater than a Hercules could perform. The Augean stable was not a circumstance to be compared to Russia. However, we may differ respecting particular acts of public policy, or dislike the fundamental principles of Government, we must not permit these to weaken a proper estimate of the ruler, and the man in whatever situation we may find him." If the character here sketched is just, if the Emperor Nicholas really feels the value of public opinion, and cannot shut himself up in his despotism without it, he must be already gnawed by the worm that never dies, and feel conscious that however formidable from power, he is no longer respected from principle. Napoleon said at St. Helena, that Alexander was a mass of deception, a Greek of the Lower Empire. Recent events have shown that Nicholas may be included under the same complimentary definition. The Turk is a predestinarian; his courage is founded on the certainty of Paradise, without inquiry, if he falls bravely on the field of battle. The Russian holds the same doctrine. The Turks, as a matter of course, in all their wars, consider that they are fighting for their creed. The Emperor of Russia, in the present instance, rests his *casus belli* on religious grounds, and inflames his obedient hordes with the idea that they are destined to drive the infidels back into their Asiatic fastnesses, and to rescue Jerusalem from long-endured profanation. We are told in the public papers that this idea is so universal in the Russian army, that the soldiers when they halt, ask how far they have yet to go to reach the holy sepulchre. A thoroughly devout Greek-Russian, by the word infidel means every one who disagrees with himself. He knows no distinction between Turk and Christian, unless the latter worships after his own peculiar fashion. The Emperor is his Pope, his Deity. He has three especial objects of sectarian hatred. The follower of Mahomet, whom he intends to extirpate (if he can); the schismatic Romanist, whom he would drive from the face of the earth (if he could); and the heretical Protestant, whom he fears and dislikes more than the other two conjoined. Hence, the complete mastery of Russia in the present momentous struggle would tend, as far as religion is concerned, to replace error by worse error; to propagate ignorance and intolerance; to put down education, self-reliance, and freedom of thought; to increase benighted superstition, and to check the progress of the true gospel by the dissemination of unintelligible and unscriptural dogmas. The political consequences are more obvious, and would be more immediately felt in their practical mischief.

If the Emperor Nicholas possessed the sound discretion and the clear head which the world has given him credit for, he would recollect how the crafty Ulysses, Louis Philippe, after a life of almost unparalleled vicissitude, in which perfect self-command and constitutional moderation never left him; after steering his vessel safely through quicksands and sunken rocks, where shipwreck appeared inevitable; after establishing a reputation for political acuteness, synonymous with wisdom,—at last, and at seventy-five, suffered himself to be blinded by the *ignis fatuus* of ambition; and

to the prospective aggrandisement of the Spanish marriages, sacrificed his throne, his possessions, his family, and the hopes of the Orleans' dynasty for ever.

England has enjoyed the advantages of peace for forty years, and remembers well the almost ruinous price at which they have been purchased. Without echoing the sentiments of those well-meaning, but mistaken enthusiasts, who waste their time in making and listening to long speeches on impossible theories, the nation at large is tired of war, and has no inclination to encounter the certain expense and uncertain issue with which war must ever be accompanied. But now, when the overweening arrogance of one man, threatens to throw a lighted brand into every capital in Europe, and commences by trampling on his nearest neighbour, because he is less powerful than himself, the strong sense of justice supersedes all private considerations, and the people of England are as unanimous in their resolution to put down such tyranny, as they were at the time of the threatened invasion, and would be again if danger menaced our own shores. The warm co-operation of France in the same cause, and with the most perfect understanding, is another feature of strange originality, which none could have foreseen a few years since. We hail it gladly as the harbinger of important events to come—events which will improve the social condition of the world, and place the two great nations where they ought to be, in friendly rivalry, and irresistible strength.

Turkey, instead of being the "galvanized corpse" which she has been hastily called, has proved herself in a very efficient state of regenerated existence. She is becoming humanised, and European, and while fighting stoutly in her own defence, is worthy of the allies who are hastening to her rescue. But she must continue in the onward march, and by justice and equal laws to all classes and creeds of her cosmopolite population, must maintain her right to a place in the confederacy of civilised states. The ablest politicians have agreed, that the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire is not to be thought of, even though Russia should be placed beyond the power of interference. The true interests of Europe require that it should be maintained in full integrity, and that a country capable of supporting thrice its present population, with agricultural and mineral wealth as yet unascertained, should have a fair opportunity of placing itself in its true position.

If time sanctifies conquest and establishes hereditary right, the Turks can show a better title to their European possessions than the Russians can to three-fourths of theirs. Five hundred years of uninterrupted succession is a reasonably good pedigree, except in the estimation of a Scotch laird, a Welsh squire, or a German baron. Amurath, the grandson of Ottoman the founder of the Turkish Empire, and the immediate ancestor of Abdul Medjid, established his capital at Adrianople, in 1360. With the exception of the royal lines of England, Saxony, and Bavaria, this is the oldest of reigning families. The Russian house of Romanoff dates from Michael Fedorowitz, in 1613. The first Czar,

or Emperor, from John the Third, in 1461. The present House of Hapsburg, in Austria, from Albert the Second, in 1438. The line of Oldenburg, in Denmark, from Christian the First, in 1448. The Prussian House of Brandenburg, from Frederic the Fourth, of Nuremberg, in 1417. The Bourbons of Spain and Naples, from the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Braganzas of Portugal, from John the Fourth, in 1640.

The idea of Pan-Slavism, or a united Slavonic Empire, has been abandoned as an idle and impossible chimera. The independent kingdom of Greece, as far as the experiment has been tried, is proved to be a moral and political failure. It is little better than an outpost of Russia, a convenient focus for Russian intrigue, and a limb lopped from Turkey, without wholesome vitality. Let all who wish to satisfy their doubts on this subject, read an interesting little work, by Mr. O'Brien,* in which, at page 111, they will find how a conspiracy was got up in 1843, of which the Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Athens, was the head, to force King Otho to abdicate, and to institute a Hospodar, appointed by Russia, in his stead; how the Emperor Nicholas was to have been declared *Protector* of the Greeks; and how the author derived his information from General Kalergi who was the chosen instrument to carry out the plot. Mr. O'Brien's journal affords the latest and most authentic information we have received from the seat of war, in the shape of an exclusive publication, and contains an interesting account of the battle of Oltanitz. His dates come down to December last. He sets forth the bad faith and duplicity of the Russian monarch in a forcible light.

Mr. O'Brien dwells emphatically on the vast injury accruing to British commerce with the Danube, by the blocking up of the Sulina-mouth of that great outlet, in consequence of the accumulation of sand, which the Russians encourage and assist, in the face of a direct treaty to the contrary. Their object is to engross the entire trade of the river to themselves; and the Austrians, blind to their own interest, or paralysed by dependence, aid and abet in a proceeding which they ought to be the first to oppose. The Danube is not a Russian stream; it flows through no Russian territory, and the Russians ought not to be permitted to obstruct its mouth. To France and England, the free navigation of the Danube is all-important; and this great point must, and doubtless will be secured, before the restoration of peace, not by a nominal treaty, which may be evaded, but by the erection of forts, and the presence of a squadron to enforce observance. The author of "*The Frontier Lands of the Christian and Turk*," a most instructive and able work, which we reviewed at length in our August number, has also exposed and pressed this leading question with patriotic earnestness. It cannot be too often urged on the attention of the Ministry.

At the present crisis, all eyes are turned to the East, where stirring events are hurrying to their completion. As might be expected, the press teems with publications on Russia and Turkey,

* *Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities, in the Autumn and Winter of 1853.* By Patrick O'Brien. London, 1854.

the seat of war, the adjacent countries, the politics, manners, social relations, domestic character, and military resources of nations and tribes which have hitherto excited little interest, and many of whom are still wrapt up in a haze of mysterious obscurity. Russia itself is an enigma, which has not yet been correctly solved. Her history is a sealed book, only now beginning to be opened by degrees. It is difficult to ascertain the truth, where truth is not allowed to be spoken, and where the observer must hold his tongue, with the fear of Siberia before his eyes. The work of M. Schnitzler, to which we have already alluded, is a valuable contribution. He resided several years in Russia, in a capacity not likely to excite suspicion, and appears to have availed himself judiciously of unusual means of obtaining correct information. He principally confines himself to the character and reign of Alexander, his death, and the internal commotions consequent on the renunciation of Constantine, and the accession of Nicholas. The historical summary ends with 1826. His reflections on the actual state and probable destiny of Russia, are those of a man of clear intellect and sound experience; but he wrote before the recent madness of Nicholas, which he could not foresee, and the consequences of which may falsify all his calculations. He says, the future fortunes of Russia mainly depend upon Nicholas, but the autocrat has not much time to lose, and most assuredly at present he is not employing it for the advantage of his country.

"Anadol,*" by the author of the "Frontier Lands," is marked by the writer's clear, animated observations, and natural humour, which enliven his more instructive pages, and carry the reader along with him, as if he was ambling by his side on a well-trained palfrey, while traversing regions replete with classic reminiscences, and which at every step call up Herodotus, Homer, Xenophon, Cæsar, and Mithridates, in conjunction with strange images of the present occupiers. Sinope, the ancient capital of Pontus, and birth-place of Diogenes, has attained a modern celebrity of painful character, since the lines were penned which speak of its decay. By the way, that same vaunted Diogenes, with his contempt of riches, was but a shallow impostor after all. He had neither goods nor reputation, and, in professing to be a cynic, made a virtue of necessity. He was no credit to his native city,—and so they thought, for they banished him for coining false money; and it was said by his contemporaries, that the bottom of his tub would not bear too close an inspection. In Asia Minor, and along the southern coast of the Black Sea, the true Turk is to be seen in his native bigotry, primitive ignorance, and original costume. The European Moslem is a hybrid animal, in comparison, compounded between barbarism and civilisation, and without the prominent points to mark an exclusive genus.

"The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East," † is a

* Anadol, the Last Home of the Faithful. By the Author of the "Frontier Lands of the Christian and Turk." 8vo. London, 1853.

† Third Edition, continued down to the present time. Murray. 8vo. London. 1854.

well-timed reprint, with seasonable additions, which are worth their weight in gold. Here is a most able *exposé* of the continued aggressions of Russia, until they have reached the present climax. The reasoning enforces conviction, as it appeals to facts in every line. As a commentary on his arguments, the author has appended a map, showing the territorial acquisitions of Russia, since the accession of Peter the Great in 1682. For one hundred and sixty years the successors of that ambitious despot have steadily kept in view the objects he bequeathed to them. These objects have invariably been effected by *protection*, followed by *incorporation*, in defiance of treaties and stipulations. The map shows that the provinces acquired within the last sixty-four years, are equal in extent, and superior in importance, to the whole empire she had in Europe before that time. At the commencement of Peter's reign, the population amounted to fifteen millions; at the death of Alexander to fifty-eight millions; and at the present date it considerably exceeds sixty millions. These vast hordes are thinly scattered over an immense area, and cannot readily be brought together; but they increase rapidly, and have quadrupled within a reasonable time.

Russia has been called "a giant of brass with feet of clay." The figure is, in some respects, not inappropriate. Alarmists have exaggerated her strength and available resources; her shadow is more formidable than her substance; but let us not, on the eve of a great war, undervalue the strength of our opponent. A Russian army will fight doggedly and endures hammering like an anvil. When Frederick the Great, on hearing they had obtained a victory over the Turks, exclaimed contemptuously, "Ces sont les borgnes qui battent les aveugles," the one-eyed have beaten the blind, he fell into a mistake from which he was rudely awakened at Cunnersdorff when, with 50,000 men, he attacked 90,000 in their intrenched camp, and paid dearly for his temerity. England has, on more than one occasion, suffered a similar penalty for the same overweening confidence. The concluding paragraph of the work we are now noticing contains a salutary caution. "If Russia is resolved to try her strength with France, and England, and Turkey, combined against her, she will develop great resources and maintain an obstinate struggle. Let us hope that our tardiness to accept the combat is but an indication that we foresee its magnitude; and that the two great Western Powers warned, as it were, by a mighty voice from the tomb against "a little war," are prepared, if negotiation has failed, at once to put forth all their strength, to hit hard, and to strike home."

Mr. Oliphant's* is a most interesting volume, which carries us to many places we have not visited before, and with which we hope to become better acquainted, should the threatened hostilities commence in earnest—we mean particularly the Crimea, Odessa, and Sevastopol. His visit to the Russian shores of the Black Sea

* The Russian Shores of the Black Sea, in the Autumn of 1852. By Laurence Oliphant, Author of a "Journey to Nepal." Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Blackwood: Edinburgh and London. 1854.

occurred in 1852, and his description has already reached a third edition. The alarmists will not gather much encouragement from his account of the actual state and resources of Russia, which he reduces to a very moderate standard. He entered Sevastopol without permission, looked carefully around him, and was fortunate enough to escape again without arrest or imprisonment. From his account this far-famed arsenal is quite open to attack on the land side, but the sea defences appear to be formidable. The number of guns mounted in the different forts are twelve hundred, sufficient to blow an attacking fleet out of the water, provided they could be effectively worked; but the author was informed that the greater proportion were useless and could not be discharged without bringing down the tottering batteries upon which they are placed, and which are so badly constructed that they look as if they had been run up by contract. Everything in Russia is done by contract, and, as a matter of conscience, the Government is invariably swindled by the contractors. The price of seasoned oak is paid for the building of the Black Sea fleet, but raw pine is the article used, which renders the timbers rotten and unfit for service in five years; a result conveniently attributed to the ravages of the *Teredo navalis*, or sea-worm, which abounds in the muddy waters of the locality. Why this should be, if the ships are copper bottomed, it is difficult to understand, but speculation can find a cause for the most improbable consequences.

“The Bridal and the Bridle,” and “Stamboul and the Sea of Gems;”* both by the same writer, are light and discursive, rather than political, and contain much agreeable anecdote, narrated in an easy, unaffected style. Many more volumes are before us, but we have not space to notice them in detail. And now let us turn to the map, and take a glance at the position of the contending powers. The vulnerable point of the Sultan’s dominions is his capital, which lies at the mercy of the Russian fleet, as long as that fleet commands the Black Sea. The Crimea is an advanced citadel, which looks almost directly into the Golden Horn. In a few hours, an army concentrated at Sevastopol, and escorted by the fleet, with the favouring north wind, which usually assists the prevailing current, would present itself before the astonished inhabitants of Stamboul, and thus the defences of the Danube and the strong line of the Balkan, would be taken in reverse, and placed *hors de combat*. At present there is no danger of this; the French and English squadrons have turned the tables, and the Russians must remain where they are, unless they resolve to devote themselves to certain destruction. But, in a short time, a large French and English contingent will arrive in the Bosphorus, ready for action, and available for any purpose. It has been said they are to form an army of reserve in the neighbourhood of Adrianople, ready to check the progress of the enemy, should Omar Pasha be driven from the frontier he has so gal-

* The Bridal and the Bridle; or, Our Honeymoon Trip in the East, in 1850, London, cr. 8vo. 1851.—Stamboul and the Sea of Gems. By the Author of the “Bridal and the Bridle.” London, cr. 8vo, 1852.

lantly defended, and compelled to abandon all his intrenched positions. This is wise and prudent, but there seems yet a better way of lending a strong hand to the Turk, and in another direction. When Sertorius attacked Pompey in Spain, in the front and rear at the same time, he said, "I will teach this pupil of Sylla that a good general should look behind as well as before him." An excellent opportunity presents itself of applying this lesson in the impending campaign. Assuredly, a selection from the best and bravest soldiers in the world are not sent to Constantinople as mere show-posts, to do no more than afford an opportunity to our wondering friends the Turks, of lifting up their hands and eyes, and exclaiming "*Mashallah!*" and "*Bismallah!*" at the kilts of the Highlanders, and of ejaculating, "God is great!" when they look on the bear-skin caps and lofty stature of the Grenadier Guards. Our gallant fellows are not parade soldiers, and will wish to be up and doing. The Russians are evidently concentrating for a decisive attack on Kalafat. To do this with reasonable chance of success, their whole available force will be required, and even though they may throw away human life by thousands and ten of thousands, it by no means follows that they will succeed; and if they do, they may be crippled, and rendered unfit for further offensive operations for some time. A combined French and English army landed in Bessarabia and the Crimea, would soon reduce Odessa and Sevastopol, and cutting off the possibility of supplies or reinforcements, drive the invaders of the Principalities across the Carpathian mountains into Transylvania, or force them to an unconditional surrender. To render this counter-blow impossible, Russia must march down at least two hundred thousand additional men towards the Dneister and the Pruth, a force she has never yet collected on one point at any period of her history. She may have the troops on paper, or in the brains of our own gentle philo-Muscovites, including Messrs. Joseph Sturge, Pease, and Co.; but when it comes to the question of taking the field, it will be found that they are "men in back-ram," contracted for, but not raised; and even if they were available, there are neither generals to lead, money to pay, nor an organized commissariat to feed them. Turkey has hitherto fought alone, but when backed and sustained by the mighty power of France and England (a combination which the Emperor Nicholas flattered himself was impossible), Constantinople is as impregnable as Gibraltar. We are only apprehensive that with mistaken generosity, which is sure to be misinterpreted, we may too readily grant terms to the aggressor, when he is beaten to his knees. Above all, he ought to be made to reimburse the expenses of the war to the last farthing; to be rendered innocuous in the Black Sea for the future, and to be compelled to atone amply to outraged humanity for the unprincipled massacre of Sinope. The peace of the world must not again be interrupted by the caprices of ambition or insanity. We hold the securities in our own hands, and shall have none but ourselves to blame if they are not sufficiently binding to render a repetition of the offence impossible.

ARTHUR ARDEN, THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT a thing is a long ride on the top of a stage-coach to a person unaccustomed to it! There you go spanking along at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour—nothing to boast of now, but capital travelling a few years ago—just sufficiently slow to allow you to admire the scenery as you pass on. There is the guard, a little god in his own estimation, with his red coat, and rings on his fingers, which he tells you are presents from ladies of rank and respectability, who would marry him if he were not already provided with a wife at one end of his daily peregrination. There he is, telling cock-and-bull stories for the amusement of his fellow-travellers, and smoking the twentieth cigar since he set out. But what is he to the coachman? who has his hat fitted up with little cells like a honey-comb, each to contain a cigar in prime condition, and carries a box of matches in his pocket to light the spark afresh, when it goes out, which it never does, for his nose and his cheeks are so red and so hot that the cigar is constantly in a state of incandescence. Here you go galloping up a hill, and there you go galloping down, while the coach swings to and fro like a man with too much wine in his head. You are in danger of being upset every minute, but the idea creates nothing but a pleasurable excitement; and you feel as merry as a young skylark, until a heavy shower falls on your head, knees, and shoulders; and then, before you can button your coat, tie up your chin, and spread out your umbrella, you are wet to the skin, and as miserable as a cat taken from the warm fireside and plunged into a water-bath. There are eight or nine passengers on the top of that box upon wheels beside yourself—six out of the number confessing their follies and crimes to each other in the most amusing manner in the world—they are what are usually called entertaining company; but the seventh is a bore, staring you out of countenance and saying nothing; the eighth is a woman with a basket on her knee, containing nobody knows what, a basket on her arm containing a hundredweight of biscuits and sandwiches, and a basket of straw at her feet to put her feet in. She is an old traveller and requires as much room for her accommodation as three men—the biscuits and sandwiches are all for her own eating. The ninth is a young man, or a boy, for the first time trusted to take care of himself, with his head and face packed up in a woollen cloth, his body in two shirts, two waistcoats, and two coats, and his legs in two pairs of stockings and two pairs of trowsers. While you feel the air pleasantly cold, sometimes even unpleasantly so, he very naturally complains that the heat is very oppressive. Poor fellow! he is suffer-

ing from the warmth of his mother's affection—she, poor woman, is afraid he will take cold. Then there are three or four "insides," with whom you have nothing to do. They are, for the time being, remarkably well satisfied with themselves, and remarkably well satisfied that all the "outsides" are nobodies, like the gods in the gallery of a theatre. One is a lawyer's clerk travelling at the expense of his master's clients; another, an old man with the asthma; the third, a man who is afraid of catching a cold: and the fourth a young lady who thinks people on the top are beggars, or perhaps a gentleman ordered, by his wife, to take an inside place, lest he should get his neck broken—nevertheless, having paid inside fare, they are all so much exalted in their own estimation, that they look upon the outside travellers with as much contempt as a nobleman's travelling carriage could throw at a gipsy's donkey cart, or the manager of one of the theatres royal could throw at the manager of a strolling company of dancing dogs and a monkey.

With a few trifling alterations, this will do for a description of almost any stage-coach and its company in England. Put cigars into the mouths of the gentlemen, and it is finished, for who can sit on the top of a stage without smoking? He who could never smoke a bit of twisted tobacco, or a disfigured lettuce-leaf, before, then repeats his first lesson until he is sick, and then tries again to conquer his disgust of the nauseating weed, until, by habit, it becomes a luxury; and then, when it is a luxury no longer, it becomes an unprofitable necessary, until sickness or other circumstances, induces the smoker to abstain from the disgusting practice, and to carry about with him a purer and more healthy atmosphere.

A few years ago, the time spent upon the roads from place to place, was whiled away by smoke, now it is cut short by steam; and the many and oft-repeated "drops" which were swallowed by former travellers, to the delight and profit of innkeepers by the roadside, are all changed, as if by magic, into drops of water, condensed steam, which are swallowed up by the thin atmosphere; but this was not the state of the case when I made my first journey to London, for I made a point of taking either a drop of ale, or a drop of brandy, at every town and village, where a drop was to be had, and consequently dropped asleep, in spite of the warnings and elbowings of my fellow passengers to keep me awake.

"Where are we now, guard?" I asked, opening my eyes almost the first time since we had left Coventry, and finding the scene changed from night to morning.

"At Islington," replied the man in the red coat.

"Islington," I repeated, with a confused idea that it was a place very near to London; but determined not to display any further ignorance, I remained silent, and in expectation of seeing an end of Islington before long. A heavy mist obscured the immense extent of streets and houses surrounding us, and the mighty dome of St. Paul's was, as far as the sight was concerned, incorporated with, or dissolved in, the thick atmosphere.

"This is the Angel," said the guard, and happy I was to meet such an Angel, for the fog had almost crept into my heart, and my teeth rattled against each other like hailstones against a window. A glass of the Angel's brandy was like nectar to my palsied lips, and after thumping my feet upon the pavement, to increase the circulation, I resumed my elevated position, and rushed through the streets in solemn silence. What an enormous place Islington seemed to be, for I found no end to it, until I was safely deposited at the Cross Keys in Wood-street.

"Bring my breakfast and my boots," was the first sentence I heard, as I entered the coffee-room, and then, "Coffee and toast for three." I felt wretchedly hungry, but catching a glimpse of my face in the chimney-glass, and observing it to be a thousand shades darker than usual, I called to the waiter, "Bedroom and hot water for one, and in ten minutes breakfast for two!"

When my ablutions were finished, and my dress and hair arranged to my perfect satisfaction, I returned to the coffee-room, and was rather amused to see my directions obeyed to the letter. Two coffee-pots, two breakfast cups, two plates of buttered toast, and two of everything else being placed at a table near the fire, for my sole accommodation.

"Didn't you order breakfast for two, sir?" said the waiter, rather surprised that I had no companion.

"Yes, if you have no objection," I replied, "I am number one in my own company, and number two in yours; therefore you see I am going to eat a double allowance, for I'm devilish hungry."

The waiter scarcely understood this explanation, and left me to finish my double breakfast, which I did with an appetite that I have never felt since. I roasted myself at the fireside until half-past nine, and then sallied out to seek for Tom Furnival's lodgings in the Borough.

In my opinion, my dress was remarkably well cut, and genteelly made, and my own vanity taught me to consider myself a very handsome gentlemanly fellow. I was tall, standing six feet high in my boots, and strong and active as a young lion. But I could not imagine how it was that everybody seemed to stare at me, as though there was something very strange in my appearance. I have since been able to solve the question for the benefit of country fellows in London. I stared at them, and at everything, and therefore they very naturally looked at me, which was the only way in which I attracted notice.

Fashions in dress, manners, and conversation, are all equally slow in getting into the country, and those sensible exclamations, and questions which have been so common in London, such as, "What a shocking bad hat!" being almost at that time confined to the streets of the metropolis, I had never heard them; therefore I was duly astonished when I heard a careless-looking boy exclaim, "What a shocking bad hat!"

"My hat's a six-and-twenty shilling beaver," said I to myself, "therefore that observation can't be intended for me." Still I was in doubt, and thought that the article on my head might not

be of the most fashionable shape. I looked round at the boy to see whose hat it was that displeased him, and the mischievous young dog, pointing his finger at the one upon my head, repeated his exclamation, "Oh, what a shocking bad hat!" and ran away laughing.

I felt half inclined to run after the boy, and give him a thump on the head for his impudence, but my attention was diverted from him to a very serious young man, who made precisely the same observation. His own hat was half worn out, so I thought I could retaliate upon him,—“What a shocking bad hat!” said he. “It’s a better hat than yours,” said I, and, to my utter astonishment, a loud laugh burst from the throats of five or six persons at once, who stopped on their way to hear the fun. “A very shocking bad hat!” said one. “I never saw such a shocking bad hat!” said another. “The shockingest hat as ever was!” exclaimed a third, and so on, till I was mortified and bewildered beyond comparison.

I took my hat off my head, and turned it over in my hand, without discovering anything particular in its appearance. “What’s the matter with my hat?” I asked of one of the persons who had made most remarks about it. “You can’t wear it, sir,” he replied, laughing furiously, “It is such a shocking bad hat!” “The d— take the hat!” I exclaimed, throwing it into the middle of the street, “if it is so shockingly bad that I can’t wear it without so many remarks upon its quality, I’ll go to the shop over the way and buy another.”

I went into the shop and told my story, and there the amusement seemed as great as in the street. The shopman laughed, in my opinion, very disagreeably. “A curse on London and its inhabitants, if this is the way a gentleman is treated! I must have the best hat in your shop, Mr. What’s-your-Name, and don’t grin at me in that way.”

“Your eyes are rather green yet, sir,” said the hatter, “you will—”

“My eyes green, sir!” I exclaimed, interrupting him: “they are the deepest hazel, almost black as a coal—you would think yourself fortunate to have such eyes. Green; indeed!”

“I mean, sir,” said the hatter, composing his zygomatic muscles as well as he could; “you are rather new to the sayings and doings of London; that is, green metaphorically speaking.”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” I replied, “you are perfectly right; then I suppose I have made some blunder about the hat without knowing it.”

“‘What a shocking bad hat’ is nothing but an exclamation in use amongst waggish young gentlemen, and cab-drivers, and pickpockets, that is applied indiscriminately to anything or everything. It denotes either surprise, or contempt, or nothing at all. It is slang, like ‘there he goes with his eye out,’ and other exclamations of that sort.”

“Then I have been making a fool of myself,” said I, not at all pleased with his explanation.

"Of that you are the best judge," he replied, taking the paper off a hat of most unexceptionable shape and quality—"the price of this is two and twenty shillings."

I put the hat on my head and paid the money, determined never to throw away another because people found fault with it. I found Tom's lodgings in Dean-street, but he was not at home, and I went to look for him at St. Peter's Hospital.

It was with a sensation of reverence that I entered the gates of the reverend old pile boasting of that title, wherein medicine and surgery had arisen from pot-herbs to the rank of liberal sciences; wherein the art of the old woman, and the skill of the barber, had grown into the profound knowledge and tact of the physician, and the minute inquiry and the daring operations of the modern surgeon. It was one of the temples of science dedicated to the cause of suffering humanity; and how many have felt the charity of its hospitable walls!

I stood in one of its squares, and was silently admiring its look of antiquity, when I was interrupted, in the midst of my mute observations, by a heavy slap on the shoulder.

I turned round to look at the person who made himself so familiar, but I had not the slightest recollection of the strange object before me. His face was almost covered with hair. He had sandy moustaches, sandy whiskers, and long light-brown hair without the slightest curl in it. He wore a claret Newmarket-cut coat, a crimson velvet waistcoat, green trowsers, and a blue riband round his neck in place of a stock. He was not so tall as myself; and as I looked at his white teeth displayed in an affected grin, I thought he looked like a gigantic monkey dressed for a holiday.

"To what, sir, may I attribute that tap on the shoulder?" I inquired.

"Ha," he drawled most affectedly, at the same time holding an eye-glass to his eye, and looking at me from head to heel—"Ha, 'pon my honour—bless me—thought I knew you—don't, though—what a strange thing!—how—bless me—rustic to a degree!"

"Do you mean those remarks to be applied to me, sir?" I asked, feeling myself very much insulted, I scarcely knew for what, but more on account of his looks than his words.

"Ha! my honest fellow"—he continued, in the same strain—"don't put yourself out of humour. A young farmer, I suppose, from Westmoreland—come to see your brother, an in-patient in the hospital—bore the operation wonderfully well—kicked by a cart-horse while he was ploughing—upset by a cow while he was milking—bit by a sheep-dog when he was driving pigs to market—fell off a cart when he was carrying hay, or something of that sort, was n't it? Rebecca's ward, number eleven—you'll find him—a perfect clown—very like you—good leather, but no polish upon it."

"You shall apologize for this rudeness, sir, or I'll punish you," said I, seizing him by the collar of his coat,—“you are an ape, a coxcomb, a monkey!”

"By all the relics of ancient Greece in a kitchen, Arden,

you'll strangle me! Confound you! I'm Tom Furnival, Furny, or anything you like to call me—by all the masculine birds in the world, Turkey gentlemen included! call me monkey, coxcomb, or anything, but don't spoil my collar!"

"Why, Tom," said I, for it was he himself—"what a Guy you have made of yourself!"

"That's because I go so often to Gny's Hospital, and because they don't like common-place everyday sort of guise here; variety is pleasing, and the eye requires it as much as the mind. By all the snakes alive, from a little adder to a boa-constrictor, and the great serpent himself! you must cast your skin."

"What do you mean?" I inquired, at this odd suggestion.

"Change your coat—get a fashionable tailor and bootmaker. Your hat will do. Shall we go to the tailor's first, or would you like to look into the dissecting-room?"

"I should like to go to your lodgings and have an hour's conversation with you," I replied.

"By mint and marjoram, and pennyroyal and thyme! I can't spare the time for you. We'll go and play at billiards instead. A splendid table, Arden, come along."

I followed;—and that was the beginning of my study in London.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the afternoon I was introduced into the dissecting-room, which was not the most gratifying sight in the world; neither was its perfume the most refreshing, although the pupils had done all they could to dilute it with tobacco smoke. What indefatigable smokers they were! The demonstrator, Mr. Spitzsparks, as fine a fellow as you could wish to see, set the example, by nursing a bit of perforated amber between his lips, from morning to noon, and from noon to night. His fashionable pipe was never allowed to depart from his lips, but when necessity compelled him, or etiquette rendered it necessary.

The dissecting-room was nearly deserted; and as soon as I had given it one hasty survey, I returned to my conductor, and told him that was enough for the first day.

"Come this way," said Tom, "they are having a spree in the demonstrating theatre. I'll show you how we learn physic here. By Celsus and Gregory and Cooper and Quain! they don't read books here, they study nothing but Potts' surgery. Here they are, pot in hand, practically descanting on the merits of tobacco."

Tom opened a door as he spoke, and we walked into a small circular theatre, with a revolving table in the centre, which was covered with pewter pots, some filled with the foaming beverage, known by the name of half-and-half, and others empty. About twenty young men, for the most part in dissecting costume, namely, flannel jackets and red leather aprons, were sitting or standing around, smoking and drinking. Two or three of them even then were in a state of intoxication.

"This is what I call sublime," exclaimed a tall, thin young man, as we entered, "Sublime, Mr. Furnival, with a slight touch of the ridiculous. If our anxious parents were to see us commencing the season in this promising manner, it would be delight to their eyes, and gladness to their hearts. Drink, man, drink."

Tom required but little pressing, and taking the pewter in his hand, he nearly emptied it, and then handed it to me. "A new arrival," said Tom, pushing me forward for the examination of the party: "an unpolished diamond, capable of the brightest lustre."

"A fine from you, sir, if you please," said one of the students, addressing me—"your hand is on the handle of the pewter."

"Where else should it be?" said I, looking pins and needles at him.

"Anywhere but there—it's half-a-crown, young man, so lay the money down." This attempt to rhyme was very much applauded, and the whole party chimed in with the demand for the fine; so, rather than appear stingy, I threw it on the table in good humour.

The fines came in very fast, and supplied an enormous quantity of the cheap beverage they were drinking. The numbers increased to about thirty, and the pots of half-and-half increased to gallons. The conversation became rather violent, and the brains of many became delirious. They could talk of nothing but broken heads, breaking windows and lamps, stealing knockers and bell-pulls, getting into station-houses, and making friends with magistrates and the Lord Mayor.

The clock struck three, and it was time for the afternoon lecture. The lecturer, Mr. Braindy, after waiting some minutes to know the cause of the general desertion, sent his compliments to the gentlemen in the other theatre, and requested them to recollect that they were rational beings, and ought to know how to conduct themselves, instead of making beasts of themselves in the middle of the day, and drinking half-and-half like a set of ignorant mechanics on a holiday.

This message was considered remarkably amusing by the pupils, and they sent back another, to invite him to come and take some "heavy" with them; but Mr. Braindy felt insulted, instead of complimented; and lectured to one pupil and a half that afternoon; for the second stood behind a screen, and only heard half what was said, and left the theatre before the lecture was half over.

This was a promising place to fix upon, to gain medical knowledge; but the novelty of the scene, the wild conversation of the students, the laughter-loving, devil-may-care expression of their faces, when they were making merry, and the philosopher-like gravity of their looks at another time, when they were perhaps thinking of the atomic composition of tartar emetic, or the articulating surfaces of the bones of the carpus or tarsus; all this amused me, and I thought if the profession was to be learned in such merriment and rioting, I was justified in making choice of

the gayest school, where physic and surgery would be communicated with the least trouble.

In about a week I cast aside my country-made clothes, and figured away in the very extremity of the prevailing fashion. Singularity I had no desire for, and therefore I fell into no such folly as my friend and adviser, Furnival.

I soon put off my intention of studying to an indefinite period, thinking that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and plunged into dissipation as deeply as my limited means would allow. I took lessons in boxing and fencing, and even had a regular course of instruction in billiard playing, although I was previously a tolerable player. As my accomplishments increased, I became overbearing and occasionally insolent; but no one dared to call me to account but Tom, who had a sort of universal privilege. Conscious of my own strength, like other very young men, I was anxious to display it.

I was one day standing in the billiard-room near to the hospital, while a young man, named Bolder, was playing a game with an old man, whose play was as much superior to his young antagonist's as his age was greater. Bolder lost game after game, and, although they were playing for nothing, lost his temper with the games, until he almost foamed at the mouth with passion. He called the old man every vile name he could mention, broke the cue and tore the table-cloth. It was a scene that I could enjoy; I laughed at him, and then his anger turned upon me.

He was a medical student from an adjoining school. He had won the credit of being the best boxer amongst the students of that quarter, and repeatedly sent challenges to the neighbouring establishments for a man who would dare to fight with him. Whether he really was so formidable an antagonist, or whether the challenged men were too much of gentlemen to fight with him, I can't tell; but his prowess remained untried and unquestioned, and he strutted about in all the petty pride and importance of being the hero of the school, or the "cock of the dunghill."

"Do you dare to grin at me?" he asked, furiously staring in my face, with the intention of intimidating me.—I only laughed the more loudly.

"Do you know whom you are laughing at, you greenhorn of a boy?" he continued, turning up his lips and the corners of his nose, in contempt—"I'll spoil your girl's face for you, if you don't shut your baby mouth."

I measured his size and strength with my eye, and seeing at a glance that he was not so tall by an inch, and not so stout by several inches, I naturally concluded that he was not so strong; therefore, in spite of the reputation or notoriety he enjoyed, I coolly struck him on his right eye and knocked him down.

"Splendidly done!" exclaimed Tom Furnival. "If you could have borne quietly with such language as that you would have been a coward, by Styx and stakes and hammer and tongs!"

"I'll punish you for that, sir," said Mr. Bolder, who, although he had fallen, was not crest-fallen. "If you are the champion of

your school, by Jove they had better have chosen a better man. I shall expect you in half an hour at our place, where we can have it out without interruption—this is no place for fair play.”

Having said this with positively gleeful excitement at the pleasant prospect in view, Bolder bowed politely and walked away, leaving me and Tom to agree to the arrangement or not as we chose.

“He’s a devil of a blackguard, but you must fight him,” said my very prudent adviser.

“He must be a smart fellow,” I replied, “if I can’t thrash him. But it is so disgraceful to be engaged in such quarrels. I shall fight him with my coat on.”

The “fancy” gentlemen of all the medical schools in the neighbourhood gathered together to witness the encounter between the champion of the —street School and the raw boy from St. Peter’s, and bets were offered and accepted upon our respective prospects of victory. The well known strength and “skience” of Mr. Bolder made him the favourite, until, in spite of my remonstrances, I was obliged to strip to the waist, and then when they saw the splendidly developed muscles of my arms and chest, and the broad expanse of my naked shoulders, the odds varied and Bolder’s backers began to hedge in.

Preliminaries were soon arranged, and the disgusting scene commenced. We fell to fighting like two bull-dogs, encouraged by the “bravos” and applause of our partizans. Before half-a-dozen blows had been parried and exchanged, my antagonist measured his length upon the pavement, and my party filled the air with triumphant huzzas. It was plain that the man was no match for the raw boy, and Mr. Bolder was, in vain, counselled to give up the contest; but his passion knew no bounds. He flew at me again without the slightest care for his own safety, and was again knocked down like a mere plaything. His nose and lips poured out a torrent of blood, and he fainted in the arms of his seconds.

The struggle was at an end, and the students gathered round me, like men on a race-course round the winning horse of the last race, descanting on my merits and the fine proportions of my limbs. I hastily threw on my clothes and retired from the rabble, disgusted with them and with myself. Still applause is grateful to young minds, however it is obtained; and when I found myself hailed like a new St. George who had conquered a new dragon, I thought little of the disgrace of being a principal in such a blackguardly exhibition. Mr. Bolder had lost his laurels and I was content to wear them.

This defeat was a wound in Mr. Bolder’s heart that never healed, but when we met again he allowed himself to be persuaded to shake hands and be on friendly terms with me, while I allowed myself to mix in the society of the wildest of his associates. They were, for the most part, young men who supported themselves by gambling and sponging upon the junior students who had lately arrived in London with their pockets well lined,

and a wonderful appetite for seeing and tasting what they were taught to consider "life." But, in spite of my youth, I was already one of the initiated, and had neither much money to lose nor the folly to suffer it to be lost to these student-sharpers. Nevertheless, my funds were rapidly exhausting in extravagance and dissipation, and it was plain that I must seek some method of getting a living without applying to my mother, who could not support such idleness and waste.

Three months had not elapsed since my arrival in town, and yet I had expended a sum of money sufficient to have kept me comfortably for more than double the time, and all that I had remaining was four or five pounds; still so great was my improvidence, that I accepted a challenge from Bolder to play at billiards one whole day for a guinea a game. This match was made by my antagonist in a moment of ill-humour, while he was fretting for the loss of a few games which I had won, and was determined to have his revenge. The religious will be shocked to know that the day appointed for this new contest was the following Sunday.

It was the Sabbath-day and, according to the command, "in it thou shalt do no manner of work," the shop-windows were closed in the Borough, and the streets free from the usual bustle of a busy world. You might have heard every clock strike from Limehouse to Westminster, and the chimes of a thousand bells invited the sinner and the well-disposed alike to enter the house of prayer and listen to the voice of heaven in its sacred temples. But of all classes of men who refused to listen to the invitation, so solemn and so beautiful, perhaps there were none so numerous as the one of which I was a member; and while the more respectable part of the community was thronging to the church-doors I, with three other students, entered the doors of a public billiard-room. where all the days in the week were alike, profaned with evil passions, blasphemous language, and endless disputes.

While we ought to have been on our knees, confessing our sins and praying for forgiveness, we were deeply interested in the prospect of making a fortunate hazard or a cannon, and swearing and protesting against bad luck, as though anything good could possibly attend us in such occupation, on a day that God had set apart to be kept holy.

We played until evening, and success, in spite of serious reflections, clung entirely to my side. Mr. Bolder paid guinea after guinea, until his patience would last no longer. My fortune was increased from five sovereigns to thirty, and then my antagonist burst into a passion scarcely to be equalled.

"By ——," said he, "I'll have my revenge. You have won five-and-twenty pounds, Arden. I'll win it all back, or lose all I have. I have just as much more in my pocket, I'll play the next game for the whole sum. D——! you can't win every time."

He threw his money on the table, and I added mine to it. Never before had I played for such a stake, and therefore my hand grew rather nervous; but his was doubly unsteady from passion, and I

won the game with ease; at the end triumphantly sweeping the gold into my pocket.

"You have broken me, Arden," said he, sitting down with his face white with disappointment. "And I am a scoundrel, for the money was my mother's, all she had to live upon for the next half-year."

"How came you with it, then?" I asked, impatiently.

"I received it yesterday for her, from her trustees, and ought to have sent it to her to-morrow—but I am a scoundrel and this will break her heart."

"You are a scoundrel, Bolder," said I, pulling the gold out of my pocket, and counting it. "Forty-four—forty-six—forty-eight—fifty. There take back the money, I would not have it, if I happened to be dying from starvation!"

"You don't surely mean to give it back again," Bolder exclaimed.

"I do," I replied, "I'll not have a farthing of it."

His features were distorted into a look of frightful agony. A better man than he perhaps would have been affected to tears, but he was too proud, and mastering the unusual sensation, he accepted the money, and said gruffly, "I'll give you an I. O. U. for it."

"I require nothing of the sort," I replied, "if your circumstances will ever permit you to return it, do so at your own pleasure."

He put his hat on his head, and quitted the place with the surly demeanour of one that has been injured instead of one treated with kindness.

"You are an out-and-out trump—the very king of good fellows," said Furnival, as we left the room. "You are, by all the cards in the pack, when every thing's trumps!"

"Tom," said I, "what would our friends in the country say, if they knew how we spent this day? Very likely they have been praying for us, and calling down blessings upon our heads, while we have been, in their opinion, profaning the Sabbath, and breaking the command to keep it holy. How some of them would mourn for us! and pray that God would turn our hearts! Do you think we ought to treat the religion and prejudices of those that love us, with such contempt?"

"Umph! Arden, what are you talking about?" said my companion. "Every man to his liking. Have we not as much right to think and to act for ourselves, as our friends? Fiddlestickend! You should turn methodist parson, by all that's orthodox, and London docks, and any other docks. Let us go to Anderton's and dine. Amen."

Thus was the first serious reflection I made in London, treated with contempt by my bosom-friend, and it was long before I made another.

IN SARAM.

I.

ANTE alias splendet specie pulcherrima Sara,
 Formosas superans effigie egregiâ.
 Urget amore mihi pectus mentemque puella, et
 Angustâ in Nostrâ vivit honesta Viâ.
 Virgineo in cœtu nullas dulcedine Saræ,
 Nobilibus natas, invenias similes.
 Implet amore mihi mentem pectusque puella, et
 Angustâ in Nostrâ vivit honesta Viâ.

II.

Institor huic pater est, portans qui caulibus apta
 Retia per vicos clamitat assiduè :
 Digna viro est uxor, merces cui fimbria longa est
 Vendita, siqua velit fœmina compta emere.
 At tales talem quam dulcis numina Sara
 (Nobilis est certè!) non generâsse simunt.
 Est mihi deliciæ cordi mentique puella, et
 Angustâ in Nostrâ vivit honesta Viâ.

III.

Adveniente illâ fabricam inceptosque labores
 Desero continuè, victus amore meo :
 Tunc irâ fervens improvisusque magister,
 Ut Saracenus, adit, me baculo feriens.
 At quamvis feriat donec satiabitur iste,
 Omnia pro Sarâ perfero, sic peramo.
 Firmat amore mihi pectus mentemque puella, et
 Angustâ in Nostrâ vivit honesta Viâ.

IV.

Hebdomadæ ex omni spatio serieque dierum
 Solem unum expecto, suavis et est mihi lux.
 Isque dies Lunæ imperium ac Saturnia regna
 Disjungit, veniens lumine propitio.
 Tunc etenim spatior Sarâ comitatus amicè,
 Vestituque nitens, splendidiùs solito.
 Fert mihi lenimen curæ dulcissima Sara, et
 Angustâ in Nostrâ vivit honesta Viâ.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

I.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in Our Alley.
 There's not a lady in the land,
 That's half so sweet as Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in Our Alley.

II.

Her father, he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em,
 Her mother, she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em.
 But sure, such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in Our Alley.

III.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely:
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely.
 But let him bang his bellyful,
 I'll bear it all for Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in Our Alley.

IV.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes between
 A Saturday and Monday.
 For then I'm dress'd in all my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in Our Alley.

V.

Ad templum Domini me ducit sæpe magister,
 Sæpe at nequitiam corripit ille meam :
 Scilicet aufugio furtim falloque magistrum,
 Sacro argumento vix bene proposito.
 Dum monet Orator populum hortaturque disertus,
 Ad Saram effugio, dulceque colloquium.
 Implet amore mihi mentem pectusque puella, et
 Angustâ in Nostrâ vivit honesta Viâ.

VI.

Quum volvente anno Christi Natalitia orta
 Sint, nummum mihi erunt in loculo cumuli.
 Omnes servabo, atque ipsâ cum pyxide Saræ,
 Tempora quum veniant, melligenæ tribuam.
 Atque utinam innumeras mihi opes fortuna dedisset !
 Sara suo totas exciperet gremio.
 Est mihi deliciæ cordi mentique puella, et
 Angustâ in Nostrâ vivit honesta Viâ.

VII.

Irrident flammam vicini atque ipse magister
 Quæ me illamque urit, ludificantque facem.
 Sed, sine amore tuo, præstaret, SALLI,* revinctum
 Servi me vitam remigio trahere.
 Quum tamen elabens lentè confecerit annus
 Septimus orbiculum, Sara mihi uxor erit.
 Tum vero thalamum celebrabimus atque hymenæos,
 At procul Angustâ ibimus usque Viâ.

G. K. GILLESPIE, A.M.

* In imitation of Greek vocatives, such as Amaryllî, Phyllî, &c.

V.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as Text is named.
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in Our Alley.

VI.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh ! then I shall have money,—
I 'll hoard it up, and—box and all—
I 'll give it to my honey.
And, would it were ten thousand pounds,
I 'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in Our Alley.

VII.

My master, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I 'd better be
A slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh ! then, I 'll marry Sally,
Oh ! then we 'll wed, and then we 'll bed,
But not in Our Alley.

BUSH-RANGING FACTS.

[THE following instances of Australian Bush-ranging are contributed, according to promise, by the writer of a tale, entitled "An Incident in Australian Life," which appeared in two foregoing numbers of this Miscellany. The details may be relied on as sufficiently authentic, gathered as they were, and noted on the spot, by a gentleman resident in New South Wales, at the period of their occurrence,]

MEMORANDUM OF A PORTION OF THE CAREER AND OF THE CAPTURE OF A BAND OF BUSH-RANGERS.

IN the spring of the year 1840, a convict Jew, named Davis, having escaped from an ironed gang working near Sydney, "took the bush," as it is termed in Australian thieves' lingo, and was quickly joined by one Ruggy, an Irishman and a desperate character, as well as by two other runaway prisoners.

These four were so successful at the outset of their first campaign "on the road," that the party became popular, and three more recruits were soon added to their ranks; the last being a youth of weak intellect, who, seduced by Davis's florid descriptions of a bandit's life, deserted from the household service of a lady settler in the Brisbane Water District, and placed himself under the orders of the Israelitish chief.

Davis had, from the beginning, dubbed himself leader; and, while enumerating his qualifications for that honourable post, was wont to boast that he was "the only plucky Jew he had ever known."

To follow him and his wild crew through a course only too long and full of incident, would be impossible, as well as unpleasing; indeed, it is the object of this memorandum rather to record the clever and gallant capture of the robbers than to trace the atrocities that led thereto.

The chief localities of Davis's exploits were in the Hunter River and Brisbane Water Districts, which afforded wealth and traffic enough for their support, and sufficient cover for their security. The gang were all completely armed with double-barreled guns and pistols, well mounted, and supplied, moreover, with pack-horses to carry their "swag." Thus they were capable of changing their scene of action when desirable, and of coming unawares, as well as unwelcome, upon fresh victims. Travellers, private houses, inns, stores, and huts, were successively pillaged; the ordinary mode of action, being to "bail up" the male inmates, with one or two sentries over them, while the others helped themselves to what was wanted. Often has this little phrase "bail up!" shaken the nerves of the Australian wayfarer and householder—as often, perhaps, as the British highwayman's "Stand,

and deliver!" has, in olden times and countries, set the teeth of his victim a chattering. Formidable as is its intent and meaning, the term is borrowed from the peaceable vocabulary of the farm and stockyard—the bail being the well-known implement used in milking an unwilling or unsafe cow. Thus, in Australia, man and beast were alike bailed up, when required to be milked or mulcted.

In the thinly peopled districts to which the Jew's band confined their operations, they usually collected their taxes, whether of money or provisions, clothes or munitions, with unabashed openness; preferring, indeed, to gain their ends by the terror and notoriety of their names and persons, rather than by more cautious tactics, and rarely taking the trouble to disguise themselves. In some instances, these impudent villains, after bailing up the gentleman of a household, would compel the ladies to make tea for them, which they discussed with perfect *sang-froid* and civility of demeanour, ere they proceeded on further forays.

By good luck or good management they contrived for many weeks to elude the vigilance of the mounted police, who were continually on the look-out for them. When danger threatened, the band confined themselves to the deep bush ravines, where dense forests and beetling rocks afforded them shelter and concealment. Here, by all accounts, they led a jolly, rake-helly life, furnished with excellent beef-rations by a well-known class of marauders, called "Gully-rakers," who, convicts like themselves, though many of them were in private service, drove a brisk trade—a degree less riskful if hardly more honourable than bush-ranging—by appropriating, branding with their own marks, and trafficking in cattle which strayed from their proper stations to the moist green pastures of the mountain ravines, and bred there.

Nor were they often in want of a cask of rum or a keg of tobacco procured on the cheapest terms, and consumed without stint; for, when the supply ran short, a deputation to the neighbouring highway, where drays with provisions were constantly passing and repassing, or to some rural storekeeper's vaults, punctually supplied the deficiency. In a word, with such appliances and the help of cards and dice, these "minions of the moon" passed their time in the full enjoyment of what, in all probability, would prove a short life as well as a merry one.

At length, having, in spite of thriftless habits, got together a sum of money amounting to some hundreds of pounds, besides other valuable and portable property, they openly boasted of their intention, after another good haul or two, of escaping from the country with their booty. They swore, moreover, that no force in the colony should take them alive.

The attention of the government having been so constantly drawn to the depredations and outrages of these brigands, in January, 1841, a strong party of mounted police, under the command of a subaltern, were sent from Sydney to the Brisbane Water District with orders to capture or destroy them. After many narrow escapes Davis succeeded in eluding his pursuers,

a feat not so difficult as might be imagined in a country so thickly wooded. He was driven, however, from the above-named district into that of the Hunter River, still tracked and followed by the mounted police.

On the same day on which they returned to the Hunter River, the gang, in number seven, mounted and armed to the teeth, pillaged a store near a place called Muswell Brook, and thence went on to Scone, a township about eighteen miles further, where they put up at Wilkie's Inn, and having ordered and partaken of an excellent dinner, thus refreshed they proceeded to further business. It is said, that at this moment there was located within half a mile of the spot, and fully cognizant of the movements of the handitti, a body of constables who, fully cognizant also of their desperate character, did not judge it necessary or advisable to attempt their capture. After dinner, therefore, the Jew and his myrmidons paid a visit to the well-filled stores of Mr. D——, and, after ransacking them to their heart's content, displayed their taste as well as their effrontery by bedecking their persons with some scores of yards of gay ribbons, in imitation of the brigands of the Apennines.

Davis had always advocated abstinence from bloodshed and often "needless" crimes, and had, moreover, both preached and practised sobriety when "on duty." Whether his disciples had this day partaken too freely of Mr. Wilkie's "Best Dublin Stout," and had consequently conducted themselves with more than ordinary violence in robbing Mr. D——'s premises is not known, but certain it is that on this unfortunate occasion blood was spilt and murder committed. Amongst the persons employed on the establishment of Mr. D—— was a respectable young immigrant, but lately arrived in the colony, who, irritated by the insolence of the ruffians, seized a pistol and fired it at one of them, and then attempted to escape to the police-station, in order to alarm the constables, an unnecessary step, the alarm having been already and completely communicated to that body. The same want of forethought which dictated his vain resistance, guided his flight. Instead of jumping a high rail-fence and crossing an enclosure which lay in his way he ran directly along the open road and thus lost his life; for the villain Ruggy pursued him on horse-back, overtook him, and shooting him through the back, the poor young man survived but a few minutes.

The counsels of the chief of the bushrangers had now been flagrantly violated; nor indeed was it likely they would be obeyed save when no resistance was offered to the extortions of the brutal gang.

This tragedy enacted, Davis and his people fled precipitately from the spot, for they well knew that the murder would raise the country against them. They made off, therefore, towards a tract of densely-wooded mountains, called the Liverpool Range, stopping for a while at Atkinson's Inn on the Page River, where they bailed up all the inmates, and indulged themselves in a hearty meal of beef and beer. Rum was offered them, but they were wise enough

to decline it. Then, hunting up all the horses they could find, and thus obtaining a fresh remount, they turned adrift the tired ones, and continued their course towards one of their old bush rendezvous named Doughboy Hollow, where they calculated on passing the night in safety. But retribution was close on the heels of the breakers of God's and man's laws; for, on the very morning of their murderous visit to Muswell Brook, a party, organized by the police magistrate of a neighbouring district, started in pursuit of the banditti, having bound themselves not to rest until they had given good account of a set of ruffians who had so long and with so much impunity pillaged and bullied the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

Mr. Day (for the name of so zealous and gallant an officer must not be omitted) had formerly served as a lieutenant in the 17th regiment. His little troop consisted of three or four gentlemen and two men of the Border Police Force—all well mounted and armed. At seven o'clock in the morning they started on their enterprise, which by them and their friends was well known to be a matter of life and death, for Davis and his gang had sworn, both mutually and publicly, that they would never be taken alive.

It is well remarked by the compiler of this memorandum, that a far greater meed of praise is due to the resolute few engaged in a service of this nature, than to the thousands who rush against hostile ranks amid all the exciting elements, all the pomp and circumstance of glorious battle, stimulated by the rage of adverse races, the emulation aroused by armies witnessing the deeds of individuals, and by the hope of reward and renown.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Day, and his gallant comrades, received some reward more substantial than the encomiums which were in every one's mouth, when the complete success of their undertaking became known.

They started, then, at daylight, and on reaching Scone the first news they heard was the robbery and murder at Mr. D——'s store, the first object they saw was the dead body of the young immigrant. This sight inspired them with fresh resolution, and, though their horses were already tired, they pushed on (their numbers being here augmented by two or three volunteers), until they arrived at the Page River, forty three miles from their starting-place in the morning—having tracked the bushrangers by their horses' hoofmarks. At Atkinson's Inn the pursuers were too late for the nimble-footed robbers; and, indeed, that it so happened was a providential occurrence, for, with the advantage of position afforded by walls, windows, and barricaded doors, the gang could have defended themselves against a much stronger force, and would probably have caused serious loss to the assailants.

Davis, however, tempted by the compulsory hospitality of mine host, had delayed a couple of hours at the tavern, thereby allowing Day to overhaul him considerably in the chase. The bushrangers had been beforehand with all the fresh horses, and those of his own party were now pretty well jaded. But Mr. Day had a tolerable knowledge of the country in which he was campaigning, and, the afternoon being now far advanced, he had a great pre-

sentiment that the robbers would camp for the night in Doughboy Hollow, which was a common halting-place for travelling drays, there being good water at hand.

After a rest of only ten minutes, therefore, they mounted again, and spurred onwards for the great Liverpool Range.

It was just sundown, when, having never lost the track of the bush-rangers in a day's ride of fifty miles, and having crossed a crest of wooded hills, Mr. Day's party came in sight of Doughboy Hollow—a dip amongst the mountains, having a waterhole in the midst and pretty closely hemmed round with gum bush. Several drays with their teams of bullocks and drivers were camped at the water side; and a brief *reconnaissance* convinced Mr. Day that the villains he wanted were there also. The bandits were indeed at that moment employed in casting bullets at a log-fire, and their horses, as was observed, were tethered at a distance too considerable to allow of their getting to them readily. Riding, as near as could be done without discovery, to the edge of the bush surrounding the Hollow, the avengers of the law now jumped off their horses, and, gun in hand, without more ado rushed upon the enemy, Day throwing his hat into the air, and giving a hearty cheer in which his followers sturdily joined.

The bush-rangers, having their arms close at hand, sprang up with one accord, and, each running to a tree, levelled their guns from behind them at their gallant assailants. And now a little coolness—a little of the "pluck" which Davis had arrogated to himself, might have left victory on the side of the evil-doers; but when the cause is bad, the heart and hand are rarely steady. The Jew fired twice at Day, and Ruggy at one of his friends, but both missed their aim. Day returned Davis's shot with better effect, wounding him slightly in the shoulder, and then, desirous of taking him alive, sprung upon him and, after a short struggle, captured him. His friend did the same with Ruggy. Four others threw down their arms. The seventh robber escaped in the confusion, but was subsequently taken. Although about twenty shots were fired, no one, on either side, was killed.

The gang were handcuffed and removed to Sydney, where they were tried, convicted and condemned. Up to the last moment Davis had cherished the hope that his life would be spared on account of his having prevented the shedding of blood, whenever he was able to control his lawless followers; and, even in the case of the murder at Muswell Brook, although the entire party were found guilty as *participes criminis*, it was well known he had no hand in it. Every possible exertion was made by the Hebrews of Sydney, who form an influential section of the community, to save him, and handsome fees were given to counsel in his behalf.

During the trial great stress was by these gentlemen laid upon certain facts set up in the separate defence of their client; but, when a deep impression was thought to have been made upon the jury by these efforts of legal talent, the Solicitor-general quietly arose and said, "Recall Mr. Day."

"Mr. Day, I will ask you one question only," said the Crown

law-officer. "When the prisoner fired upon you at the time of his capture, did he point his gun at you?"

"Yes," briefly replied Mr. Day.

"That will do—you may go down, Mr. Day."

The effect of this short colloquy was electrical;—so says the compiler of this memorandum. What is more, it was decisive, for he adds, "I saw the whole gang hanged in February, 1841. They were all dressed in the usual white duck trousers and shirt in which men are executed at Sydney—with the exception of Davis, who wore a black cloth suit."*

The following brief outline of the proceedings and fate of a company of bush-rangers, of whom a ruffian named Dignum may be styled the chief, and who for some months plied their desperate trade in the Port Philip District, presents a true tale of blood which needs no varnishing to render it more terrible than the most tragic fiction. If it serve no other purpose, it will prove the fact that associates in crime must ever be haunted by fears of internal treachery, or, if too hardened and reckless to be harassed by the fear they cannot avoid the *consciousness* that the life of each is in the power of the other, and that the slightest breach of identity of interests may in a moment convert the friend and comrade into a traitor and an assassin.

In the year 1837—the date of the incidents about to be related—Port Philip, then a province of New South Wales, now the gold-bearing colony of Victoria, was but sparsely settled. Several enter-

* It was in connection with the suspicious disappearance, about this same period, of a solitary settler, whose premises had been robbed by bush-rangers, that the following almost incredible instance of the sagacity of an Australian Black is recorded.

So strong was the conviction of the local authorities that the poor man in question had met with a violent death—his well known resolute character rendering it likely that he would have opposed vigorous resistance to any number of assailants—that they instituted a strict search in the neighbourhood for any traces which might throw light upon his fate. The marks of struggling were discovered near the door of the hut by the constables, and were by them followed into the surrounding bush, where they were baffled by the ground being trodden by cattle, and covered with fallen branches. The officer then bethought himself of an aboriginal native, who had long been domesticated among the English, and occasionally employed by the mounted police as a "tracker,"—a title which speaks for itself. This man, desiring one of the police to follow him at a distance, without interfering, took up the search where the others had left it, and, after a keen survey of the features of the ground, proceeded to "ring," or describe a circle round the dwelling-house, just outside the clearing. He soon found a clue of some kind, insignificant to European intelligence, however conclusive to his own, and was by it conducted to a deep water-hole in the thickest part of the scrub. It will be believed that the policeman watched his proceedings with some curiosity, when, after closely examining the dark pool, the blackman picked up a feather, and with it skimmed from the surface of the water a light white scum which was scarcely visible. Moreover, the Briton may probably have felt inclined to ridicule his black brother's pretensions to sagacity, as well as to entertain suspicions of some of his past propensities, when, after inspecting, smelling, and tasting the said scum, he uttered sententially the words, "White man's fat!"

Suffice it to add, the body of the murdered man was found at the bottom of the pit.

prising gentlemen from Sydney and Van Diemen's Land had, however, transferred their flocks and herds to the fine pastures which had been discovered in the district, and were served indiscriminately by freemen and by prisoners of the crown bearing passes or tickets of leave. In the latter part of the year 1836, or the beginning of 1837, nine convicts disappeared from the southern district of Yass. As a runaway prisoner has but little choice of mode of life, Dignum and two others, who were the first to break their bonds, "took the bush," and entered at once upon the career of bush-rangers. These were soon joined by a mere youth, named Comerford, who is described as tall, fair, and handsome, with a most prepossessing expression of countenance. Five more convicts, all in private service, subsequently absconded from the employers to whom they had been assigned, and enrolled themselves in this gang.

Various and extraordinary "yarns," which it would be tedious to recapitulate, are related of the exploits of Dignum and his companions in the vicinity of Melbourne.

Whether the country became at length too hot to hold them, or what other motive suggested the plan, is not known; but certain it is that, after a council of war, they agreed in attempting to make their way across the continent of Australia to some sea-port. It appears that they started on their projected march with no very definite idea where it was to end, but that latterly they resolved to steer for South Australia, where they hoped to hood-wink justice and to obtain freedom and subsistence by representing themselves as free immigrants.

On reaching a spot near Mount Alexander—a locality which, ten years later, was discovered to be actually paved with gold, and where consequently, with the requisite prescience of the fact, the gang might have enriched themselves innocuously—they found their provisions running short. There were no flocks at hand, little or no game to supply their wants. Disputes and recrimination engendered distrust and hatred amongst them. The mind of one of the nine wretched men was soon made up, and, incredible as it may appear, his thoughts settled into the horrible determination to murder his eight companions, and, with the provisions which were left, to prosecute his escape alone. The band, it appears, travelled on foot. Every evening they formed a camp of boughs, and, wrapping themselves in their blankets, slept in a circle, with their feet towards a huge fire—their loaded arms ready for action. Dignum chose night for his sanguinary purpose, and contrived, ere he lay down, to place three guns and a couple of axes in readiness for a convenient moment—his intention being to split the skulls of all his comrades in succession as they lay slumbering round the bivouac fire, and to shoot any who might awake before his murderous circuit was completed.

Atrocious as was the deed thus coolly contemplated by Dignum, it will hardly be credited that in that small troop there was another who shrank from its commission no more than himself, and he was the last of the nine, it is said, whom a disciple of

Lavater would have named as the culprit—the youthful, handsome, and mild-looking Comerford.

Just when the former's bloody arrangements had been matured, and he bestirred himself to carry them into effect, Comerford, perhaps suspicious of treachery, awoke. The seven remaining robbers slept on, and slept for ever! Dignum, after waiting patiently for some hours, finding that the other still remained watchful, resolved on making him his confidant and accomplice, and, partly through intimidation, partly through the youth having in his composition as much of the latent demon as his elder comrade, he was brought to assist in the wholesale massacre.

Selecting their posts on opposite sides of the sleeping circle, the villanous couple deliberately set to work, and the horrid deed was quickly accomplished. Four of the seven, stricken with fatal coolness and precision, never moved. The three others, desperately wounded, staggered to their feet, but were soon dispatched. Comerford afterwards swore that Dignum slew six with his own hand, but confessed that he shot the last, a poor shoemaker, when he sprung up, after having been struck by the axe. His subsequent life proved that his oath was worth but little.

The survivors now made a large fire of logs, and, having thrown upon it the bodies of their butchered comrades, held a council as to their future proceedings. The overland march was given up—doubtless because the brothers in blood could not trust each other on a long and lonely journey; and, having directed their steps towards Melbourne, they hired as free men with Mr. E—, a wealthy and influential squatter, whose service, however, they soon deserted, and re-engaged with another settler at some distance, named A—.

Mr. E—, not choosing to submit to this breach of agreement, took out a warrant against the absconders, and, tracking them to Mr. A—'s station, arrested them and placed them in handcuffs.

While these gentlemen, with two others, were at dinner the same afternoon—the prisoners remaining in another room, Dignum espied the key of the handcuffs, which by some oversight had been left within his reach, and immediately released his companion and himself. Taking possession of a couple of double guns which they found in the hut, they slipped out quietly, and once more made off for the bush.

Great was the astonishment of the convivial gentlemen when they discovered that the birds had flown; and, the truth flashing upon them that it was birds of prey they had to deal with, and that any one of their homesteads might, in the absence of the master, be pillaged by their late captives, now well armed, they all mounted and galloped in the direction where their interests called them.

Taking his course through the woods, one of them, Mr. H—, who seems to have relished the idea of a brush with the bandits, came plump upon them in a deep gully, and riding straight towards them, fired at Dignum, whom he however missed, and

finding himself unsupported, for his friends were no longer within hail, he had to retire from the unequal combat, and the villains once more escaped.

Dignum and Comerford now committed a series of desperate robberies, but, beginning to fear the consequences, they readopted their old plan of the journey to Adelaide, where their persons would be unknown. The existence of this precious couple must, at this juncture, have been wretched beyond conception, for, mutually dreading treachery, they watched each other's movements with lynx-eyed vigilance. It was a state of affairs that could not last long, and accordingly Dignum brought it to an issue one day, as they were riding in Indian file, by firing at Comerford, who was imprudent enough to lead the way. He missed his man, however; and Comerford, as he afterwards stated, convinced that he would sooner or later become the victim of his ruthless comrade, fled for his life, and, proceeding straight to Melbourne, surrendered himself, confessed the murder of the seven bushrangers, and gave such information as led to the capture of Dignum.

So horrible and improbable were the details of Comerford's deposition, that they were credited by no one. However he was taken as king's evidence in the case, and, there being in those days at Melbourne no Supreme Court, the two prisoners were removed to Sydney—a distance of 600 miles. Here Comerford repeated his statement, and met with similar unbelief. The Government, however, resolved to test its truth by allowing him an opportunity to point out the spot where the murder had been committed. With this view he was sent back to Melbourne in charge of a party, consisting of an infantry sergeant, named Tomkins, two soldiers, and two policemen. The strictest injunctions were given to the escort to keep a keen watch over their prisoner, as he was both cunning and dangerous; but so gentle and simple was his demeanour, and so powerful the influence of a winning exterior, that the warning proved vain, and the neglect of it fatal to the good-natured non-commissioned officer.

Under the guidance of Comerford, securely handcuffed, the party proceeded to the neighbourhood of Mount Alexander, where he pointed out to them the scene of the multiplied murder, and where sufficient proofs of the fearful facts still existed, in the remains of human bones, skulls, and raiment spared by the fire.

After taking notes of what they had seen, the sergeant commenced the retreat towards Melbourne, and so completely had the artful villain won the confidence of his guard, that, on complaining of the heat and fatigue he suffered from marching in handcuffs, they were removed and he appeared quite willing to resume them at night.

On the second day, after halting for the night, it was discovered that the soldiers had inadvertently left their supply of tea and sugar at the last encamping place, and it was agreed that the two privates should go back to recover their lost rations, the sergeant and the policemen remaining in charge of the prisoner.

Hour after hour passing beyond the time calculated for their return, one of the police remarked that the stupid fellows knew nothing of bush-work, that they had probably lost their way, and would never find the camping-place, and he finally volunteered to go in search of the absentees. To this the easy-minded sergeant consented, and, the numbers gradually decreasing, the culprit had now but two men in charge of him.

The opportunity which, under the guise of an innocent simplicity, he had been keenly watching for, now drew near. The sergeant, the constable, and Comerford seated themselves by the fire to eat their dinner, during which the latter was allowed to have his manacles removed. Shortly afterwards the policeman strolled away to a neighbouring eminence to look out for the missing men, and the sergeant, with a degree of folly and carelessness which merited the loss of his *chevron*, though not that of his life, arose, and, resting his carbine against a tree, was in the act of moving a few paces off to get some water, when Comerford sprung to his feet, seized the firelock, cocked it, and presenting it at Tomkins's head, exclaimed with a triumphant shout, "Now, by G—d, I'm a free man once more. I don't want to hurt you, sergeant, but stand off or I'll blow out your brains, for no man shall stop me!"

"Oh, come, my good fellow!" expostulated the sergeant, "you are too much of a man to ruin me. I have behaved well to you, and you know it's as much as my stripes are worth if you get away."

"Never mind," reiterated the other, "you keep off and let me go, or by G—d, I'll do it!"

Upon this the sergeant, a powerful man, made a rush at Comerford, who instantly fired and shot him through the body.

The report of the musket brought back the policeman just in time to see poor Tomkins die, and to receive his statement; but Comerford had disappeared, nor did the party succeed in retaking him, although he did not remove far from the scene of his escape. On the contrary, left to his resources and with plenty of ammunition, he became the terror of the neighbourhood. During two or three weeks it was supposed that he must die of famine in the bush, but the fact was he was supplied with food by the "loose hands" at the out-stations, many of whom were little better than himself, while others were too much afraid of him to resist his demands. He became daily more violent and ferocious in his conduct, so that the convict labourers both feared and hated him; and the government having advertised a reward of 50*l.* and a free pardon for his apprehension, he, on his part, could no longer trust himself among those who had contributed to his support when there was no blood-money to be got by betraying him.

One morning about daylight, in urgent want of a meal, he approached a sheep-station belonging to Mr. H—, the very gentleman who had not long before taken a shot at his friend Dignum, and who was sitting in the hut waiting for his breakfast. Comerford walked quietly into the kitchen, about twenty paces

distant, and finding a convict servant called Humpty Tom preparing some chops for cooking, he shut the door and compelled a boy, who was present and did not know him by sight, to fry them for him and to stand by and wait on him while he ate them.

Humpty Tom, who knew him well, and who appears to have had delicate nerves, was so surprised and alarmed at Comerford's cool audacity that he actually fainted, when Comerford, walking in thus suddenly, "bailed him up" and bespoke the chops. Having finished his repast he took leave, telling the lad to inform Mr. H——, with his compliments, that he had breakfasted capitally at his expense. This gentleman, snatching up a gun, proceeded instantly in chase of the impudent bravo, but Comerford had disappeared.

However, he tried this trick of foraging for his food once too often. One day he suddenly dropped in at a cattle station, and, musket in hand, demanded some refreshment. There were five men in the hut, who spoke him fair, and invited him to come in; but he said tauntingly, "Oh no, thank you; I'll trust none of you. I know you would take me if you could!" Then placing his back against a tree, he ordered one of them to wait on him.

A fellow, called Kangaroo Jack, a convict stockman, brought him out some bread and meat and a pot of tea, which he discussed with his gun between his knees; on the one hand five prisoners with a free pardon and 50*l.* awaiting them; on the other, one resolute man with a round of ball-cartridge as his safeguard. Now was the time for a capture; but amongst the five, there was only one with "pluck" enough to attempt it!

Comerford, having finished his breakfast, called for a pipe and a light. Jack gave him a pipe of tobacco, and, on going into the hut for a lighted stick, he "tipped the wink" to the others, and whispered, "Now, you look out, and I'll take him."

Handing the light to Comerford, he turned away with apparent carelessness, but calculating the moment when Comerford's eye would be engaged in lighting his pipe, he suddenly wheeled round and gave him a tremendous back-handed blow, which threw him off his balance, and, before he could recover it, he sprung upon and grappled him tightly. The four lukewarm comrades of the gallant "Kangaroo," seeing how matters stood, now struck in, and, after a furious fight, Comerford was secured, bound hand and foot, and conveyed on a bullock-dray to Melbourne.

Thence removed to Sydney, he was tried and convicted of the murder of the sergeant; and, to preclude all doubt as to his fate, the compiler of this memorandum winds it up by the pithy sentence, "I saw him hanged!"

Unluckily, for the interests of justice, it was impossible both to hang Comerford and to employ him as King's evidence; consequently his former friend, preceptor, and would-be assassin, Mr. Dignum, escaped with the mitigated punishment of Norfolk Island for life.

Kangaroo Jack received his well-merited reward, an "absolute pardon."

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE IN 1853.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER II.

NEWSTEAD.—HUCKNALL.—KENILWORTH.—LONDON.—BARRY CORNWALL.—
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—THE CITY.—MR. COBDEN.—HYDE PARK.—HOUSES
OF PARLIAMENT.—LORD CARLISLE.—MARY HOWITT.—PROROGATION OF
PARLIAMENT.—THE QUEEN.—MARTIN TUPPER.—MISS MITFORD.

June 23.

WE returned to Nottingham in the evening. Mr. Sturge here left me with some kind friends, with whom I spent the night, and who in the morning accompanied me to Newstead.

I never can forget that morning. The air was soft, and warm, though a fresh, invigorating breeze was blowing, and clouds were drifting occasionally across the sun. We were in an open carriage, and, for once, our simple faith was rewarded, and we had no rain to dampen our enthusiasm. Our road led through a country which my friends pronounced bleak and dreary, but to my eyes it was beautiful for its neatness and greenness, its peculiarly English character, and for its wild, legendary associations—for it was the ground once haunted by Robin Hood and his "merrie men"—the old forest of Sherwood. In front of the gate, at the entrance of Newstead Park, stands a grand old guardian oak. Passing this, you enter a long, noble avenue of firs; then you come upon an open piece of ground, covered with wild fern—then upon some fine trees—then the lake—then the abbey! This was to me both more imposing and beautiful than I expected to find it. The larger part of the building has been wonderfully and completely restored by the present owner, Colonel Wildman; and the remaining ruins are of so light and graceful a character, and so richly clad with ivy, that they give a decorative, rather than a desolate, look to the whole.

An intelligent housekeeper showed us through the abbey. First we entered the drawing-room—a fine apartment, hung with elegant pictures—among which I only saw, with the eyes of my heart, Phillips's fine portrait of Byron, the *real* master of Newstead for ever. In this room the housekeeper took from a costly cabinet the famous and fearful skull wine-cup. I will not pause to describe all the beautiful show apartments of the abbey; those which interested me most were the breakfast-room, once used by Byron as a dining-room, and his own chamber, which is kept precisely as he left it. This last is small and simply furnished, hung with some views of Cambridge, and an engraved likeness of Fox. From the window is one of the loveliest views imaginable, and one recognises at once the taste of the poet in the choice of his cham-

ber. No guest ever occupies this room, except a younger brother of Colonel Wildman, who was Lord Byron's fag at Harrow, and holds that he has a right to the honour of sleeping in the muse-haunted chamber of his illustrious tyrant.

Strangely sorrowful, almost agonizingly regretful, were the thoughts which swept over my mind, wave after wave, and shook my heart like a tempest, as I stood in the place where the young poet passed many of his hours of silent thought, it may be of lonely wretchedness. Here he must often have contemplated his ruined fortunes and the desolated home of his fathers. Here surely his passionate heart often turned with a fond, vain yearning towards the "hills of Annesley"—toward her

"Who was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts."

I never before so deeply felt how passing mournful was the story of Byron's first and only love. That Mary Chaworth returned the passion of her young poet lover, I have not a doubt; but, like the Montagues and Capulets, the houses of Chaworth and Byron were at feud. Mary had not the strength and truth of Juliet, and so they were parted—a separation by far more piteous for her, and more fatal to him, than death amid the full summer brightness of happy love. *This*, not Shakspeare's, was the true soul tragedy. Might she not have taken the helm of his passion-tossed spirit, and guided it into deeper and calmer waters? Might she not have redeemed even his wayward and erring nature by the divinity of a pure love and a steadfast faith? But it was not to be. Mary bestowed her hand upon a man of whom little better can be said than that he ranked "among the most eminent sportsmen of the day"—lived, it is said, to weep wild tears over the words which have linked her name in sorrowful immortality with her lover's, and died in broken-heartedness, at last—while he, grown reckless, restless, and defiant, the very core of his heart turned to bitter ashes, forgetting his God, and distrusting and despising his brother, swept on his glorious, shameful, sorrowful, and stormy career, till the shadows deepened, and the long night closed in.

The village of Hucknall is the most wretched little hamlet I have yet seen in England; and the small, mean, dilapidated old church above the vault of the Byron family has not one venerable or picturesque feature.

The tablet raised to the memory of Byron, by his sister Augusta, is plain, and so in excellent taste. As I stood on that rude slab, in that dismal and mouldy old church, I was struck most painfully with the miserable unfitnes of all the surroundings of *his* tomb, who loved all beauty with a poet's intense passion. I could not believe that that grand head, with its clustering dark curls, those eyes of strange brightness, and lips of proud beauty, those fair, patrician hands, and that fiery and princely heart, were dust and darkness at my feet. Better it would have been to have laid him, where he willed to lie, by his faithful "Boatswain," in the vault at Newstead.

I have not spoken as fully of the abbey and grounds of Newstead as I should have done had I not believed every one familiar with Washington Irving's charming account and the notes of many other tourists. I must allow myself to say, however, that the restoration of the abbey seems to me a miracle of good taste and artistic adaptation; that the building now is a rare combination of antique picturesqueness, with modern elegance, of cheerful home comfort, with an almost monastic quiet and seclusion. Colonel Wildman was a schoolmate and friend of Byron, and lovingly, almost religiously, preserves every relic and remembrancer of the poet.

At Nottingham, I reluctantly took leave of my kind new friends, (whom God love!) and came home to Edgbaston.

London, June 25.

I left Birmingham yesterday, amid the brightness and freshness of one of the loveliest mornings I ever beheld, for an excursion to Kenilworth, with a party of pleasant friends, consisting of two charming Quakeresses, with a world of unwritten poetry in their deep, quiet natures, and a sweet little girl, who flitted about among the ruins, like a bird or a butterfly, enjoying their beauty, and unconscious of their desolation.

The old castle of Kenilworth far surpassed my imaginings in the grandeur of its yet unlevelled walls and towers, the loveliness of its surroundings, and the strong spell of its associations. It was enough to make one in love with ruin, and more than forgiving towards the spoiler. The air seemed now throbbing with the proud glory of Elizabeth, now heavy with the sighs of poor Amy Robsart. As I lingered on the spot where stood the ancient gateway through which passed that memorable procession, the gorgeous Queen Bess, escorted by her handsome favourite, the magnificent Earl Leicester, and followed by her brilliant court and the bravest and proudest men of her realm, I could defy death and decay, long wasting years, desolating wars, and ivy-mantled ruins, to shut from my sight the life and splendour of that princely pageant. So with "that inward eye" could I gaze pityingly on sweet Amy, as she sat alone in Mervyn's tower, feeling her heart bleeding and fainting within her with wounded pride and the agonized foreboding of her fond and fatal love. Oh! time and death, and ruin, are remorseless levellers. The ivy whispers as mournfully of the crowned sovereign in the gateway as of the deserted wife in the tower, for both had weak woman hearts, and both were deceived.

After returning from Kenilworth, we spent some hours with kind friends at Coventry, where we visited St. Andrew's Church, St. Mary's Hall, and an old hospital, of which I forget the name—all fine antique and picturesque structures, charmingly blackened by time, and in a delightful state of dilapidation.

I am now about to take my plunge into the surging tide of London life. I can scarcely be expected to give a very clear transcript of my impressions till the first shock and bewilderment are past. Thus far, my head seems dizzied and my heart drunken

with the very atmosphere of London, surcharged, as it seems, with the grandest, fearfullest, proudest, and mournfullest memories of our common race; for I tell my English friends that the great far past is *ours* as well as theirs.

June 30.

On Friday morning I had the pleasure of breakfasting with the poet Barry Cornwall,—born Procter,—at the rooms of my friend Mr. F——. I found this prince of song-writers a most agreeable person, a little shy and reserved at first, but truly genial and kindly at heart, and with a vein of quaint humour running through his quiet, low-toned talk. It gave me quite a new sensation to hear personal recollections of such men as Byron, Moore, Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb. Of the latter, Mr. Procter related some new anecdotes, giving his peculiar delicious drolleries in a manner surely not unworthy of Elia himself. Since I have been in England, I have read some of the prose of Barry Cornwall. Like the prose of most poets, it is singularly picturesque and imaginative. The articles I have read, though not poetry, press so close on to poetry that they have much of its rarest essence. Like the leaves that grow next full-blossomed flowers and luscious fruit—they have about them the true divine fragrance and flavour.

After breakfast I walked out with Mr. F——, and, almost ere I was aware, was standing in front of Westminster Abbey. For emotions like those which shook my heart, for thoughts which poured over my spirit, there are no words in any human language. It was not the sombre grandeur of the minster which fell upon me with most power, but the shadows of dead ages that haunted it.

The architecture without is so vast and noble, yet so graceful and aerial, it seems like grand, religious aspirations and fine poetic dreams petrified and fixed there for all time. Within, so exquisite and elaborate is the sculpture and carving that they hardly seem of human workmanship; and you are half tempted to believe that, by some olden miracle, the senseless stone silently put forth those cherub faces, and that the dark wood budded and blossomed and wreathed itself into all those countless combinations and convolutions of beauty and grace.

The painted glass of the noble windows pours all the glory of life into the solemn interior of this palace of tombs. One great circular window seemed to me like a whirlpool of gorgeous blooms, or a coiled rainbow.

We entered at the south transept,—“Poet’s Corner,”—and found ourselves standing before the simple monuments of Jonson, (“rare Ben,”) Butler, Milton, Spenser, and Gray. From these we silently and reverently passed to those of Dryden, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, Handel, Addison, Garrick, Johnson, and Sheridan. O, how the immortal genius of poet, and wit, and orator, and rare player seemed to hover exultant on that solemn air! How the dead lords of mind seemed to rule us from their graves, to sway the wild pulses of our living hearts, and to bow our heads, borne high in the pride of life, low and sad before the mouldering fernless dust of theirs!

In the south aisle of Henry the Seventh's chapel we were shown the stately monument of Mary Queen of Scots. This is a fine recumbent statue, in which the face is very beautiful, though worn and weary-looking. In the north aisle is the tomb of Elizabeth, and Mary of the sanguinary *sobriquet*. The maiden queen is here sculptured in her royal robes and preposterous ruff.

The old royal tombs have much barbaric grandeur about them; are a stately acceptance of mortality, but there are few of them at all in accordance with our ideas of artistic beauty. The figure of Queen Eleanor, however, I remember as very beautiful.

Of the modern sculpture, I was most impressed with the statues of the Duke de Montpensier, by Westmacott; of Sir John Malcolm and George Canning, by Chantry; of Mrs. Warren, by Westmacott; and by the splendid monuments to Chatham and Mansfield, by Bacon and Flaxman.

One is struck throughout the abbey by the prominent places awarded to, and the monumental honours heaped upon, military and naval heroes. The great writers are crowded into a narrow corner; while the great fighters have everywhere plenty of sea-room and field-room to set up their immortal battle-show, and plant their guns and unfurl their flags over yards and yards of sculptured wall.

The sitting statue of Wilberforce, in position and expression, is ludicrously characteristic and unclassical. It gives you an odd feeling to turn from the cross-legged carelessness of its attitude to the cross-legged stateliness of some knight Templar. It affects one strangely to go from the white array of these modern works of art into the shadowy chapel of Edward the Confessor—to look upward to the mediæval darkness of the far, vast roof, and around upon the quaint and blackened tombs of ancient kings.

I think I was most painfully impressed in the chapel where the knights of the Bath were installed. Above the seats of the knights hang their swords and shields, and droop their faded banners. As I stood and dreamed, I heard the peal of trumpets, the cry of heralds, the stately tramp of mail-clad men—I saw those high-set banners sway and flutter, as each stalwart knight elanged down into his seat. The place seemed haunted with mailed, visored, and dark-plumed ghosts. The coronation chairs are ugly, uncomfortable articles of royal furniture; and the famous stone on which all the old kings of Scotland were crowned is but a rough plebeian piece of reddish-gray sandstone.

On leaving the abbey, we visited grand old Westminster Hall, —the scene of innumerable kingly banquets,—whose gorgeous Gothic roof has echoed loyal shouts, and rung with royal revelry, through reign after reign, and century after century.

After a lengthened outside survey of the new Houses of Parliament, that "latter-day glory" of Gothic architecture, we drove into the city, passing through the old gateway, Temple Bar, and by the streets where Milton taught school, and Johnson toiled; Christ's Hospital, where Charles Lamb was a "Blue-coat boy;" and down

Paternoster Row, the narrow, dark birth-place of countless immortal books. I was amused by the aristocratic disdain of signs evidenced by the distinguished masters of the trade. Byron's publisher has simply "Mr. Murray" in small letters on his door. We then drove round St. Paul's, a sombre mountainous building, which, to my eye, has more the look of a vast heathen temple than an edifice for Christian worship; and passed that awfullest of prisons, Newgate, the sight of which flung a sudden darkness on the day.

In the evening I took tea quietly with Mr. and Mrs. Cobden, to whom I had brought letters. Richard Cobden I found to be, personally, all that his noble political course and high-toned eloquence had led me to expect. He is most kindly and affable in manner, converses earnestly and thoughtfully, though with occasional flashes of humour and nice touches of satire. He seems full of life and energy, and will, I trust, yet answer all the great hopes the people have reposed in him.

Last night I had a charming ride *à cheval*, in Hyde Park. Much of the rank and fashion of the West End was out, either in carriages or on horseback; and a more magnificent display of high blood and breeding, both human and equestrian, surely the wide world cannot furnish. We rode for about an hour up and down "Rotten Row," an avenue especially devoted to the riders, admiring the beauty and grace of England's fair daughters and the glory of its horseflesh. The riding of the English ladies is marked with great elegance, but extremely quiet, utterly free from display, and in many cases, I thought, wanting in spirit. They seemed to ride as in some grand state procession, to make up a noble show, rather than for the joy and exultation of that most glorious exercise.

I felt curiously when I found myself galloping by that Crystal Palace which had so often shone on my dreams, stored and gorgeous with the treasures of all lands, and crowded with many-nationed life. It is beautiful still in its bright desolation, and in the strange silence succeeding the sea-like murmur of innumerable voices, the continuous sound of passing feet, and the rich rustle of brocades.

Yesterday Mr. Cobden did me the kindness to show me the Houses of Parliament. He first introduced me into the gallery of the House of Commons, behind that Turkish barbarism, the lattice-work screen, where I beheld, "as through a glass darkly," a few scattered M.P.'s, some sitting bolt upright, some lounging on long, green benches, leisurely legislating, with their hats on. The speaking was brief, conversational, and commonplace. Mr. Disraeli spoke, for about a quarter of an hour, on the affair of the expulsion of the missionaries from Austria. The chancellor of the exchequer has a look decidedly and darkly Hebraic. When I say this, I must confess that I have in my eye the modern Abraham, who lends money to fast young men with handsome expectations, or the modern Moses, who presides at the pawnbroker's counter, rather than the faithful patriarch of old, or the

wise lawgiver, leader, and feeder of Israel. The face wears to me no high character, but is cold, politic, and subtle in expression. I could only see the sentimental exquisite who penned Henrietta Temple in the dainty waistcoat and spiral black curls of the chancellor. In the House of Lords some cause was being tried—a black-gowned, big-wigged advocate was speaking before a black-gowned and bigger-wigged judge. I knew Lord Brougham at once, from the admirable though not over complimentary sketches of "Punch." He looks somewhat broken, but hardly so old as I expected to see him.

The new parliamentary palace is beautiful and magnificent in the extreme. We have nothing even faintly comparable to it in our country; and long may it be ere we have for such a purpose. The splendid unsuitableness of this edifice for the theatre of grave legislation, it seems to me, can be scarcely questioned. Infinitely more suitable, surely, would have been the pure and severely simple Greek architecture, strong, and calm, and cold, like Government and Law, rather than the elaborate, fantastic, and poetic forms of the Gothic—a style whose effect is always graceful rather than stately, and whose associations are romantic and religious.

This morning, the Earl of Carlisle, to whom I brought a letter, with his well-known kindness and courtesy called, and brought, in addition to the great pleasure of his acquaintance, one of Her Majesty's tickets to the gallery of the House of Lords for the prorogation, which is to take place to-morrow. His Lordship also favored me with tickets to the London University, where, this afternoon, the prizes were distributed—the Earl of Carlisle presiding. From witnessing this very interesting ceremony I have just returned.

After distributing the prizes in his own peculiarly graceful and affable manner, speaking some words of praise and encouragement to every proud and blushing winner of academical honours, Lord Carlisle spoke at some length, eloquently and nobly. He was followed by the lord mayor, and by Joseph Hume, a fine specimen of a true-souled old man. The latter complimented Lord Carlisle as "a noble who ennobles nobility."

In the conversation during his morning call, his lordship spoke of our country with apparently most pleasant recollections of his visit. He expressed a deep interest in the great problem, that solemn question of our age and land—slavery. He was reading, he said, a book which bore upon this subject, and which impressed him most powerfully, both as an unanswerable argument against slavery, and as a work of genius. He added, that the style and the story were so fascinating, that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could lay it down before finishing it. Of course, it was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which is creating an immense sensation in England.

I have spent a delightful evening with Mary Howitt—a charming, true-hearted woman, as she has unconsciously written herself down in her books. The poet Alaric Watts was present, and the

painter Margaret Gillies. Mary Howitt the younger, a beautiful, natural girl, is an artist of rare talent and poetic spirit. I have also met the authoress Mrs. Crowe, a very interesting and genial person, who, if she has a "night side" to her "nature," never turns it on her friends.

July 7.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 1st we set forth to witness the prorogation, which was to take place at two o'clock. Yet, though so early, we found others before us, and were obliged to wait in our carriage for more than half-an-hour before we could enter the House of Lords. I found that my seat was one most desirable, both for seeing the brilliant assembly and the august ceremony: it was near the throne, yet commanded a view of every part of the splendid chamber.

The gallery was soon filled with ladies, all in full dress, jewels, flowers, and plumes. Many of the seats of the peers were also filled by their noble wives and fair daughters, most superbly and sweetly arrayed. O, the glory of those gorgeous brocades, rivaling the blue of Italian skies, the green of English fields, the bloom of Cashmere's roses, the purple and gold of American sunsets! O, the exquisite beauty of flowers, fit to make Flora die of envy, and outdoing Nature in a thousand unimaginable forms! O, the soft, drooping downiness of costly plumes! O, the proud flashing, the inestimable splendour, of old hereditary jewels—the sapphire, which seems to enshrine some serene, celestial soul—the emerald, restless with some imprisoned spirit of the "vasty deep"—pearls of such liquid purity as the white-beaded foam shaken from the locks of Venus—rubies of a joyous, luscious richness, like wine-drippings from the goblet of Bacchus—garnets of a deep, dark, less festive than sorrowful hue, as they were hardened blood-drops from the heart of Niobe—and diamonds, giving out a haughty, regal gleam, as they were frozen tears from angered Juno's eyes.

As a matter of course, I saw many of the fairest specimens of English aristocracy—women of strong and healthful yet delicate and elegant organization—women of refined expression and high-bred air, whose noble blood showed itself not alone in their proudly-borne heads and delicate hands, but was eloquent in every motion. But, as a faithful chronicler, I must add that there were some, whom, were it not for their wearing the titles and coronets of ladies, an "outside barbarian," like myself, would be in danger of confounding with the vulgar herd—some who neither wore their ladyhood regnant on their brows, nor revealed its softness and grace in manner and movement; so it is well that the "Red Book" is explicit on the point of their claims. Among those conspicuous for elegance and loveliness were the young Duchess of Northumberland, and Lady Clementina Villiers, the famous court beauty. That most magnificent of matrons, the Duchess of Sutherland, was not present. Towards one o'clock the peers began to come in fast, clad in their crimson robes of state. They are a noble and refined-looking set of men, taken as a whole; but

some there are so decidedly plebeian in the outward, one, on beholding them, recalls old stories of cradle exchanges, or feels amazed at the measureless assurance of Nature, in fashioning of common clay vessels of such honour—in making the patrician flesh and blood so marvellously like the beef-fed *physique* of the people. The Duke of —— has a rotundity of figure, and a full-bloodedness and full-mooniness of face, more aldermanic than majestic. But few eyes dwelt on His Grace, when there slowly entered, at the left of the throne, a white-haired old man, pale and spare, bowed with years and honours, the hero of many battles in many lands, the conqueror of conquerors, *the Duke!* Leaning on the arm of the fair Marchioness of Douro, he stood, or rather tottered, before us—the grandest ruin in England. He presently retired to don his ducal robes and join the royal party at the entrance by the Victoria tower. The pious bishops, in their sumptuous sacerdotal robes, made a goodly show before an ungodly world. The judges came, in their black gowns, and in all the venerable absurdity of their enormous wigs. Mr. Justice Talfourd, the poet, a small, modest-looking man, was quite extinguished by his. The foreign ministers assembled, nation after nation, making, when standing or seated together, a most peculiar and picturesque group. More gorgeous richness and variousness of costume I never beheld. They shone in all colours, and dazzled with stars, and orders, and jewel-hilted swords. The red Greek cap, richly wrought with gold, sat jauntingly on olive brows and raven locks; while high above all towered the ugly black hats of the Persian envoys. Our minister, Mr. Lawrence, was dressed with a quiet, simple elegance, becoming the representative of a republic.

In the gallery, near me, sat the little Indian princess lately admitted into the English church, with the Queen for a sponsor. She is a pretty, bright-looking child, and was then literally loaded with jewels. Opposite her sat the handsome and ponderous prince, her father, Said Pacha. He was magnificently dressed—girded about with a superb India shawl; and diamonds, for the least of which many a hard-run Christian would sell his soul, gleamed about his swart brow, like stars amid dusky evening clouds.

Lord Redesdale took his seat on the woolsack, and some business was despatched in a hurried and indistinct way. Soon after two o'clock, the guns announced the arrival of the royal procession, and in a few moments the entire house rose silently to receive Her Majesty. The Queen was conducted by Prince Albert, and accompanied by all the great officers of state. The long train, borne by ladies, gentlemen, and pages, gave a certain stateliness to the short, plump little person of the fair sovereign, and she bore herself with much dignity and grace. Prince Albert, it is evident, has been eminently handsome, but is now getting stout, and is a little bald. Yet he is a man of right noble presence. Her Majesty is in fine preservation, and really a pretty and lovable-looking woman. I think I never saw anything sweeter than her smile of recognition, given to some of her friends in the

gallery—to the little Indian princess in especial. There is much in her face of pure womanliness and simple goodness; yet it is by no means wanting in animated intelligence. In short, after seeing her, I can well understand the loving loyalty of the people, and can heartily join in their prayer of “God save the Queen!”

Her Majesty wore a splendid tiara of brilliants, matched by bracelets, necklace, and stomacher. Her soft, brown hair was dressed quite plainly—rolled in the neck as for riding. Her under-dress was of white satin, striped with gold; her over-dress was, of course, of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold and ermine.

After desiring the lords to be seated, the Queen commanded that her “faithful Commons” should be summoned. The members of the lower house are only allowed a narrow, ignoble space, railed off from the chamber, under the gallery, opposite the throne. Into this they soon came, hurrying, and tumbling, with a sad want of aristocratic dignity and parliamentary decorum. While the speaker was reading his formal speech, I looked round upon the scene, striving to stamp it indelibly upon my memory. The vast chamber itself, gorgeous in crimson and gold, frescoes rich and historic, carving exquisite beyond description, the pride and loveliness of England’s aristocracy, with the emblems of its exhaustless wealth, splendidly attired and decorated officers of state, of the army, and of the royal household, grouped about the throne, and *her* upon the throne.

Throughout the reading of the speech, Her Majesty listened with a cold, quiet manner, sitting perfectly motionless, even to her fingers and eyelids. The Iron Duke, standing at her left, bent and trembled slightly, supporting, with evident difficulty, the ponderous sword of state. Prince Albert, sitting, tall and soldier-like, in his handsome field marshal’s uniform, looked nonchalant and serene, and only needed his meerschau to make up a perfect picture of German placidity. The Earl of Derby held the crown on its crimson cushion, gracefully, like an accomplished waiter presenting an ice. That crown smote on the eye with its intolerable brightness. The wondrous costly jewels seemed to throb with life, the undying life of light. O immortal stones, on how many scenes like this have ye looked, with your cold gleaming eyes, mocking alike the proud flash in the bold eyes of mighty kings, and the smiling light in the gentle eyes of fair queens—mocking, indeed, all the passing power, and the perishing glory ye are meant to adorn and emblazon, and the mournful mortality, the deathward throbbing, of the brows ye encircle!

After the reading of this speech, certain bills were read to Her Majesty for her assent; which she gave each time with a gracious bow, shaking sparkles from her diamond tiara in dewdrops of light. At every token of royal acquiescence, a certain personage, whom I took for a herald, bowed low towards the Queen, then performed a similar obeisance towards the Commons, crying, in a harsh, an utterly indescribable voice, “*La Reine le veut.*” This ceremony gone through with, the lord chancellor, kneeling at the foot of the throne, presented a copy of the royal speech to the

Queen, which she proceeded to read in a manner perfectly simple, yet dignified, and in a voice singularly melodious and distinct. Finer reading I never heard anywhere; every syllable was clearly enunciated, and the emphasis fell with unerring precision upon the right word.

The lord chancellor having formally announced that parliament stood prorogued until the 20th of August, Her Majesty rose as majestically as could be expected of one more remarkable for rosy plumpitude than regal altitude. Prince Albert took his place at her side—the crown-bearer took his in front—the train-bearers took theirs in the rear; the royal procession formed, swept slowly forth, the brilliant house broke up and followed; and so the splendid pageant passed away—faded like a vision of poetry, or a fairy enchantment.

Most of us were obliged to wait a long time in the anteroom before we could gain the staircase where our carriages were announced, because of the mighty inward rush of the people from the corridors, eager to get a sight even of the empty chamber, so lately glorified by the presence of nobility, and sanctified by the breathings of royalty. It was in vain that gentlemanly ushers waved the official rod, and strove to preserve order—in vain the awful policemen, pale with shocked loyalty, shouted, "Make way for the peers and peeresses." The curious crowd came surging in, and the bonneted wives of citizens elbowed the coroneted wives of dukes, and tradesmen got entangled in the ermined robes of peers. One poor old man was rudely jostled against me. I looked up commiseratively into his face, and it was the Duke of Wellington! It was four o'clock ere we reached home, and yet we were by no means the last to get away.

After dinner we went to Her Majesty's Theatre to see performed "The Barber of Seville," with Madame de La Grange, a fine French singer, as *Rosina*; Signor de Bassini, as *Figaro*; and the great Lablache, as *Doctor Bartolo*. The first bass singer of the world is an enormous man—a monster of melody, who spouts up columns of sound from the "vasty deep" of his immense lungs, and whelms you in the flood.

Early on the second, one of the loveliest mornings that ever dawned, I set out, with Mr. F—— and a few choice English friends, for a day at Albury, the residence of Mr. Tupper—a poet whose manners are as popular as his works, and whose hospitality is as "proverbial" as his "philosophy." Our party consisted of Mr. F——, F—— B——, a London merchant, yet a poet, and a friend of poets, a lover and a generous patron of art, a politician of high-toned liberality, a warm-hearted man, and, what was the crown of all virtues, on an occasion like ours, an admirable humourist; Mrs. B——, his charming wife, and "little Frank," a blue-eyed, fair-haired beauty of a boy; Mr. Durham, the young sculptor, to whom we owe the noblest bust of Jenny Lind; Camilla Crosland, the delightful authoress, whom we know well under her maiden name of Toulmin; and Mr. Jerdan, or "old Jerdan," as he is familiarly called, a man of nearly seventy years,

yet retaining the joyous spirit of seventeen, one of the finest wits and most remarkable personages of his time.

From the station at Guildford we drove to Albury, about a mile, through the most delicious lanes, past streams, and little lakes—altogether one of the pleasantest drives I ever enjoyed.

Mr. Tupper's place is the very ideal home of a poet—sheltered in a lovely valley, embowered in noble trees, clambered over by vines, and illuminated with roses. The house itself is quaintly beautiful outwardly and inwardly, finished and furnished with simple elegance and much artistic taste.

O, what a golden day they made for us—our genial host, his lovely wife, and their children that *are* children! What pleasant talks we had in the library; what walks in the garden; what frolics with the little ones in the hay-field; what a merry, noisy, nonsensical time over our dinner; and what a glorious ramble through green woodland paths afterwards! O for a Joshua to have laid an injunction on the sun, which, even in England, will set at last! On our return drive we threw mournful glances on the beautiful country which had so charmed us in the morning, and grieving that we should see its face no more. We took leave of our host and his handsome little son at the station most regretfully; though I am sorry to say that some of our party were guilty of several bad puns up to the last sad moment.

On our way back to town, Mrs. Crosland—with whom, by the by, I had become deeply interested during the day—pointed out to me Ryegate, the place where Eugene Aram was usher in a school.

The day following, I again went into the country with my good friend F—, on a visit to Miss Mitford. Another morning of soft airs and surpassing beauty, as though sent to favour our homage to one of the truest poets of nature. We passed in sight of Windsor Castle, which shows gloriously even from afar. I wish I could give an idea of the peculiar gorgeous effect produced by the wild poppies in bloom along our way. The embankment of the railroad was crimson with them for miles, and seemed rushing by us like a river of blood.

We left the rail, and took an open carriage at Reading, a quaint old place, containing some venerable abbey ruins. "*Three Mile Cross*," the immortal "our village" of the sketches, is some miles from this town, but the poetess does not now reside there, having removed to a simple little cottage at *Swallowfield*, a mile or two away. We drove through "Our Village," however, and passed her old home; and every field, and lane, and house, and shop was familiar to my eye. The birds in the trees seemed singing her name over and over, and the wild roses in the hedges were breathing of her. I gazed down her favourite walks, half cheating myself with the hope that I should see her strolling under the green shadows with her lovely little friend *Lucy*, and her beautiful greyhound *Mayflower*. I looked longingly over towards Aberleigh, and sighed, that she who had made those lovely rural scenes the haunts of charmed fancy, and places of quiet delight,

and refreshment, for thousands, could herself roam over them and rejoice in them no more.

I knew when we were near Miss Mitford's home by our encountering a group of her picturesque *protégés* the gypsies, who were lounging on the turf at the entrance of a lane, sunning themselves—a careless lazy-looking set of vagabonds, who scarcely deigned to turn their faces towards us as we passed; though one dusky damsel fired up at us with her gleaming eyes, from the ambush of her black, straggling locks.

We were pained to find Miss Mitford, who has been in a feeble state of health for some years past, suffering from an attack of illness more than usually severe. Yet she did not look ill; her fine expressive face was lit with pleasant smiles, and she retained her kind, sympathetic manner, and cheerful, charming spirits to the full. Miss Mitford talks delightfully, with graphic descriptions of places and persons, free dashes at character, and a rich, delicious humour, which you relish like a dainty flavour. She has the joyous, outgushing laugh of a child, and her kindly eyes flash from under her noble brow and snowy, soft hair with all the vivacity of girlhood.

No complaining could have been half so touching as her cheerful resignation when she was told that she must not go with us to drive, a pleasure to which she had been looking forward. Feeling that she had over-exerted herself in conversation, we left her for an hour or two, while we visited Strathfieldsaye, the noble country seat of the Duke of Wellington, and drove through the extensive and beautiful grounds. The park is one of the finest in England, but the house is neither grand nor picturesque.

It was with real sorrow at my heart that I parted with Miss Mitford that evening. The excitement of the morning had worn off, and she looked pale and sad. I grieved to leave her with only her maid and man servant, devoted though they be—feeling that she, whose heart was so rich in tenderest affections, should have the near love and anxious care of at least a sister or brother about her steps. My lips quivered painfully under her parting kiss, though receiving it as the benediction of one of God's angels. I never shall forget the deep melodious fervour of her "*God bless you!*" bestowed on her well-beloved friend Mr. F—; nor her last smile cast on us both, as she stood in her door, looking after us as we drove away. Yet I was much comforted in my sadness by the thought, that ever, while England boasts a pure literature and a virtuous people, while her quiet country lanes stretch out their lovely vistas of greenery, while her hawthorn hedges blossom through the pleasant land, will the name of Mary Russell Mitford be cherished and revered.

I would not have it thought that Miss Mitford leads a solitary or dull life. I am happy to say that many of the nobility, as well as her countless literary friends, honour themselves by showing her every possible attention and kindness.

CHAPTER III.

NEWGATE.—MODEL PRISONS.—MR. DICKENS.—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.—CHARLES KEMBLE.—ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.—MR. AND MRS. HALL.—JOSEPH MAZZINI.—ALBERT SMITH.—ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—BRITISH MUSEUM.—WINDSOR CASTLE.—STAFFORD HOUSE.—BRIDGEWATER GALLERY.—MR. KINGSLEY.—A LITERARY PARTY.—ASTLEY'S.—THE DOCKS.—THE TOWER.

July 13.

ON Tuesday I dined with Sir Thomas, or Mr. Justice Talfourd, as I believe this is the higher title. The poet is a most kindly, quiet, unpretending man, and converses agreeably, though with occasional wanderings of thought, and lapses into a sort of ejaculatory dreaminess.

On Wednesday, with my good friend Mr. B—— for a *cicerone*, I visited Newgate and St. Bartholomew's Hospital. There were, comparatively, few criminals in the prison, but they were hard, Heaven-forgotten looking creatures. I think I never saw human eyes which had so lost every ray of the primal soul light, seeming to give out only a deathly, pestilential gleam from moral vile ness and corruption—faces into which all evil passions were so stamped as by the iron hoof of Satan himself. My very soul shuddered and sickened at the sight of beings seemingly so helpless, hopeless, and redemptionless; yet I dared not despair, remembering that I stood on ground hallowed by the labours of Elizabeth Fry, remembering what wonders of repentance and redemption she had all singly and silently wrought, with her holy faith, her patient endurance, and that "perfect love which casteth out fear."

Newgate is a black, gloomy place, darkened as by the thick shadows of innumerable miseries and crimes, and terrible in the array of chains, and bolts, and ponderous iron doors—where narrow stone stairways, and noisome cells, and long, low, chill passages, fill one with shivering horror. Yet this was built under the direction of Howard. Surely in nothing is the progress, the enlightenment, and the leniency of the age more marked than in prison construction and discipline. Thank Heaven for the token!

Our guide showed us into a sort of gallery, high walled and paved with dark stone—a damp, dismal, lonesome place, from which I shrank back instinctively with a chill horror, which seemed to come up from the black pavement, and creep through my very bones. It was the place where the criminals hanged at Newgate are buried. On the wall their initials are rudely cut, so that friends, if they leave any, may know on which of those ponderous flagstones to shed the bitter tears of their shame, the desolate tears of their sorrow. From visions of hurried burial scenes—where bodies, borne purple-faced from the near scaffold, were thrust into this prison charnel house, shut down into the blackness of darkness, with the shades of shame and crime keeping an eternal watch above, and not a word of pious pity, nor a sculptured prayer, not even a chubby cherub face, to exorcise demons,—my mind went back a few centuries to the gorgeous funeral obsequies of sceptred

robbers and crowned murderers, who, with slow religious state and regal pomp, were laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, under grand canopies, costly monumental effigies, heraldic signs, holy texts, and royal lavishment of praise.

The guide told us that criminals on trial for murder were conducted to and from the court through this awful passage. "What were the trial by fire *to this!*" remarked my friend. "What were treading on burning ploughshares to walking over the bones of murderers!"

The courts were in session. In one which we visited, a Chinaman was brought up in evidence, and he took the oath by solemnly breaking a saucer. If typical, in many cases an honestier than the Christian form.

From Newgate we went to the noble old hospital I have mentioned, where I was comforted by seeing the poor and suffering, the homeless and friendless, skilfully treated and tenderly cared for.

We afterwards visited the new Holloway Prison, and the Pentonville Model Prison, both of which struck me as most admirably constructed; and the latter, which alone is occupied, very wisely and mercifully managed. After Newgate, these buildings have a lofty, airy, an elegant, and almost cheerful look. The health and comfort of the convicts are here studied to a degree quite alarming to certain adherents of the old system, who cry out that all such prison reforms are setting a premium on vice; as though even baths, warm blankets, wholesome soup, and bread, were compensations for the forfeited freedom. While remarking everywhere in these institutions the perfection of order and discipline, I was yet more deeply impressed by the kindly feeling, the humane sentiments expressed by the officers; and I left the prison walls more hopeful for the criminal and for society than I entered.

On Thursday evening I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Dickens and a small party, at the pleasant house of the novelist, in Tavistock Square. Mr. Dickens is all I looked to see, in person, manner, and conversation. He is rather slight, with a fine symmetrical head, spiritedly borne, and eyes beaming alike with genius and humour. Yet, for all the power and beauty of those eyes, their changes seemed to me to be from light to light. I saw in them no profound, pathetic depths, and there was around them no tragic shadowing. But I was foolish to look for these on such an occasion, when they were very properly left in the author's study, with pens, ink, and blotting-paper, and the last written pages of "Bleak House." Mrs. Dickens is a very charming person—in character and manner truly a gentlewoman; and such of the children as I saw seemed worthy to hand down to coming years the beauty of the mother and the name of the father. Mr. Dickens looks in admirable health and spirits, and good for at least twenty more charming serials. That, should he furnish to the world yet more than that number of his inimitable romances, they would be as fresh and attractive as those which had gone before, I have no doubt, from the confirmed impression I have of the exhaustlessness

of his genius, and of the infiniteness of variety in English character, of phases in English life.

Mr. Dickens's style of living is elegant and tasteful, but in no respect ostentatious, or out of character with his profession or principles. I was glad to see that his servants wore no livery.

Next to me at table sat Walter Savage Landor—a glorious old man, full of fine poetic thought and generous enthusiasm for liberty. Opposite sat Charles Kemble and his daughter Adelaide, Madame Sartoris. At the other end of the table were Herr Devrient, the great German actor, Barry Cornwall and his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Basil Montague.

Charles Kemble is a grand-looking old man, animated and agreeable in conversation, and preserving to a wonderful degree his enthusiasm for a profession around which he and his have thrown so much of glory. In Adelaide Sartoris you recognise at a glance one of that royal family of Kemble, born to rule, with a power and splendour unsurpassable, the realm of tragic art.

Herr Devrient is a handsome, Hamlet-ish man, with a melancholy refinement of voice, face, and manner, touching and poetic to a degree, though not quite the thing for a pleasant evening party. Yet I must confess I caught myself more than once turning from the lively pleasantries of agreeable acquaintances to regard the thoughtful beauty of his face, and speculate upon its dreamy sadness.

During the evening, Madame Sartoris sang several ballads in a magnificent manner, with a dramatic expression, and a sweetness, strength, and wealth of voice I never knew surpassed. She did not astonish us with curious vocal feats; she did not frolic with her voice like a child, nor warble idly and capriciously like a bird. She sang like the woman she is, out of the depths of a strong, impassioned nature, giving full, melodious utterance to great human affections. She sang with a power and a purpose, a heart-searching passion, only less indescribable than the wondrous changes of expression, the lights chasing shadows, the shadows deepening into night, then flashing into morning over her face.

During this evening, Mr. Dickens spoke to me with much interest and admiration of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Hawthorne. Wherever I go, my national pride is gratified by hearing eloquent tributes to these authors, and to the poet Longfellow. The memorials of Margaret Fuller have also created a sensation here. Carlyle says, "Margaret was a great creature; but you have no full biography of her yet. We want to know what time she got up in the morning, and what sort of shoes and stockings she wore."

Thus far my experience of English life and character has been pleasant—altogether pleasant. Hospitality more generous and cordial, kindness more constant, warm, and considerate, it were quite impossible to conceive. Oh, tenderly do they deal with the stranger's heart! Most sweetly do they strive to console it for the lost home-joys, the deep, dear affections left behind.

Before I left home, I talked bravely of the great plunge into the cold bath of the world which I was about to take—of the new life of entire independence and self-reliance before me. My lip sometimes quivered, and I laughed hysterically as I pictured myself as “the strong-minded woman” abroad, but none could know the cowardly sinking and sickness of my heart through all. Yet thus far have I taken not one lonely and unsupported step. No sooner had I reached the far foreign land which had so appalled me, than I found myself so hemmed in with kindness, so guarded and guided by friendly care, that there was, and is, imminent danger of my becoming more babyishly dependent than ever. People on whose good offices I had not the least legitimate claim—mere friends of my friends—rival in assiduous kindness, parents, brothers, and sisters, and quite outdo and put to shame all more distant blood relationship whatever.

I am at present visiting in the family of Dr. J. Laurie, a distinguished physician of the homœopathic school—a man of fine scientific and literary attainments, and politically of liberal principles. He is a true Scot, and his bonnie wife was a Scotch lassie. She, in her quiet unselfishness, in simplicity and earnest truthfulness of character, as well as in shrewd judgment and sterling sense, reminds me of Jeanie Deans. These, with their sweet young children, have made much of my happiness in London—have softened this new, strange life of hurry and excitement, with home pleasures and loving sympathy.

English servants are, in their way, a most admirable class—going quietly about their duties with a perfection of system and a thorough respectfulness, a dignified humility of manner, quite new and wonderful to an American. I allude, of course, to those in private families; domestics, waiters in hotels and coffee-houses, are a different class altogether. Yet I have heard an amusing story of more than Yankee coolness and independence displayed by one of the pampered retainers of a high dignitary of the church. The faithful, old-fashioned man-servant of a country clergyman, on a visit to the Archbishop of York, told his master that, while sitting one morning in the servants' hall, a bell was rung violently. Near him a richly-livried footman was lounging in an easy chair, with his heels as high as his head,—for all the world like an American Congressman legislating at his ease,—and from this comfortable position he budged not an inch at the importunate summons above mentioned. “What!” cried the primitive and provincial serving-man, “don't you answer the drawing-room bell?” “Not unless they *persewere*,” was the cool response of his footmanship.

Thus far I have dealt more with the people than the sights of London. The town itself is such a stupendous subject, that I really know not where to grappel on to it. A few days since, Dr. Laurie drove me round all the fashionable squares, and through Hyde Park to Kensington Gardens, where we had a charming stroll. During this drive, I saw all the finest town residences of the nobility and gentry. They are noble, massive

buildings, but by no means all of great elegance or architectural beauty. The fashionable squares enclose small parks, in each of which may be found a towering statue—some royal rigidity, or ducal petrification, stretching a mouldy sceptre over the gravel walks, or rearing eternally on a furious steed. Regent-street is most magnificent. I think I have never seen anything finer than the grand circular sweep it takes. Oxford-street is also very handsome.

Town and city, as well as country, have been full of scenes of excitement during the late elections. These, as far as I was able to see, were not a great way behind our own in animated interest and noisy demonstration.

The liberal party are quite hopeful, I believe, and confidently state that the Premier is soon to rest from his labours, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to hang his jewsharp on the willows.

We are having terribly hot weather here, and showery England is belying its reputation. The united voice of the people is for rain. *Appropos*: they tell a story here of the late Duke of Cambridge, who had a habit of responding with peculiar heartiness to any congenial sentiment uttered in public meetings, and even in church service. During a very dry season, as a prayer for rain was being solemnly read by the minister, his royal highness called out, in the emphatic and reiterative style of his illustrious house, "By all means, by all means, by all means!" then added, in a lower, but still distinct tone, "We shall not have rain, however, till the wind changes."

July 21.

At an evening party I lately met the authoress of the charming novels, "Olive," and "The Head of the Family." Miss Muloch is an Irishwoman, about twenty-five, *petite* and pretty. In manner she is quiet and gentle, while her smile and her voice have a sort of dreamy sweetness about them very peculiar, and in a lionised authoress surely most agreeable for its unexpectedness.

A memorable day last week was spent with the Halls, at their lovely country residence. With a soft and cloudlessly beautiful heaven above, and all the leafy and flowery glories of an English summer beneath and around—with a charming, rambling, picturesque house, which was like a fairy palace of poetry and art—and above all, with such a host and hostess, I should have been utterly, childishly happy, but for the one shadow which ever falls on the path of the wanderer—the one sadness which haunts the heart of the stranger,—the yearning want of some loved presence—the weary pain of a lost companionship.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall have revealed the tone of their minds and the tenor of their lives through their books with a beautiful, unconscious truthfulness. The fine wit and humour, and wide knowledge of life, which give so much of richness and spirit to their inimitable sketches of Irish character, flow into and impart a peculiar charm to conversation and manner; while the refined tastes of artist and poet are manifest in all their home surroundings,

blending in countless forms of beauty, and taking strange freaks and quaintnesses of fancy.

Of our party that day was the authoress of "Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside"—a fair Scotchwoman, not over twenty-two, a modest, quiet, lovable person, who seems far from having made up her mind to admit the fact of her own genius. Having wakened one morning to find herself famous, she believes the world to be labouring under some strange delusion, and accounts herself an immensely-overrated little woman, after all.

On the day succeeding this visit I first saw Joseph Mazzini,—I had brought a letter to him from his friend Kossuth,—and he spent a generous part of the morning with us. Mazzini is not a large man, though taller, I should say, than Kossuth; he is slight in person, and extremely pale. His head is one of the grandest I have ever seen; his eyes have the true southern depth of darkness and gleam of passionate fire, yet are softened with poetic feeling, and are pathetic with all their power. They are darkly shadowed as by great sorrows and weary watchings. To give an idea of the high, generous thought, the noble aspirations, the enthusiasm and eloquence, to which we were charmed listeners that morning, I have only to say that Mazzini talks as he writes.

On Saturday evening we attended Albert Smith's new entertainment, "The Ascent of Mont Blanc." So delighted was I with the wit, the fine graphic spirit, the charming humour of the bold tourist, and the rare beauty of his panoramic illustrations, that I fear I almost made myself ridiculous by my uncontrollable expressions of enthusiasm and pleasure. Yet I think those around me held me excused, and that our entertainer himself would have pronounced no harsh judgment upon me. I know not whether I had most delight in the tourist's wondrous power of description, which bears you with him from Chamouni's quiet vale, up—up—into the awful Alpine solitudes—the solemn eternity of snows—up, till you hear the avalanches thunder from the far peaks, and look into the yawning fissures, the icy sepulchres of some who have gone before—up, up, till you stand with him on that stupendous dome of ice, and behold mountains, and seas, and kingdoms below, and nothing of all the earth between you and God—or in that daring, delicious wit, which must have way even amid the sternest Alpine grandeurs, as the gay sunshine plays over the glaciers, and slides down their fearfullest abyasses.

On Sunday morning we attended service in the old Temple Church, a rarely beautiful building, but chiefly interesting for its late wonderful restoration. At the time of Cromwell, the curiously painted walls and roof, the fine tessellated pavement, and the elegant marble pillars were thickly covered with cement, for concealment and preservation. Thus they remained until a few years since, when they were discovered by accident, and restored at an immense cost.

After service, we strolled through the Zoological Gardens, where we saw, I suppose, about the finest collection of animals in the world. I wish I could dash off a sketch of her stupendous majesty the

great elephantess, with the clumsy little prince royal, the calf elephant, as they appeared when enjoying themselves in their bath; and of his royal highness the great camelopard, as he stood stretching his interminable neck over the railing, impertinently watching them in their recreation. The rhinoceros revelling in his mud, and the hippopotamus rolling lazily in the water, are also a pair of "beautiful pictures to hang on memory's wall."

As the apes stretched out their paws to us through the bars of their cages, begging for nuts and crackers, I shuddered with a new disgust—they were so fearfully like the squalid little human beggars along London streets. How I loathed them for their horrible mockery of humanity!

I saw the lions, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, and hyenas, at their feeding-time. Each dined off an undressed rabbit; a mere tidbit, one would say, to their savage capacities. They did not devour their delicate morsels at once, in hungry haste, but, though trembling through all their mighty fibres with a fierce relish, they prolonged the palpitating pleasure by licking every drop of blood from the little creatures, and daintily playing with them. As the keeper repassed, and struck with his pole on the bars of their cages, they opened upon him, with the true lion and tiger spirit, as fierce and untamed as it ever roared through Numidian forests, or howled out of an Indian jungle; while live flames shot from their eyes, revealing the unquenchable and ineradicable hell of ferocity in their blood-nurtured natures. Yet there is a terrible grandeur about the creatures, even at feeding-time, which fascinates me. The old lion looked royal, even when sucking out the still-beating heart of the poor rabbit, glaring at his keeper the while, as Napoleon might have glared on his hated governor at St. Helena. There were beauty and wild grace in the attitude of the velvety pard, for all the stealthy murder crouching there. I gazed on them so long that lions were roaring through my sleep, leopards stealing softly on my dreams, and tigers glaring at me through the bed-curtains, all night long.

Monday we spent some hours at the British Museum. This sight is one of my despairs. It is a world of wonders—an eternity of curiosities. The Elgin marbles and other ancient statuary were not to me all I expected them to be—or rather, the woeful unsuitableness of the place for such grand fragments of art, the want of all their natural surroundings, made the sight almost as painful as pleasurable. And yet I had hardly realized that the olden, immortal grace could so triumph over mutilation and decay, and compel the homage of even the inartistic gazer, as it does through these defaced and dilapidated divinities, these armless Graces and legless heroes, these tailless horses and headless riders. So noble are those forms in the great power yet perfect symmetry of their full physical development, so free in action, so grand in repose, so beautiful in half-barbaric grace, that one sighs at the thought of a humanity so glorious having passed away, and sees a sort of sublime pathos in the long struggle of Art with Ruin and Time, to preserve for it even this broken immortality.

Among the old manuscripts and autographs are sights to hurry one's heartbeats, and make the eager soul look through one's eyes with a childlike earnestness and reverence, rare enough in our every-day life. I had not believed it possible that I could be agitated at merely looking on words traced by the hand of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Luther, John Knox, Charles "the martyr," Hampden, Cromwell, Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Jane Grey, and others of England's, of the world's, immortals. I never could account for the effect which the autographs of genius produce upon our minds, except by belief that something of the soul, of the spiritual presence lingers about them—an influence which we feel by some inner sense, yet but dimly comprehend.

After leaving the Museum, we visited the exhibition at the Royal Academy and the National Gallery. At the first, there were one or two noble modern pictures, which charmed my heart and chained my feet before them; and at the latter, I revelled in my first joy in the glorious conceptions and almost miraculous art of the great masters. Murillo's Saint John seemed to me the divinest of all; but there was one of his Madonnas so saintly beautiful in the tranced joy of her divine maternity, that I felt my knees giving way beneath me, obedient to the instinct of adoration.

Yesterday I went with some American friends to Windsor Castle and Virginia Water. It was a day to be marked with a white stone, as having left on my heart only sunbright recollections. Windsor Castle is nobler and finer every way than I expected to find it; truly a most regal residence—the nursery, the stronghold, the temple of kingliness. While these high places of royalty, gorgeous with the wealth and venerable with the memories of ages, stand forth as the pride and glory of England, and the shrines of romance and poetry for all nations, it seems to me that the institution of monarchy is safe and steadfast—pillared by the sacredness of the past, the admiration and imagination of the present, the involuntary loyalty of the world. The question of "What would they do with their palaces?" never presented itself seriously to my mind at home, in connection with the thought of the possible republicanisation of England; yet here it comes with staggering force against any such political air castle.

We had an order which took us through both the state and private apartments, all of which are beautiful and gorgeous beyond my poor powers of description. The private rooms have the most of a home look, if that dear, familiar word can be applied to anything so magnificent. The long corridor is decorated with some fine portraits, among which I was glad to see that of Scott. Of the rest, the most interesting were a series of paintings commemorative of the principal events in the life of Victoria. Thus far, she has been pretty thoroughly painted. Her Majesty's breakfast parlour is hung with Winterhalter's famous portraits of herself and Prince Albert, and with pictures of the royal children—taken altogether, a very handsome family. From this

room, which looks out upon the terrace, there is a lovely view of the park. In short, whatever way the eye glanced, it met only beauty, and luxury, and splendour; and I could but wonder how those favoured ones, born to the grandeurs and pleasures of such high estate, could bring themselves to submit to the inevitable decrees of nature, and die with decent resignation—come meekly down from the throne to the coffin, go humbly forth from the gay palace halls to the dark and narrow house of the dead. Yet we must believe that the kingly crown often presses too tightly around throbbing brows, till every gem seems to shoot a separate torture into the brain—that the woman's heart often aches sharply under the queenly ermine—that the heirs to thrones are also heirs to all the ills of humanity—that the burden of mortality weighs more and more heavily upon them, till they, like the poor wayfarers of life, stretch their tired arms yearningly towards God's rest. In the solemn old chapel of Windsor there is a beautifully-sculptured cenotaph to the memory of the Princess Charlotte, representing her in the attitude in which she died—the death struggle just arrested, and all its fearful agony stiffening into her limbs. The light sheet which wraps her body, covers her face, but only to reveal it with more terrible distinctness to the eye of imagination. I shuddered and recoiled with horror, as though from the brink of an abyss, when I found myself standing over the dust of Charles the First.

The drive through the Great Park to Virginia Water, and the long, delicious ramble through those enchanting grounds, are they not written in the pleasantest chronicles of memory? This sweet summer place was the darling work of that princely pleurist, George the Fourth. He was a spendthrift, a voluptuary, an unfilial son, a bad husband, an indifferent father—a sad fellow in many respects; but he had exquisite taste; there's no denying it.

I must not forget to record, with due gratitude and just appreciation, that the retainers, both at Windsor Castle and Virginia Water, are forbidden by Her Majesty to receive any fee from visitors. O, long may she reign!

July 30.

The afternoon following my last writing I visited Stafford House and the Bridgewater Gallery with Lord Carlisle, who kindly proffered his pleasant guidance—an illustrious *cicerone*. Stafford House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland, is externally a building of no remarkable aspect, though of noble dimensions; but internally, it is beautiful and gorgeous in the extreme—decorated and furnished with a perfection of art and a refinement of taste which soften the glare of splendour, and give a poetic grandeur, an ideal grace, to the lavishness of untold riches. There is everywhere a meaning in the magnificence, a purpose in the princely display, which justify them, at least to the artistic sense, and to the love of luxury inherent in human nature. Everywhere you recognise the beautiful inspirations of feminine genius for order, adaptation, and arrangement. Were I *en fait* in matters of architecture and upholstery, which I surely am not, I might

give some idea of the exquisite finishing and furnishment of some of the rooms I saw. One I shall never forget; it is small and simply beautiful, peculiarly fresh and summer like, from its decorations of water lilies. The carpet under your feet is flowered with this sweet wonder of aquatic loveliness, this floral Venus Aphrodite, this censer of purest fragrance, swung by the water nymphs under the waves. It hangs above us in lamps, and through the large window we see it shining near, in the form of a fountain.

Stafford House is not so rich in painting and statuary as some London mansions; yet it has many charming pictures, and the walls of one noble apartment are enriched by several Murillos. I must confess to an absorbing admiration of Murillo's Virgins. They have not the meek-eyed fairness, the innocent, ignorant, lamb-like saintliness of the Madonnas of the Italian masters; but they have a rich, dark-blooded life, a luscious ripeness of beauty, joined to the deep fervour and high rapture of devotion, infinitely more impressive to me. With beings whose pulses throb with the spring fulness of healthful and beautiful life,—whose senses are all open to the flood tide of human passions,—with natures formed for love and luxury, pleasure and power, holiness is of some worth, because bought with a price, and the saintly glory tenfold more glorious for the heroic renunciation which went before. Therefore do I love the Madonnas of Murillo, for their glowing and gorgeous womanhood—not sinless born, not saintly because of a passionless organization, but sanctified by election to the divine maternity—with all the languid fires of loving eyes turned heavenward, kindled in holy aspirations, and the sighs of passion changed to prayers. So rich and splendid is the character of their beauty, that sometimes on looking at one, you might fancy her heathen Cytherea turned Christian, with all her roguish Loves changed into smiling Cherubs—except that they have all profounder depth and nobler breadth of life than any Venus. Other pictures may touch my heart or exalt my spirit more; but Murillo's throng my pulses with a peculiar passionate emotion.

There are many admirable modern paintings at Stafford House, chiefly portraits; among which are the most celebrated pictures of the magnificent Duchess of Sutherland. Hers is a beauty so peerless and perfect, that Time himself has revered it, and ever left some new majestic grace where he stole away a youthful bloom. She is a woman worthy to have sat to the Spanish prince of painters, to have had her loveliness wedded in immortality with Murillo's art. The youngest daughter of the house, the Lady Constance Grosvenor (name of Marquis of Westminster), is exceedingly lovely; but her beauty is delicate and tender, not of the rich and regal type of her noble mother.

From Stafford House we went to Bridgewater House, which is near by, to see the fine collection of pictures belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, and known as the Bridgewater Gallery. The first thing which met the eye, on entering the grand hall, was Foley's beautiful marble group of Ino and the infant Bacchus. The glass

roof above the great hall is set with prisms, so that as the effulgent sunlight bathed the fair Ino in all the gorgeous primal colours, she seemed like a descended Iris, *couchante* upon the flowery earth. I know not what is before me, but I do not believe I shall see anything in ancient sculpture more graceful than the uplifted right arm of Ino, holding the grapes above the eager-mouthed Bacchus.

Lord Carlisle, perhaps a little unwisely, led me first to the Raphaels, of which there are four—three Holy Families, and one Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms. That moment swung wide before me the gates of a new, a higher world of art—but I as yet stand upon the threshold, half dazzled by the interior brightness. To Raphael it seems no poetic extravagance, no sacrilegious enthusiasm, to apply the term *divine*. I cannot conceive how one can look on his pictures long enough to get at their soul without believing him to have been often visited with celestial inspirations; that, by close and holy communion with Heaven, he obtained the secrets of creative power—and that thus visions of transcendent purity, of seraphic loveliness and divine beatitude, were vouchsafed to him. So peculiarly pure and peaceful is the atmosphere of his works, that one half believes them canopied by angel wings. The holiness of the pictures of which I have spoken is the more impressive from its contrast with the splendid sensuousness and sumptuousness of Titian's Diana and her Nymphs interrupted at the Bath by Actæon; Diana and Calisto; Venus rising from the Sea. Titian, it seems to me, was essentially a heathen painter, revelling in all the refinements of natural and physical beauty, his highest raptures seldom rising above the half-sensual, half-poetic joys of Olympus, and his noblest visions taking in but the nude graces and entrancing beauties of goddesses and nymphs. His colouring is so wondrously soft, yet rich and radiant, his figures are of such surpassing grace and voluptuous loveliness, that I should suppose the young, passionate, and impassible, must, in gazing on them long, feel the moral sense grow bewildered, and reel with the intoxication of their subtle sensuality. How different is it with the works of Raphael, over which the religious master's reverent genius threw a calm and heavenly purity! Of the Holy Families of Raphael in the Ellesmere collection, I like best the one known as La Belle Vierge, in which the young St. John is paying homage to the Saviour. The Virgin here is worthy of the high office to which she was called—a tenderly majestic figure, and beautiful beyond compare. She is standing with the youthful Jesus before her. The young St. John is a most glorious figure. As he stands, slightly bent, before his Master, the rich, brown hue of his complexion contrasted with the golden-haired fairness of the Redeemer, with his dark face kindled with the rapt joy of loving adoration, no humble kneeling, no prone prostration, no meek kissing of the feet could express, such fealty, such reverence, such acceptance and worship. Not the eyes and the smile alone, but every line and curve of the beauteous form, utters "*My Lord and*

my God!" Then the tender, unconscious sovereignty, the gentle, almost shy, acceptance of homage, the budding divinity of the young Christ, are wondrous to behold. I cannot like the St. Joseph in this picture; he seems to me an ungracious old man, devoid of true venerableness. There is a Palma Vecchio in this collection which I like, especially for the St. Joseph, who is younger and handsomer than any other I have seen. Why the husband of Mary should be made such a grizzly-bearded old patriarch of, I never could conceive. It certainly strikes the unartistic as a most unsuitable alliance. I lingered long before Domenichino's Christ bearing his Cross, and Vision of St. Francis; a Landscape by Claude Lorraine, and one by Salvator Rosa; a Virgin and Child, by Correggio; Christ on the Cross, by Annibal Caracci; and Guido Reni's Assumption of the Virgin. Albert Cuypp's Landing of Prince Maurice at Dordt would of itself fill a room with sunlight and splendour; and the great Marine View of Turner you cannot gaze on without feeling the roll of heavy seas, the rush of sprayey winds—without hearing the rattling of cordage, the surge of sails, and the wild tumult of the surrounding storm. Paul De la Roche's superb and most pathetic picture of Charles the First in the Guard Room almost made me a loyalist, and an execrator of my roughhewn hero, Cromwell. The majestic yet mournful serenity, the martyr-like patience, with which the poor King receives the brutal insults of the soldiers of the Parliament, and the bitter grief and powerless indignation of his two faithful followers, are alike heartbreaking. There are many fine pictures in this collection by the Dutch and Flemish masters; but they do not impress me very deeply, or exalt me above a wondering admiration at their richness of colouring and perfection of detail. I looked at them all curiously, with frequent exclamations of delight, but turned from them at last unsatisfied, and with a yearning at my heart which led me back to stand silent and subdued before my Raphael, my St. John.

While lingering there, I observed Lord Carlisle greet, with much cordiality, a slight, pale, refined, clerical-looking man, who stood near us. After a few moments' conversation, his Lordship introduced this gentleman to me as the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke." I did not meet him without emotion: for I had been most deeply impressed by the power and purpose, the terrible earnestness, of his writings, the heart-crushing pathos, the fearful vividness of his pictures of misery, of the mortal desperation of the struggle of the poor with want and wretchedness, and all the horrible shapes of sin and despair. You see few indications of the impassioned strength of Mr. Kingsley's genius in his countenance or conversation. He is quiet in the extreme, even while talking of art like an artist and a poet. I should think his mental life inwardly intense, rather than outwardly demonstrative, except through the pen. He spoke of America with much interest, and with fine appreciation of the spirit of her institutions.

By the way, I meet with very few instances of that ignorance

of and indifference towards our country which I was told to expect in England. The only things which cause me to bite my lip occasionally, with merriment, not vexation, are a certain display of geographical knowledge, which puts me to my trumps, and an overplus of patronising praise. Yet a gentleman did say to me lately, in the coolest manner possible, "Has not civilization advanced farther in the New England than in the other states of your Union?" It was quite a new sensation to find myself classed as "an outside barbarian;" for I was obliged to acknowledge that I was no New Englander. I must say that I am not altogether pleased by the manner in which American slavery is spoken of here. People either darkly allude to it, as though fearfully touching on some family disgrace, in your presence, or come down upon it, and all concerned in it, with merciless execration, and seem to think it might be done away with easily, speedily, with all its evils and enormities; that it is but an ugly excrescence on the social life, which may be quietly lopped off at pleasure, and not what we know it to be, a deep-seated cancer, near the vitals of the Union itself—difficult and perilous to eradicate, though more perilous far if left alone. Such as at home consider me a fanatic would smile to hear me in England, not defending slavery or slaveholders,—Heaven forbid!—but demanding that simple justice should be done, and patience exercised, towards us as a nation; and reminding our judges that a like evil and sin is not a half century's remove from their own doors. Yet I would not have you think that this subject is always or often treated in a way to give me pain. There are many who have brought great powers of thought to bear upon it, as one of the deepest problems of the age—who give us their most generous sympathy and magnanimous judgment; and comparatively few are they who err in this matter, through want of reflection, or from "zeal without knowledge."

One day last week I joined some friends in a pleasure excursion on the Thames, got up by some of the city authorities—Mr. Francis Bennoch presiding. We went up the river on a beautiful barge, moving to fine music, as far as Twickenham, where we were for some hours moored opposite Pope's villa. We had dancing, a sumptuous dinner, toasts, sentiments, and speeches—altogether a charming time.

The shores of the Thames are beautiful, not for any remarkable picturesqueness of natural scenery, but for their admirable cultivation, and a succession of noble country seats. Richmond Hill is the finest point I saw, and that commands one of the finest views in England. But every spot in sight had been rendered classic ground by the genius of Pope, Thomson, and indeed of nearly all the elegant English writers of the last century and a half. It stirred up old memories to glance into the shadowy grotto of Pope. I almost looked to see the crooked and gallant poet come forth, handing out the lovely and mocking Lady Mary. I would hardly have been startled to have seen the brilliant trifler, Walpole, walking daintily across the lawn, or Thomson lounging lazily

under a tree at Richmond, or the charming Kitty Clive driving past.

I have been visiting in Chelsea for the week past, for the sake of quiet and repose. Here it is almost as quiet as the country at night, and would be during the day, but for the usual suburban superabundance of noisy infancy next door, and an hourly liability to the visitations of pertinacious "Punch and Judy" men and hopeful hurdy-gurdy women below the front windows. Near us is a large warehouse of second-hand furniture, where I yesterday observed a downy-bearded David and his blushing Dora making their prudent purchases. There one can buy everything—from frying-pans to mirrors, from kitchen chairs to family portraits. Ay, they will most irreverently knock you down, venerable gentlemen in perukes and powder, and stately dames in ruffs and farthingales. There are plenty of these worthy old people to be had at various depôts of this kind in London; so when you go to house-keeping you can easily furnish yourself with a few ancestors, at a very moderate price, and warranted respectable.

Tuesday afternoon and evening were spent with a delightful party at Mr. B——'s pleasant place, Blackheath. Among the guests were the Croslands, the Mackays—the hearty, generous-spirited poet and his beautiful wife—Miss Pardoe, a very charming person,—Sir Henry Bishop, the composer,—Dr. Kinkel, the German patriot, and his wife, who played an heroic part in his escape from Germany—an interesting and accomplished lady, who touches the piano with rare skill, and sings with peculiar sweetness, though with tones of mournful meaning, and all the vain home-sickness of the exile sighing through her voice.

This morning I went again to the Bridgewater Gallery, chiefly to see my blessed St. John and the beautiful child Jesus. This afternoon I have been listening to the grand, inspiring talk of Mazzini; and with a prayer that the glorious land of the divine painter and the patriot hero may yet be free, I go to my sleep.

August 6.

On Monday evening last, my passion for horse-flesh and some mirthful recollections of Bon Gaultier's ballads of the ring led me to suggest Astley's to the kind friends who were enquiring what we should have next in the way of amusement. The building is very fine for the purpose, but the audience on this night was neither large nor select; indeed, it was the lowest and noisiest house I ever looked down upon and up at, for the pit and gallery held nearly all. It was an odd sight to me to see baskets of cakes and oranges, and cans of beer carried about between the acts; to see old men and women, such as with us are never seen out, except it be at church or prayer-meeting, young men in their working dress, and their wives and babies in arms, all eating and drinking, and having a jolly laugh or a cosy gossip with their cronies.

The spectacle—"Peter the Great"—was very beautiful, and much of the acting fine, though nature was everywhere sacrificed to stage effect. We saw some magnificent riding, under the

direction of that illustrious personage of a mysteriously uncertain age, Mr. Widdicombe.

On Wednesday I visited, with Mr. B—— and our charming friend, Miss D——, the immense wine-vaults and tobacco warehouses at the Docks. These vaults extend over acres, and are richly stored with the genuine juice of the grape, piled, pipe on pipe, on either side of innumerable and seemingly interminable passages—the delightful paths of Bacchus, the pleasant *longas vias* of old Silenus and his crew. Without a guide one might easily be lost in this subterranean labyrinth, and wander for hours in this wilderness of wines, find himself quite at sea, though not far from Port and just off Madeira. What a horrible place of torment in which to confine some ancient inebriate, without the means of helping himself to that which his soul loveth—wine, wine on every side, “and not a drop to drink.”

From the Docks we went to the Tower. This I found far from being the gloomy and venerable building I had expected to see. The larger portion is of light gray stone, showing much white mortar. This, and some repairs lately made, give the whole structure a modern and cheerful appearance, which it requires all the dark splendours and tragic terrors of old memories and historical legends to over-shadow and render venerable.

Escorted by a warden in the costume of the yeomen of the guard of the time of Henry the Eighth, you enter the horse armoury at the south-west corner of the White Tower. Here you see the effigies of the kings, from Edward the First to James the Second, with many of their distinguished knights and nobles, all mounted and clad in the very armour they sported, or rather supported, at tourney and fight. Francis Hastings bears up gallantly under a suit weighing upwards of a hundred pounds. The beautiful suits of Elizabeth's lovers, Leicester and Essex, are quite in character with the courtly splendour of those ill-fated favourites.

Perhaps the most magnificent, though one of the least ancient suits, is that of Charles the First. It is gorgeously gilt and ornamented in arabesque. This gallery also contains countless curiosities of war, all varieties of arms, and glorious trophies of battle and conquest. It is a place for English hearts to beat high and swell with national pride. Queen Elizabeth's armoury is the gallery of greatest interest. It contains an equestrian figure of Her Virgin Majesty in the costume in which she went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Here are many curious weapons, very ancient and awful; such as the “Military Flail,” the “Catchpole,” the “Glaive,” the “Pole-axe,” the “Locharbar Axe,” and most horrible of all, for the infernal mockery of its name, the “Morning Star,” or “Holy Water Sprinkler.” The first name comes from its form, a ball of wood set with spikes, and fixed on the end of a pole; the “holy water” was the blood and brains it scattered around when it was swung by a strong arm in the thick of the battle. I stood with a sick heart by the instruments of torture, laid my hand upon them, studied the atrocious ingenuity of their contrivance, yet could not

believe the revolting truth, that in the reign of a queen, a very woman, one would say, regarding her weaknesses, human forms had writhed within them, human bones and sinews cracked under them, human hearts burst with excess of pain, true human souls grown wild and shrieked out false confessions. Oh! as I longer gazed on these dread implements, with what unspeakable reverence, I thought of them who had "endured unto the end," till with lips stiffened, and eyes impurpled with suppressed anguish, till bathed with the blood and sweat of extremest torture, and old with ages of agony compressed into one mortal hour, the panting life crushed out, the senseless body grew deathly still, and the faithful spirit rose serene above its merciless tormentors, above its gloomy prison-house, to rest on the bosom of the Crucified!

Opening out of Queen Elizabeth's armoury is the dungeon wherein Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for more than twelve years, and where he wrote his "History of the World." You feel, while standing in that dark and most gloomy cell, a singular mingling of admiration, indignation, wonder, and pity. Oh! the unimaginable humiliation, pain, and weariness of such a life to him, the princely courtier, the brave adventurer, the statesman, philosopher, and poet!

Just before Raleigh's cell stands the beheading block; not the one used at his execution, but the one on which Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat, suffered the penalty of treason. The marks of the axe are deep upon it. Their Lordships' headsman must have been a sturdy fellow, who struck steadily, heavily, and but once. The beheading axe, which stands near this block, is rusty and blunt, by no means a formidable-looking implement; yet it once went gleaming down on to the neck of the princely Essex, and sent the rich young blood of Anna Boleyn spurting into the face of the headsman.

Within the Church of St. Peter, under the pavement, lie the ashes of Sir Thomas More, Anna Boleyn, Rochford, Catharine Howard, Essex, Northumberland, Lady Jane Grey and her husband, and of many others whose names are crimson illuminations through page after page of English history.

The Council Chamber of the White Tower is a place of great interest, as having been the scene of the impeachment of Lord Hastings by Richard of Gloucester.

The building in which the young princes were suffocated is called the "Bloody Tower;" that in which Clarence was drowned the "Bowyer Tower." We were shown the remains of a tree planted by Nell Gwynn over the young princes. The "Traitor's Gate" is a gloomy arch; and the church and the "Brick Towers," the prison of Lady Jane Grey, are melancholy-looking buildings. But aside from these, the old palace prison of England is outwardly neither stern nor sad of aspect.

The regalia is a magnificent sight, almost blinding one with the blaze of its costly splendour. The great diamonds seem to throb with living radiance, like stars; the rubies seem melting in an effulgent glow, and the emeralds dissolving in liquid light.

THE CRUISE OF THE JEMILI.

HOW SHE SAILED OVER THE BLACK SEA, AND HOW SHE BLEW UP AT SINOPE. AN EPISODE OF THE PRESENT WAR.

BY LIEUT. THE HON. FREDERICK WALPOLE, R.N.

CALL the watch,—rapidly the noble craft shot a-head, each sail trimmed, each rope coiled, the breeze quietly freshening and drawing aft, as, standing from the land, she caught its true direction. The watch below jumped down, glad to be released from work; the watch on deck disposed themselves to rest, tired with the anxious toil of the last few days. All was quiet; and, dismissing the officer of the watch, I walked the solitary deck. Astern, the lofty land loomed darkly through the haze of the fast-closing evening; bright lights twinkled on the mountain-side, but the rapidly-increasing distance soon drowned them in the ocean. The pretty "Jemili" speeds on her way, pettishly thrusting aside the tiny waves, as her sharp bow cuts their waters. High swelled my exile heart; bright hopes were stirring within me. Captain of a vessel of war, albeit only second, still all virtual command was mine; for the captain knew little, and cared less—so no blame rested on him, he was content. Well were my exertions repaid; months of drill and management had worked up the raw material of which the crew had been composed, into fair efficiency; and they were perfect at least in the first lesson—obedience to command. By care and attention their prejudices had been overcome; their bigotry directed, and fanaticism led, until each deemed the Capitaine, all Giaour though he was, their kind friend and steady protector. No crew had so much pay, or such full rations; few such hard work, certainly, but none so much rest; and though the rule was of iron, it pressed evenly, and their leader never spared his own toil. Long familiar with the coast and islands of the Sultan's whole dominions, I had known each man's home, and won his heart by describing it to him. Sharing their toils, a bond grew up between us; sympathising with their griefs, prophesying their success, exciting their patriotism, they adored me, and the vessel now was worthy of any leader, even were he, as I am, a son of Venice, a descendant of the great Dandolo. Proudly my eye glanced along the deck, scanned the battery, each gear in order, ropes taut,—all shipshape; and, come what might, my duty had been done, and pride whispered loud, that the hour of action would be one of glory. Slowly rose the young crescent moon, so palely bright, so softly beautiful, tinting the mountain peaks with mellow light, as it lingered on their summits, and that orb is the Ægis of our cause, beneath which the exile trusts to conquer—this, the emblem of the only

banner floating for freedom—this, the faith he must advance to breathe. Close history, forget tradition, invoke no crusading hope, no word of Christ or Christendom; the Cross is against us, and, if we may pray, it is, that that crescent moon will ride in glory, and light us on, shining for our cause, bearing freedom and life to Europe and her people.

Slowly it rose above the loftiest peaks; the Mountain of Mist is enveloped by her glory; well may she throw bright halos round, for she lights the land of the Tcherpass, the eyrie of freedom, the homes of the brave, the first-born and noblest of our race, the unconquered Circassians. Shine on, my Isis, journey on in splendour to the West, leaving behind thee glory, lighting to the coming dawn.

Success, beyond my utmost hopes had crowned my enterprise; the mission so delicate, nothing but my unknown and unfriended position had led me to undertake, had been accomplished; arms, ammunition, salt, messages, hope, encouragement, had been conveyed safely to the coast, and welcomed by Circassia's noblest nobles. We had told the tale of Islam at war with Russia, of her sympathy with them, and of her prompt and energetic assistance. Chiefs grown old in battle had wept like children at the news; youths thanked God that they began their career at such a juncture; mothers prayed for fertility to swell the heroic band,—the very children cursed their youth, that debarred them from the strife. The fiery word, War, had sped with lightning speed, till, from the Kouban to Tiflis, all were on fire in the cause, and Victory, victory! God with us! was the cry heard in each deep valley and mountain home,—echoed on the Caspian, resounding over Dagestan,—blessing the messenger, fresh hope entered every heart, and nerved each arm anew.

The moon rose on the ocean, the mountains sank beneath the horizon, and the vessel sped impatient once more to re-enter her native Bosphorus, to rest in her own calm home of sweet waters. A sail! a sail! the cry was re-echoed from the deck, and broke on my slumbering ear. It is war now; no times of sloth or peace, and I sprang on deck to take the measure of the stranger; friend or foe? fight or fly,—which? The wind was on the beam,—a keen air, chilled in its passage over the Crimea, or in its birth-place amidst serfs and snows. The disc of the rising sun rested on the waters, whilst athwart its bright circle stood a black line, but for its position hardly discernible; a sea-practised eye soon made it out a sail, and a large one. Slowly rose the orb of day, shedding light around, and throwing the stranger out in strong relief. A large vessel, royals set, and foretopmast studding-sail, lying a point or so more off than we are, it must be one of the squadron from Sokum Kalaah; the mountaineers said there were four there, two heavy frigates, and two large steamers,—prudence forbad a nearer acquaintance. Come, little "Jemili," fly for it now. The vessel hauled up in close pursuit, following almost in our wake, but we rapidly drew a-head, and dropped the pursuer, till she was but a mere thread on the horizon. Our fears had scarce

subsided, when the cry rose again: Where away? where?—On the beam; and every eye was directed to the spot.

The next was an anxious hour. Hassan Effendi, the captain, came on deck, and sitting on the poop wrapped in furs, smoked his chibouk, his attention equally divided between the sail and me,—wondering what the one was, and why the other kept unceasingly pacing up and down along the quarter deck (this is an activity and moveability utterly incomprehensible to the Turk); at last, apparently unable to solve the reason of the latter, he removed his pipe, and asked my opinion of the former. “Bayerim, Capitaine (by your leave, Capitaine),” for so was I called, “what it is?” “A frigate, Effendi.”—“Mashallah! it is God’s work; of what nation?” “Her sails are dark-coloured,—the Sultan’s are white; her bowsprit has much steeve; her topsails are very deep, and narrow in the head: she is . . . Russian.”—“Haugh! curse him! Gell” (come here, to his boy), bring coffee,”—and he sipped the tiny draught, soon brought, as quietly as if all Russians were where Russians ought all to be. “Capitaine,” he added, when he had returned the cup, and thanked God for it, “are you sure?” “Sure.”—“Aferin! (it is good). Gell, bring my sword and pistols;” and he was soon entirely absorbed in screwing the flints tightly in, and doubling the already too-strong charge, uttering curses on cold and Giaours; then asking pardon for coupling together what was God’s gift, with what had, in his opinion, a different origin, he blessed both, and uttered confused ejaculations about swords, resignation, ramrods, and faith.

Rapidly the sail bore down upon us, having evidently made out what we were, and keeping up so as to cut us off if we continued on our present course. It was with a melancholy feeling that I watched her approach and saw our distance lessened, and with it our chances of escape. By my side, as I stood on the poop most anxiously observing her, was a young boy whose education and instruction had long been my great care. When the first enthusiasm of war had fired the people of Stamboul, and all were in a delirium of excitement to do battle for Islam, his mother, a poor widow, had brought him to me and placed him under my care, saying, “I have nought else, but freely I give to God and His Prophet this my whole wealth, my own rich priceless treasure, take him, and let him fight in the foremost ranks for his Sultan and his faith.” The excessive docility of the boy had soon won my favour, and all the instruction I could give he had, repaying my toil by his intelligence and affection. So much had he grown to me, that I felt for him all the affection of an elder brother, and hoped to see him rise to a great career; he now approached me, and touching his cap, a European accomplishment he was very proud of, asked if I wished the Russian stopped. “Alas! Afi, that is beyond your skill, even; not all the books you hate so can show you how to do that.” “Would she stop if a man fell overboard?” he asked, so mildly in his low soft voice.—“No, not even that, I fear, would make her touch a rope. No, Afi, there is hope, and that is all.” “Capitaine,”

said the boy starting in front of me, his eye flashing, his cheek scarlet, all his little form animation, "the time has come, I feel it, my mother whispers it in my ear; tell her, Karindach (brother), I obeyed you, tell her there is no God but God; God be with you, my brother, bless you, keep you;" he seized my hand, again and again kissed it, pressing it to his burning brow and throbbing heart, and then, God of mercy! sprang on the davit end. I was transfixed as his purpose burst upon me. One look at me—a yell of triumph—"I come, I come, Allah! Mother!" and he sprang over the stern. I could not move; my very heart was sick within me; but see, he rises. "Pull the life-buoy;" it fell into the surge astern; "turn the hands up; hard a-port the helm, there; jam it down." "Haugh!" spoke the captain, dropping his pipe and sitting open-mouthed. "Let fly the studding-sail sheets and halyards; let fly the starboard braces; brace up, men, brace up! tear the ropes; ten thousand devils! the boy shall not fall unavenged." On sped the foe, nor paused her course as the life-buoy swept past her bow, almost beneath her lower boom. Useless sacrifice, ill-fated boy—angel martyr, never was purer or more high-souled spirit taken back to its Maker. He floats, he floats! he gains the life-buoy, which, fired as it fell, rolled on the waters—there is hope for him yet. On came the frigate—on like a bull in his rush, nor started a brace or rope. We were a mile ahead ere she could realise the circumstances, but then round she came with a sweep, studding-sails flying, and ropes adrift; the race is closer. "Achmet, keep your eye on that life-buoy, loose it, and— Pilot, take the helm; all ropes taut—sit down, men; let not a finger move." The awe-stricken crew at once obeyed; her trim is perfect, each sail stiff as a board, halyards taut up, bowlines like harp-strings. "Ease the jib-sheet, there; enough, enough." Now if she does not do it she never will; she steers herself just a touch of weather helm, and dives at the swells and jumps over the rising seas easy as a rocking horse. We had now a good look at the foe, who, well on our weather quarter, kept away to meet us. The vessels approached each other rapidly, but our adversary, too eager, loses his weathering. "Now, petty officers and captains of guns, to your quarters; cast loose your guns and prepare for action, the rest sit fast; gunners to the magazine; powder-boys, down for your powder; Sergeant, put all lights out. "Afret (curse him)," said the captain, as he looked at his burning pipe-bowl. "Smoke away, Effendi; make the most of it; and now, my men, my children," I cried, raising my voice, "courage is good, but skill is better; obey me, and think (my voice choked) of Afi, the martyr to your cause—Allah bless him!" A deep yell of "Afi! Allah!" was the response, and I felt they meant it, and would avenge him; for myself, I felt a tiger wish for blood and strife, close, deadly strife.

A puff of smoke, a bang, and a round shot came hopping along the waters, falling short to windward. "Up with the colours, men; nail them to every mast," and two officers, proud of the distinction, sprung up the rigging to obey my order. The tap of the tomahawks on the nail heads was drowned by the whiz of a second

shot, which crossed our wake astern. The men rushed to their quarters as I spoke to them; obeying my order to lie down: another and another followed fast; but, as yet, the range was too long for any, but most uncertain firing. "The fellow cannot fire; my men, wait a little, steady, yet be patient, and when you fire, remember, Mushaver Pasha, and let every shot follow his instructions. "Nassar, Nassar! (victory, victory!)" was their shout as they crouched in ready preparation round their guns. Again the smoke, and it ran along her side as she fired her whole foremost guns; and then, as if no longer able to restrain her impatience, she kept right away, running down for the corvette, touching in her weather braces and standing right towards us. Nearer and nearer. "Yellah, yellah," cried Hassan, as he sat on the poop, his whole countenance glowing with excitement; "fight, capitaine, fight, fire! Hell—Jehannum—Afret—Allah."—"Quiet, Hassan; an hour more and we are safe, or, if not, there is all day to fight." The frigate was now rapidly drawing aft, but closing fast. "Steady, steady at the helm; up with it, men; the wind heads us," and for a second the sails flapped impatiently; but off she went, flying to the spokes, and settled over to her list as the wind filled the distended canvass. The Russian was now on the quarter and hung in the wind, as it headed her, losing a good deal of ground before she was full, and her yards braced up. "Now keep her full—lap full, sailor, and let her go through it. Hassan, the lubber has lost his weather-gauge, and if all holds we are safe." "Afrerim!" cried Hassan, and renewed his pipe. The breeze freshened fast, the royal masts tremble like bows, the flying jib-boom points away to leeward. "Hold on, brave spars; hang tight, good rope; a whole life now rests on every strand." Our foe holds his own by every nail in our bottom; he rather gains; we must cut away and ease her; yet, stay one moment more. "Afi, I will come, though I sail through the fleet to save you, although the Russian fleet all drive between us. Hold to thy ark of safety, Afi; clasp the buoy." But what! it cannot be—it cannot be! my eyes deceive me—they are dim; yes, yes, it is, it is! she slacks her rigging; she slacks her backstays; there, there, they clear them away. Why, she would have caught us in half an hour, and now we are free, free!" In her impatience, the enemy had slacked up her lee rigging to increase the vessel's speed.

"Bout ship—steady, men, steady! Keep her full for stays!" Our deep waist, high bulwarks, and great raised poop, hid the movements of our men covering the manœuvre, and their men were visible, still busy clearing away the lee backstays and rigging, while ours repaired, unseen from her, to their stations. "Ready O! down with the helm! round with the yards, men; haul at all bow-lines; come, haul all taut—there, belay—belay! to your guns—to your guns! man the starboard broadside—steady, men. Let every shot tell—mind the roll! a thousand piastres for the man whose shot cuts his foreyard in two bits, or who wounds it. Ready with the foremost gun!" Fearfully near were the two vessels, and as the "Jemili" regained her way on the new tack, it became

evident she would not pass two cables' length to windward. The frigate ran on as before, but suddenly her bow flew up in the wind, and she was hove in stays. Not having had good way on her, she did not spring her luff readily, but, hanging a second, lost her fore-reaching, coming, however, round; by Providence the breeze freshened at the moment; a crash and fall, and her fore-topgallant-mast snapped, falling through the fore-topsail, and rending the sail in the bunt from head to foot-rope; another second, and her flying jib-boom goes with the jerk, and the broken spar, fast by the stay, bursts through the jib; her way lost, she hangs in the wind, her hands rush forward to repair the disaster, her fore-castle is crowded, our broadside bears—she is aback. "Now, sons, now, remember Afi—fire! fire! hang her, pilot, hang her; keep her in the wind. Again, boys, again!" and the second broadside, shot from the side, sped well as the first; the raking fire took its full effect, bow, fore-castle, main-deck, all were swept, and the crash of spars, and yells of agony arose on board her; her helm shifted, and sternway on her the frigate cast to starboard, thus presenting her bow to a third broadside, which told with full effect; but off she fell, and was soon before the wind, and rapidly increasing her distance from us. For a moment thoughts of pursuit and capture occurred to me, but it was but for a moment. All beaten adrift, worsted as she is, tattered, battered, crippled, she could take two vessels such as the little "Jemili" yet. So keep her full, and now for Afi, God save him!" The crew cast longing glances at the retreating foe, and half regretted the parting, but a few orders made them bustle about, and then, having secured the guns, they indulged in kief, and with it all the listless apathy of their nation returned. Achmet, the second lieutenant, had lost sight of the life-buoy in the confusion and excitement of the action, but now again ascended to the fore-topmast-head, and endeavoured to sight it. The vessel was edged away a little, look-outs stationed at every point, and I ascended to the mast-head, scanning the horizon with anxious glances. A small Turkish ensign had been fixed on the staff of the life-buoy, and the staff itself lengthened, so the chances were far from desperate. As soon as the distance had been retracked, I hove the corvette to, and nearly every eye on board looked eagerly around. My eyes ached with the perseverance of my gaze, and fancy fifty times deceived me into seeing our search; but no, not a trace appeared; the hours wore on, and the last rays of hope had died away, the crew resumed their seats, and with pious words and holy resignation exclaimed, it was God's will. My Catholic heart hardly echoed the sentiment, nor could I answer Hassan's "Sellim Tuslim (resign thyself, and thou wilt be protected)," with the proper conventional answering phrase. He then ate his meal, and invited me to join, thinking that my grief was wrong and unseemly. I had just resolved to quit the spot, and making sail to pursue our voyage, when a long cry of triumph arose from the fore-castle, "Afi! Afi!" In a moment I was forward, and there, beneath our very bow, was the buoy. The ship, though

hove-to, and her main yard to the mast, had forereached a little, and crept so ahead, drawing instinctively, may I say, or providentially, to the place; the quarter-boat dropped almost ere the order was given, a few strong strokes, and the buoy and boy were hauled into her stern-sheets, and hoisted up in the boat, and handed on board. Wrapt in the folds of the flag lay the gallant boy, his fez gone, his long hair hung round the staff, which his white arms, bared in his exertions, clasped with desperate energy, as the whole was handed carefully to the quarter-deck, for to separate the two seemed impossible. His head moved, and one general shout proclaimed "he lives! he lives!" The doctor now attended, and, keeping back the crowd, the staff and flag were taken from his grasp, and the body borne to my cabin, which was shut from all intruders. My own duties kept me on deck, nor dared I inquire for the patient, so fearful was I of my new hopes being dashed to the ground just as they were born. Quickly the vessel flew on her own course, as filling and tacking we renewed our track for the Bosphorus.

My duties were performed, and purposely every minutia of them was lingered over before I sent for the doctor; he was still with his patient, but would come directly. It was sunset before he did, and with many technicalities, a form of speech he excelled in, added that there was every hope. He was an Italian, a most skilful practitioner, and one in whom I had great faith. Unlike our countrymen generally, he was niggard of his words, save the longest and most incomprehensible medical ones: the merest stomach-ache, in his relation, became a mighty affair, and though on all other subjects taciturn to a fault, on this he was overwhelming. Men, in his eyes, were subjects, and everything was subservient to science, and I half believe he considered war as a merciful dispensation for providing practice. As fellow nationists we were much together, at least, during the earlier months of our acquaintance, until I found that he looked on mankind only with reference to their constitutions, scenery as affecting health, water as creating malaria, and mountains as catarrh and colds. He now disgusted me by a long lecture on the probable effects of excess of excitement on fair-haired persons, and while I was in an agony to see and hear of Afi, he was confusing me with long Latin words. It, however, appeared that the boy must be left alone, and time would develop the rest.

On descending to the state cabin, I found Hassan diligently employed in concocting the bulletin of his action. He sat upon the divan which ran across the stern; on the deck before him was the scribe, a poor Christian, who contrived, however, to repay the humiliation of his position by peculating nearly all the income Hassan had: once in his debt, the latter had never extricated himself from the incumbrance, and the apparent cringing sycophant was the real lord and master. As I ate my dinner, the matter of the report was in full discussion, Hassan appealing to his attendants, who stood around for confirmation and support in the wondrous details he dictated to the scribe. He put the stranger

first seen at daylight down as having played an active part in the action, but retiring early thoroughly beaten, and, though dismasted, effecting an escape through her wonderful sailing. As I said nothing, and the attendants cried *peki*, he proceeded, amidst many blessings on the Padishah, to recount how he captured the second frigate, and that I, the capitaine, obeying his orders, did wonders. "Waugh! How noble!" cried all. "Hassan Effendi—Arslan min Islam, the Lion of Islam! Generous as brave. Oh, capitaine, thank him—say Mashalla!"

"I shall come upon you, Hassan, for a share of prize-money, if you took her," I said.

"Eh wallah," he said, "we must sink her, then; I never thought of that. Well, put her down as—as a line-of-battle ship, and say she must have sunk—did sink—Afreet! may God confound them all."

Vainly I protested, and said such untruths were sure to recoil on himself.

"If it is God's will, so be it. You Franks know nothing; I let you command the ship, do let me at least write the dispatches. You don't think the Capitan Pasha believes them, do you? Not he—making a sign with his finger, as of cutting, takes half; then another sign, half that, and then again, until holding up his fore-finger, and putting his thumb to the first joint, there is very little left, and that is truth. Were I to tell the truth—bare truth, he would say Hassan is a fool, or Hassan Bey is too old for a command, or Hassan has not seen anything; he is blind not to see the Russians are in Sevastopol, the Black Sea is empty of those sons of Iblees. No, Hassan Bey, thanks be unto God, is a sailor, you are his best capitaine, come and sit here, Ibnee (my son), and we will. . . . Eh wallah, it is good, another glass, and to Jehannum with the Moscophs."

"Land—land!" It was early dawn; ahead lay the land,—all astern the ocean we had left, and on the "Jemili" flew. The entrance from the Black Sea was shut in as we were a little to the south, and the mountains, on either side, close it from a distant view. Nine knots on the log-reel soon ran us in; and as we closed, a cutter was observed under the land, working up for the entrance. "A Russian, Hassan, for a month's pay," I cried. "Aferin! (it is good)" said the skipper, thus involuntarily closing with my bet. Our colours were hoisted, and all the crew gathered up to witness the chase. "Out reefs, lads," and the points were loosened, the sails up almost at the word. "Royals on her, Achmet," and she flew with the crowd of canvass. The cutter saw us, but showed no colours. "Clear away the bow-guns, sons of Islam—steady, steady at the helm." Our adversary had meanwhile stood in close to the land; but unable to fetch the entrance, spite of all her screwing up, was compelled to tack, or run on shore—an alternative the high iron-bound rocks, with deep water to the brink, offered small temptation for. She therefore tacked, standing out to meet us. "Ready, forward!" I cried, as we got our distance. Scarce had I spoke when the cutter yawed, and a

heavy shot came ripping through our foresail, tore our masts, flying aft, struck the water just astern. It shook the charcoal out of Hassan's pipe, who cursed the shot's mother as his servant re-adjusted his fire. "Quarters, men, quarters! and cast loose; he means to fight. Now then, foward! fire when your aim is on." Our shot grazed the water just to leeward of her. "Allow a little windage, captain, or your gun will only hurt the waters; only take her while she is in stays," for as the bay opened she hove about. "Well done, well done!" The shot took her as she flew round, and the peak dropped as the halyards were cut through, and now she opened on us from her long after pivot guns, firing high, but well. Crash, crash, went our spars, as her heavy shot flew among them; nor were we slow to return the fiery challenge; and as the "Jemili" flew rapidly after her, overhauling her fast, her decks were swept repeatedly. Two men took her helm; each were shot down: but another succeeded, and her peak halyards were re-rove in spite of our fire. On our own side her fire did much damage; and more than one gallant fellow proclaimed the unity of God, and the name of his Prophet, as he was shot into eternity. Hassan's pipe was sent to shivers, and he commenced cursings alternately with texts of pious import. But now we were compelled to discontinue our fire, for on rounding the point of Beicos the whole Anglo-French fleets broke full in view; and so close were we before they were seen, that our shot would have fallen in among them. The cutter, after a few more discharges likewise ceased, and keeping away put more convass on her mast, setting square sail, and running jib. And there before us lay the mighty fleets of the two mightiest powers in the world, line upon line, tier upon tier, awful in their majestic strength, overpowering, even in their repose. A loud cry burst from my excited crew as they surveyed the sight, and saluted the mighty force as friends and allies, welcoming them as come to do battle for Allah, El Sultan, and El Huch. The cutter flew straight for the fleet, as a dove off, when sore pressed, takes refuge in the arms of her enemies; the corvette rushed on impatient to attain her prize, and already were the boarders ready, crouching on the forecastle, eager to spring on the foe the moment we approached. Right ahead lay a mighty three decker, with an admiral's proud flag at her mast-head, and the huge ensign of England at her peak; the cutter passes her bow, the corvette leaps almost on her, as we near her quarter; the cutter's rigging passes across the folds of the flag as she shoots beneath her stern. "Up, braves!" I cried, as I saluted the flag, and sixty of my men sprung ready at the call. Bright gleamed their flashing blades; fire shot from their black eyes, as I sprang on the bulwarks to lead them on; the cutter, struck by our bow, flew up in the wind, the corvette alongside overhanging her whole length. "Hold, hold!" cried a voice of thunder, and an English lieutenant, who had boarded us unnoticed, came to my side. "The British admiral forbids your capturing that vessel." "She is my prize. Board, men, board!" I roared, at the utmost stretch of my lungs. "I have, sir," said the Englishman, in execrable Italian,

“to inform you that the admiral will not allow you to touch that vessel.”—“And sir,” I said, “what are you here for, as friends or as foes?” “Not to argue,” he replied, “but to order.”—“Do that to your own people,” I replied; “she is mine, and I have her; see, her crew are beaten below, and my men only await my presence to seize them;” for the Russians had rushed below as my boarders dropped on their deck. “You must not keep her,” said the lieutenant; “see the signal to man our boats, and compel you to relinquish the cutter. Sir,” he added, saluting me politely, as he drew his sword, “You are my prize,—prize to her Britannic Majesty for transgressing her moral support.”

“Prize, *par Dieu!* never! Back to your boat, or I cut you down. Back, men, back on board, every one of you; there, bring her ensign; back, back! brace round the head-yards; there, steady; meet her with the helm; brace by again,” and tearing the cutter’s mast out of her, as her rigging caught our waist-anchor, we shot ahead. And well it was; a hundred boats, a thousand oars, each pulled by lusty arms, were in hot pursuit. The lieutenant remained on the deck, as if uncertain how to act. I told him to put up his sword, or he would have it taken away from him. He looked uncertain for a moment; nor did I like to touch him, he looked so brave, so eager, and so manly. Observing, however, that we dropped the boats fast, he sheathed it with a bang; and turning to me as coolly as possible, said, “Well, sir, you are off—escaped—clear gone without—no. You are off. What will you do with me?” “With you,” I replied, “wish you a very good morning, and a more honourable mission next time.” As we gained the entrance of the bay I hove to, fired a gun of defiance, and then put the Englishman into the boat, which returned him to his ship.

My men had brought the cutter’s colours which I handed to Hassan, and had carried all the arms and things away they could find on her deck in their short and hurried visit; these were now cast in a heap on ours—prizes to our valour. But stay—a box—what is this?—Signals—the box is leaded—this is indeed a prize—but underneath were letters; these had been thus prepared ready to sink—a precaution always used in vessels of war, with regard to important papers, that ought not to fall into an enemy’s hands, and here they were probably overlooked in the excitement—they had not been thrown overboard before we boarded. Several letters,—French, Russian, English, Greek—my God! my God! what treachery they revealed!—nor could I see why that proud flag had floated over so foul an action. England, I had thought thee free and pure!—had sighed that my own land was not more like thee; but now, shame on thy name!—rather would I be a Russian than degraded beneath thy rule. A light has failed from before me; a star dropped from my heavens. If England’s faith fails what hope of good is left on the earth? Thy mission was to enlighten and redeem—and thou too art spotted—most foully sullied with treachery and deceit.

SCENES ON THE OPENING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

I PURPOSE to sketch some of the scenes which are displayed at Westminster to the chosen few on important evenings during the Session. I intend to make some observations on the different parliamentary performers, who strut and fret during their brief hour, like the actors on the artificial stage, and then, also, like their brethren of Drury Lane, are heard no more. It is my vocation to be generally an eye-witness of much that the majority of Englishmen only know by hearsay. The reports of the speeches in the different journals give a very imperfect idea of the actual drama as it is in progress within the walls of St. Stephen's. We forget, on reading the columns of the newspaper, that reporters have eyes as well as ears. We forget, on gazing at the ponderous volumes of Parliamentary Debates, that our legislators, through so many generations, were really human beings, and not mere machines for the manufacturing of parliamentary eloquence. How cold and inanimate seem the most elaborate reports the next morning in comparison with the spectacle of busy life when the play is being played out, and the spectators and actors are all looking anxiously for the catastrophe! We may sneer at the House of Commons; we may laugh at the rectitude, the honour, and the learning of right honourable, honourable, and learned members. The spoken words of many may be foolish; the patriotism of many may be faction; but, with all its shortcomings, its folly, its ignorance, its stupidity, where in the world at this day, or, taking it all in all, in any other age, can we find such an illustrious body as the Lords and Commons of England, in Parliament assembled?

It is this feeling which causes the first day of the session to be ever regarded with such peculiar interest. The procession of Her Majesty is not in itself very magnificent, it is seen year after year without the least change in outward appearance; yet it is a sight that is always seen with pleasure, an august panorama that is ever new. Occurring periodically, at each advent it marks a year in the life of a great nation. No ordinary vicissitudes have distinguished the fourteen months which have elapsed since Parliament was last opened. A strong mental effort is required to recall the different circumstances which attended the commencement of the late parliamentary year. The sagacity of statesmen, the hopes of philanthropists, and the confidence of optimists, have each and all, during this short interval of fourteen months, been put to shame.

On the 11th of November, 1852, the Queen opened the fifth Parliament of her reign. A great parliamentary feat was to be performed. A new financial system was to be introduced. The

struggle between Protection and Free-trade was to be decided. Every question for discussion was commercial: the peace which had existed for so many years appeared only more likely to endure; we were on terms of friendship with all the great powers. The Peace Society was certain that the Millennium had come; any man who had talked about the probability of a great European war would have been pities as a maniac. Notwithstanding the rain which poured down in torrents, notwithstanding the fog, the cold, and the mud of that most miserable day, even of a London November, the streets were crowded by great multitudes, who cheered and roared as the royal procession passed. All was, however, pacific; the rain and the splashes were the only enemies to be feared, either by the thousands in the streets, or the hundreds within the House of Lords.

And now another year has gone; and Parliament is once more opened, on the last day of January. The multitudes again flock to Westminster; the bells of the Abbey are again ringing their joyous peals; the long files of carriages with peers, ambassadors, generals, and the rank and beauty of England, again fill all the avenues to the new palaces. Exciting as the royal progress was last year, it is still more exciting now. Crowded as the streets were in the November of 1852, they are still more crowded now. To be sure, this is a beautiful spring day, with the blue sky above the heads of the sight-seers, and the beams of the sun playing among the Gothic fretwork of both the old Abbey, and the new houses of Parliament; the colossal statue of George Canning even looks bright and life-like in the rays of the celestial luminary; enjoyment is on every face; it is a pleasant, and exhilarating, a delightful, and truly English spectacle. But it is not the fineness of the weather, it is not the ordinary interest of the scene that will account for the animation of the numerous groups. The dreadful word "war," is on the lips of all; the national spirit has been once more evoked. What is the meaning of that sympathy for every "malignant and turbaned Turk," who once would only have been jeered by an English populace? What especially is the import of the tremendous cheers which greet the carriage of the Turkish ambassador, as it passes down the streets? We are on the eve of a mighty conflict, which may extend throughout the length and breadth of the civilised world. We hear no more of Protection and Free-trade; Russia and Turkey are now the objects of our solicitude. This makes the royal procession of this day so remarkable; the opening of Parliament is, for the first time in the lives of the present generation, the opening of the British temple of Janus.

The Londoners are loyal. Notwithstanding the calumnies so industriously disseminated against the Consort of the Queen, she is still welcomed with the English hurrah, which is such sweet music in her ears. Who, indeed, that has ever been the object of it, does not feel his heart respond to these shouts? Who does not sympathise with the Emperor of the French who, as he lately rode through the streets of Boulogne, distinguished the national

outburst of the English, amid the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and "Vive la France!" and immediately overcoming his habitual apathy, exclaimed, "How I love those English cheers!" But if these cheers be so delightful to the ears of a Frenchman and a Napoleon, they are much more so to an English sovereign, and that sovereign the good Queen Victoria. It may be that she looks somewhat anxious, and the Prince by her side is certainly somewhat pale. As a wife it became her to feel for the wrongs of her husband: as a naturalised Englishman, the consort of the Queen, and the father of the heir-apparent to the English throne, Prince Albert could not but feel hurt at being the object of popular obloquy. Still, as I said before, the Londoners are loyal; and it is highly honourable to them that even all the arts of malignity did not make them forget what was due to their sovereign and to themselves.

In the House of Lords there is no dread of disloyalty. Peers, and most especially peeresses, are proverbially loyal. On entering, the eye at once rests on a brilliantly variegated scene. What has become of the peers? Is this a legislative assembly? At first sight, instead of presenting to the unsophisticated stranger the semblance of a House of Lords, it looks much more like a House of Ladies. The magnificent apartment, with the exception of the front row, and the bishops' bench, is full of beautiful and most brilliantly dressed women. Nothing can be gayer or more picturesque than the gorgeous dresses, of so many different colours, as the sun is shining through the painted windows. The effect is like enchantment; instead of thinking of England, at noonday, the mind wanders to the East, and recalls the pictures in the Arabian tales. From the bench on which the lawn sleeves of the prelates are usually seen, the ribands, stars, and crosses of the diplomatic body shine in full lustre. It will soon be two o'clock, and the ladies and little children begin to look impatient. An individual in a red cap and blue uniform enters, and is immediately the observed of all observers. It is whispered that he is M. Musurus, the Turkish Ambassador. Such is the splendid picture within the house, when the sound of trumpets announces the approach of her Majesty. This is certainly a brilliant show; but it is something more than a show; the real business is even of more interest than the gorgeous pomp of the hour. This is no holiday performance; the fate of nations depends on the lady who now meets the estates of the realm. As yet, the dogs of war have not been slipped. Peace is, at least in appearance, the order of the day. But before another year comes round, torrents of blood may flow; the brands of the furies may be thrown over the Continent; the atheistical and anarchical barbarism of Europe may again rush from the dark dens into which it has been driven; and the breasts of all men may quake with fear.

After the speech has been read, the Queen has again left the House of Lords, the carriages have driven away, the grenadiers have gone to their barracks, and the multitude has dispersed; the interest then concentrates in the House of Commons, and the political work has to begin.

A sketch of the first day of the Parliamentary season would have been incomplete without some notice of the procession, and the august assembly in the House of Lords; but the orators of the House of Commons are especially to be the subject of these papers. I have to do with individuals, and not with parties; and, in criticising individuals, it would be wrong to indulge any political prepossessions.

The debate on the Address is frequently considered as a matter of form, but it is not always so; and on this occasion many reports were in circulation about amendments which were to be moved by the Opposition. It was said that the foreign policy of the last year was to be mercilessly reviewed, and the proceedings of the ministers were to be unequivocally condemned. Dark hints were given about what the leader of the Opposition intended doing, and, as the House filled, a most interesting and eventful debate was fully expected.

The mover and seconder of the address are generally chosen from the young members; it is considered an excellent opportunity for bringing modest and unassuming merit into notice. Lord Castlerosse, who was to move the address this evening, and Mr. Hankey, who was to second it, had neither of them ever spoken in the House before; and there was, of course, much curiosity to know how they would acquit themselves of their duties, and what might be expected from them in future. Lord Castlerosse is a young man, and he spoke like a young man. He very wisely promised to be very brief, and he occupied ten minutes; but he spoke with fluency and propriety, though not with much novelty.

Then came Mr. Hankey's turn. He is a West Indian merchant, and has lately been Governor of the Bank. He is, therefore, a fair specimen of the gentlemen of the city; and looked somewhat ungainly in the glaring uniform, by which the mover and seconder of the address are so prominently distinguished on the first night of the session. Mr. Hankey became statistical, and, as usual with merchants, rang the changes on the word peace. He did not follow the example of the young Irish nobleman whom he seconded, for Mr. Hankey was prolix, tedious, and querulous. Still, however, his speech was a creditable first performance, but the benches were thinner when he concluded than when he first began.

Mr. Speaker read the address amid the hum of conversation: the time for action had now come; the fire of the Opposition was about to be opened. Every whisper ceased when Mr. H. Baillie, one of the members of the late Government, and, of course, supposed to be one of the most accredited mouth-pieces of the Opposition, presented himself to the House. Was an amendment really to be moved? Were the Opposition resolutely resolved to take the ministers at once by the beard?

Mr. H. Baillie uttered two or three well delivered sentences about the honour of England, with the full sympathy of the members around him; and it seemed plain that we were to have

a "Rule Britannia" oration. Country gentlemen were delighted, and were preparing to cheer most lustily. But when Mr. Baillie, after condemning blue books and their contents, expressed in the most solemn tones his regret that "the blood and treasure of the people of this country should be expended to maintain, in all its integrity and all its deformity, the tottering fabric of the Turkish empire," the "hear, hears" were discontinued, the Opposition looked blank, and the whole House was surprised. Members asked one another "what next?" Had not the Tory papers bitterly upbraided the Government for not more warmly supporting the Turkish cause? Had not both the Earl of Derby and Mr. Disraeli repeatedly and enthusiastically spoken on the absolute necessity of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman empire? What tactics, then, were these? Mr. Baillie proceeded from bad to worse. He called the policy of opposing the designs of Russia or Turkey an antiquated theory; and at length concluded by boldly setting the Earl of Malmesbury and Mr. Disraeli at defiance. He was much more afraid, he said, of France in the possession of Antwerp than of Russia in possession of Constantinople. A more damaging speech to his own party was never made than this of Mr. H. Baillie. Mr. Disraeli, with all his imperturbability, looked exceedingly annoyed, as indeed he had good reason to be. The ministers on the other side of the table were smiling; they knew well the full extent and the consequences of Mr. Baillie's blunder.

Mr. Blackett, the member for Newcastle-on-Tyne, made a few friendly observations on the want of confidence which the Government had shown in keeping back all dispatches. "Colonel Sibthorp," then said the Speaker, and all eyes were turned to the back benches of the Opposition, where the gallant colonel's bald crown and patriarchal head raised themselves above the heads of his friends. To give any idea of his extraordinary style of speaking is scarcely possible to those who have never heard him. It is difficult to follow him throughout his speech; there is a change of tone almost with every word; but, in general, it may be said that half of a sentence from the lips of the member for Lincoln is expressed in a hiss, and the other half in a scream. Only the last words of each sentence can be plainly heard in all directions; and they are always in the shrillest tones of the human organ. "The speech is only the omnium gatherum of the Government."—"I don't believe one word of it."—"I want a war."—"We shall give the Russians a good sound drubbing," were the concluding phrases of each sentence. They were spoken at the highest pitch of the voice, and it seemed as though the gallant Colonel's inside was coming out of his mouth with the words, which were pumped forth with such tremendous efforts. Colonel Sibthorp is the character of the House of Commons. He is the last representative of a class that must die with him. He is a brave specimen of the old generation. The next orator who addressed the House, in contrast to the fiery old lion, was a manly specimen of the new generation.

Sir Robert Peel made an able and spirited harangue and achieved a complete triumph. He was listened to with delight throughout his address, and the cheering was vehement from all sides of the House. It was an honest English speech, spoken with honest English enthusiasm. The young Baronet has evidently astonished politicians; he is gradually getting a footing in the House, and may be expected to play an important part in the politics of the future. This speech was much superior to any of his former efforts; and he has had strong prejudices to overcome. People were shocked at the whispers about his private life; he was evidently very headstrong and did not at first show a becoming filial deference to the friends of his lamented father. It was said that he was even a Protectionist, and had gone over to his father's enemies. Lord Palmerston, however, always maintained that the young man had abilities, and few statesmen can read characters better than the present Home Secretary. Sir Robert's display on this night has certainly gone far to justify this opinion. His earlier speeches were sufficient to convince good judges that he had talents which might one day be developed; and practice is gradually making him an effective speaker. There is eloquence in his manner and eloquence in his language; he has nerve and spirit, and has corrected his fault of forgetting the connection of his argument and pausing in full career. He has still one serious defect which, it is to be hoped, he will see the necessity of subduing; he speaks the dialect of May-fair in the most affected tones; but this fashion of St. James's Street is not pleasing at St. Stephen's. From having been disliked, Sir Robert is now becoming a favourite. Two years ago it was said that the greatest service he could do any government was to oppose it; but this evening Lord John Russell pointedly observed that whatever objections had been made to the policy of the administration might be fairly considered answered by the able speech of the member for Tamworth. This was honourable both to the Leader of the House of Commons and to Sir Robert Peel. Nothing is more beautiful in Lord John Russell's character than the readiness with which he ever welcomes rising merit from among the young politicians of every party.

As if this contrast between the old and the new generation should be effectually displayed in this debate on the Address, as soon as Sir Robert Peel resumed his seat, and before the general cheering had subsided, Mr. Hume's venerable form caught the Speaker's eye. His broad pronunciation, and business-like accents were singularly ludicrous after the refined tenor of the fashionable Baronet. It is a fact, however, worth remembering, that their speeches were in the same spirit; this is an important consideration for Ministers of state, and exponents of public opinion. Sir Robert Peel had begun to say something on the question of education, which he supposed to have been alluded to in the speech from the throne, when he was interrupted by laughter, and a cry of "Education is not mentioned."—"Not mentioned!" said Sir Robert Peel; "then I am sorry for it." This was effective;

the sympathies of the house were kindled; and a mistake which would have been embarrassing to most young speakers, was dexterously turned to account by this orator, and elicited loud applause. Mr. Hume also agreed with Sir Robert Peel, and agreed with the Government.

Thus the debate continued. There was actually no opposition until Mr. Disraeli rose at eight o'clock. The country air and the autumn vacation seem to have done good to the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. He looked fresh and healthy. He had not so much of the emaciation and paleness, which have been thought so characteristic of his countenance. The first sentence of his speech was of the same import as all the orations from the Opposition benches; the debate on the foreign policy was to be adjourned until the Blue-book had been read and digested. Mr. Disraeli was not so witty nor so successful as he generally is. There was little cheering, and not much laughter.

Lord John Russell, when rising to answer the Right Honourable Member for Buckinghamshire, might well thank the House, on the part of the Government, for the manner in which the Speech and the Address had been received. The Ministers had had it all their own way. Notwithstanding the rumours of defeat, and even impeachment, which had been so prevalent for weeks, honourable Members were in the best possible temper, faction seemed dead, and even the leader of the Opposition candidly gave the Ministers credit for their anxiety to avoid "that fatal arbitrament to which we have been accustomed of late to refer too frequently and too familiarly." On the first night of this session which threatened to be so stormy, the debate really languished for want of an Opposition! How could there be any sharp speaking when all parties appeared to be of the same opinion?

To do Lord John Russell justice, he was fully capable of meeting any resistance. He has quite recovered his health and his energy; his voice has become once more strong and tunable; and for the first time since the Coalition Ministry was formed, he showed himself not only nominally, but really, the Leader of the House of Commons. Every one is surprised at Lord John's revival. People are going about clubs exclaiming, "Who could have believed it possible?" And on listening to him, it was asked, is this the Lord John Russell who was talking about retiring from political life? Is this the man who was just on the point of going up to the House of Lords? Is this the statesman whose chest was so weak that he was scarcely able to make a speech at all? Lord John triumphed easily over his antagonist, and one of his rejoinders to Mr. Disraeli's remarks on reform was perfect, though unfortunately the point of it was lost in the newspaper reports. "The right honourable gentleman," said the noble Lord, with twinkling eyes and folded arms, "declared that it was little short of madness in us to bring in a reform bill at the present time, and he concluded by telling us that he was ready to bring in a reform bill of his own!" A burst of laughter,

in which the whole House joined, was the effect of this sally. But all the topics of the Queen's Speech were forgotten, when Lord John, after having answered Mr. Disraeli's objections, instead of sitting down, paused deliberately, and said in the most serious tones: "Now, Sir, I have stated generally the views I entertain on the several topics in the Address, and I have now to call the attention of the House to the subject of great importance, on which I hope I have not been wrong in supposing that no Member in this House would adopt or countenance the calumnies that have been spread respecting His Royal Highness Prince Albert." The audience immediately became most attentive; not a whisper, not a sound of any kind, broke the silence. Now this matter was to be cleared up; now was all suspicion to be set at rest. It is remarkable that no member, during the debate, had made the least allusion to this painful subject; the Minister's explanation was volunteered and unexpected.

Lord John expressed himself strongly; he evidently felt indignant at these calumnies. The dignified scorn of his manner as he spoke of "that honest delusion" was peculiarly becoming, and the speech was most impressive, not for its eloquence, not for its oratorical power, but for its high-bred manliness, and its chivalrous earnestness. It was such a speech as a minister of the Crown might most fitly deliver. Lord John never appeared to better advantage. He spoke at once as a constitutional Whig, and a faithful servant of her Majesty. He was at once liberal and loyal.

And thus with this clear and emphatic explanation from Lord John, and with a few sentences from Mr. Walpole, who was scarcely heard at all, amid the tumultuous din which rose after the Leader of the House had sat down, the first night of the session terminated in the Commons, at the very respectable hour of eleven. To the Government the debate had been most satisfactory; but to the Opposition it was worse than any ministerial defeat. A party may be weak in numbers, yet powerful by its close union. But when there is nothing but disorganisation, when the nominal opponents of the Government only answer each other, it is clear that such an opposition is a farce, and can serve no other purpose than to accommodate the Treasury Bench. No member of the House of Commons had the courage to ask the reason of Lord Palmerston's sudden resignation of his office, and his sudden resumption of it; that noble Lord enjoys a kind of universal toleration; he is equally acceptable to the ministry and to the Opposition, and is allowed to do as he pleases. It was a curious sight to watch the Home Secretary when his colleague was defending the Prince. There sat Lord Palmerston with his hat drawn over his brows, and his arms crossed tightly over each other. It was thought that as his name had also been so frequently mentioned out of doors with that of the Royal Consort, he would have risen in his place, and have given these allegations a decided contradiction. But Lord Palmerston said nothing. As soon as the discussion ended he walked quietly out of the House, and a few minutes afterwards

was seen calmly standing behind the Throne, in the House of Lords.

The Peers this evening kept later hours than the faithful Commons. It was said that Lord Aberdeen was up, and honourable members, as soon as their own business was finished, hurried to the Upper House. There certainly was Lord Aberdeen speaking with much animation. Though an ungraceful, he is an effective speaker; and his replies to the fluent Earl of Derby told on the audience. Some of his remarks were, indeed, not in the best taste; noble lords venture to take liberties in debate which Mr. Speaker would not tolerate in the representatives of the people. The Prime Minister did not hesitate to allude to himself and his colleagues as "fellows," and called the Earl of Derby "a clever fellow." He spoke of the calumnies against Prince Albert with more indignation than Lord John had displayed; though the speech of the Leader of the House of Commons was the more complete vindication. Lord Aberdeen evidently thought the subject beneath him and dismissed it in a few words. "I have thought it right to say this, because I felt it my duty to do so," said the noble Earl, "though, my Lords, it is one which I am ashamed of fulfilling." The peers were of course full of sympathy; Lord Malmesbury and the Earl of Derby were only too eager to disclaim all connection with their political organs of the newspaper press. A certain editor must be a much-enduring man; he is every now and then being snubbed by the proud Earl of Derby, who cares nothing for newspapers; yet how chivalrously faithful is the poor devoted editor to the chivalrous Earl!

The Earl of Harrowby's manly and sensible remarks from the cross benches made Lord Derby still more indignant, and threw Lord Malmesbury into convulsions of rage. Lord Derby disclaimed having any political organ whatever; and his associate furiously ejaculated, in answer to the Earl of Harrowby, "I have never since I entered the House, heard language more offensive to the feelings." Shouts of laughter greeted this passionate retort. Lord Malmesbury was in dismay; he saw in what a position his party had been placed; what would be said at Windsor, the next morning, when the Earl of Harrowby's observations were read, and the attack on Prince Albert thus seen directly laid to the charge of the Opposition? "It is no laughing matter," said Lord Malmesbury, solemnly rebuking the peers for their merriment; "it is no laughing matter to tell gentlemen that they are connected with a press which has insulted the Crown." Here the Earl of Harrowby appeared to speak. Lord Malmesbury indignantly ejaculated, "I beg the noble Lord will not interrupt me; I did not interrupt him."

The peers are certainly getting every day more angry in their style of debating. The House of Lords is no longer that decorous senatorial assembly which it was formerly considered to be. During the last session, the Earl of Derby went so far as to call a right reverend prelate "a meek and smiling villain;" and now, on the very first night of the parliamentary session, noble lords are again forgetting their dignity, and abusing one another in a very

plebeian vein. Talk of an Irish scene in the House of Commons! English peers are far worse than any honourable Irish gentlemen. The most furious Milesian is afraid of the Speaker; but the dignity of the Lord Chancellor is no restraint on a patrician in a passion.

The scenes of excitement which were begun in the House of Lords on the first night, have continued with undiminished interest. The unattached Whig peers, in concert with the Tory Opposition, have certainly given the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary plenty of annoyance. Nor do the ministers always come out of the conflict victoriously. The Earl of Aberdeen's Caledonian pertinacity, and constitutional apathy, have been severely tried. The Marquis of Clanricarde is bent on demonstrating his capacity for government, by his inveteracy in opposition. For years Lord Clanricarde never thought of addressing the House of Lords, when he was in office; he has spoken more since he was left out of the present administration than he did during the five years of the Russell ministry, in which he held a seat in the cabinet, and occupied one of the most responsible of places. This mode of warfare may answer this nobleman's purpose, but it certainly does not tend to raise his political character.

Yet the style of Lord Aberdeen really provokes criticism; and the Earl of Clarendon has not the captivating manner of answering questions, which was so remarkably characteristic of his renowned predecessor in the Foreign Office. There is a dignity in reserve: there is a dignity in frankness: but there is no charm in official pedantry. Lord Clarendon scarcely condescends to answer a question; and it is impossible to get any meaning from his tortuous sentences. Bad as this is, the dogged impenetrability of the Premier is worse. It cannot be said that the Earl of Aberdeen shows much of the moral greatness of the prime minister of England, about to direct the martial genius of the country in a great national struggle for the independence of the world. He hates war, and dislikes the contest in which we are about to engage; but he forgets that to talk against war is not always the best way to maintain peace, nor the most certain means of guiding our exertions to a successful issue. It must have been mortifying to him at length to take up arms notwithstanding his eminently pacific propensities. But still, in defiance of the laughter and sneers of both friends and foes, up to the fourteenth of February, he still stoutly declared that war was not unavoidable; that he hoped and prayed it was not inevitable; and that, while other people might talk about the certainty of the approaching conflict, he desired to be left to his "hopes and prayers" for peace. Those who heard Lord Aberdeen give utterance to this sentiment in the debate on Tuesday night, or during the first half hour of Wednesday morning, saw a sight that they can never forget. While the trumpet, calling the soldiers to arms, was resounding throughout the land, while the hum of preparation was audible to every ear, while the flag of England was in the waters of the Black Sea, and a formidable armament was getting ready for the Baltic, there was the aged Prime Minister, whose

hands were to launch the thunderbolts of war, bending his head in deprecation to the ground, and desiring to be left to his hopes and prayers for peace.

The debate of that evening was in the highest degree creditable to our legislators; it was commenced with spirit, and was kept up well to the last. Not one ineffective speech was made; and some of the addresses were worthy of any occasion, and of any orator. The speech which was the most remarkable, which was the least applauded, but which was certainly not the least able, was that of Earl Grey. It is the fate of this nobleman to be unpopular; he has been called a failure in political life; he has no party, and few personal friends; he kindles no sympathy, excites no enthusiasm, and gains no applause. Yet it is impossible not to respect the moral courage with which he avows his opinions, and the firmness with which he pursues his solitary and uninviting way. Small in stature, with a voice of startling harshness, with features the reverse of prepossessing, and with a curt, cold, and dry manner; disliked by many, respected, rather than loved, even by his straggling band of friends, he may be considered the impersonation of liberal cynicism. Such Lord Grey is, and such he will ever remain; the most unpopular politician on the popular side. He is, however, peculiarly an upright man; and even in his contempt for the sweet voices of the marketplace, if there be something unwise and uncharitable, there is also much that is honourable and dignified. The fact is, Lord Grey is so free from prejudice, that he can make no allowance for the prejudices of others; and thus unites the prejudices of all parties against himself. He is made up of abstract principles; and is seen as a living abstraction. It is better, however, to act on abstract principles, than on no principles at all; and hence Lord Grey's unsympathising liberalism and unrelenting dogmatism are better than the unscrupulous versatility of mere popular favourites, who veer about with every wind. It is good that there should be now and then such men as Earl Grey; there is no reason to fear that they will ever be numerous among English statesmen. His last oration, like all his former productions, was stamped with ability, information, and argument. But it represented the idiosyncrasy of its author in an eminent degree. It was the honest expression of an individual opinion, not the oration of a statesman rallying a party and bidding for power. Neither sympathising with the Conservative Opposition, nor the coalesced Ministry, Earl Grey's speech was as much against the one party as the other. It was the speech of a clear thinker, of a calm reasoner, of a political economist, of a mind entirely free from prejudice; but it was not the speech of an English politician, nor were its sentiments such as were likely to find an echo in the hearts of Englishmen. By arguing that it would have been better to leave Turkey to her fate, and that Russia would not be formidable even with Constantinople in her power, Earl Grey evinced the folly of mere logic, the danger of the mere reasoning power. He has not discerned, nor will he ever discern, that genuine wisdom which is clothed in the garb of prejudice. But

there is even no rashness, no imprudence, in looking steadily at the future, seeing coming evils from afar, and now making a stand, not for the simple independence of the Ottoman empire, but for the independence of Western Europe. This is not, what Earl Grey called it, knight-errantry; it is the instinct of self-preservation, which is as strong and wise in nations as in individuals.

Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, has fully abandoned his old colleague and friend, to whom he once seemed to be inseparably associated. It is evident that he attributes the difficulties of his late administration to Earl Grey, and some of the terse sentences of the leader of the House of Commons are keen replies to his ex-colonial Secretary. When told that the "son of the author of the Great Reform Bill" disapproved of introducing another scheme of the same kind, Lord John showed some asperity, and was blandly acrimonious on the Monday evening, as he expounded the new measure. Whenever the noble member for the City of London is displeased, his voice sharpens, the aristocratic twang is more perceptible, his figure stiffens, and his air bespeaks confidence. Mr. Punch has never thought of sketching Lord John in his altitudes, when, with arms a-kimbo, curling lip, and his broadest dialect, he majestically turns to his followers below the gangway, and breathes defiance to his enemies. As in answer to Earl Grey and others, he spoke of proceeding with his Reform Bill even at the moment when we were likely to be engaged in a war extending to every part of the globe; as he thus showed himself prepared to face not only a war with Russia, but also a war of classes in England, and to run the risk of a dissolution of parliament, and a ministerial resignation, Lord John rose to the height of heroism; and as he said that "this idea that we should be unable to attend to domestic reform when war should be declared, is, I confess, one of those thoughts which may be described as having in it only one part of wisdom, and three parts of cowardice," and continued to observe even in more decided tones, "and I must say it does not affect me!" it must be confessed that Lord John displayed the most indisputable courage, and was a most striking example of the moral sublime.

But he has advanced from victory to victory. His exertions during these three weeks of the session have fully borne out the evidence of the political renovation which he exhibited in the debate on the Address. There is now no talk of Lord John going up to the House of Lords; there are now no hints of Mr. Gladstone superseding him in the leadership of the House of Commons. He has astonished everybody by his vigour and eloquence; he even appears astonished himself at the marvellous ascendancy he has again acquired in little more than a fortnight. Even in the debate on Friday, the 17th,—the latest day to which this notice can extend this month—Lord John Russell made a most able and effective oration, which was cheered by all parties.

Mr. Layard was most attentively listened to, and he certainly did, as he said, "make out his case." While he was speaking, the

house was crowded, and ministers were clearly anything but pleased with the keen criticism of the member for Aylesbury. He has a perfect right to take a prominent place in these discussions, not only because, as one writer sneeringly observed, he has been at Nineveh, but because much of his time has been spent in the study of the Eastern problem. He has been for a short while an Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and was previously, I believe, also connected with our embassy at Constantinople.

Sir James Graham made a great mistake in replying in the manner he did to Mr. Layard. He lost his temper, and once again laid aside "discretion." "Why pother about Blue-books," asked the first Lord of the Admiralty, with the most stolid effrontery. Members stared at one another, as they well might. Had not the Blue-book just been laid upon the table by the command of her Majesty? Had not ministers during all the last session asked the House to wait until the information was officially produced before expressing its opinion? And now, when the Blue-book had been printed and placed in the hands of all honourable members, they were told in solemn tones by one of the ministers, leaning upon his walking-stick and looking unusually grave, not to "pother" about it, but set to work at once and vote the estimates!

It is seldom that Sir James blunders, but unquestionably he does so now and then. Lord John Russell, sitting by his side, saw what had been done, and at length came to the rescue. This first attempt of Sir James to be the "crusher in general" of the Coalition ministry, as he was of the Peel administration, decidedly failed. Times are now much changed from what they were ten years ago. In this truce of parties a coalition ministry must be conciliatory; and even the versatile Baronet, who is administrative ability personified, cannot be permitted to be self-complacently insulting. Mr. Disraeli saw at once the error of the supercilious minister; the adjournment of the debate was the result; and it is not unlikely but that the best speeches on our foreign policy may be yet to come. Lord Palmerston has hitherto preserved his provoking silence; and this evening Mr. Disraeli will have full licence for his sarcastic abilities. So successful have ministers been thus far in the session, that it is evident Sir James Graham thinks himself and his friends safe from all attacks; but they must not be too confident. They have at least one sharp-sighted and ready-witted adversary who, though he may not defeat them, can yet render them ludicrous. By their own admission, too, they have unquestionably committed errors in their diplomacy; and however excusable such mistakes may be in general, they are less excusable in a cabinet containing no less than five ministers who have been Secretaries for Foreign Affairs, and two of whom are the most experienced of European statesmen. A ministry in which we see both Aberdeen and Palmerston supported by Granville, Clarendon, and Russell, surely ought not to be outwitted by even the diplomatists of Russia. Sir James Graham's exhibition was therefore exceedingly ill-timed; and it is not unlikely that to-night Mr. Disraeli may turn it to account.

CONSTANTINOPLE, ITS SUPPLY AND DEFENCE; WITH A GLANCE AT THE CRIMEA.

THE greatest personal contrast in Turkey is that between a Mussulman of the old school, of traditional creed and ideas, and a gentleman—he can scarcely be called a Mussulman—who has been bred in Europe, and who wears narrow trousers and varnished boots. It was my fortune to be introduced one day to two eminent Turkish functionaries, each of whom was a capital specimen of the schools to which they belonged. The palace inhabited by each most fully corresponded to the ideas of the respective tenants—tenants, we may well say, for no one is proprietor of anything, except what is actually within his grasp. All possession in Turkey, even that of life, is leasehold, and terminable at will—that is, at the will of a master.

My more or less Europeanised Turk I found in the offices of what is called the Sublime Porte, a range of buildings with fine steps, fine columns, regularly laid out in architectural style, strongly contrasting with the wooden *konaks* and the tall minarets around—a kind of Somerset House planted in the midst of the old city of the Turk, very near to the gates of the Seraglio, from which it takes its name, and looking down upon St. Sophia. Such a range of ministerial offices as the Sublime Porte would in England have been well stocked by stately porters, busy clerks, and people hurrying to and fro on the business of the day. But this central seat of Turkish administration was lonely as the desert, without a menial, or a slave, or attendant, or even a sentry. Surely this was not Turkey, where every door is thought to be guarded by a slave, white or black, and where great men could only be approached through court-yards and corridors full of retainers. There were no signs of such life. I wandered and shouted in vain through the empty halls, and at last, pushing open a door, stumbled into the office I sought. Two or three young gentlemen in fezes had tables and writing materials at hand. Their occupation was the twisting and smoking of cigarettes, which struck me to be as complete a parody on the *chibouque* as the red scull-cap was of the respectable and voluminous turban.

I found my young and fat official as unlike what he had been in Paris and in London as could be well imagined. Actual and continual dwellers in those capitals are not always aware that they live in an atmosphere highly charged with excitement, which, as a kind of electricity, quickens their movements, leaps from their eyes, accentuates their speech, and communicates to them that *fastness* which is difficult to account for, and which none can imitate elsewhere. Here in Constantinople it was all gone. The tongue was mute, the eye was leaden, the manner ceremonious, the ideas—it is bleeding a turtle at any time to extract ideas from a Turk; and an Europeanised Turk was, in this respect, as good a

Turk as his elders. After all, perhaps it was want of topics. Constantinople has no society, no theatre, no common friend, no public character, save the ministers and pashas, and these, in the present instance, it would have been high indecorum to mention, much less discuss their character and conduct. I could plainly perceive that my *quondam* acquaintance and present interlocutor was puzzling his brain to devise in what manner he could be useful to me, or procure me information or entertainment. But there was no possibility of the kind, and he evidently gave up the quest.

It was but a step from the Sublime Porte to the ancient Hippodrome or modern Atmeidan, across which was my path to visit the other functionary, who resided in an old Turkish official residence. It covered a large space of ground, being originally built of only one story, surrounded with those tent-like roofs, and kiosk-like towers, so purely Turkish, and so fast disappearing from European Turkey. It stood opposite to one of the most revered mosques in Constantinople, which was also old and of no great size. Between the palace and the mosque was a great thoroughfare, just issuing from the Bazaar, and a crowd of led horses around, showed that numerous Turks had come to see the great functionary. Amidst the horses and the visitors to the palace, and the devotees entering the mosque, the same persons generally performing the two duties, wheeled an army of pigeons, some thousands of them, flying from mosque to palace, and from palace to mosque, descrying in an instant when any pious Moslem came prepared to feed the sacred birds, whereupon they pounced down around him more like myriads of insects or locusts, than like birds.

I entered the old one-storied and scrambling palace, which happened also to be a prison for the immurement of persons on their first arrest. And this mixture of Bow-street and St. James's, though perfectly Turkish, struck me, on being admitted by the guard into the entrance, as very barbarous and disgusting. The great man, however, no doubt thought it enhanced his dignity, on the same principle that the chief executioner was always in attendance on the Sultan's progress, and not far removed from his person.

The little rooms that served as antechambers to the Pasha, were not like those of his colleague at the Sublime Porte, vast and empty; on the contrary, they were diminutive, but well-filled by retainers, soldiers, tschalousches, and a perfect motley of courtiers. The functionary, whom I now sought, was no higher in rank than his colleague of the Sublime Porte, but being of the old school, court was paid to him by the old Turks in the old way, and he kept his state, not after the retired and moderate habits of Europe, but with all the display of the reign of Solyman the Magnificent.

The Pasha was not old. He had risen by his good looks to the favour of Mahmoud, a relation of whom he had married. Like every prosperous Turk, he was fat, and with a comely brow, which he knit, however, from time to time, very unlike that boasted impassibility of manner, of which the old Turks are accused. It is need-

less here to explain why or how my conversation with that functionary turned upon the supply of Constantinople with water, which at that time was woefully defective. There were a great many projects, in fact, for organizing a sufficient supply, and a great many proposals and plans had been sent to the minister, whose especial care was the health, provision, and peace of the capital. The public functionary of the old school was opposed to all these plans, which he declared were only devices in order to empty the Imperial Treasury into the pockets of ingenious Franks. Young Turkey, on the contrary, was anxious that the plans should be carried out, and that the first necessary of life should be in greater abundance than at present.

The sudden and serious illness of a friend, made me interest myself in the matter, which I did not regret, as it led me not only into contact and discussion with various characters and personages, and enabled me to observe somewhat of the old rusty machinery of Ottoman administration.

Constantinople was never intended by nature, one might say, to be the capital of a great Mohamedan empire. For the first requisite to a Mussulman is water, and Constantinople is by nature the spot worst supplied with fresh water of any, that ever was or could be chosen. I heard the remark made in the very beard of the Turks, who, themselves, seemed nowise affected by it. God was great! and He had given them Constantinople, which was a power and a decision infinitely superior to those of Nature. But a doctor, who was present, observed that the observation proceeded from a very foolish and a very ignorant man, as Mohamedanism itself was born in a country which was blessed with no water, and where it was a still greater luxury and scarcity than at Constantinople.

Be this as it may, the present capital of Turkey is naturally unprovided with water. There is no part of it, that is not within a short distance of the sea, and there are no grounds higher than it within any distance. A supply of water from wells and springs was therefore never to be hoped. The Cæsars remedied the defect by excavating the greater part of the rising ground, or hills, on which Constantinople stands, and making spacious caverns, supported on columns, to serve as immense cisterns for water. Some of these are now dry. That portion near the Seraglio is used as an underground place for spinning silk by hand. And there are compartments, full of bones, walled off, the relics of plague and massacre. But the greater portion of the old cisterns have water in them, water unchanged for centuries—a kind of Dead Sea within the bowels of the capital, forming a subterranean lagune, running between endless rows of pillars, which defy curiosity to penetrate. Miss Pardoe has well described this place, and recounted the adventures of a young Englishman, who set forth in a boat with torches to explore the watery recesses, but who never returned. These vast reservoirs of water, now unfit for use, rendered Constantinople independent of external supply during all its ancient sieges. But if, at the present day,

an enemy should blockade Constantinople by land and sea, the city could not hold out one week, simply from the want of water.

All this was represented to the Pasha of the old Turk school, who, as a military man, should have been interested in removing such a dearth. He thanked the Prophet, however, that the Turks had no enemies who were equally powerful by land and sea, and consequently it was the greatest improbability in the world that Constantinople should ever be blockaded and besieged on the two elements at once. When he was reminded that Russia had fleets as well as armies, the Pasha pointed to the Turkish men-of-war anchored in line from the village of the Beglierbeys to the Seraglio Point, a formidable, and, one should be glad to think, an efficient answer.

But, indeed, there was no need of appealing to the eventualities of war, in order to impress upon the Government the necessity of providing water. The Mosques could not do without it. The better and more important part of Mahomedan devotion is that performed in the outer court of the Mosque, and is neither more nor less than ablution. And as the greater part of the soil in all the provinces of Turkey either belongs to the Mosques, or is mortgaged to them, so with the water that is brought to Constantinople. The Mosques have the right to be first supplied and satisfied. Of old this was but a fair and small proportion, but since the supply has dwindled, it absorbs three-fourths of what dribbles through the aqueducts. In hot weather a supplementary supply for the water-carriers, and for private use, has to be brought from Scutari, on the other side of the Bosphorus. Such means are expensive and insufficient; and it need not be said that, if at any time of a Turkish summer water should be wanting to the Mosques and to the people, the clerical and popular party would soon make an *emeute* together, that would considerably trouble the official gentlemen at the Sublime Porte.

Some writers think that the Turks should never have made their chief settlement on the European shore. It was an object, no doubt, to Mahomet the Second to establish himself in the actual seat of the Eastern Cæsars. But inasfar as he has become a European sovereign by this, he has weakened himself, as the population there must necessarily be Christian. Had Scutari been made the Imperial capital, and Constantinople its port and fortress, the Sultan would have been stronger. But that is a question, provocative of long discussion, needless to enter into here.

Scutari, at any rate, could have never wanted water. With a mountain at its back, and abundant sources, Scutari might have been supplied even from the Bythinian Olympus. On the European side of the strait there is no mountain, ever so distant, to look to, nor lake, nor river. In the forest of Belgrade, as it is called, on the shores of the Black Sea, there are gullies and heads of valleys, down the sides of which the water pours in great abundance during the rains, and where, indeed, the vicinity of the Black Sea keeps a constant moisture.

A *barrage* is erected along the bottom of these valleys, each of which fills and forms a reservoir; and from thence the aqueducts lead to Constantinople. Bujukdere, or the "Big Valley," leads up from the Bosphorus to one of these *barrages*; and, indeed, the road from it goes under the aqueduct. This place is the favourite excursion from either Therapia or Bujukdere—these summer head-quarters of all the embassies, and at present the residence of the Sultan himself. These valleys and this region form one of the most delightful rides in Turkey, not only from the picturesque scenery and the freshness of the air, but because the district, has been tabooed against the tyranny and extortion of Pashas or Cadis by the immunities accorded to the embassies. The Turkish village is there a favoured and happy spot, its cottages neat, its gardens cultivated, its children noisy; and, in fact, but for the birds of prey and a few other kindred symptoms, one might fancy oneself in Europe.

One of the great objections to employing European capital or engineers in either repairing the aqueducts, or making efficient the *barrages*, was the fear, of at least the common Turks, that they would be espying the nakedness of the land for military purposes. It was pretty clear, that had English and French engineers such purposes, they would have been for the defence, not the betrayal of Constantinople. But the Turk cannot be got to distinguish one race of Giaours from another. Jealousy of the engineers of the maritime powers is, however, monstrously absurd. An hour's cannonade would destroy the old, crumbling, imperial walls, which extend from the Seraglio Point to the Seven Towers; and there would be no more obstacle to an army in boats pouring up the streets of Constantinople from the sea of Marmora, than there would be in entering any open town, however well defended, by brave and fanatic men.

The defence of Constantinople against maritime attack, lies in the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Engineers represent both as capable of being rendered impregnable; not by batteries facing across the Straits, but inflading them; and there are positions affording every aptitude for this in both Straits. The Duke of Ragusa, proceeding from them as from an axiom, has laid down the military plan, which he recommended Russia to follow in its subjugation of Turkey. He bids the Emperor of Russia not to think of Constantinople, as besieging or beleaguering it. He recommends it to be passed by altogether; and the military aims of Russia concentrated upon two points,—Adrianople and the Dardanelles. Masters of Adrianople, with a powerful army entrenched near it, on the Maritza, the Russians would, according to Marmont, easily defy all the armies that either Turkey, or her European allies, could bring into Roumelia; and the same power at the same time taking possession of the Dardanelles, and erecting forts, for which he points out the site, and delineates the plan, would render the Straits thus impassable to any navy; and consequently, Constantinople, shut in from succour, must, sooner or later, and without effort, surrender.

Such was Marmont's plan. In order to its completion the French Marshal supposed two things; first, that there were no European fleets within the Dardanelles; and secondly, that Russia could encounter no efficient resistance from the Turks, in the Danube, or north of the Balkan. He took for granted, that in case of war, the Turkish fortresses on the Danube could offer no resistance; and that even the traditional position, or entrenched camp of Shumla, was certain of being forced by the Russian commander. The present state of things, by no means answers to that which Marmont supposed. With British and French troops, already on their way to the shores of the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles are as remote as the South Pole from Russian acquisition. And how far the Russian march upon Adrianople can be achieved, remains to be considered.

The fact is, that Russia is what may be called short-winded for military effort. But for English money, she never could have advanced from the frontiers of Poland to those of France in 1814. Her extension of empire has been made step by step, province by province, after years of feeling and preparing the way. True to this traditional policy, the object of the Czar has long been to annex the Principalities. And she would require to have held them ten or twelve years, and have gained firm footing there, ere the great step beyond them, and across the Danube, could be taken. We may, therefore, consider the present aims of Russia to have been the possession of the Principalities, and nothing more. And Nicholas must think it hard, his not being able to secure in 1853 those provinces which Napoleon freely gave Alexander, and allowed him to take in 1807. In 1853 he thought his time was come. The Duke of Wellington was dead, whom, as a soldier, Nicholas had resolved never to encounter. Lord Palmerston was no longer Foreign Minister, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was no longer at Constantinople. The Czar, therefore, slipped the leash, in which he held that good bull-dog, Menschikoff,—made through that most rude channel the most impossible demands, and marched into the Principalities, ere the pretext for doing so had been well put together. Once in, they will rather let me stay, than make war. Such was the Czar's calculation. And which of us, if asked a year ago, whether he did not think that the Czar would succeed, and that France and England would neither of them have recourse to arms, would certainly have replied, that France would not be so rash, nor England so anti-pacific. Yet everything has turned out against the most rational expectations of everybody. John Bull has grown warlike, and has evidently taken a fancy to have a brush with Russia—the very last thing that could have been predicated of him. Napoleon the Third has shown a coolness, and steadiness, and straightforwardness, and a fidelity, that no one certainly calculated upon. Lord Aberdeen has declared war, or something tantamount,—a thing incredible. The Turks have made war, and fought valiantly—something more incredible. They have found money, which is quite a marvel. In short, 1854 has commenced as an

annus mirabilis, in which every prince and public man appears in a new character, and each country plays a new part in a manner which would prove the utter bewilderment of any Right Honourable Gentleman who fell asleep three years ago, and should chance to awaken now.

In this state of things the Russians can scarcely hope to get as far as Adrianople. That, however, will be their aim. They can no longer attempt it as they did in 1829, by the coast, as our troops and fleets can both be brought to operate there. The Russians must advance by Sophia and the great central road. For this operation they must not only beat the Turks, and drive them southward, but they must also make sure of their communication and supplies through Servia. The chances and prospects of the campaign, therefore, come to this: that Russia must acquire complete ascendancy in Servia, by fair means or by foul, in order either to advance to Adrianople or maintain itself there. Servia is the key which opens Central Turkey or closes it; and there is little doubt that towards Servia Russian efforts will be first directed. The plan in Servia, as indeed all along the line of the western provinces of Turkey, will no doubt be to excite a Greek and Christian insurrection, in order to distract the Turkish forces, and create a pro-Russian feeling. That love of national independence, equally jealous of Russia, of Austria, and of Turkey, which pervades Servia, exists, of course, amongst the better and more educated class, whilst the priests and the more ignorant of the peasants, would welcome the Russians. To corrupt the independent Servians with gold, and excite the lower with fanaticism, will of course be the Russian system. Were an insurrection the consequence, Austrian troops would probably pass the Danube. The Emperor of Austria would assent to do this in a spirit of self-preservation and neutrality. But if the Austrian army occupying Servia, allowed the communication of the Russian army to be kept up with the Russian reserve and stores in Bessarabia, this would allow the Russians to prosecute a campaign even as far as Adrianople without being supplied from the East. In this, however, Russia must have at least the covert support of Austria, and be by her aid enabled to neutralise Servia, if not turn it to profit and to aid. But should Austria remain even sincerely neutral, and show that neutrality by respecting, herself, and making all others respect the independence and neutrality of Servia,—then it will be as impossible for Russia to advance by Sophia, as the presence of British and French troops at Varna, would preclude the possibility of any advance by the sea-coast.

We may say, therefore, that as that portion of Marmont's plan, which concerns the Dardanelles, has been rendered impossible by Anglo-French intervention, so an advance on Adrianople, that other part of the Duke of Ragusa's project, is equally impossible, without the connivance of Austria. The great attention of France and England, then, must be directed towards Austria. And her first move into Servia must be met by the threat of a corresponding move into Italy. She will plead neutrality, friendship, good.

intention, and so on. And if, in these protestations, Austria be listened to and humoured, as Russia has been, during the last four months, the cause of Turkey will have been betrayed!

Let us suppose, however, that Austria either intends to be neutral, or is kept so, and that she defends the neutrality and independence of Servia; in that case, all that Russia can attempt, is to keep the Principalities, or, at most, inflict a defeat upon the Turks, in order to demonstrate her military superiority. If the Turks are prudent, however, and limit themselves to defensive war, they ought not to suffer defeat. We take it for granted that Varna will be garrisoned by French or English, and that an army of the troops of other powers will be encamped under its walls. If so, this force will always be ready to march to the assistance of the entrenched Turkish camp at Shumla, which, of itself strong, must, with such aid at hand, be impregnable.

Much, however, must depend upon the amount of force which Russia brings into the field. If she really musters upwards of 200,000 men upon the Danube, she must be under the necessity of making some active use of them; for to feed and keep in health such numbers, would tax her power to the utmost, and could not be kept up for any very long time. So much so, that a Turkish and an Anglo-French force, which should merely reduce an immense Russian army north of the Danube to inactivity, would severely punish and exhaust the Emperor Nicholas.

Some thought must be taken of opinion at home. If the Londoners have shared such excitement and anxiety at the mere march of the Guards, we must consider the impatience of the public and the press, were our troops to remain inactive at Varna and at Rodosto. The French public are as little patient as we are, and the Emperor Napoleon has a military reputation to make, which scarcely admits of prolonged inactivity. And it so happens that the theatre of war upon the Danube presents strong temptation to powers and armies, representing and defending Turkey, to assume the offensive against enemies holding the Principalities. Those provinces, and especially Wallachia, form a sort of bag, very narrow at the mouth, and stretching out to roomy dimensions in the interior. From the bend of the Danube at Ismail or Ibrail to the mountain confines of Transylvania, there extends but a narrow strip of country, which, if a hostile army, crossing the Danube from Turkey, could get hold of, they would cut off all the enemy's forces occupying Wallachia. The old Turkish Viziers, indeed, seldom minded Wallachia in their incursions across the Danube. They either marched through Servia into Hungary, if its object was to invade Austria, or, if Russia was her aim, the Ottoman armies passed the Danube, near its mouth, and pressed forward into Bessarabia. Whilst the military occupation of Wallachia by the Russians became useful for the prosecution of offensive operations it was completely useless, and indeed pernicious for defensive war, the Lower Danube being the spot where decisive conflicts must necessarily take place. The same consideration must now prevail; and whenever the Turks

and their auxiliaries can muster that large force north of Varna, which is competent to give battle to the Russians, they have but to pass the Danube, in order to compel the Russians to a general engagement, and to the evacuation of Wallachia in case of failure.

Such appear to be the chances and principal points in a campaign, for the defence of Turkey, upon the Danube. It is, however, forcibly demanded by the interests of England, not only that Russia should receive such a blow, as would deprive her of her present guardianship of the mouth of the Danube, but that she should, at the same time, be driven from her present advanced position south of the Caucasus, or, at least be so weakened there, as no longer to have Persia, as well as Turkey, in her grasp.

The most severe blow that could be dealt to Russia,—indeed, the only blow, that can ever induce her to draw back from her present advanced position, would be the conquest of the Crimea. It is the only very vulnerable point of Russia to a naval power. It is, to all purpose, an Island, assailable and defensible on all sides, by sea. There is an isthmus, or narrow neck of land at Perekop, across which fortifications of any strength could be erected, and which it might be rendered impossible for any Russian force to overcome. Within the Peninsula, too, is Sevastopol, the southern arsenal of Russia. If the weak point of Turkey be the Bosphorus—at which Russia has ever aimed—the Crimea may be equally the aim of Turkey, and the maritime powers. The strongest motive with Russia, for entering upon these and other wars, is, that she has nothing to lose, and that even, if defeated, an enemy cannot penetrate into the interior of the country, occupy the capitals, or permanently subjugate her. But let us show Russia that she may be deprived of the Crimea, as the result of a war with the maritime powers, and she will then feel that same salutary reluctance to war, which the Western powers feel, who know what damage must be dealt, in case of war, to commerce and to credit, and to that ideal world of riches piled upon them.

It would require an article, or a chapter, of itself, to point out all the consequences, if the Porte, or the Powers of Western Europe, wrest the Crimea from Russia. It contains a Mussulman population, Tartar in origin, tongue, habits, and recollections. A Mahomedan power and dynasty resuscitated there, and having claim to the respect and support of all the Mahomedan tribes eastward, would erect a barrier against Russia on the side of Asia far more impregnable and more formidable than the Danube and the Balkan. Sixty thousand French and English flung into the Crimea would soon bring Russia to reason, and compel her to conform to the laws of Europe. At all events, the Black Sea being left open, Russia must be taught her vulnerability on this point. And a sense of that vulnerability can alone render her amenable to the laws and dictates of common sense and common right.

CONFESSIONS OF A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

THE world has grown curious to an excess. Nothing so eagerly read as confessions, revelations, private journals, autobiographies, and correspondences. What most concerns the world to know, the world cares nothing about, or very little; but what is of no earthly consequence to the world or to any human being but one—*videlicet*, the private acts, thoughts, troubles, annoyances, embarrassments, and petty vexations of an individual—every word that tells of these things will be eagerly devoured by men and women of all ranks and all nations, from the duchess to the housemaid, the prince to the footman, from “May Fair to Marathon.”

This is a very depraved taste of the world, and ought not to be encouraged. It should be “put down,” as Sir Peter would say. The world ought to know better. Why did not the world purchase Mr. Daubley’s pictures in his lifetime at high prices, if the world considered Mr. Daubley a great painter? And, if the world did *not* think so, what does the world mean by poring over Mr. Daubley’s autobiography so eagerly now? If Mr. Daubley was a bad painter, a man of large vanity and small powers (and the world, right or wrong, must have thought so as it would not buy his pictures), what has the world to do with poor Daubley’s life? Nothing at all—and for that very reason the world takes such an interest in it, and gloats over every page recording the unhappy Daubley’s struggles and necessities, and sheds crocodile’s tears over Daubley’s visits to the pawnbroker to get money for mutton chops for Mrs. Daubley and the little Daubleys. Are you not ashamed of yourself, O hypocritical world, to have forced poor Daubley, by pure neglect of his works, to pay such visits? Do you answer “No”? Then what earthly interest can you take in Daubley’s autobiography? Bah! it is curiosity, vulgar, flunkey-like, letter-opening, keyhole-peeping *curiosity*. You ought to be ashamed of yourself; but so you ought any time during these six thousand years of your existence, and you never have been yet, and never will be.

A strange opening this for a paper of confessions, is it not? Am I not about to gratify the very taste I have been abusing? *Que voulez vous*, my dear reader? I am but a man and an author. If I don’t tickle your taste I cannot live—and you ought to allow me to give a little salve to my conscience by abusing you first if I try to please you afterwards.

My confessions! What have I to confess? What long concealed crime am I about to reveal? What evil, whose memory ranking in my bosom, forces me at last remorsefully to avow myself its author? Am I spring-heeled Jack?—the murderer of

Eliza Grimwood?—the perpetrator of the undiscovered Bank robbery?—a member of the Frimley gang? Certainly not! I have nothing half so interesting or romantic about me as any of those individuals. I could not even occupy two lines of contemptuous notice in the *Newgate Calendar* as a third-rate pick-pocket, or a detected “area sneak.” I am, on the contrary, considered by my friends as a highly respectable, steady, middle-aged bachelor, with a tolerably clear conscience, a sufficiently healthy digestion, and a fair balance at my banker’s.

“Then, in the name of common sense,” you exclaim, “what can you have to confess? You must be a regular impostor, and deserve a fortnight at Holloway for obtaining our attention under false pretences!” Ah! it’s very natural for you to think so, my good sir, but *you* never knew Amelia Jellicoe! Had *I* never known her—but—

Those Oxford and Cambridge boat races are the cause of a great deal of mischief. I am not at all sure that they, also, ought not to be “put down.” Indeed, the more I see of the world—the longer I live in it—the more inclined I feel to put down a great many things. At twenty I would have put down nothing but “Governors;” at thirty my destructive organs would have exercised themselves on literary ladies, and hobble-de-hoys with the first sprouts of a moustache on their lips; at forty I took a much wider range in my view of things and people to be utterly abolished; and at fifty—but what am I talking about? pray don’t imagine, my dear madam, that I *am* fifty—I began to get grey at five-and-twenty I assure you, and I had an accident about the same time which deprived me of my front teeth, so don’t judge me by those points. As for figure, the absurdly loose *degagé* style of costume in vogue at present is quite sufficient to account for a more extensive proportion of waist than you, perhaps, consider symmetrical; but to my theme.

These boat-races are serious matters. I don’t care a button about cockneys in their wherries being capsized, and ducked or drowned—it’s their affair, not mine. Steamers may be overcrowded—the greater fools they who go on board of them. Undergraduates may drink too much beer—nasty fellows! Pickpockets may reap a harvest—fault of the police. Young gents who follow the race on horseback along the banks of the river may tumble off, or their horses may tumble down—serve them right, for mounting when they don’t know how to ride. The evil that I complain of is infinitely greater than all these—it is a moral evil, and one from which a man can scarce protect himself—it is the dreadful and deliberate system of *firtation* practised and encouraged at these meetings!

Jellicoe, of Cornhill and Fulham, was an old friend of mine—a City acquaintance of twen——(ahem!) I mean of some years’ standing. We did not visit one another’s houses, but we were very intimate on ‘Change. Jellicoe was a married man; I was a bachelor. Jellicoe pitied me; I had a strong compassion for Jel-

liceo. He imagined that a bachelor's dinner must be a wretched affair, and a bachelor's dwelling an unhappy place. I, on the other hand, had strong suspicions that a married man's repast was often a cold one, off the yesterday's leg of mutton, with, perhaps, a fried sole or a rice pudding to pass it off; and I greatly preferred my vermicelli soup, cutlet *aux pointes d'asperge*, and quiet woodcock, at my West-end club. I was also morally convinced that Jellicoe was not allowed to lounge in his dressing-gown and slippers in the evening, to put his feet on the fender, to smoke in the house, or to have a fire in his dressing-room, and his bed properly warmed every winter's night. These I regarded as essentials to every man's real happiness, and I was duly thankful that I possessed them, instead of noisy children, a piano-thumping daughter, and a wife with a mania for tidiness and domestic propriety. And thus, Jellicoe's ideas and mine being so decidedly opposed (at least, he *professed*, poor fellow, not to care for my style of comforts), it was not very likely that we should trouble one another's homes much. Besides which, I lived in St. James's, as every one who wishes to be happy should, while poor Jellicoe lived in the suburbs—at Fulham—where he had a villa which he thought healthy and rural. It is astonishing how men of business can go and bury themselves in "froggeries" (as Theodore Hook, sensible fellow, called these Thames Villas), where they must rise by candle-light in the winter, to be in the City by post-time; and stifle themselves for two hours daily in dirty, stuffy omnibuses backwards and forwards. And all for the possession of half an acre of sloppy ground, called a garden! Can't I walk in St. James's Park, if I care for damp gravel and sickly flower-beds?

One day Jellicoe said to me—

"By-the-bye, Jones, have you ever seen the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race?"

"Never," I replied; "and I don't intend to see it. It's not worth the trouble. A man always looks like a fool when he's rowing, and is one, in my opinion, unless he's getting his living by it."

"Well," said Jellicoe, smiling, "I'm sorry you say you *won't* go, because I was going to ask you if you'd join us at Fulham tomorrow, to see this very boat-race. We shall have a few friends down; the weather promises to be very fine, and Mrs. Jellicoe is really very anxious to be introduced to you."

"My dear fellow," I answered, "don't suppose that my peculiar ideas about boat-races would prevent me from accepting your hospitality. And really, after Mrs. Jellicoe's kindness in wishing to see me, if I were to refuse to come, I should be a perfect Goth, and I don't think I'm *that*;" and here, I believe, I passed my hands through my curls, and glanced towards the place where the mirror ought to have been, but was not—for we were in my counting-house only.

"Then the thing's settled," said Jellicoe, "and I'm really delighted that you're coming. Be down about one, will you? You know the address—Calcutta Lodge. The omnibus—"

"Thank you—I'll take a Hansom—"

"Oh—ah—yes—you don't like omnibuses, I know. Very well; at one then. Good day."

What it was that made me peculiarly careful about my toilet the next morning I can hardly say. Jellicoe had a wife and a daughter certainly, and probably there would be several other ladies present. But what of that? I was a bachelor on principle and on determination. I was a perfectly independent man. It did not matter a button to me what all the ladies in Christendom thought of me. To be sure a man ought at all times to make the best of his personal appearance, and I always endeavour to do so; but I must confess that I was unusually anxious on the subject to-day.

I took breakfast at the Club, skimmed all the morning papers, and lounged about till twelve, when I sent for a Hansom cab and drove to Fulham.

Calcutta Lodge is not a bad place for a villa. It has a great deal of verandah and stucco, and the usual concomitants of what has been aptly termed the "pastry-cook" order of architecture. Still it looks pleasing; the grounds about it are very well kept; the lawn deliciously smooth and soft; the gravel fine and hard; the flower-beds prettily arranged; and the supply of shrubs, and even of good-sized trees, not bad.

There was a tent on the lawn to-day; and a very fair band was playing in it. There were forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen assembled in the grounds, and conspicuous among them by his tremendous white waistcoat (married men are so fond of white waistcoats, though they seldom get them washed well), was my friend Jellicoe. He hastened forward to greet me, and presented me to Mrs. Jellicoe, who was just what I imagined—short, stout, florid, a little bit verging towards vulgar, and rather too fine in her dress.

Mrs. Jellicoe was very gracious, and after expressing her great delight at seeing so very old a friend of her husband, &c., she introduced me to—"My daughter Amelia."

Amelia Jellicoe was perfectly unlike her father, and very little like her mother. She lost nothing in either instance by her want of resemblance to her parents. She was a very pretty girl—a decidedly pretty girl. I defy any one to say otherwise without telling a downright, palpable falsehood.

"I'm so glad you have come, Mr. Jones," said Amelia.

"Indeed, Miss Jellicoe, if my presence gives you pleasure, my own happiness is very great," replied I—and I don't think I said it badly either.

"I assure you I was most anxious to see you," she continued; "for I have heard papa speak of you so constantly ever since I was quite a baby."

"Upon my word—no, really, Miss Jellicoe—you must be mistaken—some other Mr. Jones—very common name," I said. Hang it! making me appear so ridiculously old to a pretty girl like that.

"Well really, now I see you, Mr. Jones," replied Amelia, in the most charming tone, "I cannot help thinking it *must* be another

gentleman of your name; for I had always pictured this Mr. Jones as a disagreeable, vain, fat, short, pompous little man."

Her words so evidently meant to convey—"and *you* are so perfectly different from all this,"—that I was enchanted with the sense and artlessness of the girl, and I am sure she must have read my satisfaction in the glance I gave her. I have never tried that glance in vain. Amelia's eyes fell, as every woman's eyes *have* fallen, when I have bestowed that look on her. A young puppy of five-and-twenty could not have managed such a glance. It takes a little experience and knowledge of women to give a look that makes the eyelids droop, and the cheek blush on the instant.

There were several city men that I knew at Jellicoe's. Some with their wives and daughters, and some bachelors. There was a large proportion of young ladies in gauzy summer dresses, and transparent bonnets; and plenty of popinjay young fellows in brilliant neck-ties and patent leather boots.

The boat-race began. The grounds looked on to the Thames, and we all assembled at the edge to watch the race. There was a ridiculous amount of enthusiasm among the spectators; tremendous cries of "Go it, Cambridge!" "Well done, Oxford!" and so forth; great wavings of handkerchiefs on shore, and flags in wherries on the river; plenty of demi-semi-nautical conversation among young gentlemen, who had aquatic tastes and propensities; and, above all things, an amount of flirtation among our own party that I never saw equalled, and never desire to see again. It was infectious, sir—absolutely infectious.

The mania began to seize even me. The things I said to Amelia Jellicoe; the compliments I paid her; the looks I gave her—I should have been alarmed at my own rashness if I had had a moment to think about it, which I had not, for it was an unceasing whirl of conversation, excitement, and bewilderment, that left no time for reflection.

The race was over. Of course, either Cambridge or Oxford won, but I have not the slightest recollection which it was. No doubt the winners took too much beer afterwards to celebrate their triumph, and the losers also, to smother their defeat. They always do. Personally, I had no interest in the event, beyond the loss of a dozen pairs of gloves to Amelia Jellicoe, as of course I had backed the wrong side, as every man does when he bets with a lady.

The refreshments were ready, and we adjourned to the tent.

I have always thought champagne a very vulgar wine—that is to say, sparkling champagne, for I allow all merit to the still sort. It is a frothy, fizzing, upstart sort of liquor, which constantly disguises its want of flavour under its gaseous effervescence. Common people look upon it as the monarch of the vintage, because they get it so seldom, and are charged so very high for it—or for its usual substitute, gooseberry. It is just like a *parvenu* in its spasmodic attempts to attract attention and favour. In short, I could say a great deal about champagne if I had time and space, whereas, all I have to say at present is, that I *drank* an immense deal of it in the tent that day, from the sheer force of example.

The people were barbarous enough to keep taking wine with one another, and vulgar people always imagine it is a kind of insult if you drink to them in sherry or Madeira when they are imbibing champagne. So I did as the rest.

Amelia's eyes glowed more brilliantly, sparkled more eloquently, than ever. I sat next her—need I record that fact? How she blushed, and how she smiled at the things I whispered in her ear!

“What an exquisite moment!” I exclaimed softly, and I tried to take her hand, but she was eating an ice with it.

“Do you love solitude?” she asked tenderly.

I was just going to say, “I love nothing in the world but *you*,” by Jove I was, sir! but I thought it was scarcely the moment; so I answered—“Yes; but only *solitude à deux*.”

“But you live *quite* alone, do you not?” she asked, with a look of surprise.

“Alas! yes,” I said with a sigh, that actually made her curls flutter.

“The fault is yours,” she replied, “is it not?”

“Do *you* think so?” I asked.

“Yes, certainly,” she replied, with such simplicity, and her eyes—oh dear! those eyes, I am perfectly confident read the very bottom of my heart. My head began to swim—no, sir! it was *not* the champagne: it was—it was—Amelia Jellicoe.

“Are you fond of the water?” asked Amelia, after a pause. “I dote on it myself.”

“Nothing I like so well,” cried I, and I really fancied I was speaking the truth; though no cat ever had a greater antipathy to water than I. But if Amelia had declared her fondness for asafœtida I should have immediately felt convinced that I preferred it to *bouquet de Windsor*.

“You row, of course?” said Amelia.

“Of course,” replied I. Heaven forgive me, I had never pulled an oar but once, and that was in a punt on a fish-pond when a boy, and then I capsized myself, and was nearly drowned.

“Papa has ordered some wherries to be at the water's edge, by our grounds, soon,” continued Amelia. “The gentlemen are to row, but Papa will insist on having one waterman in each boat to steer. He says the river's so dangerous on these race-days.”

“He's quite right,” said I, beginning to feel horribly nervous, and devoutly wishing the wherries would forget to come.

“Boats are ready, sir!” cried one of the servants at this moment.

I felt wretched.

“I *suppose* you will come,” said Amelia in my ear, as she rose with the rest of the company.

“Certainly,” cried I; “could you doubt it? do you think I could tear myself away from—”

“We shall be left to the last,” cried Amelia, smiling, but with a faint touch of impatience in her tone.

I held out my arm: she took it, and the touch of her hand seemed to vibrate through my frame, so that I was myself again

—prepared for her sake to brave the dangers of the deep—"the deep" being the river Thames at Fulham.

"This way, dear Mr. Jones," cried Amelia, as I was shirking the nearest road to the boats.

How that little word "dear" went through me! Do you suppose, sir, that I was afraid to row all the Thames' wherries in the world now?—not a bit of it! I even expressed my contempt for having a waterman to steer.

"Yes, but we'd better let him come," said Amelia, "or Papa will be angry; and, besides, if there *should* be an accident,—"

"Oh! certainly, certainly," said I, suddenly getting nervous again.

"I mean, you know, that we might get into a boat with some one who couldn't row, and that's very dangerous. Mrs. Tims, an aunt of mine, was upset once, and nearly drowned, through a gentleman pretending to row her, who could n't do it a bit, and who'd had too much wine."

Mercy on me! how I felt. I was quite dizzy and sick. Why I might even go committing murder and suicide. I *must* confess myself an impostor at once; own that I had not a notion of rowing, and beg to be—

"Step in," cried some one, handing Amelia into the boat. "That's your bench, Mr. Jones; catch hold of this scull; that's it, we're full now: shove her off,—holloa there! lift oars, don't back water yet!"

The last admonition was addressed to me; for I had been thrust on to a bench, and had an oar in my hand, before I knew where I was. I *did* lift the oar somehow, and away we shot from the bank.

"Would you like to pull stroke?" asked the young gentleman that handed us in, addressing me.

I had not a notion of what he meant, so I muttered something about "doing very well where I was."

"All right then—I'll pull stroke," said he, taking the seat "aft" me, as I think they call it. "Now then!"

The "now then" was said as he lay forward and took the first pull. I, feeling like a criminal resigned to his fate, whatever it might be, tried to imitate him; but somehow or other *my* oar stuck fast in the water and the motion of the boat pitched me head foremost, right into the lap of Amelia Jellicoe. As I live she burst out laughing!

They picked me up in an instant while I muttered,

"There's some confounded thing in the water."

"Crabs," grunted the waterman, and I think he meant it to be impertinent.

"Try again," said the young man, handing me my scull which had been fished out of the river into which it tumbled when I let go of it.

I *did* try, and very carefully.

"You've been used to heavier craft than this, I see," said the young gentleman; "couldn't you manage not to dip your oar quite so deep?"

"All right," said I valiantly, for I was quite surprised at having managed three strokes without another upset, though I thought each of them would have dislocated my arms, and I heard my waistcoat buttons flying off like pop-guns.

I tried to do as I was told, dipped my oar very lightly and took my usual heavy tug at it. Gracious goodness, where was I? Heels over head backwards in the bottom of the boat. I thought my back was broken—all my waistcoat buttons were gone. Amelia was laughing, I vow!

"That gentleman had better let *me* come there, if we're not to be drowned," growled the waterman. "Hope you can swim, miss?" he added to Amelia.

"You're a little out of practice," said the young gentleman as I rose and made my way to the stern, eagerly accepting the waterman's offer.

Amelia did not smile on me as I approached her. I wished myself at the bottom of the Thames. I had not to wish it long, before I *was* there, for they started again before I had taken my seat. I lost my balance and disappeared backwards, over the side of the boat.

Eugh! what filthy stuff that Thames water is! What a wretched drowned cat sensation I had as they dragged me out by my boots, and I heard Amelia's shrieks—

"He's tippy—the wretch!" she cried—and I heard no more. My cup of misery was full—and so was my body of Thames water.

I have a dim consciousness of feeling flabby and cold for some time, and of being peeled (I suppose they were taking off my clothes), and of being rubbed till I was sore, and of having brandy poured down my throat: and this last was the only sensation *not* unpleasant. But it was quite dusk when I had entirely recovered my senses and knew that I was lying in bed in a warm, comfortable room in Jellicoe's villa, with my dried clothes on a chair beside me.

I got up and dressed myself—crept down stairs—met a servant and gave her half a sovereign to say nothing about my departure just yet—made my way by the back door out of the house—caught an empty cab, and got home to Bury-street.

Next morning a gentleman was shown into my room very early. It was the young man who "pulled stroke" in that ever-to-be-anathematised boat.

"My dear sir, I called at the request of your friends, the Jellicoes, to inquire after your health."

"I'm very well, indeed, thank you," replied I. "May I ask your name, sir?"

"My name is Belton—ahem!—perhaps you're not aware of my position—ahem!—with regard to the Jellicoes," and he coloured a little. "I mean—ahem!—that Amelia Jellicoe is to be—ahem!—Mrs. Belton."

I need not tell *you*, reader, that I certainly was *not* aware—nor need I exactly inform you of how I felt on this discovery. If I had only known it yesterday!

OUR CRUISE IN THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY: The Journal of an English Pair-oar Expedition through France, Baden, Rhenish Bavaria, Prussia, and Belgium. Parker, 1854.

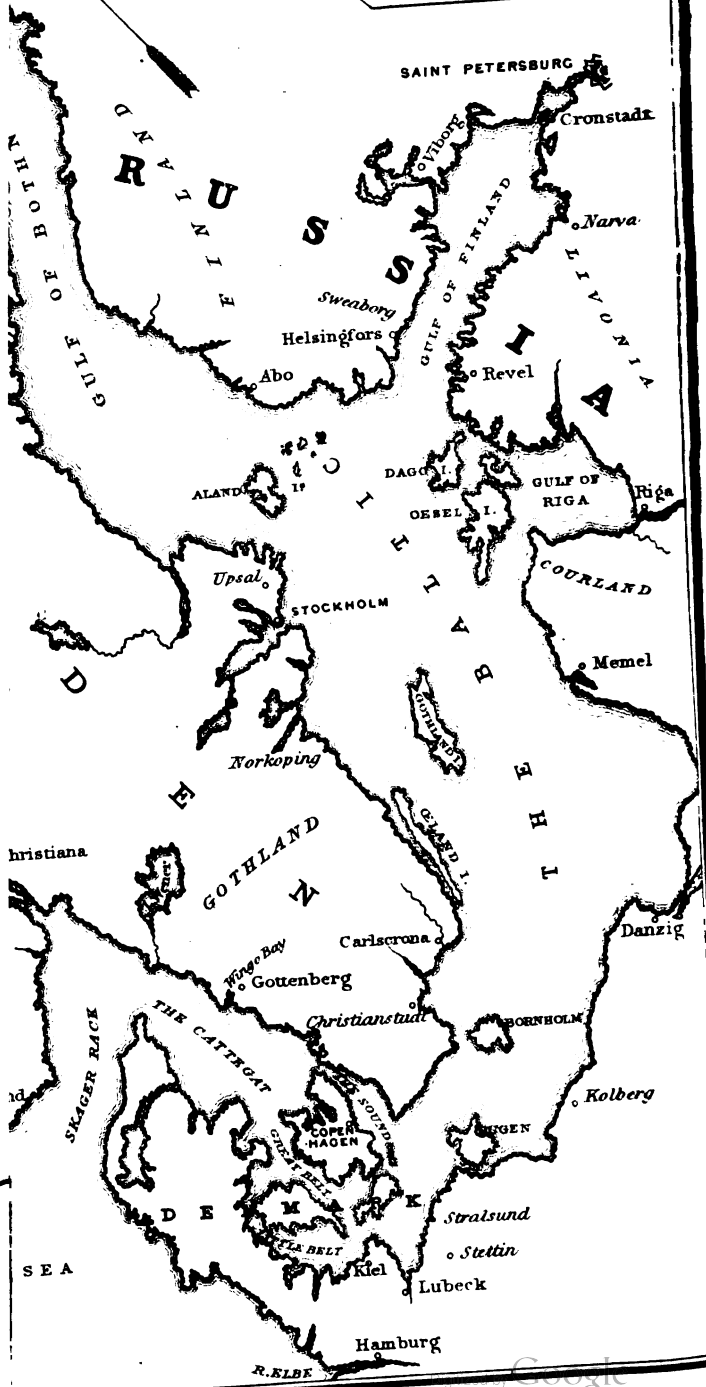
A VERY pleasant little volume, written in an unaffected, light-hearted, and spirited manner. This, with the novelty of the mode of voyage, the heart and pluck with which it was carried out, confer a charm on the work irrespective of the countries traversed. The route taken by the adventurous crew of the *Undine*, was from Paris to the Côte D'Or, by the Seine, the Yonne, the Canal de Bourgogne, &c. From the Côte D'Or to Strasburgh, by the Rhone and Rhine Canal, and then by the Rhine. The least known portion of the country is from Dijon to Strasburgh, though even where the country is known, the unhackneyed mode of description lends a new charm to it. Incidentally, we get glimpses of the manners, customs, and legends of the peoples, and have to regret that the scenery is not also described, by one evidently competent to do so. There is a total absence of fine language, nor is there any attempt to write for effect; and, indeed, this constitutes the prime merit of the book. The volume is accompanied by illustrations, which come from the pencil of an ingenious artist, who discovers originality and feeling, though deficient in the manipulation requisite to give effect to his ideas.

SUSSEX SERMONS. BY THE REV. R. LEWIS BROWNE, M.A., CURATE OF BEEDING. Masters, London.

It may be difficult to explain why sermons, even the most popular in delivery, are in general so little read. Unless when the preacher is a lion, and has plunged into some favourite effervescence with more than usual gusto, the public are contented to buy what they cannot make up their minds to read. And yet the subject-matter is unspeakably interesting to every one of us; and never, perhaps, was it better handled, or on the whole more appreciated, discussed, and understood than at this very time. Still, a readable volume of sermons is one of the desiderata of the day.

We hail, therefore, with much satisfaction this small and unpretending volume, which is destined, we suspect, to do something better than make a sensation—and that is, to be universally read. The style never flags; earnest, searching, wholesome, the subjects treated of, though old as the “Sussex hills,” seem somehow to come before us with new faces, and to begin a fresh acquaintance with us. We heartily recommend young preachers who would be listened to, to take many a leaf out of this book. There is wisdom, genuine feeling, and not a little sound divinity to be found in these discourses.

THE BALTIC.



THE WAR, AND ITS POLICY.*

THE prominent fact, the leading influence in all histories, has ever been the antagonism of great empires. Notwithstanding the moral grandeur and intellectual superiority of the Greeks, we should in all probability have cared little for their squabbles, and heard less of their heroism, their philosophy, and their literature, had it not been for their great and successful antagonism to the Persian Empire. Their great glory was to have established the ascendancy of Europe over Asia,—an ascendancy which Rome continued. The supremacy of ancient over modern history consists, indeed, in this,—the magnitude, the might, of its chief antagonisms.

Modern history hitherto, at least previous to the present century, affords few examples of the kind. The old rivalry between European States, between France and England, England and Spain, Austria and France, Austria and Prussia, resemble the wars and rivalries of the Grecian republics, before Asia offered a scope for their ambition, and a field for their armies. But with the nineteenth century commence, for Europe, those greater wars and more vast antagonisms, which, when they are put into action, fill the theatre of the world, and arouse the interest and attention of all mankind.

The great fact of the present mid-century is, no doubt, the closing of the old and well-fought out rivalry of France and England, and the commencement of a far more vast antagonism, that between England and Russia, between England; as the most advanced power of civilisation and freedom, and Russia, as the last remaining stronghold of barbarism and despotic rule. There are some who deem that antagonism to be but the affair of a day or a year. The English, generous in their enmities, look upon short and brief combats as the best way of testing the superiority of two stout rivals, and their idea is, that victor and vanquished may shake hands even after mortal combat. The world is not so generous as the Englishman, and is not so ready to accept discomfiture and forgive defeat. We are now sailing and marching not only to destroy Russian fleets and armies, and to haul down her flag of supremacy in the north, in the south, and in the east, but we are flinging ourselves and our power athwart the most cherished hopes and ambition of that country. One war, even a war of some years, instead of settling the feud between Russia

* In the present number of Miscellany several papers will be found on the all-absorbing subject of the day, the War with Russia. Various opinions are given by the respective writers, with some of which we do not entirely agree. On reflection, however, it has been thought best to give the articles without further comment, thus leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions from the facts which they contain. The present paper proceeds from an able correspondent, whose communication merits attentive perusal.—EDITOR.

and England, will but first open it. And what we must prepare for is, not merely the war of a few campaigns, but the antagonism of perhaps a century.

Let us not deceive ourselves. The present war has not for its cause a mere bone of contention, or a couple of provinces on the Danube. What England and Russia are really about to dispute is the empire of Asia, as well as ascendancy in Europe. We have had the signal address or great good fortune to commence that war for an apparently European question, and so we have been able to marshal upon our side the most puissant of European powers. But they will soon find out that the true object in dispute is not Europe, but Asia; and then, instead of being, as we hoped, but one of an alliance for the reduction of Russia, we shall, in fact, be compelled to bear, by and by, the whole weight of it.

The Czar sees this well, and has shown in his words and preparations, a full sense of his and of our position. In the present war he has one great safety, one great backler of defence. It is this, that in consequence of the alliance with which we undertake the war, we cannot fight it with popular weapons. We cannot invoke the cause of liberty, the nationality of races, or the independence of countries now subject. The Emperor of the French will not join us in any appeal to popular insurrection, and Austria will oppose any scheme for Slavonian freedom and independence. Whilst Prussia covers Poland in a manner to protect that weak point of Russia from all European aggression, Austria will forbid the formation of any nucleus of Slavonian or Servian freedom. And thus, without the people for our allies, we must go to war with fleets and armies, and with these alone. Let us consider what we can do with them.

The first hostile shots will now no doubt be fired in the Baltic. Decisive they will be, as far as the establishment of naval superiority may go, with the destruction of every Russian vessel that may have dared to remain in a port of less than first-rate strength. We should doubt, however, the expediency, if even there was the possibility, of attacking Cronstadt. Such a feat might prove an admirable crowning one at the close of the war, when both monarch and people were overcome by a series of disasters, and when both might prefer to terminate the war, rather than see their capital destroyed and its fortress stormed. At the present moment, however, an attack upon Cronstadt, whatever its success, would be provocative, not conclusive. Russia is not like Denmark or Portugal, a nation whose capital is its all—worth surrendering a kingdom to save. Russia has sacrificed a capital before now; it has the spirit to do so again, rather than succumb.

A powerful and hostile fleet in possession of the Baltic, and led by an enterprising commander, even although that fleet did nothing, must be a source of the greatest expense and anxiety to Russia. We have at present a sufficient number of marines to form an army, and this might be employed upon any point,

whether of Finland or Lithuania. As the Russians would be deprived of the passage across the Gulf of Finland, the Czar will be obliged to keep distinct armies north and south of it, without which his very capital would not be safe. Poland may be bridled by strong fortresses, and hemmed in by Prussian troops and police; but should the war last, it will be impossible to prevent the Poles from endeavouring to profit by it. Their only mode of doing so, is by opening a communication with the coast. So that this we may say, at least: a British fleet, mistress of the Baltic, will necessitate the employment by Russia of fully one-half of her armies, her vigilance, and her resources at the northern extremity of her empire, leaving her but the other half wherewith to prosecute the gigantic task of pushing her way south, or even holding her ground in that direction against the united forces of England, France, and Turkey.

Whilst this at least is the service to be performed by the Baltic fleet,—and notwithstanding all the hopes entertained of Sir Charles Napier, it will be far more politic to make use of this fleet in the way of menace than of either provocation or destruction,—what are we to expect from the naval and military force soon to be concentrated in the Bosphorus? And here we must confess, that whilst deprecating any gigantic act of aggression in the Baltic, we, as well as the public, will be much disappointed, if something grand, something worthy of the cause, and of such powers, be not achieved in the Black Sea. Here it is that we want to fling back the power of Russia. Here we want to display to every race and every country in the Levant, that Western Europe is too strong for her. Here we want to convince the Russians themselves what any further aim at conquest west of the Pruth is certain to cost them.

From all, however, that has transpired or can be conjectured, there is more of defence than of offence contemplated at present by French and English on the shores of the Black Sea and the Straits. The first certainty seems to be, that the old Chersonesus (that peninsula which forms the European shore of the Dardanelles) is to be fortified and occupied by the troops of the western powers. It was by the possession of the Chersonesus that the ancient Greeks kept possession of the Dardanelles, as well as a strong influence in these regions,—to them so productive in political influence and mineral wealth. The possession of the Chersonesus is now of far greater import. If, at any future time, the Russians passing the Balkan, and occupying Adrianople, should advance into Thrace, they might, previous to attacking Constantinople, pass that capital, and pushing on a division to Gallipoli, occupy the Chersonesus. Nothing could be more easy than to fortify themselves there, landward and seaward, and they would thus command the passage of the Dardanelles, and either prevent a fleet entering, or cut off communication with any fleet that was already within the Sea of Marmora. The fortification of the isthmus of Gallipoli is therefore one of the first military objects to be accomplished by the defenders of Turkey. And

whatever troops are engaged in the task will be always within ten or twelve hours' steam or sail of the capital.

Another camp, it is said, will be formed at a short distance from Constantinople, on the road to Adrianople. These appear to be the first positions likely to be taken. The troops there are always within reach of embarkation at the shortest notice, and prepared to find themselves wafted to any point along the course of the Black Sea, behind, or adjoining, or in front of the Russian armies, wherever they may advance or threaten. In order, however, to form an idea of the military plans of the allies, we must first consider what are the military aims and purposes of the enemy they are about to combat. In the present aspect of affairs, Russia can never hope to conquer Turkey or even to pass the Balkan; to pass that range of mountains over the bodies of the Turks, and meet 100,000 French and English on the other side of it, is beyond even Russian prowess to dream of. But what Russia may, ought, nay must, attempt, if it would not shrink altogether into insignificance, is to strike a blow at the Turks, defeat Omar Pasha in the field, and thus establish the superiority of the Russian arms, even although it be hopeless or impossible to follow up the victory.

We must say, that for the striking of such a blow as this the Russian general at present possesses considerable advantages. His force, whatever it may be, is concentrated around Bucharest, which forms the centre of a circle, whilst the Turkish forces are scattered at the extremities of radii proceeding from this centre. Thus there are some twenty-five thousand Turkish soldiers at Kalafat, with reserves at Widdin and Sophia amounting to a large army. There are other Turkish corps towards the mouth of the Danube, so that if Count Gortschakoff, keeping up merely the appearance of an army before Kalafat, should cross with his whole force at Routschook, he might arrive to the attack of Schumla whilst not more than one-half of the Turkish force were within call or possibility of defending it. Behind hedges and entrenchments, to be sure, the Turks are formidable, and this enterprise on the part of the Russians, such as the Russians have hitherto shown themselves in the campaign, seems by no means certain of success. But, in fine, it is their only chance, and there is little doubt of their proud Emperor pressing them to it. We therefore look for a move of this kind in the present month of April, which, if it be not made, or if it be made with ill success, must be attended with the like result, the speedy expulsion of the Russians from the Principalities.

It does not indeed require to be sanguine in order to foresee for the Russians a series of disasters at the opening of the military as well as naval campaigns. In the Baltic they must suffer; on the coast of the Crimea they will be severely punished; in Georgia they will scarcely fail of being overpowered; and from the Principalities they will, no doubt, be driven. But peace cometh not yet. The Emperor Nicholas is a man of sterner stuff than Alexander, and yet Alexander braved the cholera of Europe united

under Napoleon, who marched against Russia with little short of a million of men. The Russians then did, as they will now, suffer a signal series of defeats. At Smolensko, at Borodino, and at the Moskwa they were compelled to retreat before the numerous and well-equipped armies of the French. But still Alexander refused to hold out the olive branch. He relied on the invulnerability of the empire, the impossibility of its being conquered, occupied, or seriously harmed. The elements came with redoubled force to the aid of Alexander; but even without the advent of that dreadful winter, the Russian Emperor was determined on standing out to the last, and retiring to Siberia rather than yield. Nicholas may have the same sentiment, and be of the same mould. He may make out his case to his own satisfaction, nay, to his own people's satisfaction, which is more important, that he was equally ill-used and dictated to by western Europe, as Alexander was by France. And he may be determined on extreme resistance. If so, what is the burning of his two fleets? A riddance to him of idle expense. What the bombardment of the coasts of the Gulf of Finland? An insult, but not a death-blow. What is the loss of the Principalities? A yielding to the force of a stronger alliance. What the loss of the Crimea? Something certainly more sore, but, after all, not a vital blow to the empire. Some think the Russians will be incited by such disasters to take vengeance on the Emperor. Let us allow the Russians to be men like ourselves. And would we do anything of the kind? We shall be nearer the truth in supposing that the national pride and spirit will urge them to rally around him, when they consider the *Pater Patria*.

We are far from thinking the general opinion of Englishmen at present, respecting the conduct of Russia or its Emperor, to be wrong. The sentiment of reprobation, and the enthusiasm of resistance, are generous; but they are founded as much on the past as the present. They have a retrospect to Russia's conduct towards Poland—to Russia's dictation in Germany—to Russia's contempt of all national independence save its own—and the aversion of Nicholas for all that savours of a constitution. Let us recollect, however, that all this, though abhorrent to us, is natural to a Russian prince; and that it is doubtful if Russia could be governed or guided on another principle. Let us remember, that Alexander was, for the greater part of his reign, sincerely constitutional, and that he revered nationality. Not only did he give a constitution to Poland, and appoint a reforming ministry in that country, but he purposed restoring to Poland the provinces torn from it in times past by Russia, in order to strengthen it and complete its nationality. Let us recollect, that all this liberalism turned out badly; that it did not conciliate the Poles, although it exasperated the Russians; and that Alexander's policy and reign almost inevitably produced the policy and the reign that succeeded, which is diametrically the opposite of his, and which is far more popular in Russia. Let us not flatter ourselves, therefore, that Nicholas is a tyrant, odious to his people, and likely to be dethroned by them in a summary way. We made the same mis-

take in our wars with Napoleon. The Czar represents the prejudices, the ambition, the barbarism of his country, and his country must uphold him or perish.

Let us consider, too, how Nicholas himself may represent his conduct towards us. In 1814 and 1815, at the period of the great European settlement, Turkey was expressly excluded. Why? Because all were agreed that the Ottoman Empire did not promise to endure; that it was not in a normal or a permanent state; and that the rearrangement of the country was an event which must come for consideration. When the affairs of Turkey next commanded the attention of Europe, it was on the occasion of a general insurrection of the Christians, both in Greece and in the Danubian provinces. Had Alexander been then moved by ambition for extension of empire, he would have supported Ipsylante, and promoted the independence of all the Christian races north of the Balkan. But Alexander declined to follow the suggestions of Capo d'Istrias. He treated the Danubians as rebels against the legitimate sovereignty of the Sultan; and whilst England and Canning proceeded to the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, by the declaring the independence of Greece, Russia suffered herself to be led as an accomplice in that act, but not as its originator or leader. In short, Russia had every reason to suppose, that one of the fixed maxims of British policy coincided with one of the fixed maxims of Russian foresight, in considering the maintenance and integrity of the Ottoman Empire as impossible.

And such, in fact, was the opinion of the old official school of Toryism—that school to which Castlereagh and Wellington belonged; and of which Lord Aberdeen is the last, perhaps, of surviving disciples. This was the only school of British statesmen which St. Petersburg knew, with the exception of Lord Durham, who, although a Whig, had full sympathies for, and trust in, the Czar. The English politicians, indeed, who have irrevocably estranged England and Russia, are the Canning school. They began in 1820 and 1821; and since then, wherever and whenever they had influence, they have created antagonism with Russia; proceeding on the maxim, that the Court of St. Petersburg was incessantly advancing upon Constantinople in Europe, and upon our Indian possessions or neighbours in the eastern hemisphere. To that policy we owe the Afghanistan expedition and the present war. We are far from saying that the Canning policy was or is altogether wrong, wrong as it may have been in the Afghanistān war. We only wish to explain, that the old Tory Castlereagh policy was to agree with the Czar as to the impossibility of maintaining the Ottoman Empire, and the necessity of coming to an accord with Russia as to how it was to be replaced; whilst the Canning policy was to deal with the Ottoman Empire, or to support it, as if Russia was never to have more claim or interference over it or in it, than it could have in Spain or South America.

The plea of the Emperor Nicholas, which he frankly and fully states to those whom he honours with his converse and his confi-

dence, is, that he could have agreed with the old Tory school of politicians, but that whenever an envoy or a minister of Canningite or Palmerstonian influence came across him, there instantly commenced antagonism and quarrel. Sir Stratford Canning at Constantinople, Lord Palmerston in London, were the Czar's enemies; and the war between him and the chiefs of that party has been carried on in the by-ways of diplomacy, and conducted with a boldness of manœuvre and a variety of success, which, if recounted, would prove as interesting and as stirring as the feats of a campaign. Whenever Palmerston stumbled, we may be sure it was Brunow that tripped him. And it is a great and signal proof of the independence of British politics, and the thorough freedom of English political life, that a statesman, thus not only marked for destruction, but actually struck down by the enmity of a powerful prince, should still have been able to recover his ground, and to turn the whole military power of the empire against the potentate who struck him.

It had always been the opinion and the hope of Nicholas, that he could agree with the Whigs, however he was at eternal loggerheads with the Canningites: Lord Durham led him to hope this. When, therefore, France and England decidedly fell out on the subject of Syria, and even the pacific Louis Philippe assumed a bellicose attitude towards England, Nicholas hastened in person to Windsor to lay his sword and his armies at Queen Victoria's feet, begging her to command them whenever menaced by France. It was upon this occasion that Nicholas opened himself to the Duke of Wellington, and Lord John Russell as the chief of the Whigs, avoiding that naughty Palmerston. The Czar represented that the Ottoman Empire was perishing, and would infallibly go to pieces; and he offered to come to an agreement with the English Minister as to what was to be done in that, in any, or in every contingency. Before it could be pronounced how much credit is due to Nicholas for this frank and amicable step, it is necessary to know the exact terms of the proposal. The dispatch of Nesselrode, just published, gives but a very meagre *résumé*. Lord John, however, pooh-poohed it. Was his Lordship right in doing so, or was he wrong?

We fear that the fault in answering this first overture, as well as the second one, through Lord Hamilton Seymour, was that our Government was not explicit enough. The Russian Czar commences by saying, the Turkish supremacy in Europe cannot endure; let us concert what we shall do in case of its dissolution. The English Government replies, that the Turkish Government is as legitimate, as promising, and as permanent as any other; and that there was not only no use, but absolute harm, in taking counsel and devising plans as to what was to be done in the event of its dissolution; for the mere taking the event into consideration would hasten it.

We are here sorry to be obliged to pay a tribute to truth, that puts us somewhat at variance with the generally received opinions of the day. But the fact is, that Russia was more right in its assumptions than England in its denial of them. The accen-

dancy of the Turkish race and of the Mussulman creed in the south-eastern corner of Europe cannot endure, nor is it to be desired that it should endure, except for one purpose, that of keeping the Russians at bay. Russia, however, cannot be expected to be alive to this necessity. It is to be regretted that, in our official answers to Russian assertions and Russian proposals, we did not at once take the broad ground, that the continuance of Turkish rule over the Christian population of Turkey in Europe, is not likely and not desirable,—but in admitting this, England might frankly add, that the existence of even Turkish and Mussulman repression is preferable to an extension of Russian influence and Russian rule over that important territory. Moreover, to prevent the extension of Russian influence is only to be effected by maintaining the Turkish suzerainty, at least in name. For erect the outlying provinces of Turkey into principalities, nominally independent, such as Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, and then how prevent the eternal intrigues and interference of the Russian Government to nullify everything like independence? Erect Bulgaria into another Hospodarate, and where would be the gain? It would be merely creating another dependency for Russia, whose agents and influence are on the spot. The only policy, therefore, for England and France to pursue in those regions is to uphold the Ottoman supremacy, compelling it, at the same time, to allow to the Christians in Turkey that freedom and development, and participation in affairs, which will facilitate one day or other the transition of European Turkey back into a Christian State, but a Christian State by that time capable of governing itself, of feeling and prizing a separate nationality, and of taking its place among the powers of Europe. Until that time arrives, let there be no dismemberment, no more Hospodarates, no more kingdoms of Greece. Neither Austria nor Russia ought to be allowed to push their present territories one inch southward.

No doubt this is the opinion of most British statesmen, but unfortunately it is an opinion that cannot be frankly and officially stated upon paper, since the first act of Russia would probably be to communicate it to the Porte, and thereby we, being rendered suspected by the Turks, would be made powerless to play that really friendly part by them of helping their supremacy to live as long as it may, and to die in the end a natural and not a violent death.

Mr. Cobden made a fierce onslaught upon Lord Palmerston for upholding that the Turks were an improving race, and likely to hold their ground as an European community and power. If Mr. Cobden had reflected a moment, he must have seen, that the Minister could enounce no other opinion and no other view, consistent with his opinions of the best mode of preserving the Turkish Empire from Russia. For a Minister to despair of Turkey openly, with Mr. Cobden and Lord Grey, were to fling away the Turks as instruments of defence against Russia, and were in fact to deliver up that territory and that power in dispute to Russia, without the pretext or the possibility of resistance.

And here has been displayed the astuteness of the Russian

chancery, which has placed our diplomatists and ministers so often on the horns of a dilemma. If, in answer to its two complaints of Turkish incapacity and Turkish despotism, we insist on Turkish integrity and defence; then we are held up to the Russian public, as well as to the Christians of the East, as the champions of Mahomet. Whilst if we admit what is urged against the Turks, the Sultan and the Divan are informed that England has small respect, and still less hope, of Mussulman regeneration and success.

Another trick of the same kind is the pretext put forward that Russia must interfere in the crumbling and decayed condition of the Turkish empire, lest anarchic and revolutionary ideas and parties should take birth amidst the ruins. This is intended to captivate Austria, and to perplex us. For one of the modes of rendering the provinces of Turkey permanently independent of Russia, would be to develop their freedom, and bestow upon their people constitutional rights. But Russia exclaims by anticipation against any such attempts, and raises that cry of alarm, in which, it is aware, that Austria will join.

But what Russia means by independent Principalities on both sides of the Danube may be judged from the offer to give Egypt and Candia to England in full sovereignty, as a set-off to these so-called independent Principalities, which of course are to be under the guidance of Russia. Austria was, no doubt, to have Bosnia, in the general partition. France was to be contented with Algiers, as its share of the Turkish empire. Whilst the Russian plan for reconciling Europe to her extended sovereignty over Turkey, would no doubt be renewing the policy of Louis the Fourteenth with regard to Spain—that is, giving the crown to a younger prince of the family, who would affect and appear to reign independently, whilst in reality there would be a family compact for considering the Balkan to be as non-existent as the Pyrenees, and thus virtually giving to Russia the succession of Constantine.

However inadmissible these projects of ambition, and however necessary was the extremity of even war to resist them, still the great allowance must be made, that the Emperor Nicholas opened himself as frankly to England as he could be expected to do. In his first visit, and after, he was as explicit as sincere. It was only the second time, when England refused to take the same view of Ottoman embarrassment with himself, that the Czar determined to push matters violently with the Porte—it was only then that the Czar resolved not to acquaint England with the fulness of his intentions, although at the same time he did not shrink from allowing Sir Hamilton Seymour to see that he did at the moment entertain serious intentions of immediate action and aggression. But, unfortunately, the Czar had been used to observe a British ministry make use of one set of arguments openly, whilst consenting to these arguments and remonstrances being set at nought, they being employed and put on paper in order to satisfy public and parliamentary opinion, whilst the

English ministry were all the time in secret acquiescing and abetting the progress of despotism. Such was the conduct of the English Cabinet during, and after, the congresses of Laybach and Verona, protesting in words against Austrian and French intervention in Naples and in Spain, but taking no ultimate steps to resist or redress the wrong. When Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon, therefore, in answer to the offer of the Czar, kept themselves circumspectly within the limits of urging the expediency of preserving the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, the Emperor Nicholas, first of all, could not trust the sincerity of their belief in that integrity; and, secondly, he could not believe them prepared to go the length of war to support what was in his view an impossibility and a chimera.

And here let us be permitted to profess boldly the opinion, that we should not have had war, had England been under the exclusive ministry of either Lord Palmerston or Lord Aberdeen. In the first case, the Czar would not have ventured to cross the Pruth; he would have too surely foreseen the consequences. In the second case, he would have come to some accord with Lord Aberdeen, perhaps not so satisfactory to the country, but still the difference would have been patched up and slurred over. But it so happened, that no other government was possible, except a joint government, and in its ambiguity, as well as its alternations of opinion, for it is well known that the majority of the Cabinet voted one thing one day, and wavered so as to vote in a contrary sense the next, the country has been thrown into war.

We do not agree, however, with Lord Grey and Mr. Cobden, in thinking that it would be a great gain to have deferred war. On the contrary, if the rival pretensions and interests of Russia and of England be such as necessarily to require a war one day or other, to decide and terminate these, then the sooner the better. The question is, could, or could not, war be avoided altogether? And in answering this, we shall also answer the former question, as to whether Lord John Russell was right in completely pooh-poohing the first Russian overture.

We could have come to terms then, and since, with Russia, solely by admitting with it, that the Turkish Empire could not long be maintained, and by providing some satisfactory means of supplying its place. The difficulty was to devise such means. There was no plan of partition satisfactory, no plan of hospodarating satisfactory, no mode of dealing with Constantinople satisfactory. And, in fact, the expression of Lord John Russell in parliament about Constantinople, very much resembled that of Mr. Gladstone about an equalized Income Tax. Both said, that however desirable it might be to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, it was hopeless and impossible; and, therefore, he altogether deprecated the misfortune of being compelled, as minister, to concede the subject, or decide the question. Whether Russia might not have been brought to terms, by England's having a rational plan to propose—a plan more rational than that of maintaining indefinitely the rule of two millions of Mahometans over twelve

millions of Christians, is a question, we repeat, that cannot be fully answered.

But this, at least, we may say, and say peremptorily, that it was the bounden duty of the English minister, either to come to an accord with Russia, and with the other powers of Europe, as to the mode of converting Turkey, west of the Bosphorus, into a Christian instead of a Mahomedan government, or disliking, despairing, or failing of this, and consequently undertaking to maintain the Ottoman empire, at least until the period of its natural dissolution, it was imperative, we repeat, for an English minister to have used every effort himself, and at the same time have called the other more disinterested powers of Europe to aid in inducing Turkey to give no pretext of complaint or aggression to Russia, but to push forward its own reforms, develop its own strength, and give some proofs, in contradiction to Russian assertions, that the Ottoman Empire was making progress, was able to live, to keep its ground, and advance in the regular path of modern governments.

Now, this was not done. During the last years, Turkey has been in a state of torpor: the hope, the impulse, and the activity excited by the first issuing of the Edict of Gulhane, and the accession of a Reschid ministry, had died away. Reschid's influence in the Divan, and the carrying out of his reforms, were opposed by the Sultan's brothers-in-law and by the retrograde party, in a way that left Reschid powerless, and then Sir Stratford Canning could do nothing but lament the apathy of the Turks, and their reluctance, or powerlessness, to accomplish any of their promises. Sir Stratford solicited his recall. Reschid devoted himself to his new palace on the Bosphorus, and the pet farm attached to it. Turkey abandoned itself, and the Western Powers not only abandoned Turkey to itself, but one or two of them set about making political capital for themselves at home, by bullying poor Turkey, now into this act of humility, now into that; as if the object were to prove what Russia was continually asserting, respecting the incapacity and imbecility of the Turkish Government.

What did England do to prevent this? Nothing. Did England represent in any emphatic manner to the Sultan the necessity of carrying out its reform, and raising the condition of the Christians? When Sir Stratford Canning pressed such on the Sultan, the Sultan turned a deaf ear. Instead of bearing in mind what the Czar had said at Windsor, and what the Czar eternally threatened, no care was taken to put the Turk on his guard, or to enable him to meet and refute the reproaches of Russia. It was not only in Constantinople that precautions ought to have been taken. Representations ought to have been made to the Courts of the Thuilleries and of Vienna, that Russia never ceased to regard Turkey as a being at the point of death, hopeless of recovery, and incapable of performing the functions of a healthy government. If Austria and France desired that the Ottoman empire should survive, and not fall a prey to Russia, they should

have aided in keeping her alive. If they were not sufficiently aware of the intentions of Russia, England might have informed them and aroused them. For England knew Russia's secret. But England made no use whatever of its knowledge. On the contrary, it allowed Austria first, and France next, without remonstrance, without advice, nay, almost without observation, to enter upon a course of bullying towards Turkey, which drove that power into concessions, actually proving all that Russia had said of its weakness and its incapability to observe treaties, and in the case of the French demand, actually affording to Russia every pretext for complaint or aggression that the latter power could desire. It might be all very well, if there was nothing at stake, or if England were not fully informed of circumstances, for her to abstain and refuse to interfere with Austrian remonstrance about Montenegro, or French desire to rule paramount at Jerusalem. But English ministers ought to have remembered the thesis and the opinion which they supported against Nicholas, and with which they deprecated and repelled the mode of settling the Ottoman Empire. They maintained the independence and capacity of the Ottoman Government. And yet, all the time, they took no trouble to maintain that independence. They allowed Turkey to be bullied one day by Austria into allowing the Court of Vienna to be arbiter in Turkish quarrels with Albanian Christians. It allowed Turkey to be bullied, the next day, by France into a palpable breach of its solemn stipulation to Russia. Nay, more, it allowed Reschid and his party, and his plans for reform, to be dismissed, and a stupid, reactionary, Ulema party, to be installed in its stead. All these things England stood by and suffered, without exertion or remonstrance, although its ministers must have known that such events demonstrated every assertion and prevision of Russia to be correct, and gave that power the opportunity and pretext for that intervention and the menace which it was preparing.

Russia, indeed, reproaches us, with some justice, of announcing the determination to maintain the integrity and independence of Turkey, without taking any of the steps requisite to insure either one or the other, or to compel them to be respected. To maintain that the Turkish Government is regular and durable, and progressing, capable of observing its stipulations, and maintaining its independence, ready to grant tolerance and development to its Christian subjects, and able to make its Mussulman subjects respect its ordonnances and regulations to that effect,—if we maintain this in contradiction to Russia, we ought to have seen that our words were verified. To maintain all this, yet allow the Sultan's administration to give the daily lie to our assertions, on the pretence that we did not like to interfere, is not only absurd but insincere. We cannot protect a weaker power and uphold it, without being responsible for its misdeeds. Wherever we protect, we have a right and a duty to interfere; and if we will not take the trouble to see that the Turks do right and progress, we ought to leave them to their fate. We are at last awakened

to a sense of this,—and we insist on certain conditions being secured to the Christians. But we ought to have insisted on them long ago. We ought to have insisted, that the Porte should favour no one power more than another, either at Jerusalem or in the Bosphorus. Instead of this, we have allowed the Porte to give exclusive privileges to Russia, commercially and politically, by the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. And we have allowed ministers of the Porte to continue dodging between the different exigencies of France and of Russia, and pretend that we had no concern in these questions, or in the conduct of the Porte with regard to them; although the least reflection must have taught us, that war and rivalry must come of it, and that the Government of Turkey, in the way in which it vacillated, could only save itself at last, by exciting a quarrel between the different Governments bullying it.

Having not taken, or not having been able to take, the steps requisite to place the Porte in a position to respect, and to be respected by, the other European powers, war has been the consequence. What is the aim of that war? If it be undertaken upon a scale, and with a determination seriously to reduce and cripple the power of Russia, and to render her trumpet less able to disturb the peace of the Levant or of the East, then, indeed, something will be gained for the future, and there will be some prospect of a final settlement of Turkey, without Russia taking the lion's share of either territory or influence. But are we prepared to prosecute the war with such an aim? Are we about to attack or invade Russia? If the Czar shrinks within the solitudes of his empire, and trusts to its being invulnerable, how are we prepared, or is there a way for us, to strike an harpoon into the monster? If there is no such way, what shall we have gained by the war, or where is the security for Turkey or for us?

Let any of our statesmen lay their hands upon their conscience, and say, whether there is any real security for the future in the boasted strength and permanence of the Turkish Empire? Fighting for that, we shall have been fighting for the *status quo*, and what security is there in that? Yet what more can we hope to establish, even in case of driving the Russians from the Principalities? We can restore the Ghikas and, the Stirbeys. We may support Kara-George, and, by the by, we should maintain him now against Austrian invasion as well as Russian. But what security is there in this? Russia was prepared to consent to their sovereignties. Russia was prepared to stipulate that she would never possess Constantinople. In fact, what is there that we can do and establish, with our fleets and armies, in Turkey, which Russia was not prepared, and did not offer to do, without war, or expense, or coercion, or blood spilled, or antagonism created, or central Europe handed over to the ambition of France, by the forced rupture of that old conservative alliance between England and Russia, which nothing can replace. For it is much to be feared, that even in the event of victories achieved by Napier and by Dundas, by Raglan and Canrobert, there is really nothing more to be gained or done, than might have been done

by our Whig Ministers listening to the first proposals of Russia, and entering fully into reciprocal engagements with the Czar, not as to what was to be done, but as to what was to be avoided, in case of the dissolution of Turkey.

It is often said that England should never wage a little war, and the same may be said of every country; for a little war produces expense without result, and ill blood without the decision of one disputed point. But a great war, undertaken and pursued with the aim of permanently weakening and crippling a powerful enemy, is a serious quarter of a century's work. A great war carried on against Russia must be without result, if it leaves her in possession of Poland, or allows her to retain her influence over the Slavonian races of the south. A war that would deprive her of these would indeed be great, for it would fully restore the balance of power in Europe, as well as the chances of peace in Asia. But a war which aims at less than this, which merely seeks to reprimand Russia and give her some raps on the knuckles, will not attain any of the desired objects. If we contemplate a great war and its great results, then, indeed, Lord John Russell was right in rejecting the first overture of the Czar, in considering them as insidious and a covering for the most dangerous ambition. But if Lord John Russell contemplated and contemplates a little war merely to be confined to the coast of the Baltic and the Black Sea—to succour just sufficient, and no more, to enable the Turks to hold their ground—then, we repeat, an early understanding and accommodation with Russia would have been better than this little war, because in truth, the little war will tend to no more satisfactory or complete result than the understanding.

In order to explain what we mean by this, we will venture to delineate what is likely to be the result of the present war, which we persist in calling a little one. Let us recollect that we are engaged in it with allies, who have no more faith in the regeneration of the Ottoman than Nicholas himself has. Our allies are France and Austria. Now, there is not a single political party or personage in France who does not agree with the Czar in considering Turkey upon its death-bed. The Legitimists, we know, were prepared to give up the Sultan to the Czar long ago. Louis Philippe, M. Guizot, and all their schools, declared Turkey in a state of dissolution, and they consider the kingdom of Greece to be its natural heir. If we go from them to the Bonapartists,—and one of the great and honourable peculiarities of the present Emperor is, as far as possible, to follow the policy of his uncle,—we shall find that the great Napoleon gave Moldavia and Wallachia to Russia, intending to take Albania for himself, uncertain what he should do with Constantinople, but merely determined that it should not belong to Russia. We are thus engaged in a war with allies who entertain pretty much the same opinion of Turkey as its enemies do. Are we able to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire against the opinions of both?

Not only are our opinions respecting the maintenance of the

Ottoman Empire opposed to those of our two allies, France and Austria; but even if we give in to their views, and consent to restrict still further the limits of the Sultan's dominions, are we in accord with these allies as to what is to be put in the place? We would certainly be for a Slavonian State, united and strengthened by representative and popular institutions. Taking Servia, the most really independent of all, as a nucleus, a kingdom of the Lower Danube might be founded. But as England could never agree with either France or Austria about the government of Greece, even when France was constitutional, how could it agree with them now that France is imperial. Austria would object to any Slavonian or Danubian kingdom, even despotic. Austria agrees with Russia in wishing to see the Principalities separated and isolated. What then, with such allies, could come, even in the event of triumphant war, but the re-establishment of the *status quo ante bellum*?—Bulgaria, and Albania, and Thessaly, endowed with Christian communities, which must amount to virtual independence, and their rule, if not by Christian princes, at least by their Christian clergy. Whilst the Sultan, for the integrity of whose European empire we took up arms, will, in reality, be limited to reign over Roumelia and occupy Constantinople, whilst his true home, power, and empire will exist on the other side of the Bosphorus, and be more Asiatic than ever.

It is only with the prospect of such a termination as this to the war, that we venture to say, that an early understanding with Russia would have been preferable. A thorough war, that would reduce Russia from weighing upon the rest of the old continent—which would leave Turkey to free reconstruction—which would allow Germany to develop representative institutions—and which would give Asia repose from Russia's ambition and intrigue,—such a war would be worth the waging, and worth the expenditure. But a war undertaken in concert with Austria, whom we must not offend by advancing beyond the Pruth—a war undertaken in concert with the French Emperor, who will not hear of popular movements or free institutions,—a war, in short, to be waged in subordination to Turkey; and our troops allowed to proceed merely where Turkey may choose,—such a war as this will not amend what is wrong, strengthen what is weak, nor fix what is uncertain in the state of the Levant:—it is a war which, commencing in insincerity, must end without result.

We should say, without result in Turkey; for result elsewhere, in diplomacy and in the political relations, alliances, and prospects of Europe and Asia, there will be abundance. The first result must be more strenuous efforts on the part of Russia to conciliate France. In those papers lately published, nothing is so manifest and striking as the contempt entertained by the Court of St. Petersburg for the ruler and the government of the French. He scarcely deigns to take them into consideration. Politically, and even socially, the Emperor Napoleon was thrust into a kind of Coventry—princesses forbidden to marry him, courts to receive him, and cabinets advised to enter into the most solemn engagements affect-

ing the balance of Europe without consulting that of Paris. It will now be otherwise. Already, in his behaviour at the time of Sir H. Seymour's departure, the Czar covered the French ambassador with orders, whilst dismissing the English envoy without an interview. In this policy Nicholas may not succeed in detaching Napoleon the Third from the alliance which he has formed. The conduct of the French Emperor has been as frank and straightforward as that of the Czar was the contrary. But years roll on; and years, that bring changes everywhere, bring them nowhere more potently and surely than in France. In the antagonism which, at the commencement of the century, prevailed between France and England, Russia alternately sided with one and with the other. At the present epoch the great antagonism is between England and Russia; and France certainly begins by taking a cordial part with England. But how long will this last? French views in the Levant may be easily satisfied. France in Western Europe has much to gain or to regain that Russia has in her gift, and which the Emperor Napoleon requires for the honour of his house and the vindication of his country; and thus a war which has commenced on the Bosphorus may terminate on the Scheldt.

But let us not be pessimist; this is a possibility, not a probability. The French have not only a great interest in the Mediterranean, but a permanent interest in the independence of eastern and central Europe; and neither can the Bosphorus be preserved from the grasp of Russia, nor Germany freed from its dictation, without an honest and zealous prosecution of the present war, and the pursuing it, if necessary, from being a little to a great one. Napoleon the Third is sufficiently sagacious to perceive this. One characteristic of his temper is persistence; and he who would achieve great things in policy, or in war, must follow them in one direction, without wayward caprice or sudden turns. The necessity of humbling Russia must be manifest to France, if France with the rest of Europe is to be emancipated from its dictation and control.

In accordance with the plan of conciliating France would be a kind of war-policy, which even Russian statesmen have always, and all along, strongly recommended. This is to turn Russian efforts, resources, intrigues, and armies away from Europe, and concentrate them on the extension of the Russian empire in Asia. Were Russian armies of defence posted behind the Pruth, and all its powers of aggression directed towards Persia, so as to destroy the Mahommedan power there, and attack the Ottoman from the East, such a war might be pregnant with results menacing the English ascendancy in Asia, whilst slightly affecting French or European interests in the Levant. Such a war, extending, as it probably would, from the walls of China to the Sea of Asoph, and extending south to the tribes of Afghanistan and Arabia, would require tremendous efforts and give rise to marvellous events. It would be one of the most gigantic wars ever waged, and which would probably end in one of two alternatives—it would either expel us from Asia, or leave us masters of it in

toto; for the word of Alexander is still true: Asia can no more have two masters, than the firmament have two suns.

We are far from thinking that such a move, if adopted by Russia, would prove a successful one. Wars in Asia are in a great measure financial wars; and in this we need not assert our superiority. There is no point, even of the large continent of Asia, to which we could not bring forces by water more quickly than Russia by land. We can get to Trebizond and Asoph, to the ports of Syria and of the Persian Gulf, and can advance from them long before Russia could pour her armies through the passes of Daghestan, or by the deserts of the Sea of Aral; and it seems to us, that Russia has less chance of having a signal success in an Asiatic than in a European war. But if Napoleon, without fleet or credit, dared that colossal enterprise, why may not Nicholas undertake it?

It is time to sum up a result, and deduce an opinion, from all these varied considerations. That opinion is, that if the war we have undertaken is to be a little one, if it is to be confined to the burning of fleets, the exclusion of Russian vessels from the Black Sea, to the fortification of Gallipoli, and to an easy and contemplative military attitude assumed at Varna or elsewhere, then we must say it would have been better to have received the first overture of Russia more attentively and more amicably, and have come to such an arrangement as would have secured to the Turks fair play and opportunity for living out their time, if they are to die, or resuscitating them vitally and their energies, if they are to live. Meeting Nicholas frankly, but firmly, at first, instead of turning from him and shirking the whole question, might have led to this. However, in default of this, our next duty was to rouse the Turk to maintain that independence, vitality, and integrity, which we rather gratuitously guaranteed to him. Having thrown away both opportunities of preserving peace, there remained the alternative of undertaking a serious and a great war, one that would effectually humble Russia, and procure to the races not her own, over whom she tyrannises, national independence, and a fair commencement of freedom. This is what is wanting to Greeks, Slavons, Romans, Hungarians, and Poles. These, we may depend upon it, are to us true allies, the only efficient, desirable, grateful, real ones. We have, however, lost so many opportunities of saving them. We have allowed ourselves to be so tied and fascinated by Austria and her insidious alliance, and are so bound down to combat despotism merely by those means which despotism itself may change and permit, that we doubt much the seriousness, the largeness, and the sincerity of the war. In that case, we had far better have stayed as we were, and taken Mr. Bright for our Prime Minister; for to the disappointments and oppression of the races of the east of Europe, will be added the supreme discontent of the public at home, and its distrust of its constitutional rulers for any enterprise or effort that is great or good.

THE WATCHET PITCHER.

AWAY, ye simple ones, away !
 Bring no vain fancies hither :
 The brightest dreams of youth decay,
 The fairest roses wither.

Aye ! since this fountain first was planned,
 And Dryad learnt to drink,
 Have lovers held, knit hand in hand,
 Sweet parley at its brink.

From youth to age this waterfall
 Eternally flows on,
 But where, aye ! tell me where, are all
 Those constant lovers gone ?

The falcon on the turtle preys,
 And lovers' vows are lither,
 The brightest dream of youth decays,
 The fairest roses wither.

“Thy Watchet Pitcher set adown,
 Fair maid, and list to one
 Who much this sorry world hath known,—
 A nuser thereupon.

“Though youth is ardent, gay, and bold,
 It's flattery beguiles,
 Though Giles is young—and I am old,
 Ne'er trust thy heart to Giles.

“Thy oft-filled Watchet Pitcher may
 Be broken coming hither ;
 Thy doting slave may prove a knave,—
 The fairest roses wither.”

The damsel smiled in lovely scorn,
 She filled her Watchet Pitcher,
 For such a sight an anchorite
 Might deem himself the richer.

Ill-fated maiden, go thy ways,
 Thy lover's vows are lither,
 The brightest dream of youth decays,
 The fairest roses wither.

These days are soon the days of yore,
Six summers pass—and then
That musing man would see once more
The fountain in the glen.

Towards its time-worn marge he strayed,
With moss and daisies richer ;
Half hoping to espy the maid
Come tripping with her pitcher.

No maiden comes, but, evil-starred,
He finds a mournful token ;
There lies a Watchet Pitcher marred,
The damsel's pitcher broken !

Profoundly moved, that musér cried,
"The spoiler hath been hither,
Oh ! would the maiden fair had died,
The fairest rose must wither.

"The tender flow'ret blooms apace,
But chilling winds blow o'er ;
It fades unheeded, and its place
Shall never know it more."

He turned from that accursed ground,
His world-worn bosom throbbing,
A bowshot thence a child he found,
The little man was sobbing.

He gently stroked that curly head.
"My child, what brings thee hither ?
Weep not, my simple child," he said,
"Or let us weep together."

"Thy world, I ween, my child is green
As garden undefiled,
Thy thoughts should run on mirth and fun,
Where dost thou dwell, my child ?"

'Twas then the tiny urchin spoke,
"My daddy's Giles, the ditcher,
I water fetch, and oh ! I've broke
My mammy's WATCHET PITCHER !"

ADVENTURES OF A FIRST SEASON.

ALTHOUGH I much enjoyed the fun and amusement arising from the attendance of various beaux, I was entirely untouched in heart, and, as Portia expresses it, "Queen o'er myself." But this state of things did not continue long; and it fell out in this wise. I have said there was some one, I will name him Frederick, whom I had known for many years, and had always much admired, although I had hitherto seen him but from time to time, and then only hurriedly. His character was peculiar, and that very peculiarity pleased me. Many years older than myself, I scarcely treated or looked upon him as a companion; and the extreme quietude and almost gravity of his general manners scarcely entitled him to be considered as young. Whenever he spoke, what he said was sure to be sensible and well-considered; and there was an indubitable amiability about him, an immoveable good-nature, that rendered him of all others the pleasantest person in the world to live with. He gave way with a sort of inertia, and that often had the effect of separating him from the rest of the company; but to me there was a great charm in the calmness and repose of character arising from what might be considered a defect. People, it is said, like their opposites, and in this case it was true; for with my lively, excitable disposition, I felt the contrast between us as most agreeable, and admired a composure in him I could not have imitated. In person he was tall and dignified, with a good, though not positively handsome face; but he looked just what he was, a gentleman in the full sense of that comprehensive term. In politics a staunch whig, and devoted to his parliamentary duties, there was a certain statesmanlike air about him that entirely distinguished him from the crowds of insignificant, laughing, dapper young gentlemen, who usually fill a ball-room in London. He rarely, if ever, danced; it did not suit the quiet repose of his character, and he moved about amid these minnows (I see him now) with a composed smile on his countenance, expressive of conscious superiority to the frivolous throng around him. If he was remarkable for any qualification, it was that of manliness; not the braggadocio—the caricature of manliness, which some men delight in,—but a calm, superior mind and bearing arising from acknowledged talent. He spoke little, but ever to the point; and what he said when he spoke outweighed a world of others,

I had thought of him but little in the country, for men to me were in those days as a sealed book; but now in town, intimacy with his family approached us continually, and, to tell the truth, about the time of my first ball, he occupied a good deal of my thoughts. As yet he had resisted all female fascination, which, however, had been lavished on him to an extraordinary extent; for his immense fortune was a bait eagerly seized on by divers rapacious damsels. Perhaps the enforced attention, of which he

had been the object, was the cause of the circumspection and silence with which he treated women: the younger ones he seldom addressed, and when he did, it was with a kind of cautious gravity that was peculiar.

Vanity certainly was not the cause, of this vice he was utterly free; it was only a sort of self-defence, which I could well appreciate, knowing, as I did from experience, that where the honey hangs the insects will cluster; and beset as I was by fortune-hunters I could entirely sympathise with him.

The only occasion on which I ever heard him allude to the persecution he had endured from young ladies' attentions, was on the occasion of the marriage of the youngest daughter of a friend.

"What a relief," said he, with a look of the utmost satisfaction, "that all the Miss A—s are now married!"

It was this man, *blazéd* by female attention, that riveted me. As yet he had given me no hope that my growing partiality was returned; the only way in which he distinguished me was, that although I was a young lady, he conversed with me. It was odd enough that I, the object of such adulation, and courted by all around me, should precisely fix my affections on the only man in the whole circle of my acquaintance who was indifferent to my attentions; and that this very indifference, as contrasting with the over-assiduity of others, specially attracted me.

My mother saw the growing flame and approved it; for Frederick's fortune, position, and family, were fit to match with any lady in the land.

I, too, had a friend in his father, and I knew it,—a most strange and eccentric old gentleman, who evidently desired above all things to see his son my husband.

Such was the state of things about this period. Frederick often came to see us; but then we were always a trio; and two, says the saying, are company, and three none.

What could he say when my mother was by? But once it so chanced that she was ill and confined to her room, and on that very day he called. I was alone when he was announced; how my heart beat! Now, thought I, if he really loves me he will speak. He entered, and after the usual greetings, seated himself, as was his wont, in the most comfortable chair in the room. There was a pause—I pretended to work—he looked embarrassed.

"How much," he at last said, "you appear to enjoy the gaieties of London; I quite envy you the freshness of your impressions."

"Yes," said I, "certainly I do enjoy the entire change, and the contrast to my former life, but many things annoy me; you must not fancy because I smile I am perfectly happy."

"Not happy?" returned he, "why, surely, you have no regret, no cares?"

"No, not precisely; but I am often bored and annoyed; if you must know the truth, I am disgusted by the attention of a number of men who are quite indifferent to me, and only care for my money, and whom I would willingly never see again—while those whom I like"—and I stopped.

"Are they," said he, "all indifferent to you? I should scarcely, after seeing you laughing and flirting in a ball-room, have said so."

"Ah! that is because you do not understand me; indeed, they are all indifferent to me, and sometimes more; I dislike them as being the fancied cause of the reserve and distance of one"—and I hesitated—"one whom I really do like, but who, I think, neglects me because he fancies that I"—I abruptly stopped.

Frederick, in his quiet manner, leaning back in the arm-chair, had his eyes fixed on me; every word I said he appeared to note with attention. But to read his mind from his countenance (ever composed) was impossible.

"Then," said he at last, "there is one that you own to liking? That is precisely what I fancied, I had heard as much."

"Heard as much?" said I, extremely vexed at the turn our conversation was taking; "what do you mean?—to whom do you allude?—beforehand I warn you that you are mistaken."

"Am I?" said he quietly, "am I wrong in giving my pretty little friend to Lord ——, the Marquis of ——'s youngest son—are you not engaged?"

"Lord ——?" exclaimed I; "no, indeed, you *are* wrong; I hate him; I think him an insufferable little puppy—engaged to him! not I, I promise you."

Now, thought I, this is the very reason of his reserve, he fancied my affections and my liberty both pre-engaged. How glad I am to have explained. Surely he will speak *now*. But, alas! all he said was—"Really, I have been, then, quite misinformed."

I was inexpressibly disappointed; this man is impenetrable, said I to myself—how can I make him speak?—for he must like me, or he would not perpetually come here.

After this *dénouement*, the conversation languished. I was disappointed—he seemed pre-occupied—and soon took his departure.

"Well!" exclaimed I, "he cannot care for me, or he would not have lost so excellent an opportunity of telling me he did." But then, I reflected, that he, far from being like myself, of a character to rush violently into resolves and conclusions, was of a grave, reflective cast of mind, requiring time and consideration for action—I consoled myself. Next time, thought I—oh! Frederick, if you only knew how much I love you—how, if you returned it, I would mould my disposition, and regulate my conduct to suit your pleasure; how quiet, how tractable I would be; how I would forestall your every wish. If I could tell you all this, you would, I am sure, love me! And, with a deep sigh, I continued my work.

Some time afterwards, a ball was given by a mutual friend, he came to our house on the very day—but, alas! we were not alone.

"Are you going," said he, "to-night?"

"Yes," said I.

"Then," replied he, "I shall."

I looked up at him with a smile of inexpressible pleasure.

That evening I dressed with no ordinary care, and entered the splendid suite of rooms where Mrs. A—— received, filled with anticipation of enjoyment; I was soon surrounded by some of the usual circle, A. B——, brilliant as ever, rattling away with his everlasting volubility. We danced together, and never before did I think he could be wearisome; but I incessantly watched the door, and was too pre-occupied to be amused.

Dance after dance followed, and he came not, but at last, just before supper, I espied his tall figure in the doorway of the ball-room. His eyes were fixed on me.

"How late you are," said I, as I passed him dancing; "I thought you had forgotten to come, though I had not forgotten to expect you."

"I have been kept in the House," said he, "there was a division; it was not my fault—are you engaged for the next quadrille?"

Luckily, I was not, and I accepted his arm with such evident pleasure, he must have been blind indeed not to observe it. But he seemed more silent, more reserved than ever.

"How happy I am," said I, "to leave all those chattering, tiresome men, that only flutter from one scene of gaiety to another, and have quiet talk with you. It is so much more congenial to my taste—I admire silence in men."

"Then," said he, "you take a great deal of pains to appear unlike what you are, for I should have imagined, on the contrary, that everything brilliant and lively delighted you."

"So it does," said I, "for the moment, but then I like to dwell—to live upon my own solitary reflections when the whirl is over. If you had seen the life I loved at home, and to which I hope to return when the season is over, you would believe me. I bury myself in my own thoughts, and amidst the solitudes of the woods, in the deep silence of evening, indulge in many a romantic day-dream, and luxuriate in many a wild imagination that"—I stopped, but he looked so surprised.

"Ah!" said I, "you see you do not know me; all this gaiety is very well and very agreeable, especially when one mixes in it for the first time, and the charms of novelty enliven everything. But I could not live; I could not be happy in a life like this."

"Indeed," said he, "you surprise me. But have you been long enough in the world to judge? Ladies of your age are not remarkable for remaining constant in their opinions."

"Yes," said I, "that is true; but then I should like to people my Paradise. I would have some one to live for—to love—to think on day and night—to mix up in every thought and action. I should desire to have an inseparable companion, like a better and dearer self, and then I am certain I should never, never change!"

"And," said he, imperceptibly lowering his voice, "have you ever fancied who you should like this companion—this husband, let us call him—to be?"

I hesitated—I trembled—I thought; but it must have been

fancy, he pressed my arm ; at last I replied—" Yes, I have seen, or fancied I have seen, one who, if he loved me, would make me always happy."

" Another time," answered he, " you must tell me who he is ; for you know, as an old friend, I must be allowed to advise you on your choice ; for, remember, how very inexperienced you are."

It is not in the power of words to express my chagrin at this speech. All my hopes were then fallacious ; he did not understand me one whit more, or rather he would not, for I could not believe that I could feel so much, and entirely conceal my emotion. What could be the reason of his strange indifference, his insensibility ? Did he never mean to marry ? Was he too old for me in his own opinion,—what could it be ? I was sure he liked me ; for of all the young ladies he met, I alone was distinguished by his attentions. Perhaps, thought I, he is waiting to see more of me, to form a better judgment of my character before he positively proposes, or, perhaps, as he is much older than I am, he thinks I look on him as a kind of papa.

These thoughts chased each other through my mind as I returned home. I could not sleep, I lay and puzzled what might be the solution of this enigma. The end of my cogitation was, that as far as I could I would endeavour to open his eyes as to the real object of my preference ; and with this resolution, so worthy of the inexperience of eighteen, I fell asleep, and dreamt that I saw him on his knees before another lady, to whom he swore endless vows of love and devotion ; that in the middle of the tenderest scene I rushed in, and gave the said lady a severe box on the ear. The echo of the supposed blow awoke me, and I found my little maid opening the shutters, for it was already late.

The opportunity I sought was soon afforded me—or rather I seized on the first occasion of putting my resolve into execution. Some days after the ball, I was spending some hours at his mother's house, where I often went in the hopes of seeing him, but as he was seldom at home, it was only after an unusual absence that I ventured to inquire where he was. Here I was ever a welcome guest, for, as I have said, his father, by a variety of jokes and inuendos, more remarkable for drollery than delicacy, plainly gave me to understand he should prefer me for a daughter-in-law.

But Frederick was, I knew, little guided by the opinions of this clever but eccentric gentleman ; it was his mother, a woman with a masculine understanding, that swayed him, and *she* had never hinted at such a possibility. I knew she thought me too young and too inexperienced to know my own mind on any subject—an opinion I constantly but unsuccessfully combated. To her the idea of a young girl, only just come to town, selecting a husband already, would be, I knew, preposterous ; and although secure of the personal friendship, I very much doubted whether she was not the real cause of her son's reserve and silence. But this is a mystery that never was cleared up, and puzzles me yet when I think of it.

I had taken off my bonnet, and was sitting in the drawing-room

alone, arranging some flowers just arrived from their magnificent country-seat, and was revelling in the perfumed pile of various blossoms lying before me, when suddenly the door opened, and he appeared. I started, he looked surprised.

"I was not aware," said he, "that you were here."

I could scarcely speak; I had been earnestly thinking about him before he entered, and speculating if ever those walls would look down on me as his wife, and I felt altogether so depressed I could not conceal it.

"What beautiful flowers," said he, advancing towards me as I sat at the table.

"Very," replied I, "I love flowers — they have indeed a language—and are the simplest and the sweetest offerings to those we love. Even to the dead flowers are offered, how much more then to the living?"

I hardly knew what I was saying, but involuntarily I formed a little bunch of the most delicate and sweetest blossoms. There were rosebuds, heliotrope, and the pencil-leaved geranium. When I had held it a moment, I rose, and advancing, without daring to look him in the face, I placed the flowers in his hand, and then rushed out of the room. In an instant I heard him rapidly following me, not in his usual quiet manner, but with quick and hurried steps, that echoed rapidly along the corridor. But by this time I was frightened at my own boldness, and at the idea of meeting him after what I had done; fool—double fool that I was; just as he appeared I charged up-stairs at a pace that defied pursuit. He followed me to the first floor, and then called after me by my name—my Christian name, too—by which he rarely addressed me. But, completing my folly in flying from what I most desired, I sat palpitating and almost weeping in one of the empty bed-rooms, and would not move. How in after years have I repented this conduct! how have I longed to recall those few short moments, once passed, for ever vanished without recall! for his was not a character to trifle with.

Had we met then, he would have spoken, I feel, I know he would, for that he liked me, I was certain. The reserve that separated us was at this moment withdrawn, and he would have told me he prized the little foolish heart which long had been his own. I could then have freely told the deep, the earnest love, esteem and respect that, as long as I can remember, I had felt towards him, feelings now ripened into an attachment, that rendered me capable of willingly sacrificing every taste, every pursuit, every inclination, to win his heart. Ill was it for us both, that the moment passed profitless away. He never could be loved as I loved him, and I should have been spared years of suffering and misfortune, that the future, big with sorrow and with suffering, had in store.

But I would not leave my retreat. He called in vain. His voice echoed among the long passages and through the lofty halls. No reply came; and I heard his slowly-retreating steps descending the stairs to the entrance. Then the door opened and closed!

and I watched him across the square. "Next time we meet," thought I, "he will speak; then he will propose, and I shall be more prepared than I am now." I was mistaken. His feelings were hurt. He thought I had been trifling with him. Not easily making up his mind, he had been as it were betrayed into an unintentional demonstration, but, once restored to reflection, the same motive that had before influenced him to keep silent, again prevailed.

At the time I did not suspect this, or I think I should have put on my bonnet and run after him wherever he had gone; I should have implored him once more to call—once more to follow me, and that I would answer—that I would rush to him with joy inexpressible. But the happy moment was fled. The next day his mother called, and casually mentioned that Frederick had left town for the Continent, and that whether he stayed for weeks or many months was uncertain. At this intelligence my heart sunk within me; I now perceived my own folly, and, though still hoping, I was inexpressibly chagrined. London had lost more than half its charms with his departure, and had it not been for the bustle and preparation consequent on my approaching presentation, I should have petitioned to have returned home. But I solaced myself with anticipation of his speedy return, and, buoyed up by this expectation, patiently endured what I deemed only the temporary delay of my hopes.

A Drawing-room was at length fixed, and I was to make my *début*—one of the most noticeable events, next indeed in importance to marriage only, in a young lady's career.

I was now thrown much into the society of the noble family before mentioned, as all arrangements were presided over by Lady D — herself, whom we were to accompany to Court. Of course she was anxious that a young lady whom she honoured by wishing to make the wife of her interesting son, should make an appearance before the world, suitable to his rank and position—so finding myself fairly in the hands of the Philistines, and in utter despair of doing justice to the expectations formed of me—I quietly and unquestionably submitted to all desired of me. One advantage arose from this supposed engagement between Lord — and myself, and that was it gave a certain *éclat* to my introduction; for being almost domesticated with Lady D —, and generally supposed to be on the point of becoming her daughter-in-law, already gave me a certain consideration.

But when I saw Lord — more artificial and monkey-like than ever, and then thought of Frederick, and compared the manly dignity and reserve of the one, with the affected empty-headed pretension of the other, however advantageous such an alliance might be in a worldly point of view, I felt the sacrifice was beyond my powers. My heart loudly asserted its claims, and I discovered that the possession of exalted rank would not now constitute my happiness.

But the presentation—what shoppings! what long mornings passed with *modistes*, preceded the auspicious event! Why

we have been out with Lady D——, and passed four hours in a single shop, turning over silks, embroidered dresses, flowers and ribbons, until my head quite reeled, and I felt perfectly stupefied. The noble lady who was not remarkable for mental resources, delighted in this mode of passing her mornings, and was glad of any feasible excuse for driving from shop to shop, and receiving deputations of French shoemakers and milliners. When I sat and yawned in sheer despair, she was still as fresh as a lark—launching forth into endless discourses as to the texture or colour of the goods displayed before her. Lady M—— too, who also accompanied us on these dreary pilgrimages, took a lively interest in the whole, and longed for every dress she saw—expressing her disgust at what she called her mother's stinginess, in whispers to me, of quite pathetic complaint.

A FUTURE FOR TURKEY.

BY LIEUT. THE HON. FREDERICK WALPOLE, R.N.

It is impossible to doubt the result of the approaching contest; a fleet such as the world never saw is on its way to conquer and blockade in the North; an overpowering squadron holds the Euxine; and the armies of the West are hastening to the field, already well disputed by the Turks against our common foe; checked in front on the Danube, menaced in flank from the Crimea, forced in the rear from Anapa,—Russia must succumb, and leaving others to pay for the war, will return within her frontiers foiled and baffled for a time.

And then—

Is Turkey to return to her former state? Even were this possible, it would hardly be desirable. Is she again to be the weak, venal, powerless, soulless body she was before? Surely such a result would scarce be worthy of the cost.

But, bankrupt, disordered, dissolved, this cannot be.

Her fanaticism aroused, her Moslem population excited, withdraw the foe from without, her troops tear and rend her within, and the courage, now valuable on the frontier, would be expended on the peaceful Christians of her provinces.

The good of years has been undone, and the Fella, settling to his peaceful toil, has caught the war-cry of his race; he is no more the citizen, but again the wild, fierce, nomad Asiatic; his household ties dissolved, he is the child of fortune, determined on plunder, impatient of peace and quiet. He cannot return to his home—he cannot subside to what he was,—his spirit aroused, his fanaticism excited, if victory is given to Islam, God save the Christians of the Empire!

“They were the cause of the quarrel; they are the foes we have

defeated, the enemies of our faith, the accursed of the Prophet; ready to our hand; our duty calls us to take what our wishes desire to have. Who will resist us conquerors?—Deenahoom, Maalahoom, Ardahoom, taban illna—(their life, property, and honour are ours).”

We must not suppose that the wild soldiers of Islam, the sons of the thousand tribes of the Prophet, will recognise or understand that to Christians they owe their victory; that they will believe that without the forces of the West they would have fallen before the foe; that they will allow that, but for our sufferance, their dominion would have passed away: this knowledge will be confined to the few, the fifty who rule at Stamboul, and those who see the truth will hate Christ's followers more fiercely for the fact.

The Western Powers may compel respect, tolerance, and liberty to the Christian subjects of the Porte, may exact immunities and command protection; this they must, but such will be powerless in each little village and hamlet, disregarded in dell or valley; and to enforce their observance, a *surveillance* would be required more laborious than the subdivision of the empire. The Moslem and Christians, mingled together, would require a force in every village and house to coerce the one or protect the other.

It would extend this letter far beyond proper measure to number proofs of what the writer advances, but a few may suffice.

Ibrahim Pasha, the Arslan of Islam, broke the forces of the Padishah, scattered his armies before him, occupied Syria and other provinces; the combined fleets attacked him, and drove him back quicker than he had advanced; the fact was patent to all the Beled-Arabistan. “And now, Arabs, see your Padishah. Ibrahim beats his armies. A force of England's, not a tithe of her peace establishment, comes and chases him back, as a dog does a gazelle: say now, son of Islam, is England not a great nation?” “Eh, Wallah! the Sultan commanded them; the English are his protected; the Padishah commanded it.”

“A man of Mooltan: say, O Hadgée, can the men of Mooltan stand before the soldiers of the English?”—“Mashallah, it is His work; Islam fought with them, or the English would not have seized the sword of Moolraj.”

These are no vulgar opinions, current among the lowest; but the thorough convictions of all and each.

The beneficial ordinances—What did they not grant to Christian Rayahs, and what did they yield? protection and toleration? Yes, while beneath the eye of consuls or ambassadors. But how were they carried out in villages, valleys, and mountain homes? A Moslem took what he willed; ruled, bullied, seized, forced, beat, and worked the Rayahs. Who dared resist? where could he appeal? his rulers were Moslem—his police Moslem—his judge Moslem. I do not overstate the fact, when I say that he was a slave, utterly, hopelessly bound, and delivered up to his tyrant. But enough—I again say, the war ended and the foe withdrawn, God have mercy on the *Christians!*

What, then, is to be the future of Turkey?

Partitioned—seed of war—fruitful of all contention—

A Greek empire—it is Russian—

Theorists have written, politicians have thought, and yet there is no solution to the question. They have not looked at the elements, nor have they marked the pieces of the puzzle they wish to arrange. All their theories are purely theoretical, and require the destruction of the present to build up the future, demand vast changes involving difficulties, a new construction, a fresh empire. Why have they not looked at the building as it is, marked what it wanted, then cast their eyes around, and seen the materials ready shaped and fitted, wanting but placing to render the whole the first empire of the earth?

Arm the Christian subjects of the Porte! Advise, and let the Sultan call to his aid the Christian population of the Empire. To this there may be offered some objection:—

1st. It may be said that, if these are armed, they will turn their weapons against the Sultan. To this I answer, No, never! In the Ottoman empire there are thirty-two recognised sects of Christians, each hates the Moslem with the hate of the enslaved and trodden on, against the oppressor; but each hates the thirty-one other Christian denominations with all the fierceness of religious charity, each would wish to rule, and see their faith dominant, but still would a thousand times sooner serve Islam than yield to those who worship at the nearest shrine. Here then is safety, and as a whole, a force would be raised at once, obedient and impartial.

History teaches no better means to conquer and enslave a race than forbidding them to bear arms; enforce this order, and the moral degradation of a people is complete. Such is and has been the state of the Christians in the East, nor does their condition stand an exception to the rule. Arm them, and they are men; men, in all, upright and freeborn men; the mere act will do more than fifty Tanzimats or one thousand consuls. Let them serve five years in the army, the usual period of service in the Turkish empire. Their homes may suffer, it will be said, for their absence (and that may be true), but when those men return, and others join the force, think you that the veteran will drop down a slave before the Moslem? No, he is a soldier of the Padishah—a free man—and feels the rights he dares assert.

The Moslem population is unable to bear the weight of the levy now imposed on it to recruit the standing army, even on the peace establishment; this will relieve it, and allow of its settling to peaceful labour.

It will abolish distinction of caste, and will virtually destroy the dominance of the one race and the slavery of the other. The barrier wall of separation will be broken down more effectually than by years of enactments which touch not this armed exclusiveness.

The Christians, enjoying equal rights, supplying two-thirds of the army, half the navy, and the best talents of the empire, would weigh in the scale; their mutual jealousy, incentives to exertion,

would drive them on, and they would float up to the position they ought to hold in the State as quietly and as surely as water flows to its proper level.

The jealousy of the Porte would oppose the measure, it may be, but its opposition would melt before the necessity of the case, were it truthfully represented, and the approval of the powers its allies give.

2nd. The Christians would not reply to such a call.—From my own knowledge I say they would, cheerfully and readily.

Let European officers (hundreds could be found, efficient and willing) go among the Rayahs with proper authority, and confer with the chiefs, head men, and priests. Let them have power to enrol the people, and to guarantee that those of a sect shall be regimented together and commanded by Christian officers, and that a priest of their sect, if they wish, shall accompany the corps; the ultimate object explained, and the hopes made clear, the fathers of the Church would be found the first to assist and to rally their flock to the banner.

It may be said that it would be impossible to have two distinct forces, the one Christian, the other Moslem, under one government. It would be necessary only for a time—let the system begin, and that separation would no longer be required.

Again, it may be urged, the danger of putting arms in the hands of the members of the Greek church would be great, and they are the most numerous sect of Christians. To this I fearlessly reply, the time has passed; the Greek subjects of the Porte look to Stamboul, the Greek empire of Constantine is their hope, not the rule of the Moscovite. They might wish to subvert Islam, but it would not be to set up the Russ.

Nor are they so numerous or united, as usually believed, in Europe and Asia Minor: perhaps they outnumber the rest; but even those vast provinces are but a small part of the Turkish empire.

It would not be necessary to raise above five regiments from those of the Greek religion; separated and brigaded apart, they would be sureties for the rest of their sect, and useful for internal purposes, keeping order in the provinces, where now all is confusion and misrule.

The Nestorians, our brothers in the faith, would supply any force, and are the most warlike of the Christian subjects of the Porte.

The Maronites,—the Chaldeans,—would raise their quota; no sect would be backward in joining this vanguard of a new empire.

The means are easy, the result is certain. Let this be tried fairly and properly, and the future of Turkey is secure. The spirit of patriotism, now found alone in the breast of the Moslem, would grow from the heart of the Christian soldier. The slave, made free, would walk upright—would love the country he served, and which is home to him. Equal laws, equal rights, the land would smile in peace. Protected and protecting, her own brave races would tread the path of improvement, she would be no longer effete Turkey of the Turks, but the true and real empire of the East.

THE TURKISH FLAG AT SINOPE.*

Who has e'er gazed upon a wreck,
 Nor heaved a sympathising sigh
 For sufferings borne, for fortunes lost,
 For hopes that blossomed but to die ?

Perchance it tells of seamen true,
 Mangled and crushed upon the shore,
 Of widows' plaints, and orphans' tears,
 For husbands, fathers, seen no more.

But why above yon sunken ship
 Is seen that standard waving free,
 As though the mast it wont to grace
 Still bounded gladly o'er the sea ?

That flag—respect it—sadly marks
 The spot where, deep beneath the wave,
 An honoured resting-place was sought
 By hundreds of the Moslem brave.

O'erborne by numbers, and surprised
 By a false despot's treacherous host,
 They scorned their duty to forsake,
 And purchase life with honour lost.

What though to yield, in thunder's voice,
 Three decks to one the call proclaim ?
 From iron mouths is loudly hurled
 An iron answer wrapt in flame.

True to their Sultan and his cause,
 True to their Prophet and his faith,
 True to their native land and homes,
 Spurning disgrace, they courted death.

No thought of yielding !—Would they bring
 Dishonour on a father's name ?
 Should wife or mother hide for them
 The burning cheek of conscious shame ?

In vain o'er those devoted heads
 The iron hail-storm fiercely flew ;
 At crashing shot or bursting shell,
 None quailed among that fearless crew.

* These lines were written on receiving a fragment of a Turkish flag taken from the mast of a ship sunk by the Russians at Sinope.

Not crumbling bulwarks, falling mast,
 Nor their slain comrades by their side,
 Their dauntless resolution shook,
 Reckless if lived they, or they died.

Cheering his crew, their chieftain's voice
 O'er all the din did clear resound ;
 Like war-horse to the trumpet's peal,
 To every cheer their hearts rebound.

But see ! their task is nearly done ;
 Low ebbs the tide of sinking life ;
 Their battle's fought ; their race is run ;
 With closing breath must close their strife.

Gashed with full many a gaping wound,
 Fast drinks the ship the fatal stream ;
 And faster still do raging flames
 Devour their way from beam to beam.

Lower and lower sinks the deck,
 Whence still the work of death they ply ;
 And hotter glow beneath their feet
 The planks of that scorching battery.

Assailed by every form of death,
 Unconquered still, those heroes stood,
 Though aid the elements their foe,
 Around, the flames ; beneath, the flood.

To their bright tomb at length they're borne,
 Wrapt in a shroud of smoke and flame ;
 And in their noble coffin sink
 Those living men of deathless fame.

As they descend, at once to heaven
 And their loved flag they raise their eyes ;
 Then proudly close them, in the hope
 To open them in Paradise.

Then save that flag.—No relic rare
 In richest jewelry enshrined,
 Will to its votary be so dear
 As this to patriot warrior's mind.

Widely dispersed in distant lands
 Its fragments, will be precious seeds,
 Which, sown in kindly soil, may bear
 A harvest rich of gallant deeds.

Then save that flag ! *They* need it not
 Their bed of honour to proclaim :
 A wide world is their monument,
 Their epitaph a world-wide fame.

ARTHUR ARDEN, THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next day being Monday, I paid a visit to the beadle's office at Apothecaries' Hall, to get a situation as an assistant, as it was impossible that I could continue to live a fortnight longer on the miserable sum remaining in my possession. In the gateway I found fourteen or fifteen young men, whose business was of the same nature as my own. They were almost all reduced to the last extremity of gentility, before it sinks into positive rags and beggary. Their shabby coats betokened that the tailor would give them no farther credit, and their dirty shirts, that the laundress had come to the same determination. Their half-shaved chins showed the quality of their razors, and their meagre faces told how meagre was the fare they luxuriated upon.

One or two dashing young men were amongst them, and I was the most dashing of the party.—“Is this Mr. Talker's office?” I inquired.

“Yes,” was the reply, and I pulled the bell. I waited a reasonable time, and then I pulled again. “He doesn't hear you,” said one of the rival candidates, smiling with mischief, “ring again.” I followed his advice, and awakened the echoes of the old building with the violence.

Some one slightly opened the door, and a long nose and longer chin protruded themselves through the opening. “I'll attend to you directly,” said the person to whom these portions of the human face divine belonged, and the door closed again leaving me outside.

“D—n the insolence of office,” said I, turning with impatience to the other young men.—“And the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes,” added one of the rival candidates, with a slight look of contempt at my impatience.

I looked at the speaker with no pleasant expression, and the door being opened a second time, I walked into the office and communicated my business.

“Three and sixpence, if you please, and then I'll put your name down,” said the clerk. “You have little chance this morning, for there are only three situations to be filled, and fifteen applicants for them. You must wait a quarter of an hour, and then I'll give you a paper with the names and addresses of the gentlemen upon it.”

Exactly as the clock struck ten the fifteen applicants, myself included, each seized a scrap of paper with three names upon it, and off they started, straining every muscle to enable them to obtain the first hearing. I quietly looked at them, and at the names of the practitioners in want of assistants. My knowledge of London

was very limited. "Mr. Paxton, Russell Square," said I. "Russell Square,—I wonder where that is? Some out-of-the-way, shabby place, I suppose,—I'll not go there first. 'Mr. Easiman, Finsbury Pavement'—some fish place, I suppose, near Billingsgate,—I'll not go there. 'Mr. Thompson, Parliament-street,'—that's the place for me." Determined neither to soil my clothes, nor waste time by walking, I jumped into a cab, and in a very short time was in the presence of Mr. Thompson.

This learned medical practitioner was a young man about six-and-twenty, as little like a grave physician as possible. He was in appearance a buck of the first water, and was remarkably well pleased with the fashionable cut of my clothes, and the swagger with which I nodded my head to him, and said, "How d'ye do?"

"I say, old fellow," said he, with his hands in his pockets rattling a considerable sum of money,—“do you really want a situation, or are you come here for a joke? Say the word at once.”

"I want a situation," I replied, "without a joke."

"What can you do?"

"Anything that's fit for a gentleman to meddle with.—What do you want me to do?"

"To help me to pass the time agreeably, for I've got nothing else to do myself. I haven't a tenth part of a patient at present, but I suppose practice will come some day like a flash of lightning.—Can you play cribbage and piquet?"

"Yes."

"Cribbage is the game for me. What is the most you can make of a hand containing six, seven, eight and an ace, another ace turned up?"

"Seventeen, if the four cards in hand are of one colour."

"Sharp, sir,—sharp as a needle. What's the highest number you can reckon in a hand at six-card cribbage?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Good again," he exclaimed,—“you are just the man for my money. How much a year do you want?"

"Fifty pounds," I replied, without any idea that the demand was extraordinary.

"Not so green as that comes to," said he, elongating his face with a comical expression of surprise; "but as you are a sharp, gentleman-like sort of fellow, I'll say thirty—"

"Not a farthing less than forty," said I, feeling convinced that he wanted me.

"I'll play you a game at cribbage. If I lose it shall be forty, if I win, thirty—"

"Agreed," said I, smiling at the strange mode of settling the difference.

"A sharp player, by Jove!" he exclaimed, when I had won the game. "You are mine for forty. By-the-by, here comes another candidate; look on the steps at that fellow,—wide-awake hat—rusty black coat—thread-bare trowsers—a man of many shifts and

few shirts—an exact picture of an assistant out of place.—We'll have him in—got nothing to do but to amuse ourselves.”

The man of many shifts and few shirts entered the apartment, with a modest bow, and sat down in the chair that Mr. Thompson very politely handed to him.

“Well, sir,” said the professional man, carelessly throwing one leg over the other, and his elbow over the back of the chair, “What’s the row?”

“I have not the slightest knowledge of any row, I can assure you, sir,” modestly replied the shabby man. I laughed, but Mr. Thompson looked as grave as a statue of Jupiter.

“I mean, what is your business with me?”

“I came to offer myself as a candidate for your situation.”

“Oh! oh!—yes—well, what are your qualifications?”

“I have been in six situations, and have had a good character from each?”

“Can you play cribbage?”—“No.”

“Piquet?”—“No.”

“Ecarte?”—“No.”

“Confound such ignorance! you can do nothing, sir—you will not do for me.”

The unsuccessful candidate retired in astonishment at his strange examination, and was succeeded by a little dapper-looking coxcomb, whose clothes had been good, and were still worn with an air that mocked their faded appearance.

“Well, sir, where do you come from?” Mr. Thompson inquired.

“’Pon my honour, sir, a comical question,” replied the newcomer, with a complacent grin. “Why, sir, this morning I came from my lodgings in Mount-street, Whitechapel, but I have been at so many places before I went there, that I can scarcely tell where else I came from.”

“Where do you live when you are at home, sir? Where were you born?” said Mr. Thompson.

“At Colchester, famous for oysters,” replied the candidate.

“You have my permission to go home and astonish the natives. You are not an oyster for my money,” exclaimed my new employer. “Cut your stick—depart—vanish!”

The faded coxcomb looked defiance at this unexpected address, and strutting up to the person who had expressed himself so freely, crossed his arms independently over his little narrow chest, and stared manfully in his face.

“Do you know you speak to a gentleman, sir?” said he to Mr. Thompson. “Let me ask you a simple question,—who are you, you wretch? what man’s your mother, I should like to know, that you speak to me as if I was dirt? Burn you to cinders and charcoal!—who’s Mr. Thompson—who the devil are you?”

“Arden,” said my employer, rather angry in spite of the amusement the little man’s antics afforded, “I’ll thank you to kick that silly baboon out of doors.”

I was rather surprised at this request, nevertheless I got up to comply with it; but the person so pleasantly named a baboon,

extended his hand with his thumb pressed violently against the extremity of his nose, and skipped out of the house with the activity of a real baboon, leaving Mr. Thompson and myself convulsed with laughter.

"A pleasant entertainment, Mr. Arden," exclaimed my companion, rubbing his hands with delight.—"Poor devils! I wonder if we shall have any more of it?"

"It may be sport to you, but it is pain to them. They are poor and unfortunate, and should not be turned into ridicule.—Here is another,—let me send him away."

"You are too good-natured by half—fun's fun. We'll have him in, and he shall be the last."

A very genteel young man was ushered into the room, and bowing gracefully, he sat down in the seat which the last candidate had quitted. He was really a gentleman, but Mr. Thompson seemed determined to disgust him with a display of vulgarity.

"Well, sir," said he, with one foot on the table, and his back turned towards the young man—"You are an uncommonly steady, serious-looking old file—Does your mother know you're out?"

No answer was made to this polite inquiry, and Mr. Thompson proceeded to question the candidate.

"What character will your last master give you?" No reply.

"What wages will satisfy you?—A pound a week, and find your own grub?"

"How much water will drown a kitten—and how much opium will send a Turk to Heaven?"

"You look serious, old boy—How's your mother?"

"Let me ask you," said the young man, rising from his chair, with his eyes flashing fire—"Let me ask you if you really are the person I came to see. Are you Mr. Thompson?"

"Not a shadow of doubt about the matter: I am Mr. Thompson," he replied.

"Then, sir, I have the honour of wishing you a good morning, and the manners and feeling of a gentleman, which you have not: I hope for the honour of the profession, of which I am a member, that you are either drunk or mad, as I suspect you to be." When the young man, whose feelings were deeply wounded by Mr. Thompson's insulting questions and behaviour, had said this, he bowed politely to me, and left the house.

"Curse his impudence!" exclaimed Thompson, "that fellow's as poor as a rat, and as proud as a peacock—a spirited fellow, but no fun in him. Hang him! you are the man for my money; stay here with me to-day, and you can go home in the evening, and pack up your traps, for I shall want you to-morrow."

I agreed to the proposal, and when I left the house in the evening, my pockets were empty, for I had lost my last sixpence to him at cribbage, as well as my first quarter's salary, for which I gave him an I. O. U. Honour alone took me back again to his house next day, for his gambling propensities, and unfair play, gave me little prospect of comfort, or of replenishing my purse.

"Well done, Arden, my boy,—glad to see you back again,"

exclaimed this pattern of good breeding, and gentlemanly feeling, when I returned to Parliament-street, on the following morning. "You are the man for my money. I shall be out all day until evening, so you must make yourself at home. If anything in the shape of a patient should send for me, go and see him if you like, or tell him to hang himself, or suspend his sickness till I return. In the evening, four or five fellows are coming to sup with me, and play a game at *Vingt-un*. You must play, so I'll lend you ten guineas, and then please to recollect that you have had half your first year's salary in advance."

"I can't afford to play so high as you, and the company you keep," I remonstrated, "and therefore I would rather be excused. How am I to dress myself like a gentleman, if I lose the ten pounds to-night?"

"Go to my tailor, and he will give you everlasting credit. However, you will not lose to-night, for the fellows who are coming are as green as grass. I'll put you up to a trick or two, if you like, and you may do them as nice as possible."

"Thank you, but I shall not practice any tricks; I'll play fair, or not at all."

"Well, well, please yourself; good morning. If my man don't bring up your dinner in good order, give him a good kicking,—he wants it, and you are big enough to do it; I'm not."

Mr. Thompson was a young man who had been badly educated, and compelled by poverty to live by all manner of shifts, until the death of an old uncle put him in possession of ten thousand pounds; and with this money he was making ducks and drakes, but no attempt to get a practice to support him when it was gone. I scarcely knew on what terms I stood with him, but I had a confused idea that I was engaged in the capacity of chief bully, to knock men down who insulted him, or, when he insulted them. I was rather confirmed in this opinion in the evening, when his friends arrived; for I accidentally heard him tell them that he had a good stout bulldog at his heels, and that he would back him against any man that ever used the gloves. I was entering the drawing-room at the time.

"Mr. Arden," said one of the party, as soon as I had been introduced, "I understand you can use the gloves? I'll bet you two to one that I hit you in the eye in two minutes."

"Done, sir," said I; "two guineas to one."

Mr. Thompson's gloves were produced, and the challenger received a black eye in return for the two guineas, which were paid to me. I offered him the opportunity of winning them back again, but the offer was not accepted, and Mr. Thompson strutted about the room with the consequence of a dogfighter, who has a famous bulldog in his possession.

We sat down to cards, and success never left me all the evening. I never won so much money before, or since; and although the sum was nothing to men of property, it appeared so much to me that I was almost ashamed of accepting the sovereigns when they were paid. I then played at random, and lost thirty or forty

pounds by carelessness; still, when I counted my gains at the end of the game, I had fifty pounds left. Mr. Thompson was as fortunate as myself, but he played unfairly, although none of the party detected him. I paid him the twenty pounds I was in his debt, and went to bed determined to leave the house, before he was out of bed, in the morning.

Nothing prevented me from fulfilling my intention of leaving Mr. Thompson's house, and while he still remained asleep, I made the best of my way to the Borough again, to tell my adventure to my companions at the Hospital; but growing more careful from experience, I adhered to my determination of seeking an assistant's situation.

CHAPTER X.

As two persons can live together at a smaller expense than each one separately, I had provided myself with a companion in a young student named Johnson. The united cost of our lodgings and board was trifling indeed, for it was not in necessaries that our money was so lavishly spent. We occupied one double-bedded room, and one sitting-room, for which we paid fourteen shillings a-week, or seven shillings each.

Johnson's history might prove a useful example to other young men of his class. He was one of five children, careless for the present and improvident for the future. When he first came to London, it was with the intention of applying closely to study, in order to obtain proficiency in his profession; but as soon as he mingled with other students, he felt a contempt for habits of study, and threw his books aside, declaring that there was plenty of time for him to study physic by and by, and that knowledge of the world was more necessary to him then.

This knowledge of the world is very necessary for every man, in his progress through life, but it is usually obtained at a price ruinous to every other species of knowledge. Knowledge of the world essentially means knowledge of evil, for that is the only portion that is concealed from the eyes of any society. All the good may be seen at a glance, it scarcely matters from what distance we view it. The young and innocent heart can comprehend it without exerting any reasoning, or reflection, but what arises from its own warm and unspotted affections, and sympathies. But the man who seeks knowledge of the world, obtains it only by associating with the vicious and the dishonest. The leprosy of evil infects the whole body, and he who seeks, is sure to be contaminated, or to escape with his perception of good and evil blasted, and the warmth of his affections chilled or utterly destroyed.

It was thus with Johnson—he plunged into the stream of extravagance and dissipation, and every hour became more entangled in the weeds at the bottom. His parents remonstrated at his expenditure, and in vain told him how they were curtailing their own comforts, to help him out of difficulties which he was continually

getting into. He continued still to pursue his wild career, and then they refused to support him in idleness any longer. Necessity compelled him to live in quiet, and to resume his books. His father threatened that if he did not pass his examination at the College of Surgeons before a certain day, that he would no longer own him as a son. That day was near at hand, and Johnson tried hard to make up for lost time. He was up early and late, reading, and repeating passages which he had learned by rote, from little books treating of medicine and surgery, and the connecting branches of science, as Pinnock's Catechisms treat of history and geography!

"I'm devilish glad to see you back again, Arden," said he when I returned. "A fellow with his brain excited like mine, requires somebody to speak to in his leisure hours. You can't think what horrid thoughts have disturbed me all night! Don't go away again, until I have passed the College—there's a good fellow."

"Let us have breakfast, Johnson," said I, "for I'm abominably hungry."

"I'll ring the bell," said he, suiting the action to the word. "You can't tell how glad I am to see you back again—I must have somebody with me—I am not to be trusted by myself, for I more than half made up my mind last night to commit suicide!"

"If you talk to me in that way I'll break your head for you," I exclaimed, laughing, to divert his melancholy thoughts. "You have been at home too much lately—I'll treat you to the theatre to-night if you will come; I daresay Furnival will go with us."

"My dear fellow," he remonstrated, "I shall never pass the College, if I allow you to entice me out—I can't go indeed—stay here with me, and let Furnival come if he likes."

We sat down to breakfast, and Johnson entertained me with a description of the liver and its appendages, much to my annoyance; therefore before his account was ended, I put a cigar in my mouth, and walked to the Hospital, where I found Furnival.

"By all the wonders of the world, honest men and virtuous women included," he exclaimed, "what in the name of Sphix brought you here to-day?"

"What would require no Oedipus to explain," I replied; "I have left my situation already, and have got a fresh supply of the needful. What's going on in the dissecting room? I shall not go in to chemical lecture this morning."

"Boxing and fencing, talking and smoking."

"I am just in the humour to give you a turn with the gloves. By-the-by, I won two guineas last night with them; if I go on at this rate, I shall wear the belt. What an idea, that this is a place to study in!" I continued as we entered the dissecting room; "certainly there is one studious fellow amongst them, dissecting an eye in a cup of water—work delicate enough for a lady—and that little Jew counting the foramina in the base of the skull is another; but who would think that was our demonstrator, who is knocking Simons about with the gloves; a confoundedly powerful fellow he is!"

"Yes," replied Tom. "By the voices of the wood and the forest, nightingales, and blackbirds, and throistles! what a sweet voice he has! Who would think such a tone came out of a chest as wide and as deep as his? There's a blow for you! By all the powers, horse power and steam power! Simons is down. Earth to earth and ashes to ashes."

What a scene was that! life and death mingled together—the remains of mortality melting away into nothingness, and the careless laugh, and the merry jest of the young and the strong, whose hearts were hardened to the horrid sights which failed even to remind them of one solemn reflection.

A large fire burnt merrily at one end of the room, welcome and cheering to the heart in that cold weather, while at the other end was suspended the cold, stern emblem of death, a well-bleached skeleton!

Two young men in masks were amusing themselves by fencing; the demonstrator, Mr. Fitzsparks, and Mr. Simons continued their boxing match; some others were jumping over the tables and stools, and two more were engaged in the laborious, but useless employment of throwing a heavy wooden stool at each other, and catching it before it reached the ground. In fact the place looked more like a gymnasium than a dissecting room.

"I say, Arden," said Tom, who was disputing with a fine handsome fellow named Oldham, and nephew to a member of Parliament; "come here and settle this question. Mr. Oldham has been telling us that the blood that runs in his veins and arteries is some of the oldest and purest propelled by any heart in the kingdom."

"Yes," said Mr. Oldham, "and I say it is; my ancestor, Sir Firebrand Oldham, came into England with William the Conqueror, and lost his life in the Holy Land, fighting against the Saracens!"

"More fool he!" exclaimed Tom.

"This is his crest," continued Mr. Oldham, showing the engraving upon his signet ring; "A helmet with the visor down—the only thing he bequeathed to his family."

"A fool's cap," said Tom. "Nothing could have suited them better."

"What is the question that I am required to settle?" I inquired.

"Whether this is a fool's cap or a helmet," replied my friend.

"I really don't see any difference—it entirely depends on the capacity of the wearer."

"That settles the matter at once," said Tom; "the helmet is a fool's cap."

"I deny it, Mr. Furnival," exclaimed Sir Firebrand's descendant, "it is a helmet."

After some further desultory conversation, I quitted the dissecting-rooms, being in no mood of mind to stay and witness any of the anatomical operations.

THE BALTIC FLEET,

BY AN OLD MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN.

WITH A MAP.

THANKS to the Emperor of all the Russias, we shall soon have an opportunity of trying our "Screws" and our "Moorsom shells," and so commence a new and important era in naval warfare. We have almost forgotten those glorious days when our tars wore "pigtailed," drank rum instead of tea, sported silver buckles in their shoes, and, of course, minded shot no more than they did peas. Many alterations since then have taken place in the service; amongst others, a new mode of manning the navy, and the introduction of steam, as a motive power. Formerly we relied upon the press-gang and an iron discipline for raising men and making our force effective; but now that we are about to have a hug with the great Northern Bear, we have reversed our plan, and instead of issuing "Press Warrants," the *Press* warrants that fair wages shall be given to our seamen to man our ships and fight our guns. Of the two modes of raising men, FORCE and CHOICE, we have hitherto chiefly relied upon the first; we have now tried the last upon rather an extended scale—compulsion has given way to solicitation, and "Jack" now stands arms akimbo, makes his bargain with the nation, and selects his favourite ship, without the fear of the tyranny of the Pressgang.

If the new system of manning our fleets exhibits the social advance of the people, so does the application of the "Screw" attest the progress of science applied to warfare afloat. Liners under canvas, that once settled the fate of empires, are now considered "slow-coaches," without the aid of the modern auxiliary, and we are beginning to look forward with real (*salt-water*) sorrow to the day when the "white-bosom'd sail" will be numbered amongst the glorious visions of the past. Black grimy stokers supply the place of neat sail-trimmers and active topmen, and the opening and shutting of a valve gives and takes away the motion of a line of battle-ship; a few curt sentences, such as "Ease her," "Stop her," "Go-a-head," "Back her," cut short the labours of hundreds of men at the halyards, braces, bowlines, sheets, clew-garnets, and bunt-lines. The glorious tactics of the quarter-deck are past, and a stern, naked, uncauvassed rig has supplied the place of the swelling sail, with its intricate tracery of ropes, peopled with lithe and sinewy topmen. Our three-deckers have become floating bastions, and gunnery, murderous gunnery, has superseded the professional skill of the seaman, and land and sea artillerists now, one as good as another, man the side-tackles of our sixty-eight pounders.

This is evidently a period of transition, and consequently open to doubt and conjecture, but we have no fear about the result. A noble spirit has manifested itself amongst the maritime population, and although few men in the Baltic fleet, under fifty years of age, can have much experience in naval war (and the same must be said of our foe), yet who doubts that our blue jackets will fail to show the Russian serfs the difference between volunteers and pressed men? Besides, we have an earnest of what may be done, if we make the service palatable in the manning of the present fleet. It has been assembled in an incredible short period, and yet it is acknowledged to be the most efficient that ever floated upon any sea. We should have been laughed at, if, at Michaelmas last, we had talked about sending such a squadron to seal up the Baltic in the early part of Spring, and so put a "stopper over all," upon the designs of Russia, in that quarter. And yet Sir Charles has led the "Duke of Wellington," "Royal George," "St. Jean D'Acre," and a score more of his flock of "early lambs," to the Russian pastures, to get a nibble as soon as the ice melts. Then, this fleet has been manned in defiance of the attractions of a "run out to the gold fields," with unprecedented wages—manned too, without the *aid* (!) of the pressgang.

Whether we consider this mighty force in its new character as a "steam squadron"—the magnitude of the ships—the symmetry of their form—their prodigious broadside force—the rapidity with which it has been manned—and the deadly target practice of our "Excellent" seamen,—feelings of national pride arise at the reflection, that such daring specimens of human ingenuity and Titanic power should have been turned out of our dockyards. Without trespassing upon the discussion of political questions, we cannot be expected to be silent witnesses of this immense preparation for a naval struggle. We are deeply interested in this matter, so far, at least, as the character and conduct of British seamen are concerned; for we have no doubt, that a material change will be found to have taken place in them for the better since the last war. Those who remember that death-struggle for foreign mastery, must also recollect, that our naval arsenals were then full of men who had earned for themselves a world-wide reputation for invincible courage as well as reckless folly. Things are altered now: not that "Jack" has forfeited his character for indomitable and self-denying heroism, but that his *moral* character has been greatly amended, during the peace, by legislative enactments adapted to his necessities, and, to some degree, by the general social improvement of the people.

What a jumble of press-gangs, "Nancy Dawsons," dram-shops, brothels, jolly Jacks, Jews, crimps, and fiddlers, the fitting out of a few ships of war brought together five-and-twenty years ago. But we hear and see little of these doings now. There is no press-gang; and though there may not be any sensible diminution in the number of "Benbows' Heads" and "Admiral Keppels," yet if "Jack" dances his hornpipe, it is done in an orderly way, and to the "genteel of tunes." Whatever the result may be in the

forthcoming struggle, it must be admitted by all those who have the welfare of our seamen at heart, that the alteration in their habits is as agreeable to witness as it is an evidence of their future comfort. Order, sobriety, and obedience, and the influence which these qualities exercise upon the conduct of men acting together in large bodies, cannot fail to render our tars more effective than they were when riot, drunkenness, and insubordination were their besetting sins. Admiral Chads, no mean authority, is of the same opinion; for he says, that "Jack's" target-practice is not impaired by having his eyes cleared of the vapours of the rum-bottle.

In the Royal Navy, under the new Regulations, a seaman obtains a pension for limited service as well as for long service. Then the victualling of the ships under the Crown insures food of good quality, while the quantity is abundant, and it is always well cooked, and the meals are eaten with regularity and cleanliness. Moreover, the navy admits and encourages every opportunity for the men to improve and qualify themselves for promotion; nor must it be forgotten, that the ratio of their share of prize money has been increased, and in the distribution the men in the higher ratings receive proportionally more than the unskilled. Compensation is allowed for loss of clothes or effects by shipwreck; the seaman has good medical attendance in sickness; support in Greenwich Hospital when crippled or worn out—where, indeed, his children are educated free of expense, and trained for any employment.

Considering the very important part that the "screw" is likely to perform in all future naval operations, a few brief allusions to the effect it has already had upon our resources for manning the navy will not be inappropriate. That steam has altered the character of our seamen no one can doubt, and, indeed, we generally overlook the fact, that important changes, all to be traced to this new motive power, have been silently undermining what were formerly considered "our resources" for manning the Navy.

Steam-boats alone have almost annihilated one of our greatest nurseries for seamen, which formerly existed in the coasting trade. The Scotch smacks, each with its twenty or thirty of the best seamen in the world, are gone. The sailing packets from Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, Weymouth, Southampton, Dover—in short from every port within the four seas—have been entirely superseded by steam. Railways again in bringing coals to London will ultimately destroy the collier trade. And what is offered to the nation in lieu of the men raised in these hazardous and hardy services? A steam-bred mariner, who is useful in hauling at a rope—can man a capstan bar—heave the lead—steer—who has a pair of sea legs—and a sea stomach; serviceable qualities as far as they go. But we look in vain for the men of experience, who manned our ships in the last war,—men who in the midst of wind and storm could mount aloft, and if the ship was in difficulties, possessed the heads to plan, and the hands to extricate her from her perils. Still there yet remains abundant raw material for our use, if it is but properly "worked

up;" and that we have made a step in the right direction is exemplified by the rapid manner in which the Baltic fleet has been equipped and manned.

This superb fleet then may be regarded as the result of a new plan upon an extended scale, and is entitled to be considered as the first grand exponent of the *volunteer* system of manning a fleet upon an emergency. For some time past, different Admiralty Boards have bestowed their attention on various plans for inducing seamen to enter the navy for long instead of short periods. It was found that the training of large bodies of men for short periods of three years, and then disbanding them, operated most injudiciously against the best interests of the navy; many of our ablest hands were thereby lost to the service, and no small portion of our most expert gunners and quarter-masters were prevailed upon to serve under foreign flags.

It is true that now and then these men find their way back again, for "Jack" soon discovers that the Yankees are so fond of their *stripes*, that they score them upon his back as well as upon their own ensign. But his return to the flag of his allegiance is generally subservient to his own inclination and convenience, seldom the result of any patriotic impulse.

It was to remedy this state of doing and undoing that the recent regulations were put in force establishing new ratings for petty officers and leading seamen, and awarding additional pay and good-conduct gratuities. Inducements of better pay are now offered to boys under eighteen years of age, stout landmen, and seamen, to enter the navy for ten years' continuous service. By entering for this period, the seaman is enabled to embrace that branch of his calling which holds out the most advantages with out risk of disappointment. Formerly, however well inclined a man-o'-war's-man might be to "stick to the service," there was no certainty that he could do so, for it often happened that, owing to the reductions of "effective force," whole crews were prematurely paid off, and the best seaman went a begging. When the great national importance of the objects to be obtained by efficiently manning the navy, and thereby increasing the maritime strength of England, is considered, the increased cost should be regarded as a wise and profitable investment of public money.

But it is imperative that the pay and emoluments of the British man-o'-war's-man should at least be equal, if not superior, to those of the American navy and our own commercial marine, if we wish to retain our best blood and most skilful hands behind our own guns. The last war with brother Jonathan showed us the impolicy of training men at great cost, and then sending them adrift when the ship was paid off. It was a miserable "cheese-paring and candle end" economy, as we found to our cost. A few extra dollars soon lured a man, cosmopolitan in habits and profession, whose feelings had been blunted by neglect—speaking, too, the same language, owning a kindred race—from his allegiance, and induced him to fight under a flag supposed to protect the "sailors'

rights;" so that when we wanted him, we found him squinting at us over the breech of a Yankee thirty-two pounder.

The best possible results may therefore be confidently expected from the new system of entering men and boys for ten years of continuous service. We now shall always have a reserve of seamen—a standing navy as well as a standing army.

So much for the men, and now for the *materiel*. Here again, upon the very threshold, we are met by another novelty; for there is not a single ship in the 1st division of this fleet, which put to sea from Spithead on the 11th of last month, that is dependent upon sails alone for motion. The subjoined tabular statement of the ships, number of men and horse-power, will not be out of place here.

FIRST DIVISION.

SCREW LINE OF BATTLE SHIPS.

SHIPS.	GUNS.	MEN.	HOR. P.
The D. of Wellington	131	1100	780
The Royal George . .	120	990	400
The St. Jean D'Acrc .	101	900	600
The Princess Royal . .	91	850	400
The Cressy	80	750	400
The Edinburgh . . .	60	600	450
The Blenheim	60	600	450
The Hogue	60	600	450
The Ajax	58	600	450

SCREW FRIGATES.

SHIPS.	GUNS.	MEN.	HOR. P.
The Imperieuse . . .	51	530	360
The Euryalus	51	530	400
The Arrogant	47	450	360
The Amphion	34	320	300
The Dauntless	33	320	250
PADDLE-WHEEL.			
The Leopard	18	300	560
The Dragon	6	200	560
The Valorous	16	220	400

TOTAL :—17 Ships—1017 Guns—9870 Men—7570 Horse Power.

SECOND DIVISION.

SCREW LINE OF BATTLE SHIPS.

SHIPS.	GUNS.	MEN.	HOR. P.
The Cæsar	91	850	400
The James Watt . . .	91	850	600
The Nile	91	850	400
The Majestic	80	750	400

SCREW FRIGATES.

SHIPS.	GUNS.	MEN.	HOR. P.
The Miranda	15	175	250
The Archer	14	160	202
The Conflict	8	180	400

PADDLE-WHEEL.

SAILING LINE OF BATTLE.			
The Neptune	120	970	
The St. George . . .	120	970	
The Waterloo	120	970	
The St. Vincent . . .	101	900	
The Prince Regent . .	90	820	
The Monarch	84	750	
The Boscawen	70	730	

The Odin	16	220	
The Bull Dog	6	160	
The Gorgon	6	160	
The Driver	6	160	
The Rosamond	6	160	
The Prometheus . . .	6	145	
The Alban	3	60	
The Lightning	3	60	

SLOOP.

The Frolic	16	130	
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GRAND TOTAL :—44 Vessels—2200 Guns—16,000 Horse Power.
22,000 MEN.

It must not be imagined that this powerful naval armament has left our dockyards bare, or even sensibly diminished the maritime

resources of the country. Our national establishments could yield far greater results than the last few months have exhibited. When it comes to the "pinch," the energies of Englishmen afford startling statistics: in running our eyes over the above force, and when we call to mind how the nation was taken by surprise about a couple of years ago, by the announcement that our gallant rivals had produced a "screw" line-of-battle ship, the equipment of the Baltic fleet reflects the highest credit upon the present Board of Admiralty. The "Napoleon" came upon us like a thunder-clap, and woke up our energies; for when she first made her appearance in the Mediterranean, we had no steam-ship capable of coping with her.

Since then, we have not been idle. We soon produced a rival man-o'-war in our "Duke of Wellington" of 3700 tons, 780 horse-power, and 131 heavy guns; and as this noble ship can throw 1 ton 1 cwt. 42 lbs. of shot as broadside-force, we think she is well entitled to be called "the Iron Duke." In addition to her, we have now in the Baltic eight heavy-armed ships from 60 guns and upwards, and four spanking frigates, all screws, equally available as steamers or sailing ships, or both combined. The latest specimens turned out of our yards in the first division of the Baltic fleet are, the "Duke of Wellington," 131 guns; the "Royal George," 120; the "St. Jean D'Acrc," 101; the "Princess Royal," 91; the "Cressy," 80; the "Imperieuse," 51; the "Euryalus," 51; and the "Tribune," 30; while the "Amphion," 34, and the "Arrogant," 47, are among the earliest ships fitted with the new motive power in our Navy. The "Hogue," 60; the "Blenheim," 60; the "Edinburgh," 58; and the "Ajax," 58, have long been familiar to us as screw block-ships at our different naval arsenals.

The grand review at Spithead in August last was the first exhibition of a screw fleet upon a large scale; and a great many of the ships of the Baltic fleet were in that remarkable demonstration. But our force, great as it was considered then, is very much increased since that display; for after despatching the "Agamemnon," 91 guns, to the Black Sea, we have four "screw" ships of the line to add to the Spithead fleet as assembled in August last; viz. the "Royal George," 121 guns; "St. Jean D'Acrc," 101; "Princess Royal," 91, and "Cressy," 80; and these ships are soon to be followed by the "Nile," 84; "Monarch," 84; and "Majestic," 80. Thus, in seven months, we shall have increased the "screw" ships of the line in commission from 8 to 15. And from the speed with which the first division of the Baltic fleet has been sent to sea, a guarantee is given, that by the volunteer system the manning of the second division will present but few difficulties. When Admiral Corry's fleet forms a junction with Sir Charles Napier's "early lambs," the force in the Baltic will consist of about 43 or 44 ships of all classes, manned by 22,000 fighting-men, 2,200 heavy pieces of ordnance, and possessing steam-power equal to 16,000 horses. And when it is remembered that of this vast force only seven ships will be unaided by the "screw," some idea of the

tremendous power Great Britain has sent to declare her will to the Czar may be formed.

But it is necessary, in estimating the destructive ability of this monster fleet, to demonstrate its resistless force by some other means than a bare enumeration of ships, men, and guns. The new agent which it carries, gives an unknown, but at least, a terrible efficiency to its thousands of "hearts of oak," as well as its thousands of heavy guns. The evolutions of this squadron should not be compared with the performances of any previous fleet, as it is not dependent upon the caprice of the winds; Admiral Napier will be enabled to assert his own free will and control over the motions of his ships. He is now monarch of the deep, and really "rules the waves." His ascendancy over the elements gives him the power of offering battle to his human foe or declining to fight, as he thinks most expedient; and a victory over the Russian in his canvas fleet seems a necessary consequence. For he can plant, wherever a ship can float, when he likes and how he likes, any number of his tremendous batteries.

Imagine the effect of the broadside of the "Iron Duke," throwing its ton of metal into another ship of war under canvas! Let us say, for instance, that the great three-decker can throw six broadsides in four minutes; or, in other words, that she can hurl six tons of iron shot in four minutes, upon a given point in that brief space of time. It is evident, that if flesh and blood can be found to stand this sort of smashing, we know of no frames of wood and iron that can; and as the "screw" can worm herself into any position most favourable for attack, every shot would tell, and the work of destruction must be done in a few minutes. There will be, as there always has been, great scope for personal daring, and much will depend upon physical superiority and courage; but the days of the old tacticians are past, and weight of metal, and good gunnery, will, for the future, be the real agents to bring matters to a sharper and more decisive conclusion.

The power of bringing an enemy to close quarters, and avoiding long chases, is one of the greatest advantages a "screw" fleet possesses, and is, moreover, well adapted to our peculiar bull-dog mode of fighting. Long shots and long chases are "Jack's" abomination; he is at home when the fight is warm, sharp, and severe. But while estimating the probable consequences of the next naval encounter, we must not blind ourselves to the fact, that our "screws" are, up to this time, not only a novelty in war, but an experiment; they have not yet earned their "spurs." But that steam will prove itself a giant in war, as it has done in peace, no one doubts, and that rapidly, too, for the strides of this colossus bring within the compass of a life the most startling contrasts. Only forty-seven years ago, a crowd of gaping idlers met upon the quay at New York to jest and ridicule the *madcap* who had wasted his time and capital in constructing an engine to propel a vessel against the current of the Hudson. It was considered a great marvel that the little craft moved away from the quay, and contempt was changed into astonishment, when the New Yorkers

beheld the first trembling steps of the infant giant upon their waters. Since then, under the fostering care of science, steam has all but deprived the ocean of its perils, and now, the dearest interests of Western civilisation are entrusted to the efficacy this motive power has given to our line-of-battle ships.

Without being alarmists, nay, in the full confidence and belief of certain triumph, we must not overlook the possible mischance that the first severe sea fight may demonstrate the weakness of our "screws," as at present constructed. It has not escaped the sagacity of naval engineers, that their sterns are much weakened by the loss of the "dead wood" taken away to allow for the working of the fan, and that an unlucky shot in this tender part may lay one of these bulwarks, a mere hulk, at the mercy of the foe; and that the machinery which has been found to be out of order and "whimsical," when being tested in the calm waters of the "measured mile" in Stokes Bay, may be as liable to fail us in the shock of battle, and in the *hurry* of the chase or retreat. It is quite as well, then, that the second division of the Baltic fleet will add a few sturdy liners, depending upon canvas alone, under the flutter of which our gallant tars have been accustomed to conquer.

There is sound policy, therefore, in a transition state, like the present, from canvas to steam, in being armed at all points. But the comparative efficacy of the two classes of ships, "screws" and "canvas," will very soon be put to the test, for the admiral who commands the Baltic fleet is as ready at coming to blows as most men. In the confined sea in which the Russians lurk, the squadrons must soon furnish us with the terrible statistics of the game of war, played out with 68-pounders. Let us hope, for the sake of *peace*, that the foe will give us an early opportunity of convincing him, as well as our own *Doves*, that the money expended upon our "screws" has been judiciously invested.

An "old man-o'-war's-man's" parting salute to the fleet would be imperfect without an allusion to the difference between the tonnage and armament of our "screws," and the best ships of the last war. The art of destruction has kept pace with the rest of the sciences. It was the first to blossom of all the branches of the tree of knowledge, and whether we recognise its fruit as sprouting from the club of Cain, or in the desolating havoc of "grape, canister, and shell," it is still teaching us a significant lesson. If we compare two ships, the one built in 1800, of 104 guns, and the other in 1850, of 91 guns, the first a three-decker, and the last a two-decker, we shall find that the schoolmaster has been abroad in our dockyards and foundries, and that the heaviest shot we won our sovereignty of the seas with are mere toys compared with those now in use.

A British ship of 104 guns, of the year 1805, was armed as follows:—28 long 32-pounders on the lower deck; 30 18-pounders on the middle deck; 30 12-pounders on the main deck; 8 12-pounders on the quarter deck; 2 12-pounders on the fore-

castle, and 6 18-pounder carronades on the poop—broadside force 1,012lbs.

Contrast this ship's power (and she played a most conspicuous part at Trafalgar), with any of our modern "screws." Take the *Agamemnon*, 91 guns, as a familiar example. Her armament consists of thirty 68-pounders, and fifty-nine 32-pounders, besides one 10-inch pivot-gun, and one 8-inch ditto on her upper deck. Both of these pivot-guns throw 68-pounder ball. This ship's force can be known to an ounce; and as she is one of a numerous class now in the Navy, we may congratulate the nation, in having at this period, such a fleet of *persuaders*, as these fine vessels must prove to be, whenever their weighty arguments are brought to bear upon the Eastern, or any other vexed question. Thus her thirty-two 68-pounders, which include her two pivot-guns, will throw 2176lbs. of shot, and her fifty-nine 32-pounders will throw 1888lbs., making a grand total of 4064lbs. for her entire armament, or 2032lbs., or nearly one ton of metal as her broadside force. These figures may not be exactly correct, as 68-pound shot are "cored," or partially hollow; but the loss in weight is more than compensated as a destructive missile, by the extra size of the ball. So that after making an allowance, we find that our "screws" are no niggards with their shot, but that they throw an excess of 1000lbs. of iron at every broadside, over one of Nelson's best ships of 104 guns. When in addition to this startling disparity in the destructive force of the ships of the two epochs, it is remembered that the modern *Ninety*, possesses a motive-power in the screw that renders her terrific batteries doubly effective, we can form a rough idea of the resistless power now concentrated in ships of war of the *Agamemnon* class.

Let us hope, however, as science increases our powers of destruction, that war may become next to impossible. Viewed through this medium it is gratifying to reflect that the first division of the Baltic fleet belongs to an age of mechanical invention; and the study necessary to make a good officer, has produced a compensating advance in the character of the service. Educated officers have already effected many beneficial changes, and especially in forming a better class of seamen. The old vices of the profession are fading away, before the elevation of character, that seems inseparable from an age of general improvement. A constant supervision of skilled labour is requisite to manage huge red-hot furnaces in our wooden walls, and to restrain the "volcanic" fires of a "screw" within harmless bounds, when in proximity to the powder magazine. And yet, though but a few yards apart, a strict discipline secures to 1000 men refreshing sleep over both, in a modern "screw" line-of-battle-ship.

It may be thought premature to speculate upon the operations of our fleet in the Baltic before a shot has been fired. But we are told that the sympathies of the *people of* Northern Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, are enlisted on the side of the Western Powers, and that they flock to their coasts to witness our "screws" as they go "simmering" along under "easy" steam, to take up

their berths at Kiel. A glance at our map will show the position of the Prussian ports, which have already taken umbrage at the timid policy of their Government.

The work cut out for Sir Charles Napier is said to comprehend an attack upon Riga. The capture of the "frozen-up" Russian ships at Revel—the bombarding of Sweaborg—and even the destruction of the "submarine" fortress of Cronstadt is hinted at, but these are all conjectures, and it is better to let events speak for themselves. We must not forget that the ports in the Baltic are most of them "bar" harbours, over which heavy ships cannot pass, consequently the duty our blue-jackets will have to perform assumes a different aspect when this fact is known. No one doubts the determined gallantry of Admirals Napier, Corry, and Chads; wherever their ships can go, they will take them; but if the Russians skulk under their guns at Cronstadt, it must be left to the judgment of the Admiral to determine the propriety of attacking them under such circumstances.

With respect to the foe he will have to contend with in the tideless waters of the Baltic, very little is known. The Russian fleet is numerous, and said to be a "hobby" of the Emperor's. Hitherto its enterprises have been confined to making voyages of discovery to Riga and Revel, and an occasional cruise to the waters of Copenhagen. The tactics learnt in a short summer's cruise in an internal tideless sea, cannot be equal to those acquired in the broad oceans navigated by our mariners. The Baltic has its own peculiar dangers, no doubt, one of which is ice, hitherto the most formidable enemy the Russian fleet has had to contend with. It will now have to stand the fire of the united navies of the two greatest powers in the world.

But, perhaps, no feature connected with the operations against Russia, presents to Englishmen a more pleasing novelty than that the navies of Britain and France, whose rivalries have hitherto disturbed the peace of the world, should now go forth, armed with mighty power as the champions of freedom, to fight for the liberties of oppressed nations, and the peace of mankind. A squadron of French ships-of-the-line and frigates was originally intended to rendezvous with the British Fleet, in the waters of the Baltic; but the French contingent is at present employed in transporting troops to the Black Sea, and France will, in the first instance, be represented in the Baltic by the "Austerlitz." At a later period the Squadron of Admiral Parseval Deschenes, consisting of the "Hercules," "Duguesclin," and "Trident," is expected to join the fleet under Admiral Napier, and it will be their care, that not an inch of Russian bunting shall flutter in any part of the globe. It will be a proud reflection for both nations, to date the era of a lasting friendship from the day when their sons stood, "shoulder to shoulder," to defend the weak against the strong, and to establish, upon a safe and permanent basis, the balance of power and the independence of Europe.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMPAIGNS UNDER THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

IN bringing my Random Recollections to a close for the present, I shall restrict myself to such details as are more immediately connected with the operations of our own Division. The yarn is by no means wound off, but there is a time for spinning and a time for ceasing to spin. Many think that on the eve of another war allusions to adventures in the last may be neither inappropriate nor unacceptable, at least to the friends of those who now, for the first time, go forth to win their spurs. Some notice also of the past deeds of that chief* to whom is now confided the direction of an army once more sailing to meet England's foes, may prove of interest to the community at large. But to my subject.

Belonging to the covering army under Sir Thomas Graham, we were occupied not at all to our liking; at the moment we should have preferred being of the party attempting to find a way into Badajos, and we did not relish the *suave mari magno* duty of keeping apart from the honours which our comrades were gaining at so short a distance from us. Whilst they were in the thick of the pelting storm, we were lying close to the position of the old battle-field of Albuera, prepared against Soult's movements, and keeping watch-and-ward to prevent his offering any interruption to our troops assailing the fortress. Within hearing, but out of sight of the gallant deeds of our comrades, the situation was tantalising, and, like good players left out in a cricket-match, we felt much disappointment. Although little doubting of success, our impatience to obtain a knowledge of results and details was great; but I shall not here attempt a description of the fall of Badajos. Much I heard at the time of the gallantry of the British and Portuguese legions who bore the brunt of that night's work—well-known names, stirring deeds, and authenticated adventures reached my ears, and were rife in men's mouths; but, tempting as it may be, I shall not now speak of the prowess of those men, whom wounds seemed scarcely to retard, and death only to stop in their fiery onset. Justice is due also to the determined resistance of our gallant foe; Philippon by his cleverness, and the garrison by its courage, most fully did their duty. When brought into accidental proximity, the French and English soldiers showed themselves noble enemies, and betrayed far greater estimation of the national qualities each possessed, than they did of the countries the latter were sent to defend, and the former to conquer.

This feeling was observable during many opportunities of intercourse on outpost duty. Even as far back as the campaign of

* Lieut.-General Lord Raglan, who (as Lord Fitzroy Somerset) was Military Secretary to the Duke of Wellington, throughout the Peninsular war, and at Waterloo.

1810 in Portugal, symptoms of it were displayed in small acts of courtesy; such for example as occurred to an officer of the 16th Light Dragoons (whose name not having noted at the time, I now forget). Somewhat imprudently, he had remained too long in examination of one of the enemy's advance guards. On his attention being drawn to his flank and rear, he perceived that if he did not gallop for it, he would be cut off from his own piquet and made prisoner. It had rained hard all night; he was enveloped in a well-saturated cloak, which embarrassed his movements, and added to the weight his horse had to carry. Before setting spurs to his charger, therefore, he at once unclasped his mantle, letting it fall to the ground, and thus lightening himself and steed, to render his movements more easy and rapid, he escaped. Some few days afterwards, a French dragoon was seen to advance to our outposts, approached one of our vedettes as near as he thought prudent, and, making a sign to him, dropped the cloak, and rode back under cover of his own advance post. Many other similar occurrences of well-bred acts of politeness came to my knowledge during my service.

In the night of the storming of Badajos, some French cavalry attached to the garrison of the town made their escape from the place, and in the confusion and darkness passed safely from the fated fortress. Soult, in the mean time, had reached Zafra and Los Santos, and had advanced thus far in demonstration of his intention to attack us, when the news reached him that the town had fallen. He was reported to have given way to ungovernable anger at his disappointment, and before he recovered himself sufficiently, to order his corps to retire, he vented his rage by breaking all articles within his reach. The intelligence of Soult's retrograde movement having reached us on the 10th, we followed him as far as La Moreira, where we heard that Ballasteros had arrived near Seville, and at the same time that Marmont had made an inroad into the North of Portugal, had passed the Agueda and Coa, ravaged the country, threatened Almeida, and that some of his corps had occupied Guarda and Pinhel, passing on into the Val de Mondego, and that they further had pushed other troops as far on our left flank as Castello Branco. This rendered it necessary to discontinue our march to the South, and much as Lord Wellington at this time desired to fight a general action with Soult, and advance on Andalusia, his attention was now forcibly called to the North, on which point our division, amongst others, was directed in full march. We retraced our steps therefore, and reached Albuera again on the 12th, leaving Hill's corps at Almandralejo, to take care of Soult. News reached us here of a very gallant affair which took place on the 10th, with our cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cotton,* at Usagré. "While following the trail of the enemy in the evening of the above day, Sir Stapleton had received intelligence that Pereymont's cavalry were between Villa Garcia and Usagré, and he immediately conceived hopes

* Now Lord Combermere.

of cutting it off. To effect this, Anson's brigade, then commanded by Colonel Frederick Ponsonby, moved during the night from Villa Franca upon Usagré, and at the same time Le Marchant's brigade, marched from Los Santos upon Benvenida, to interrupt the retreat on Llerena. Ponsonby's advanced guard, having commenced the action too soon, the French fell back before Le Marchant could intercept them, but as some heights skirting the Llerena road prevented them from seeing that general's movements, they again drew up in order of battle behind the junction of the Benvenida road. The hostile bodies were nearly equal in numbers, about nineteen hundred sabres on each side, but Sir Stapleton soon decided the action, for, ably seizing the accidental advantage of ground, he kept the enemy's attention engaged by skirmishing with Ponsonby's squadrons, while Le Marchant, secretly passing at the back of the heights, sent the 5th Dragoon Guards against their flank, and the next moment Ponsonby charged their front. Thus assailed, the French gave way in disorder, and being pursued for four miles, left several officers and a hundred and twenty-eight men prisoners, and many were killed on the field. The loss of the British was only fifty-six men and officers, of which forty-five were of the 5th Dragoon Guards. The beaten troops found refuge with Drouet's infantry which had not yet left Llerena; but after this action, that general fell back with all his troops behind the Guadalquivir.* This was better managed than our attempt on a force occupying the same town, simply, because the strategy of war was better observed.

On the 13th April, we left our camp at Albuera, and after marching four leagues in torrents of rain reached a bivouac, near Badajos, inconveniently situated for the procuring fuel, as we were a mile and a half from any wood, though *water* abounded, both from the heavens and the river Guadiana. As soon as duty permitted, I set forth to visit Badajos, and on my way met a German soldier belonging to the 5th Battalion of the 60th Rifles, who offered me for sale some pink-coloured calico shirts, a portion of dress most acceptable to me at the moment, besides their color would make me the envy of all my comrades! On the night of the storm he had taken them in plunder, and probably had extracted them from the quarter of some French officer, of whose wardrobe they had formed a component part. In entering Badajos, I went up the awfully contested point where the entrance was attempted by the Light and Fourth Division. The *débris* of "what had been" lay scattered around, the pounded walls, the wide ditch, the deep counter-scarpe, the dusty, steep, and difficult ascent of the breach crowned with a *chevaux-de-frise* of sharp Spanish sword blades, embedded in beams chained together, now half opened for admittance—but which had formed a perfect barricade against an advancing enemy—the *plank* across the trench cutting the entrance off from the main body of the place, together with broken arms, unexploded shells, and others in splinters, car-

* See Napier.

touché boxes, caps, bayonet-scarbards, and the carcasses of men lay strewed in helpless confusion, and awfully betokened the death-struggle which had here ensued.

From thence I visited the castle; the gate which led from it to the town was still partly barricaded with stones, and the other part was riddled with bullets, both parties having fired through it, as their only means of getting at each other. On passing from thence I met the servant of my friend B—, of the 4th Regiment; the man told me his master had been very severely wounded in the storming, a grape shot from a twenty-four pounder having passed through the calf of his leg. I immediately went in quest of my poor friend, and found him in the room of a good-looking house. In this room another officer of the same corps had also been carried, after our people had entered the town; during the night previous to my visit the latter had died from the mortification of his wounds, and his body was still lying in the bed, as there were no hands or no time to remove it. Although suffering much, and greatly pulled down from loss of blood, B— was delighted to see me. After inquiries concerning his present state and an attempt on my part to hold out hopes of his speedy recovery, he detailed to me the share his corps had taken in the storming. He had commanded the Grenadier company of his regiment, which had been very severely handled in the fray; as he described his share in the scene of that eventful night, he seemed to forget the result of it to himself, and became very animated until his relation reached that point where he was disabled, by his wound, from taking any further part in the adventurous work. His feelings then overpowered him, he sank back on the mattress and became silent, for he was fully aware of the dangerous nature of his wound, and had a wife and children dependent upon him. He was an honest good soldier, who had seen much service, but had no hope of promotion beyond what merit, not money, might afford. I did all in my power to console him, but what are words against such ugly facts? they have as much chance of being heard as Jenny Wren's musical intonations against thunder. On my parting from him, poor fellow, he was much affected—and we never met again.

On the next day (the 14th), in continued torrents of rain, our Division re-crossed the Guadiana and once again entered Portugal, directing our line of march on Castello Branco, by Campo Mayo, Arronches, Portalegre, Garfete, and Niza, once more passed the Tagus at Vilha-Velha, and so by Ovadeos to Castello Branco, which we reached on the 22nd of April, and continued our movement by Escallos de Cima to Medellin. This march was made to meet Marmont's movements in the north of Portugal, where he was making a diversion in favour of Badajos, during Lord Wellington's siege of it, which proved no *diversion* at all to the unfortunate Portuguese inhabitants of these provinces, and was anything but convenient either to them or us. The Spaniards at Ciudad Rodrigo, and the Portuguese at Almeida had done, according to their custom, as little as they could possibly help to put these fortresses in safety from a *coup de main*. Indeed the culpable

negligence of the Spanish and Portuguese Governments, left these strongholds in manifest peril. When Trant was assured that Marmont's direction would be Ciudad and not Oporto, he advanced from Lamego, followed by Wilson, intending to take post on the Lower Coa. While in march he received * Mesurier's despatches, which induced him to make a forced march with one Brigade to the Cabeça Negro mountain, behind the bridge of Almeida. His design was to break down the restored part of that structure, and so prevent the enemy from penetrating to Pinhel where there was a magazine; his march was well timed, for two French Divisions were then driving Carlos d'España over the plain beyond the Coa. It appeared that Marmont having come close to Ciudad Rodrigo on the 30th, the Spaniards and Victor Alten's 600 German cavalry fell back from the Yeltes before him. Carlos d'España with 800 infantry retreated across the plain of the Cima de Coa to Fort Conception, and Alten continued his retreat as far as Castello Branco, and even passed the Tagus with his cavalry at Vilha-Velha.

On the 3rd of April the French passed the Agueda at the Caridad, drove Carlos d'España before them, and he reached the Cabeça Negro mountain behind the Coa with only 200 men at the very moment Trant arrived there. The latter, seeing no French cavalry on the plain, and being desirous of concerting his operations with the Governor of Almeida, immediately threw some skirmishers into the vineyards on the right of the road beyond the bridge; then, escorted by some guides, whom he had dressed in red uniforms, he galloped to the glacis of the fortress, communicated with the Governor, received from him a troop of English cavalry which happened to be in the place, and returned at dusk. The Cabeça Negro was immediately covered with bivouac fires, and in the evening Le Mesurier sallied from the fortress, and drove back the enemy's light troops. Two divisions of French infantry had come against Almeida with orders to storm it, but these vigorous actions disturbed them; the attempt was not made, and the General commanding excused himself to Marmont on the ground that the sudden appearance of Trant indicated the vicinity of British troops. In this false notion he marched the next morning up the Coa towards Alfayates, where Marmont met him with two other divisions and eight squadrons of cavalry, having left one division to blockade Ciudad Rodrigo. Trant now sent back the horsemen to Le Mesurier, and marched to Guarda to cover the magazines and hospital at Celorico. He was here joined by Wilson."†

On the 13th two French deserters came in, who were afterwards suspected to have been sent from Marmont's advance posts, on purpose to give false information to Trant and Wilson of the numbers and situation of the French corps in their front; and from the intelligence thus communicated, Trant having consulted Wilson, they projected a plan to surprise Marmont at Sabugal,

* See Napier.

† Ibid.

which they were induced to attempt by the report of the French Marshal's small force, his unsuspecting security, want of precaution, and exposed position. Under these circumstances success might attend the undertaking, even with such troops as Trant and Wilson commanded, which were only 6000 raw Militia.

On the following morning (the 14th), they assembled the commanding officers of these Portuguese regiments, and were in the act of imparting to them the proposed enterprise, when a report was brought by Wilson's aide-de-camp that a detachment of the enemy's cavalry had made its appearance at the foot of the Guarda Hill, on the road leading from Sabugal. Wilson immediately proceeded to reconnoitre what was passing in this direction, and shortly verified the fact. Some few cavalry were despatched against the enemy's advance, when they fell back, exchanging a few shots; but shortly afterwards they advanced again in much larger force from the same direction. It was still doubtful, however, whether the object of the movement was a *reconnaissance* or an attack, and if the latter, the question was whether the strength of the enemy was such as to justify the undisputed abandonment of the position held by Trant and Wilson. Some delay ensued in ascertaining this point; and it was not until the appearance of column after column of the enemy left no further doubt of their intention, that it was decided to fall back on Celorico. Wilson then took charge of the rear-guard, and held the enemy's advance in check sufficiently long to allow the other two divisions to clear the head of the pass leading to the Mondego. But from some misapprehension on the part of the officer acting as Quarter-master-general to Trant's Division, it was found, to the no small surprise of Wilson, that both Divisions, instead of continuing steadily their retreat down the pass of this ticklish position, had been halted, and formed in line on the *plateau* behind the town, just above a steep zig-zag road descending to the river. By this unaccountable mistake much precious time was lost, the retreat had to be recommenced, and the rear-guard had again to be thrown out to cover the retiring column, which now became hurried in its march. In consequence a small detachment of cavalry was, by the superiority of the enemy's numbers, driven back on the infantry of the Portuguese militia, and they were obliged to open out to allow the cavalry to pass. Torrents of rain continued to fall during these movements, and rendered abortive any attempts of the infantry to discharge their muskets. The rear-guard, however, still held a good front, and continued their retreat in good order until they reached the plain at the bottom of the hill, when the enemy's cavalry, having driven the Portuguese horsemen across the river, and becoming emboldened by the inoperative state of the arms of the infantry dashed forward, and mingled amongst them. Some confusion then commenced; but, singularly enough, it occurred first at the head of the retreating column imparting its influence to the rear like an electric shock. Wilson now formed one of his battalions on the opposite side of the Ponte de Ladrao, and thus effectually checked the enemy's

forward movement, and the Divisions reached Celorico without further molestation. The battalion causing this check to the enemy, and thereby securing the retreat, was noticed on this occasion, in the general orders of the Portuguese army, for its good conduct. At Celorico, with a fresh appointed rear-guard, and a more adequate force of cavalry, Wilson again had charge of the rear-guard, the rest of the Divisions continuing their retreat on the road to Lamego.

On the following day, the enemy drove in the advance posts, and made a semblance of coming on, instead of which, however, they subsequently retired, and Wilson followed their retrograde movement, re-entering Guarda after them. Here, a scene of ruin and desecration presented itself, most painful to witness. Wilson immediately dispatched a dragoon with a note, written in pencil, to General d'Urban, Quarter-master-general of the Portuguese army, giving a brief detail of the operations, and reporting Marmont's retreat upon Sabugal. This information fortunately arrived in time to counteract the alarming intelligence given by a Portuguese officer of one of Trant's regiments, who, flying from the field, spread panic through the country, and, in his consternation, reached even to Lord Wellington's head-quarters. The unfortunate man, whose nervous influences were greater than his martial tendencies, was tried by a court-martial for his misconduct before the enemy, and was sentenced to be shot, which sentence was carried into effect. Several instances of similar misbehaviour having already occurred among these troops, which had been passed over, Marshal Beresford at length found it his bounden duty, for the safety of the service, that an example should be made. Silveira, with 12,000 infantry, and 400 cavalry, who had seen some service, ought to have crossed the Douro on the 5th, but did not choose to do so till the 14th, and then halted at the good town of Lamego. This conduct was severely reflected on at the time. In point of waywardness, he was the Ballesteros of the Portuguese army—never, when he could do so with impunity, acknowledging any will but his own, and that will not the safest for others to calculate upon. Lord Wellington, being desirous of hearing Wilson's account of the Guarda affair, sent for him to Fuentes Guinaldo, and, after receiving the report of the conduct of the rear-guard of Trant's people, and his success in checking the enemy at the Ponte de Ladrao, with approbation, entered himself most fully and freely into the late movements, explaining his own opinions on the subject, and asking Wilson to dine and sleep at head-quarters, ended by saying, in his brief decided manner, that "the position of Guarda was the most treacherous and perilous in the country for a small force."

Marmont having now, in consequence of our movements, retired with his force, amounting to 28,000 men, between the Coa and Agueda, and having re-established his bridge across the latter river, which had been destroyed by the floods from the severe rains, recrossed that stream on the 24th of April, and spreading his troops over the plains of Leon, our army was dispersed, and our

division retired from Medellin to Castello Branco, and eventually recrossed the Tagus, and occupied Niza. I am now reminded, from the amount I have written, that the space to which I have limited myself in this number, is exhausted; at present, it only remains for me to take leave of my subject, and of those readers who may have perused my "Random Recollections." The suggestion of contributing them to this periodical, is due to Mr. Bentley, the cessation of their appearance for the present to myself; but to those who have been good enough to give the "Recollections" a favourable reception, I may add, that at no distant period, it is possible they may be continued, and will reappear in another and perhaps a more collected form. Considerably more than a generation of mortal life has passed away, since the scenes and events which I have sketched, were acted. On the eve of a war, of which the issues and the duration are alike uncertain, even the echoes of a mighty conflict, such as the Peninsular war, retain a lively interest, and while the entire scale of operations and the intricate mazes of its policy have been represented by the most eloquent of military historians, who himself bore no mean share in the deeds he has so well depicted, there has still been room for this feebler and less perfect record of "Random Recollections."

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE LATE MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD.

OH! thou, of gentle heart, but soaring soul,
 Who, struggling up life's hill with love, didst rise
 Foe-less to honour's place, and win the prize,
 Without one frown from rivals at the goal.
 Thou, who with grace of letters didst control
 The cares of law, and soften all its ties—
 Showing how Themis, deck'd, might still be wise,
 Nor, with a laurell'd brow, forget her scroll.
 Thou, who, with thy last words, from duty's seat,
 Didst plead the love-bonds that should make all *one*!
 Take, take thy rest, where spirits find retreat;
 Sleep on, that sleepest after work so done.
 Nor dread, when roused from blest fore-shadowing dream,
 To meet the summons of the Judge Supreme!

G. D.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE IN 1853.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER IV.

GREENWICH.—THE OPERA.—GRISI.—MARIO.—THE TOMB OF MILTON.—WALES.—IRISH CHANNEL.—DUBLIN.—CORR.—BLARNEY CASTLE.—THE BLARNEY STONE.—THE COUNTRY.—THE PEOPLE.—MONKSTOWN.—EN ROUTE FOR KILLARNEY.

FROM the Tower we went to Greenwich by water—a charming little trip—and visited the gallery and chapel of the noble Marine Hospital. There are in the gallery many fine portraits, busts, and pictures of sea-combats; and of the latter, some which are simply terrific and revolting.

Nelson is glorified, almost deified, in a series of pictures by different and widely-differing hands. But no most vivid and heroic representation so realised to me the splendid fighter and the great-souled man as the sight of the clothes he wore when he fell, still dark with the stains of his deep death-wound.

It is a pathetic and yet a pleasant sight to see the gallant old sailors who fought under him walking about this palace-like hospital, or sitting in the shade together smoking, and telling old yarns of the sea. Most of them have lost an arm, or a leg, or perhaps both; many are very old and feeble, yet all seem contented and happy.

It strikes me that the public charities of England are grandly conceived, and nobly carried out. What is to be done in that way, if not done quickly, is well done, here, where alone you find the perfection of system and thoroughness.

We dined at Greenwich with a small but merry party of friends, when I was first regaled with *whitebait*, a delicate and delicious little fish, evidently intended for the royal banquets of Oberon and Titania. After dinner we drove over to Blackheath, where we spent a delightful evening. On our return to town, late at night, we crossed the Suspension Bridge on foot, and had a grand moon-light view of the Thames, crowded with boats and barges, and of the vast city, with its innumerable lights gleaming out from the heavy night-shadows. Even at that hour, the sound of its restless life beat on the ear like the roar of the sea.

On Thursday night I saw Grisi and Mario, in *Le Prophète*. They were both glorious, though this opera is better calculated to display the acting and person of Mario than those of Grisi. Her singing is beyond conception delicious in some passages—the very soul of maternity, the tenderest motherhood, with all its exquisite pain, and more than queenly pride, spoke, and sighed, and quiv-

ered, through her voice—so I was content to miss her grand displays of power and passion. Her beauty was somewhat in eclipse from the plain, matronly, unbecoming costume of her part; but I could nevertheless see that she was a most superb woman. Her wondrous Italian eyes, out of their intense darkness, sending beautiful lambent gleams, would remind you of that exquisite verse in Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women* :—

“ When she made pause I knew not for delight;
For sudden from the ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and filled with light
The intervals of sound.”

Mario is a singularly handsome person, with face all a-glow with manly passion. His voice seems to pour in upon and flow over one's soul a flood of clearest music—every wave, every slightest ripple of sound, making a separate melody, rounded and pure, yet all flowing on in noble harmony.

The Covent Garden Opera House is a grand sight of itself, and the getting up of this opera surpassed all I had ever beheld in scenic splendour. The audience was large—brilliant, in spite of the season—apparently appreciative, and certainly enthusiastic. But it is my unpleasant duty to record that on this night I saw a most striking evidence of the want of gallantry in English gentlemen. In the pit, more tickets had been sold than there were seats to answer; and I saw fair, delicate young ladies, and feeble-looking, elderly ladies, stand during the entire performance, more than four hours, while around them on every side sat vigorous-looking young men, and burly, middle-aged gentlemen, apparently without once thinking of offering to the half-fainting women, even for a little time, the seats which in many cases they had secured by superior force and astounding rudeness, in rushing before and crowding back the “weaker vessels,” whose maiden modesty and feminine dependence they sentimentalise about and take advantage of. I could not pay too high a tribute to the English gentlemen I have met in society for their kindly courtesy and dignified politeness; but I must say that no roughest boors, I had almost said *bears*, can surpass in rude selfishness and cool incivility the promiscuous Britons in omnibuses and steamers, the general John Bull of public assemblies. My own countrymen, how inexpressibly proud I feel of them for the generous kindness, the chivalric gallantry, which everywhere mark their manner towards woman, in whatever guise or character she appeals to them. How gratefully and mournfully I think of them when I am elbowed and thrust hither and thither in crowded passages to places of amusement, or when I am sent pitching headlong to the farthest end of an omnibus—for here the gentlemen move towards, not from, the door, when a lady gets into that commodious vehicle. O young and gallant republican, let it still be your pride to sustain this honourable distinction of the American gentleman—a *chivalric consideration for woman*; yet be grateful, not boastful; for, as the old Turk said to his son, while pointing to the Franks, “But for the special grace of God, you might have been as one of these.”

August 7.

To-day I have made a devout pilgrimage to the grave of Milton, in the parish church of Cripplegate. The spot where the divine poet sleeps the sleep of the blessed is marked alone by a fine bust and a small tablet. Pews are built over the vault, which I do not like; for Milton's grave is too sacred even to be knelt upon by strangers and the incon siderate, it may be, in mechanical obedience to a mere religious form.

This is a quaint, shadowed old church, where at night one would step softly, in breathless awe, and listen, half hoping to hear angels chanting solemn anthems over the dust of him who so grandly told the wondrous story of creation, of the fall and redemption of man, and who sung God's praise in such high, seraphic strains.

In this church Oliver Cromwell was married. Who ever thinks of the stern Puritan leader as a lover? And yet such grand, craggy natures as his have often the peace fullest, most sheltered nesting-places for the gentlest human affections. I doubt not he felt for his young bride a deep and manly devotion; and that he dearly loved at least one of his daughters, we have pathetic evidence in the history of his last sad days.

Dublin. August 25.

I left London on the morning of the 10th, with my friends Mr. and Mrs. B——, for a tour in Ireland. There was little on our way of particular interest till we reached Chester, that famous old town, which figures so largely in the annals of border warfare. The Roman walls are still very perfect and imposing, and the entire place seems hushed and slumberous with grand ancient memories and the sombre spirit of antiquity. We passed the town of Flint, in whose castle Richard II. was imprisoned; Cole's Hill, the scene of a bloody battle between Henry II. and the Welsh; and Holywell, which contains "St. Winifred's Well," an exhaustless fount of romance and poetry. The wide "Sands of Dee" reminded us of that exquisite song in Alton Locke. We caught at Rhyd a distant view of the lovely vale of Clwyd—we halved our admiration between Rhuddlan Castle in ruins and Penrhyn Castle in its glory—between the wondrous tubular bridge and the old Castle of Conway, into which we emerged; for this grand turreted stronghold forms part of the railway station; and we rush with irreverent noise and haste into the scenes of ancient princely splendour and rude warlike state.

The mountains of Wales, as far as I made their acquaintance, are not of inviting or peculiarly picturesque aspect. Those on our way struck me as miserably bare and bleak, without sublimity of height or beauty of outline. Wales has better mountains, if they would ever come to one—but they require to be done in a separate tour, lying off from railway routes, or at least turning their best faces away. The soil of Wales seems extremely unproductive, except in some of the valleys—the people poor, but everywhere industrious. The women seem to have a strange fancy for donning the hats, and in some instances the coats, of the men. one sturdy damsel I saw milking by the wayside, who, with one

unmentionable exception, might have passed for a Welsh Bloomer. What articles of feminine gear the men take possession of, by way of reprisal, I did not discover.

The passage from Holyhead to Kingstown was accomplished in four hours; but throughout the trip I felt that I would sooner cross the Styx to the Plutonian shores than attempt it again. I thought that I had sounded the lowest depths of mortal suffering in the way of seasickness; but I found that my Atlantic experiences were but a faint prelude to a mild suggestion of this. A gentleman of Cork told me an anecdote of a company of emigrants who were observed passing back and forth on one of the ferry-boats during an entire day, and when questioned in regard to their strange movements, answered, they were bound to America in the next ship, and were "practising at the saysickness, just." So the tourist in the utmost he may endure on an Atlantic voyage, before crossing the Irish Channel, may have the consolation of knowing that he is but "practising at saysickness."

At Kingstown we were treated to a taste of nationality in the shape of a bit of a row between two carmen. At the Dublin station we took that peculiar and distinctive Irish vehicle, an outside jaunting car, which has the merit of giving you a variety in the way of exercise—joltings, backwards, forwards, and sidewise—a vigilant and vigorous endeavour to keep yourself and your luggage on, and an alert watchfulness to keep other vehicles off. There are two kinds of jaunting cars, which are thus distinguished by the Irish carmen: "The outside car, yer honour, has the wheels inside, and the inside car has the wheels outside."

We put up at the *Gresham Hotel*, an admirable house, on noble Sackville Street. In the morning we took a car, and saw as much of the town as the weather, which came on chill and showery, would permit. Dublin is indeed a beautiful city—many of its public buildings are remarkably fine, its private residences handsome and tasteful, and its extensive park a treasure of flowery loveliness, leafy luxuriance, and pure, delicious airs. As we drove along the Liffey, our driver pointed out the bridges by name. "This," said he, at last, "is 'Bloody Bridge,' the oldest of all." "Why is it called 'Bloody Bridge?'" I asked. The man bent back towards me, and sunk his voice to a hoarse whisper, as he replied, "Because, miss, it was off this they hung the poor rebels in '98, and left them hanging till they dropped pacemale into the wather."

The railway station from which we left for Cork, on the following morning, might almost be mistaken for a palace at a little distance—a truly elegant structure. I am impressed by the excellence of the system adopted, both here and in England, of putting all the officials attached to the railways in a sort of uniform. It prevents all confusion and possibility of mistake—it is neat and orderly in itself, and is suggestive of a thorough system and a responsible authority. I hope, most heartily, to see a similar regulation prevailing on the great railway routes at home, where the most important officials seldom wear any distinguishing badge. But we have the advantage in the system of checking baggage—a protective policy so simple, convenient, and effective, that I wonder it has

not been universally adopted. As it is here, porters often walk off with the wrong box to the right cab, or the right box to the wrong cab. All sorts of absurd mistakes are made in the hurry of departures and confusion of great arrivals—quiet old gentlemen grow fussy and funny in standing guard over their trunks and portmantaux, against the incursions of marauding cabmen; and female tourists only gain and retain possession of their various and multifarious parcels by the watchful anxiety shown by the old lady of “big box, little box, bandbox and bundle” memory.

The route from Dublin to Cork leads mostly through a barren, boggy, miserable country, with here and there an oasis of waving green and gold, telling of careful cultivation and wise husbandry. There are some fine old ruins along the way, among which I best remember those of Kilmallock, Kildare, where the pious nuns once kept the holy fires burning “through long ages of darkness and storm,” Loughman Castle, and the Rocks of Dunamore and Cashel. But all along the line the ruins are almost countless. You grow mortally weary of crumbling turrets, tumble-down gateways, battered arches, and staggering towers, all standing out boldly in the sun and storm; for the absence of trees and shrubbery is a marked feature in the agricultural districts of Ireland. Indeed, the larger part of this ill-fated isle seems, in contrast with fruitful, prosperous, beautiful England, a wild, weary, shadowless waste—scathed, peeled, desolated, and abandoned.

At Cork, we put up at the *Imperial*, another excellent hotel, and after dinner had a delightful drive about the town, which, handsome in itself, is admirably situated. We visited the Queen’s College, a new and beautiful edifice, and took a look at the Lunatic Asylum, also a very fine building. By the way, I am pained while gratified to find, in each large town I have visited in Ireland, large establishments of this kind. Insanity and idiocy are said to prevail to a heartsickening extent in this unhappy country.

On the following morning, amid golden sunshine and silvery showers, we drove to Blarney Castle, and wandered through those umbrageous grounds immortalised by the poet in the famous song of the “Groves of Blarney.” The castle itself is a noble old ruin, and its situation and surroundings are remarkably picturesque and curious. There are natural subterranean passages leading down to the lake, and a black dungeon, where, according to our guide, “Cromwell, the bloody nagur,” confined his prisoners. The lake is small, but, according to the above-mentioned authority, quite bottomless. He told us, with a grave face, that the late “Lady Jeffers,” having taken a whim into her head to draw it off, had a drain dug full three feet below the surface, but not a drop would run out—a sturdy, conservative old lake. We ascended the great tower, at the top of which we all kissed the new Blarney stone—it being morally and physically impossible for ladies to salute the real Simon Pure, which is outside the wall, some feet from the summit. The gentlemen who accomplish this feat must be held by the feet over the wall, one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, by a stout guide, who is liable to be seized with a sudden

weakness, and to call out that he must stop "to spit on his hands"—that he can *hould* on no longer, unless his fee is double; and the unhappy dog in suspense pledges himself to a treat. Our guide assured me that the new Blarney stone was quite as good as the "rale"—that a certain "widdy lady" made a pilgrimage all the way from the North of England, kissed the spurious stone most rapturously, and made a great match soon after. The question arises, Lay the virtue in the stone, or in the pilgrim's faith?

Our return drive was very charming—the rain was past, and sunlight and fresh breezes poured beauty and gladness on our way. I cannot remember to have seen anywhere, within so short a distance, so many wild flowers. The shrubbery was most luxuriant, the trees finer and more abundant, than we had before seen—every thing on our path was beautiful and gracious save the *humanity*, which was wretched and poverty-stricken in the extreme. From the miserable little mud-huts along the road ran scores of children, of all sizes, bareheaded, barefooted, and barelegged, with rags of all imaginable hues and textures fluttering in the wind, and attached to their bodies by some unknown and mysterious law of attraction—certainly by no visible bond or support. With faces begrimed by smoke, and wild eyes overhung with wilder locks, they stretched out their dirty, beseeching palms, and assailed us on all sides of our outside car—most assailable of vehicles—fit contrivance for a beggared land.

Irish carmen are a race of Jehus—driving with eccentric flourishes of the whip, and, when more than usually excited, with strange barbaric whoops and hellos, making their odd little vehicles jump along at an astonishing rate. They are commonly communicative and amusing, though by no means the quaint, cunning, delightful, inimitable wags and wits your Lovers and Levers, your Edgeworths and Halls, have pictured. It is a singular thing, that, though they are from the first free and easy in word and manner, they are never offensively so. Native tact, good humour, and warmth of heart take from their advances all appearance of boldness or impertinence. Our driver on this occasion was disposed to be particularly sociable, though not in the jocular way. He was a man of much intelligence for his station, of a serious, even sad, expression of face; and he talked powerfully and with intense bitterness of the wrongs and sorrows of the Irish peasantry. I was struck by hearing him ascribe most of their sufferings, not to the English government, but to the *native Irish proprietors*, who, he averred, had revelled in heartless, wasteful extravagance, while the people starved, until since the failure of the potato, when many of them have been reduced to absolute want. It was almost fearful to mark the wild gleam in the man's eye as he spoke his fierce joy in this retributive justice.

We were truly fortunate in having letters to Mr. Shaw, of Monkstown, on the beautiful Bay of Cork, and received from him and his family every possible kindness, and enjoyed in his charming house most gracious hospitality. Mr. Shaw has on his property the ruins of two castles—the one at Monkstown, an exceedingly pic-

turesque structure, dating only from the time of Elizabeth ; but the other, Belvelly Castle, upon Cove Island, at least eight hundred years old. We spent much of our time, while with these friends, on the water, rowing from shore to shore, and point to point, of this noble bay, feasting our sight and storing our memory with glorious pictures. We one day rowed to Cove Island, and dined in a hall of the old castle, which had rung to the clang of rude armour, and the wassail songs of Erin's princes and knights, and to the wild war-notes of Irish harpers, eight hundred years ago.

I had much pleasure in visiting, with Mr. Shaw, two or three of the cottages of his tenants ; for I found them all neat, orderly, and comfortable. I have since seen nothing to compare with them.

During our stay at Cork we were twice at the Exhibition, and were interested and gratified far beyond our expectation. One can no longer despair for Ireland, surrounded by such proofs of the taste, talent, and industry of her people. On our last visit we were accompanied by Sir Thomas Dean, who may count among his honours that of having been the chief projector and most able and faithful supporter of this noble work. God speed him, and such as he, in all worthy efforts to develop and encourage art and uplift honest industrial pride in Ireland.

Belfast, September 5.

On the morning of August 16 we left Cork for Killarney, by way of Bantry and Glengarriff. After a short run on the rail we took a stage-coach, choosing outside seats, like enthusiastic tourists as we are, though the day was dark and showery. There was little in the scenery, and less in the condition of the country and people, to repay us for our exposure to wind and weather, until we reached Bantry. I can never forget the forlorn, unmitigated wretchedness of the people who thronged round us at the little town of Dunmanway. Among the crowd appealing to us, in all possible variations of the whine mendacious and mendacious, we saw not one man or woman in the national costume and cover-all—the double-caped greatcoat and the hooded cloak ; all was squalor and tatters, soul-sickening and disgusting. Here was infancy, nude and needy, reaching out its dirty little hands ; and second childhood, bent and tottering, with palsied palm extended, eyeing you with all the mute wistfulness of a starved spaniel. There was a full assortment of the halt, the hump-backed, and the crippled—all degrees of sightlessness and unsightliness. I turned away from the miserable creatures with a heart heavy with hopeless sympathy and vain pity, and with a conscience stricken for all my own sins of unthankfulness and discontent. And here I may as well pause to remark briefly on the condition and appearance of the peasants in the south of Ireland. Knowing that I could not fairly judge of this class by the idle and ragged crowd who gather round the coach or car in the towns and hamlets, I took occasion, during my stay at Cork, to visit several of the country cottages of the working peasants, in company with one of the landed proprietors. In but one out of six did I find a regular fire-place and chimney ; in but one was there a window of glass, and that consisted of a single pane.

The others had—with the exception of the door, and a hole in the roof, from which the smoke, after wandering at its own sweet will through the cabin, found its way out—no opening whatever for light or ventilation. But I forget—we did remark a sort of improvised window in one other. In a low, miserable hovel, belonging to a carman, we found a horse occupying full a third of the scanty room; and above his manger a small opening had been made through the mud-wall, the good man having found that the health of the animal required what himself and his family lived without—air. To the mistress of this unique habitation, whose one apartment served for kitchen, sleeping-room, *stable*, and hall, I said, in horrified amazement, “How is it possible ‘you can live with that horse?’” “Sure, miss, he’s no throuble,” she replied; “and it’s little room he takes, after all; for the childer can sleep on the straw, under him, just, and creep between his legs, and he niver harming them at all, the sinsible cratur.” It is a common thing to see hens drying their feathers by the genial peat glow, and pigs enjoying the pleasures of the domestic hearth. In another cabin we found two curious old crones, living together on apparently nothing, who loaded us with blessings in the original tongue, and actually went on their knees to offer up thanksgiving for a few halfpence, which we gave as a consideration for intruding on their retirement.

Yet, though living in low, smoky, ill-ventilated cabins,—often with mouldering thatches, and always with damp earth floors, with a pool of stagnant water or a dunghill before the door—though themselves ill fed and but half clad, it is a singular fact, that the peasants of southern Ireland are apparently a healthful and hardy race. You occasionally see fine specimens of manly and childish beauty among them; but a pretty Irish peasant girl we found the rarest of *rara avis*. There are some families of Spanish origin about Bantry, and of these we encountered one or two dark-eyed, olive-cheeked beggar boys, who seemed to have leaped out of one of Murillo’s pictures. The policemen everywhere are a particularly fine-looking set of fellows; indeed, none but well-made, tall, and powerful men have any chance of enrolment in this honourable terror-inspiring, omnipresent corps. The professional beggars of Ireland seem a peculiarly hopeless and irredeemable class—not because of the poverty of the country alone, but from their own inherent and inherited idleness and viciousness. They are persistent, pertinacious, sometimes impudent, and often quick-witted and amusing. A friend of ours was waylaid by a certain “widdy” woman, with an unlimited amount of ragged responsibilities at her heels. On hearing her doleful story, our friend advised the fair mendicant to take refuge in the poor-house. “The poor-house!” she exclaimed; “sure it’s meself that keeps the poorest house in all Cork, yer honor.” I was amused by an appeal made by an elderly dame to one of our fellow-passengers: “Here’s a fine fat gentleman: sure he’ll give a sixpence to a poor bony body that hasn’t broken her fast all the day.”

OMER PACHA, AND THE REGENERATION OF TURKEY.

THE life of Omer Pacha is connected with perhaps the most important period in the history of Turkey—an epoch of transition from the old state of things to the new. We shall not stop, however, to relate the various events of his life, as they are familiar to all readers of the daily press; but shall simply recite such leading circumstances of his career, as we think may satisfy the curiosity of our readers.

Of his early life but little is known. His family name is Latkes, his origin is Croatian, his native place Vlaski, a village in the district of Ogulini, thirteen leagues from Fiume on the Adriatic Sea. He was born in 1801; the religion of his forefathers, and of his youthful years, was the Greek united faith, namely, that branch of the Greek worship, subject to the Roman Pontiff. He received a liberal education. His father enjoyed the important charge of lieutenant administrator of the district, and his uncle was invested with ecclesiastical functions. His instruction in mathematics and military engineering he received at the military school of Thurm, near Carlstadt in Transylvania; and, in 1822, when twenty-one years of age, after having distinguished himself in his studies, he entered the corps of *Ponts et Chaussées* in the Austrian service, with the rank of lieutenant, that body having just been organised by the government.

At twenty-nine he left the Austrian service; but the true cause of his taking this step has always remained a mystery. Many attributed it to a family misfortune; some to a quarrel he had with his superiors, followed by acts that would have subjected him to a court-martial.

Having made his escape, he passed into Bosnia, in 1830, where he arrived wholly unknown, and it was only with difficulty he was able to engage himself as a servant in Kosrew Pacha's house, who was then at Bosna-Serai. Bosnia was, at the time, infested by hordes of Janissaries, who had been dispersed and banished into Asia Minor and a few European provinces, where they nursed revenge against the Government for the injuries inflicted upon them.

The *second Gioour Padisciak** had of late organised his troops on a principle of reform, not only as to discipline, but also as to the mode of equipment. Only a year ago the wide and overflowing dress, the majestic turbans, the silken shawls, and rich furs had

* The old school, the adversaries of European reform, have numbered the reforming Sultans under the name of *Gioour Padisciak* (Infidel Sultans). The first was Selim III.; the second was Mahmud; the third is Abdul Medjid. The name of *Gioour* is not very exactly rendered by the European term *Infidel*—it is something more; it also implies a hearty detestation and contempt.

given way to the more simple *fez*, and to the European *pantaloons*. He began himself to assume that costume. The Khatti-Sherif ordering this change was only promulgated on the 3rd of March 1829, and the sensation which the new dress occasioned among the people did not fail, according to eye-witnesses, to draw forth tears and public mourning.

All the regular troops of the army he had formed, among which were the Asakir Muhammediè (Mahomet's soldiers), who were organised after the destruction of the Janissaries, in order, by a religious name, to flatter the popular sentiments; and the *Asakiri-redifei mensure* (a new militia), abandoned, whether they liked it or not, the picturesque and rich costume, adopted the new uniform, and accepted the command of foreign officers. An indispensable condition to the advancement of a foreigner in the Turkish service was conversion to Islamism, and Latkes became a Mussulman, under the cognomen of Omer.

Meanwhile old Turkey was clamorous in its protests against the progress of reform; nor was it long before its indignation broke out into acts of violence and bloodshed. Popular fury was often directed against Europeans, who were regarded as abettors of reform; and in August, 1831, 10,000 houses belonging to Europeans were a prey to the flames. The *trombagis* (firemen) called on to put down the conflagration, remained aloof indifferent; the old men, caressing their beards as a mark of satisfaction, balanced themselves in the *kaicks* to enjoy the spectacle, or prostrated themselves in the direction of Mecca, and cried, "It is the punishment of the crime of Navarino. Let the renegade look and learn how the Prophet treats the infidels, his allies."

It was full time that these seditious demonstrations, and the sanguinary scenes enacted under Sultan Selim, Sultan Mustapha, and Barakdar Mustapha Pacha, should teach prudence to the fortunate, but daring and impetuous Mahmud. He felt the necessity of surrounding himself with faithful and vigorous-minded friends, rather than with blind Seids. He chose men qualified both as intelligent advisers and men of action. He invited to a great banquet in his palace of Top-Kapù his Ridjals (great state functionaries), the Muderris (the teachers of the law), the Khodjas (professors), the Zabitan (officers), the seven generals of the Empire, the magnates of the nation, and the warmest partisans of his reforms. With glowing confidence and enthusiasm he spoke in the name of the national interest and the public cause, and called upon all to sacrifice personal feelings, party spirit, and internal divisions, to the fortune and the destinies of the Empire. Mahmud's unusual familiarity astonished the greater number of the bystanders. It was an innovation at variance with the dignity of the "*Shade of Allah on earth*," but all felt themselves individually flattered by it. When the *salams* that Oriental courtesy prescribes had been multiplied to a countless number, at a hint given to the Tchrifatgi (great master of the ceremonies), a large piece of tapestry was raised, a gate was thrown open, and the Sultan invited all to enter. It was a vast hall magnificently lighted. A large

number of splendid ensigns covered a table inlaid with amber, and upon it lay the shrine of the *Sangiak-Sherif* (the Prophet's mantle). All prostrated themselves before the holy ensign; and by order of Mahmud, the Grand Seraskier pronounced a formula, and the sovereign, with his own hands, put on his minister's breast the great decoration of the civil and military order of Nichani-Iftikhar (sign of honour). The ceremony was a kind of masonic inauguration; the ribbons of the several degrees were distributed to all present, who were invited to pledge themselves to the Sultan and to each other. The mystery attending the meeting had given it a more solemn character. All repeated the Grand Seraskier's formula; and the work of the regeneration of the Empire had commenced.

This happened in October, 1831.

That Grand Seraskier was Kosrew Pacha, in whose service the Croat fugitive Latkes, now Mussulman Omer, had lived for the last year.

Eight years afterwards, on the 3rd of November, 1839, the same hall was opened in broad day, and there, with all the solemnity of a national ceremony, the warmest supporters of old Turkey, Sheik-ul-Islam (the chief of the faith), and the members of the body of Ulemas, who before the same holy shrine were sworn on the hands of the Mufti (ecclesiastical president), to observe the Tanzimat, were assembled. The ashes of Mahmud were still warm: it was the first act of the reign of Abdul-Medjid. The victory had been rapid: Young Turkey had, on that day, triumphed over old Turkey.

In the gardens called Gul-hane, near the kiosks of the palace of Top-Kapu, where, under numerous tents raised for the purpose, the Great Rabbin, the Greek, the Catholic-Armenian, and Schismatic-Armenian Patriarchs, the deputations of the *Sarrafs* (bankers),—Jew and Christian, the representatives of the *esnafs* (trade guilds), were seated by the side of the grandees, the functionaries, the generals,—the high officers of the state—of the Ulemas (priests), Kas-Askers (supreme judges), Kadis (ordinary judges), Mullas (ecclesiastical judges), and all the secondary officers of the Sublime Porte, Reschid Pacha proclaimed the new organisation of the Empire, granting concessions "to all subjects, of whatever sect or religion." That act so celebrated, virtually abolished capital punishment, by reserving the right of pronouncing it to the Sultan alone who has never had recourse to it. Which of the Governments of Europe can lay claim to such a noble act? The political, civil, and moral character of the Turks was raised by this memorable charter to a high standard.

Well aware of obstacles which they would have to encounter, Mahmud's friends determined to select the proper moment for action. Kosrew-Pacha, who was more earnest than any other in the cause, did not miss the opportunity of availing himself of Omer-Aga, whose ardent, and restless character appeared to have no ambition but to have a field open to his energetic activity. In Turkey, nobility is not the result of birth, but mostly

the gift of favour, sometimes of riches, seldom of merit. One of the most remarkable examples of ennobled Turks was Kosrew Pacha himself, who had been bought in the slave-bazaar. The manners of the highest personages do not differ from those of the lowest, and their family life is distinguished by great simplicity and benevolence, even towards the slaves. Moreover, the curiosity which a foreigner awakens everywhere, and more than anywhere else in Turkey, made the Pacha desirous of having frequent interviews with the Frank convert, who by his wit, the originality of his manners, and the singularity of his position, had become the subject of daily talk. The interviews with the Pacha succeeded each other; Omer's military knowledge made itself manifest; his independent character, his talent, his boldness of conception, and power of carrying out his plans, forcibly attracted the attention of the Pacha. Omer made his former position and misfortune known; he interested, he pleased: the Pacha's protection was insured to him, and he enlisted in the army of Turkish Regeneration.

Favoured by the protection of Sultan Mahmud, to whom Kosrew Pacha had introduced him, after having been aide-de-camp to the Pacha, then aide-de-camp and interpreter to General Chzarnowsky, lastly an officer of the Imperial Guards, dissatisfied with the slow progress of his party, which was continually thwarted by provincial insurrections, he asked to be permitted to try his fortune in some of the expeditions which were continually being made, and began his military career in 1836. Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria were, successively, the theatres of his exploits. His secret mission, however, more than his military position, found continual obstacles in mysterious plots; and he now understood that the true adversary of the new generation, more than the stubbornness of the old conservative element, was the foreign foe, whose interest it was that Turkey should be annihilated.

From that day he applied himself to improving the efficiency of the army, paying attention not only to the discipline, but also to the education, of the soldier. The Mussulman, good and meek-hearted by nature, never ferocious but in individual cases, was raised by him to the self-consciousness of human dignity, by regulations, ordinances, and laws, calculated to make him cognisant of the rights, and conversant with the duties, that belong to every one, in every state of life. Self-esteem, a feeling that, being once awakened from a long lethargy, soon endears itself to every man, discipline, and Omer's benevolent disposition even towards the lowest of his soldiers, caused him to be loved by them more as a father than as a general.

After Mahmud's decease, his expeditions continued under the new Sultaa. In Albania, in Bosnia once more, in Syria, in the Kurdistan, among the wild tribes of the Ravendus, in Rometia, in the Moldo-Wallachian Principalities, and in Montenegro, he was distinguished in both a military and civil capacity. Having adopted Turkey as a second country, he loved and loves her, not as a warrior merely, but as the member of a family, which power-

ful enemies are attempting to disorganise and destroy. Before fighting, he always tried to conciliate; compelled to employ force, he never abused victory, to assuage either the resentment or the cupidity of his troops. To arouse military enthusiasm, he never resorted to religious hatred: he repressed it, even when religious party feelings were the occasion or the pretext of the rebellion of the provinces, and when it was natural that this circumstance would incense the Mahometan troops. In short, he laid it down as a rule that the least possible sacrifices should be imposed by the exigencies of war on the populations whose soil was its unhappy theatre.

In a work so difficult as the regeneration of an entire nation, he had many fellow-labourers. Amongst them the first undoubtedly was an eminent man, whose talents as a diplomatist London and Paris have had occasion to notice, and whom they have since been able to appreciate as a statesman: we mean Reschid Pacha. We call him a companion, and not the chief of the enterprise; for Reschid Pacha, indeed, tried to transplant European civilisation to the Empire, though by measures which would have had no immediate utility without the activity of Omer Pacha. The principal merit of a reformer and of a reform does not always depend on the generality and comprehensiveness of the plan: the most applicable is always the best. Even measures themselves most practical become inefficient when they are left to the arbitrary and unruly proceedings of those intrusted with their application. The Turkish *routine* sheltered thousands of abuses from the eyes of the central government. The people of the provinces, above all, suffered by and were indignant at them; foreign intrigue fomented their resentment; and, unable to make their representations reach the chiefs of the State, they broke into rebellion, and compelled the government to resort to repressive means. Dissatisfaction assumed a religious character—the difference of creeds furnished the pretext. Every public excess appeared as the consequence of misgovernment, yet was nothing more than the effect of mal-administration altogether personal and not systematic. These real plagues of Turkey were mitigated wherever Omer Pacha was at the head of a military expedition.

Such was the civil capacity Omer has displayed. In the midst of so many labours, he ran through all the degrees of the army:—Kol-Agassi (Aide-de-camp), Bim-Basci (Commanding Major), Miraláy (Colonel); Livà (General of Brigade—a degree he gained on the battle-field under the walls of Saint Jean d'Acre), Ferik (General of Division), Muchir (Marshal), Ser-Asher (Field-Marshal), and now Serdar-i-Ekrèm (Generalissimo), the highest rank in the Ottoman army.* Invested with the great decoration of the

* These two degrees of the Ottoman army—viz. the Ser-Asher and the Serdar-i-Ekrèm—are of a recent institution. Hussein Pacha was the first invested with them by Sultan Mahmud in the war of 1831-32, against Muhammed Ali Pacha of Egypt. Omer Pacha is the second in the Empire, from the epoch of their institution, who has obtained both these high marks of distinction.

Nichani-Iftikhar by Sultan Mahmud; with that of the Mejdidi* by Sultan Abdul Medjid; and, lastly, presented at Shumla with a sword of honour, he could not avoid making bitter enemies. Old Turkey was continually watching him with envious rancour; but he shrewdly flattered its apostles when he thought it proper for his purpose; overpowered them with generosity, when an exchange of hostilities would have injured his cause; and openly set them at defiance when dissembling would have been weakness, and silence an act of cowardice.

At this hour he is the first general of the Ottoman army on the Danube, and more than 200,000 men, according to the latest accounts, are subject to his command. Millions of eyes are anxiously turned towards him, and there is no man interested in the great question of the day, who does not wish to know how far his military talents may be depended upon.

If the past may afford a clue to judge of the future, the fortune of Omer Pacha has been constant for so many years as to leave no doubt of his ability. So brilliant, so important and high a position is not reached from the lowest condition, without one's being possessed of merit, and that in an eminent degree. If Kosrew Pacha's favour was propitious to a young man full of hope, of life, and of courage, it would not have sheltered a stranger, though a convert, from mistrust and envy. The old Mussulman is proud of himself even to refusing to acknowledge any capacity superior to his own; and little does he expect that any information worthy of note can be derived from a foreigner. Men of such a description were often in his way, and he was more than once driven to suspend his services; but facts are convincing in spite of opposition, and they spoke in favour of Omer Pacha.

Omer's military capabilities, indeed, have had no decisive opportunity of showing themselves in the teeth of disciplined troops. It is, nevertheless, undeniable, that he has availed himself of an energetic discipline to double the power of his forces before the enemy, whom he has almost invariably beaten. When the enemy were only insurgents it was but natural that they should not give occasion for a vast strategical plan, which, on the contrary, would have proved very injurious to the kind of warfare he was called upon to wage. However, the enemies he has now to confront are not altogether new to him. In Bosnia, in Montenegro, in Bulgaria, in Servia, insurrection was always fomented by Russia, often by Austria, and by both it was assisted with arms and officers.

Independently of his ability, of which the successes he has obtained, the eminent military degrees he has won, and his actual position, are surely better proofs than our words; no one denies him a boldness of conception which never degenerated into rashness, a confidence in himself which he was able to inspire in his soldiers, and a military ardour that is proverbial among his officers. Under his

* This is a decoration instituted by Abdul Medjid after his father's example. It is of simple enamelled gold, divided into five classes, and bearing an inscription, engraved in Turkish words—Ghαιρεt, Sadakat, Hamiet (Courage, Fidelity, Zeal).

command, as has been the case with all great generals, the soldier thinks himself braver, and confidently rushes to victory.

Omer's domestic life is very far from being tainted with the debauchery that is generally attributed, and often falsely, to the private conduct of the Moslems. He has had no more than two wives, and though he was allowed to have them contemporaneously, he did not marry the second until after his divorce from the former. This was a Turkish woman, daughter of an Aga of the Janissaries, who died in 1827, and was a pupil of his protector Kosrew Pacha. Emancipated from the severe restraint of the harem to the liberty of European customs, she abused it, and forced her husband to a separation. The second is a European, and was a very young maid, of a mild and virtuous character, when he saw her first, and married her at Bucharest, where she was exercising, at fourteen years of age, the profession of a teacher of the pianoforte. She is from Cronstadt in Transylvania, and her name is Anna Simonich. He has no offspring, but a natural daughter, born of an Arabian slave in Syria. A male child, the fruit of his new marriage, died at four months of age, crushed under a carriage upset in the passage from Travnich to Sarajevo. He has, therefore, as yet, no probability of being remembered in his adopted country but by his deeds.

His habits are simple and frugal; he is active and indefatigable in business; of an upright, benevolent, and gentle character, with a somewhat nervous and excitable temperament; often generous, sometimes prodigal, always absolute, and little accustomed to being contradicted in his opinions. He is fifty-three years of age; he is tall and thin, has a martial bearing, an expressive and marked physiognomy, a quick and penetrating eye, a nose a little compressed, a thick and grey beard, a large head—a perfectly Croatian type.

Engaged in all the struggles of the two parties during the most important period of their existence, the principal instrument of progress and of Young Turkey, he always regretted the necessity of drawing the sword against his fellow-subjects. It was furthest from his wish to tinge it with blood, even to impose what was, if not the common desire, the common advantage, namely, the improvement of society in all its developments. But of these ill-omened seditions, Turkish subjects were the arms, while the head was invisible, and kept itself in security from his blows, beyond the frontiers. Now, for the first time, he finds that more real foe before him, and he has it in his power to oppose him with gigantic preparations, under most propitious circumstances, and is ready to come to a decisive encounter, an encounter expected with as impatient a longing as the drawing of a lot on which one has staked the whole of his fortune, and the moment of which he is anxious to accelerate, whether for good or for evil.

Often, even far from the noise of arms, he baffled the plots of the insidious enemies of Turkey. The most enviable of his bloodless victories was the cause of the Hungarian refugees, whom he met at Shumla, whither he had purposely repaired. He espoused

their cause before the Sultan and the ministers of the Porte. The Sultan's sentiments regarding them were not less noble than his own; but his protection had for its object to neutralise the effect of foreign threats, lest by the Sultan's yielding to them, the cause of progress should be deprived of the most valuable accession of material and intellectual forces which the new-comers might confer on it. His wishes, owing especially to the intervention of the English fleet, were crowned with success, and he succeeded in taking many of them under his command. The immigration, indeed, of Italians, Hungarians, and Poles, has been no inconsiderable help to the progress of Turkey in late years. The popular sentiment hailed them, because they were the enemies of its enemies; and the accession of elements so free, so ardent and enthusiastic for the cause that drew them to exile, added an immense and rapid impetus to the reform party. They caused no little uneasiness to Russia and Austria, who in every negotiation with Turkey, even in the last question, always insisted on the banishment of the political refugees to Asia. Russia fears only civilised men, and therefore she must be met by civilisation dressed up in its full armour. Turkish civilisation would give her the greatest annoyance: not to thwart it by every possible means would be an eternal remorse; and not to succeed in crushing it in the bud would be followed by the bitterest regrets.

The internal contest has now disappeared before the external. Omer Pacha beholds united under his banner both old and young Turkey. He found himself, one day, belonging in an equal degree to the one and to the other; it was on that day when both assembled under his orders on the banks of the Danube. War, shouted forth with one voice, from all the corners of the Empire, was a thought unbiassed by party views; it was the desire of emancipation from the influence, the thralldom, the arrogant pretences, the corrupting intrigues of the foreigner.

So in the actual crisis, they march hand in hand. The sentiment of independence, the integrity of the territory, and the sanctity of the cause, join them both. The hope of the one is restoration, the hope of the other is progress, fortified and bound together in an unbreakable bond. It is fanaticism for the former, patriotism for the latter; but it is ardour, sacrifice, and self-abnegation for both.

And can the victory, not only external but internal, be any matter of doubt? When Russia shall have paid to Turkey the ransom of her hypocrisy and ambition, the civilising influence of the French and English armies, and of the men of all nations, who are hastening to defend her, will have crossed the Empire, from the Ararat to the Adriatic, and from the Danube to the Euphrates; the natural resources with which she has been blessed to such a degree by Heaven, will be developed; and all nations will hail with one accord her regeneration.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

WAT ROBINSON.

Ha! dost thou think I fear thy spectral crew
 Of ghosts and demons? All the hosts of hell,
 With thee to back them, giant as thou art,
 Shall never scare me from my homeward path!
 The boy of Judah was a very dwarf,
 Match'd with Philistia's giant; but the strength
 Of mind, made perfect in the fear of God,
 Gave to the shepherd boy the victory
 O'er him who trusted in the arm of flesh.

S. M.

THE story I am about to tell I had from an old aunt of mine, who has long been gathered to her kindred dust. She was a woman of singular talent, and in her youth had possessed great personal beauty; at eighty years of age, her bright black eyes were undimmed, she had not lost one of her fine teeth, and her cheeks retained the bloom of the rose. What she had been in her early days might be gathered from the noble remains that time had touched so lightly, that her elastic mind seemed to bid defiance to decay. In the glory of her prime, duels had been fought for her, and wise men had vied with each other to win from her an approving smile.

If the term beautiful could be applied to an old woman, my aunt was a beauty still. The old lady was perfectly aware of the fact; and would recount with great glee the conquests and triumphs of her girlhood. These reminiscences of bygone vanity, which it would have been wise at her time of life to have buried in oblivion, I listened to with little or no interest; but her ghost stories and traditionary lore, her legends of the wild and wonderful, her long catalogue of extraordinary dreams and mysterious warnings, always afforded me the keenest delight.

Naturally of a strong and vigorous mind, my aunt did not herself believe in supernatural agencies; but they amused her, and she told these stories so well, that she never tired her auditors. It is one of these tales that I am about to relate. She had the facts from my grandfather, who was himself personally acquainted with Mr. Lethwaite, one of the actors in the drama.

About a hundred years ago, there lived in the town of Kendal, Westmoreland, a man of gigantic stature and great strength, who followed the trade of a butcher. This person, who was called Wat Robinson, was noted for his quarrelsome, ruffianly disposition, which won for him the appellation of Bully Robinson, the big butcher of Kendal. Foremost in all scenes of riot and dissipation, he was universally feared and hated.

This man was very fond of practical jokes. But his jokes were

like himself, and originated in the cruelty and malice of his mind. The pain he inflicted upon others afforded him the greatest pleasure. The grating tones of his coarse brutal laugh inflicted a deeper wound than the most bitter of his biting jests.

It is impossible for a benevolent-minded person to give any countenance to this species of amusement, for, though the joke may be harmless in itself, a kindly person will derive no entertainment from anything that calls forth angry feelings in another.

There was a very lonely cross country road in the vicinity of Kendal, which formed a short cut to the beautiful lake of Windermere. The path was rocky and narrow, and seldom frequented by any but pedestrian or equestrian travellers. For some months previous to the period of which I am now writing, this road had got the character of being haunted. A hideous apparition in the form of a hairy monster, with horns and hoofs, obstructed the passage of travellers through the lane, chasing them back with dreadful bellowings and other diabolical noises.

Many persons had been frightened into fits by the spectre; and one feeble old man had lost his reason, by unexpectedly encountering the demon in one of the most lonely turnings on the rocky road.

This frightful phantom had been seen by so many respectable persons in the town and its vicinity, whose veracity, from the well-known integrity of their characters, the most sceptical could scarcely doubt, that the public mind became greatly agitated, by the nightly recurrence of such startling facts. People were no longer laughed at for their credulity, in believing that which so many respectable witnesses declared to be true.

The Windermere ghost became the general theme of conversation; and the road was abandoned by all who were acquainted with the tale, and could reach the lake by a more public thoroughfare.

One night a large party had assembled in a small public-house in the suburbs of Kendal, to drink their ale, and discuss the news of the day. These were chiefly farmers and sheep-graziers from the moors and fells, who had disposed of the fatlings of their flocks at the market, and were returning in a body to their lonely homes among the hills. The centre of this group, and a man of no small importance among them, was the big butcher of Kendal. He had been a large purchaser; and the jolly yeomen had flung back a few shillings from the money they had received, to furnish a general treat—big Wat himself being placed in the chair, as the great man of the company.

This was an honour the burly butcher never failed to abuse. As the fumes of the ale began to ascend into his head, he grew loud and quarrelsome, engrossing all the conversation to himself, while his blustering manner and ill-natured jokes so disgusted his companions, that one by one they silently rose to depart, dreading, by word or action, to rouse into active operation the mischievous disposition of the man.

The guests at the "Holly-Tree" had all dropped away, until the

butcher and one young man, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, alone occupied the chimney-corner. This person, who was vastly superior in his appearance to the men who had lately filled the table, was dressed in the grey home-spun cloth of the country, and looked like a wealthy yeoman of the middle class. To Robinson he was a stranger, and that worthy continued to eye him with a sinister glance of curiosity and inquiry.

The landlord entered to throw on a fresh billet of wood, for it was winter, and the night was very cold.

"Is the moon up, Lowther?" said the yeoman, rising to his feet, and buttoning his great-coat up to the chin. "It is time I was on the road."

"Yes, Mr. Lethwaite, she has been up some time, but, sir, if I were in your place, I would never travel that road at midnight."

"Why, what the deuce is the matter with the road? Are you troubled with robbers in these parts?"

"No, sir, the road is haunted."

"Haunted!" exclaimed the yeoman, bursting into a merry laugh.

"Yes, sir; haunted, and by the devil, sir! I saw him with my own eyes, and you know, sir, the old saying, seeing is believing."

"Humph! and what was the devil like?"

"Like, sir? why, nothing human. He was as hairy as a buffalo, with huge white horns, a long whisking tail, and cloven feet."

"Oh, ho! the old story. I never saw the devil, and have no great wish to make his acquaintance to-night; but it is not an idle woman's tale that will prevent me from taking the nearest road home. Pray order your man to saddle my horse quickly, for I have overstayed my time already."

The landlord hastened to give the necessary orders, and Robinson, who had been listening to the yeoman, with a half sneer, now turning hastily round, addressed him abruptly, and without ceremony,—

"You wish us to think you a very brave man, Mr. Lethwaite, if that is your name."

"That is to me a matter of perfect indifference," returned Lethwaite, haughtily, and surveying the burly butcher with a stern glance; "the man who has faith in himself cares little for the opinion of others."

"No offence," said Robinson, who did not like the fiery glance of his companion's eye; "but if you are determined upon returning to Windermere by the cross road, it is the duty of a friend to warn you of your danger."

"Danger! what, the idle tale I have just heard; none but a coward would turn from his path for a gossip's fable."

"Men as brave as you can be have sallied forth at nightfall, to bid defiance, as they said, to all the powers of darkness, and have returned to this hearth at midnight as pale as the sheeted dead. There is not a man in Kendal," cried the excited butcher, striking his huge fist on the oak table, until the glass upon it chattered and rang again, "that dare travel that road to-night."

"I am sorry to think that the descendants of the bold Kendall archers can have degenerated into such a flock of geese," said the yeoman. "I have lived too long among the hills to be frightened by shadows. My horse is at the door; good night, sir."

"You are stark, staring mad," cried the butcher, placing his huge person in the doorway, "to attempt that road to-night—you will return to the 'Holly-Tree' before morning, half-dead with fright."

The young man smiled incredulously.

"Sir, do you disbelieve me?"

"I think you very credulous."

"Fellow, do you take me for a coward?" cried the butcher, the red blood rushing into his bloated face. "You had better mind what you say. With one blow I could annihilate a puny chap like you."

"Real courage cannot be tested by mere animal strength," said Lethwaite calmly. "David was a dwarf to Goliath, but mental courage and the fear of God conquered his gigantic foe. I do not wish to quarrel with you, sir. You believe in ghosts;—I do not. Good night."

"Ah!" quoth the butcher, shaking his huge fist after him, "the Windermere ghost shall punish you well for your disbelief."

Lethwaite's foot was in the stirrup, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him: "I am not afraid of ghosts, Lowther; but I have some money about me: the Windermere demon may be a poor devil, whom the love of plunder may tempt to do a deed of violence. It will be as well to examine the loading of my pistols."

He returned with the landlord to the house, and both were not a little pleased to find the butcher gone. Lethwaite continued chatting some time with the landlord.

"I do not like this ghost story of yours," he said. "If such a spectre has really been seen, depend upon it that it is some deep contrivance to hide a worse danger. I wish, for the good of the community, that I may be lucky enough to fall in with the ghost."

"Ah! Mr. Lethwaite, sir, you are only tempting Providence when you talk in that careless way. The ghost is a real ghost; for, though it has frightened many, and myself among the rest, I never heard of any person being robbed. Old Dodson, the lame beggar, lost his senses; but then he was always a half-witted creature, and a man's reason is not his money. Did I not see the horrid thing myself—I, who, God forgive me! had made game of it, and those who believed in it, just as you do at this moment—I saw the monster with my own eyes; and how I escaped from it I never could tell. I ran so fast that I never felt the ground under my feet, while it pursued me with the most frightful yells. I kept my bed for a week after, and have taken good care never to tread that road by night again."

"It is strange!" said Lethwaite, musing; "some truth must be mingled with this fantastic error! What time of night does this spectre generally appear?"

"It has been seen at all hours, from twilight until the grey dawn of day. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when it appeared to me. It is near eleven now, sir. You will just reach that black, crooked turning in the road, which winds round the foot of the hill, by midnight. That lonely spot is the demon's favourite haunt."

"I knew the place," said Lethwaite. "Yes, 't is a frightful gloomy spot, with steep banks, and high rocks on either side. Dark almost at noon-day, but doubly dark at noon of night."

Then, whistling an old border song, to keep up his courage, the yeoman dashed the spurs into his fine horse, and rode off at a quick pace; and in a few minutes was out of sight. The landlord listened for a few minutes to the clicking of his horse's hoofs, striking against the frozen ground, and, thinking him a confounded fool, closed the door, and went to bed.

Lethwaite sped merrily along. The moon shone bright and high above him in the cloudless sky, and the sharp cold wintry wind whistled in his hair, and chilled his manly cheek. An hour's riding brought him to the brow of the steep crooked hill, which had been pointed out to him as the favourite haunt of the ghost.

At the foot of this hill, the road took an abrupt turn, and the high rocks projecting on either side hid the open space, and presented to the traveller the appearance of a huge cavern, until he reached the bottom of the glen, when the delusion vanished. Stunted holly-trees had sprung up among the crevices of the rocks, and their close dark foliage cast a sepulchral gloom into the deep hollow below.

"It is an ugly spot," thought Lethwaite, as he checked his horse to tread at footfall the steep descent. "Murder may have been committed here in the olden time, but pooh, pooh, there are no such things as ghosts; but if ever there was a spot more capable of inspiring such a dread than another, it is surely this."

The side of the road to his left was in deep shadow. The very spirit of darkness seemed to brood over the gloomy recess, while the moon gilded with a waa and spectral light the opposite wall of rock. Lethwaite, in spite of his boasted courage, felt a sudden chill creep through him as he approached the awful spot.

"God of heaven!" he murmured, in a tone below his breath, "what can that be?" as a horrid shape slowly and distinctly rose before him, and became stationary in the centre of his path.

It was not the form of a man, and certainly it was not a beast, but appeared a shocking compound of both. Imagine a creature upwards of six feet high, covered with shaggy black hair, the head that of a bull, with huge, white, widely-extended horns. The sinewy bare arms of a man extended above this ghastly head, grasping a burning brand, which emitted a thin cloud of pale blue smoke. The lower part of the body was so enveloped in shade, that it only presented a dark undefined shapeless mass.

Lethwaite, who had never expected to behold a real edition of the Windermere ghost, felt his hair stiffen, and his teeth slightly chatter, as he suddenly reined in his horse, and forced himself to

look steadily upon the ghastly phantom. The horse possessing less self-reliance than his master, plunged, snorted, and reared, as with a hideous yell the apparition advanced, brandishing his fiery weapon in a threatening manner.

"Steady, boy—steady," cried his master, in a soothing tone, shamed out of his own fears by the terror of his steed. "If this be the devil, stand still, and let thy master face him like a man."

Reassured by the well-known voice, and the caress of the well-known hand, the noble animal did as he was commanded; but he shook and shivered in every limb.

Lethwaite had by this time drawn a pistol from his belt; and riding towards the spectre, he cried out in a stern voice, "Miserable impostor! throw off your disguise, or you are a dead man; for, by the God that made me, I will see if your body is proof against a leaden ball!"

A wild unearthly yell was the only answer he got to his threat; and the demon was now within ten paces of his horse. The sharp report of Lethwaite's pistol woke up all the lonely echoes of the place, and the huge hairy monster fell heavily to the earth with a smothered curse; and the yeoman, yielding for a moment to uncontrollable fear, turned the head of his terrified steed, and never slackened his speed till he reached the door of the public-house.

After a few minutes of breathless suspense, his loud hurried knock was answered by the landlord, who, thrusting his head out of the garret window, demanded, in no very gentle tone, the cause of such an unseasonable attack upon his door.

"It is I, Lowther—it is Richard Lethwaite; get up and let me in directly."

"Ah, ah! I thought how it would end," said the landlord, as he descended to unbar the door; and he called up the groom to relieve his guest of his tired horse.

"The ghost has driven you back faster than you went. This is to disbelieve the word of honest folks. Why, man, what have you seen?—you look like one just risen from the dead."

"I fear I have sent one to dwell with the dead a little before his time," said Lethwaite, drinking off the glass of brandy proffered to him by his host, at a draught. "I have shot the ghost—whether man or devil, it was not proof against powder and ball. I am more distressed at this event than if I had encountered all the hosts of hell, with Satan himself to back them. Call up your people; for I can no longer go alone to that infernal spot—and let us examine and identify the corpse."

It was daylight before Lowther could persuade any of his servants or neighbours to accompany him and Mr. Lethwaite to the lane. They believed that the latter had seen the ghost; but as to killing it, that was a sort of waking night-mare—something too incredible even for the supernatural wonders of a dream.

Many were the questions put to Lethwaite by the little band of men; but he walked on silently and thoughtfully, without speaking a word to any.

"Why did you not call up the big butcher, Lowther?" said one of the party. "In any case of danger that man is a host in himself."

"I have great doubts as to his courage," said Lowther, drily. "He is a great bully, and these wordy men are all froth; they make a great noise, but are very slow in action. If Mr. Lethwaite has killed the ghost, big Wat would be of small service to us, as the danger is already past."

"*Killed the ghost!*" said the first speaker, with a sneer: "who ever heard of mortal man killing a ghost?—it is not in flesh and blood to do that."

"But suppose the ghost was a man," said Lethwaite—"suppose that it was the big butcher of Kendal himself."

"Now, God forbid!" said several voices at once: "the man is a devil, but not bad enough to turn ghost."

"We shall soon know," said Lethwaite; "at the bottom of this hill the riddle will be solved."

They had now reached the brow of the steep hill. The sun was just rising above the distant mountains; and his first beams glanced upon the tree-tops, without penetrating the gloomy recess which still lay buried in dense shadow.

Slowly, and with evident signs of fear, the little party wound down the hill. One man tried to hum a tune, another to whistle; while a third talked very loudly about his own courage—in reality, possessing very little;—but all endeavoured to dissipate the fear to which they involuntarily became the prey, as they approached the dreaded spot.

Lethwaite, who had lingered behind, now walked briskly forward and headed the party. A dark, indistinct mass lay huddled up in the centre of the narrow road. All drew back: Lethwaite stepped up to it and remained stationary, beckoning with his hand for the others to advance. They did so; but what was the surprise and astonishment of all, to find, in the supposed spectre, the dead and bleeding form of Wat Robinson, wrapped up in the hide of a bull; his naked arms bare, and a club smeared with phosphorus still grasped in his stiffened hand.

"He deserved his death," said Lowther, looking down upon his ghastly corpse. "It was a cruel thing of him to adopt this hideous disguise, in order to frighten his friends and neighbours."

"It was just like the man," said another: "he was so full of spite and malice, he could not bear to see others happy."

"He has paid a heavy price for his folly," said Lethwaite. "His melancholy fate should be a solemn warning to all persons who engage in such wicked jokes. Come, my friends, let us carry him hence; I am sorry that he got his death by my hand."

THE CRUISE OF THE JEMILI.

HOW SHE SAILED OVER THE BLACK SEA, AND HOW SHE BLEW UP AT SINOPE. AN EPISODE OF THE PRESENT WAR.

CHAPTER II.

GLORY to those who live ! How well she sailed, and how brilliantly she blew up at Sinope—honour to those who fall ! Scarcely had the winter's sun shed his rays on these fairest realms of earth, than half Stamboul pours out to sit on the shores, and gaze at our tiny vessel. Hassan had lied so actively and generally of her exploits, that the report of them had spread far and wide over the city : the idle came, therefore, to gaze and smoke their morning pipes on the shores of the Golden Horn, the young bloods and dandies of Estamboul, because it was the thing to do, for fashion has her votaries and followers even in the tribes of the faithful ; the working people came, because it was better *fum* sitting idle looking at anything, than working ; some came in *bond fide* to see the vessel, proud of the craft that they believed had done such wonders—women came down and sat gazing at us, their bright eyes but faintly shrouded by the transparent and becoming *yash-mac* ; wives brought their children, maids sat and thought of lovers away at the war. At noon the vessel being all to rights, I pulled on board the flag-ship, and paid my respects to the Capitan Pasha in command ; he was about to go to the Bab El Aili, or grand council, and ordered me to attend him ; on the way he made me sit by his side and detail the events of our cruise. My manner evidently won on him, for he spoke frankly on many subjects, above all asking my opinion on points of importance, and receiving the answers with attention. Arrived at the Seraglio, for the Pasha landed within its outer enclosure, a privilege he enjoyed from his relationship to the Sultan—I was ordered to wait, and retired to one of the ante-rooms without the Sublime Porte, joining the Kailibs, secretaries of the various officers now at the Council ; here we smoked *chibouks*, talked of the war, and sipped coffee from the public kitchen of the Padishah. My companions the Kalibs were Christians, and therefore talked over the war in an impartial way, in fact they were well content either that things should remain as they were, or that the Massuff should walk into the Holy City, and pitch the Turk over the Bosphorus. One thing they all agreed in, that the troubles of Islam were the peace of the Christian, and that the more the Franks bullied the former, the better it was for the latter. At last I was summoned to the Council by one of the Chiaoushs, or constables of the palace, and ushered to the door, across which hung a Persian carpet ; this the attendant lifted, opening but a corner through which I had to

stoop low to pass; a slight I rather thanked the fellow for, as it enabled me to evade a prostration I should otherwise have been compelled to make, for the gloom of the room made my entry appear as the usual servile obeisance. Having recovered my perpendicular, and my eye becoming accustomed to the light, I touched my head, breast, and mouth, bowing with all respect as I surveyed the scene; the room was large and low, wainscoted with panels of dark wood, but little relieved with gilded scroll work, and the ceiling carved with simple but handsome arabesque. In one corner was a huge canopy resembling an antique four-post bed, the supporting pillars richly carved and gilt; on the platform lay spread a pile of the handsomest carpets, with cushions of damask around. Round the side of the room was stretched a long divan level with the ground, with cushions against the wall; on this sat the highest functionaries of the Empire, and in the corner next the Thaukth of the Sultan, the renowned Mehemet Reshid, the Premier of Turkey. To features singularly pleasing, he joined a voice, sweetness itself, and the well-modulated tones with which he pronounced his beautifully harmonious language, completed a charm it needed not his exalted station to confirm.

“*Khosh Gelding, Sefai Gelding!* (welcome, most welcome!)” he cried, and the crowd around, sitting on the floor, echoed the cry, glad to copy the words of the favoured of the Padishah.

“Thou hast done well, and the Council thank thee; the eye of the Padishah is on thee, and he will reward those who serve uprightly.”

“I am your servant, my best energies are yours, my life itself, if your service requires it.”

“*Staferallah!* (God forbid!) live, O Capitain, and do good to thy life. And now let thy mouth speak truth, bend thy head to wisdom, and let us hear thy mind. Listen.”

“The truth is the jewel of man, the bright eye of his Maker,” I replied (quoting a text written on the scroll round the room on the part before me), “truth is the pure water of Paradise.”

“*Allah ray olsum!* (May God receive you),” cried the Cadi Asker, noted for his perversion of the jewel spoken of.

“*Shookier Allah!* (may God reward you),” cried the lower ranks, “*Afieri olsum!*”

“*Chabouk, chabouk* (quickly, quickly), come let him speak.”

“Can the fleet, O Capitain, the fleet of the Padishah, take the sea against the Moscoff?”

“No, O Pasha.”

“No! curses on no” (said the hot-headed war party).

“Your sailors can die, your fleet sink, but it cannot meet the Moscoff fleet.”

“How then are we to see the sea shut before us, and our distant armies starve, how? speak.”

“I am unfit, O Pasha, to advise; I am young in your service, ask those who are older and of more experience.”

“No, speak; report says thou art old in war, a lion in battle, a tiger in wisdom, and speak truth: go on, speak, and fear not.”

"May I deserve your praise! may God curse me so I do not deserve it! I would then humbly say, collect your fleet; let all its strength united escort the succours needed, wherever required; do not separate one vessel; the chances are great against Russia having a force assembled to oppose it, and any smaller force will be captured by it, and so much gained, and if (which God forbid) the whole fleet of the Czar should attack it, then they are brave men, know how to fight, and must learn to die."

"Aferin! (it is well.) Succour must be sent to the East, to Batoun, and to Schamyl Beg; would you send the whole fleet to do this?"

"The whole, every vessel fit for sea,—and give no orders to them, save to prepare to sail, till they have weighed their anchors."

"And now hast thou aught else to say, to propose, canst thou think of aught that will hurt the dog who worries us?"

"I have, Oh great man! thought of such, and will speak it to thy private ear."

"Well, retire and wait."

My friends outside devoured me with questions, "how?"—"why?"—"what?"—"when?"—to all of which I responded in their own flowery way,—“prosperity,”—“victory,”—“conquest,”—“hope,”—“certainty,”—and every other pleasant word.

My summons was not long delayed, and I again entered the room of the Council, now cleared of the crowd of inferior functionaries and attendants, who had thronged it before. Eight of the highest officials were crowding round a tandour, which the keen weather rendered necessary, in spite of furred pelisses, and long flowing robes. The welcome, never omitted by the courteous, well-bred Turks, was duly repeated, and by me thankfully acknowledged,—thankfully, I say, for I felt that they appreciated my services, and I knew that it was then something to surmount their prejudices, and overcome their jealousy and suspicion of a foreigner. Nor, could I but feel grateful that they had forgotten my steady denial to turn from my faith,—nay, perhaps, I thought they respected and relied on me the more for my constancy and refusal.

"And now, Capitain, speak out,—thy words shall have consideration,—thy plan shall be weighed,—speak and say."

With a gesture of respect I approached the spot where they sat, and opened before them the map of Europe and Turkey; the Sheek Ul-Islam slid back from it, for he deemed it a mere work of magic; the others, however, knew it well, its purport, and its merits.

"The Islam, and may God give them victory! are now in strength along the Danube, and the Great Omer holds its key, which, report says, he will not yield. The Russians are probably, so vexed at the position he has assumed, so strong in his face, that they are pressing to the front, and we may fairly conjecture, never dream of danger behind; thus, probably, their whole force would be found near the Upper Danube, save their reserve at Odessa. If Omer makes demonstration at Kalafat, and the gene-

erals at Palanka, Tahova, Newpol, Sistova, Tushtuck, and Silistria, offer, as the military term goes, at their several points, the Russians will have ample employment for their forces, nay even may bring up their reserves, and weaken their left at Galatz and Usir, to resist their foe. Simultaneous with this, let eight or ten steamers of light draft, each towing a vessel or two, filled with troops drawn from in and about Stamboul, steam for the Edrillis, what Franks call the St. George mouth of the Bayak. See, the troops of Islam must cover their approach from the island opposite Galatz, Teni, and the bank next Torltehan, if fortune and the will of God favour, the vessels must push up the Sereth, and thus cut the line of communication of the Russians, who to re-establish it, will have either to retire their left altogether, and so allow the passage of the Lower Danube to our troops, and a junction effected with the steam-force, their campaign will be lost; or else, to advance their reserves with dubious prospect of success; meanwhile, the force near the Danube, without supplies, menaced front, flank, and rear, will be an easy prey. Failing this, the force of steamers may return, or remain in the river operating as needs best."

"Boyak, dackhi Bayak—Chok eyu, Chok eyu!" cried all at once,—“It is good, it is good!” The sound of their voices had scarce died away, when the words were repeated in a low musical tone from beneath the canopy; at the sound every member of the Council bowed to the ground, recognising the presence of their Sovereign. I bowed to the dark corner with the rest, and we all remained in our positions of obeisance until the same voice enjoined us to resume our former attitudes. I will confess to much curiosity in regard to royalty—not a servile feeling of idolatry, nor one of veneration, but really and simply one of curiosity. In fact, I look at such persons with the same eye as I should have regarded Apis, had I lived in the days of Menothes. Keeping, then, my face bent, I calmly surveyed this specimen from beneath my drooped eyebrows. A despot would have excited far different emotions, and I should have gazed perhaps with awe on such power and command; but here was a poor royalty, born to a very false position, and hardly the man to extricate himself, inheriting from a father whom it was impossible almost to follow successfully; for he had begun great changes in such a manner that none but himself could carry them out—by royal right deprived of all education, Abdul Medjid, the slave of the Magnificent, had been brought from the Seraglio to sit on an iron throne stuffed with thorns. All weakness, kindness, and goodness himself, he had to rule those who, naturally savages, had had their fierce Asiatic natures thrust violently into European garbs; bullied from without, betrayed from within—from my soul I felt for the pale, mournful man who sat before me, and truly he seemed more formed to weep like a woman than defend like a man. Anxiety and wrong had now given to his countenance an expression of deep depression; and I fancied that already a foreboding of ill, defeat, and death, had stamped itself on his mind—he seemed to carry with

him the impression of his own fall, and the destruction of his high-souled race. With a sigh he thanked me for my plan, and said it should have his weightiest consideration; and added, "if it is put in effect, thou shalt lead it: wilt thou promise success?"

"Success, mighty sovereign, is of God alone. I will do all to command it, and to merit your applause."

"For thy past services, I thank thee; thou hast well and truly done. I see thy sword is gone—take this, for thou deservest the best steel in my empire, and will use it. Yet, no: I will not give thee sword or blade—far, far would I rather see them sheathed or turned to sickles—no, wear this; Abdul Medjid, the slave of God, presents it, thankful for your aid."

He rose and retired, leaving me on my knees before his coach, grasping the jewelled nechan he had given me from his own breast. The kind and frank congratulations of the rest aroused me from my dream, and I sprang to my feet with an oath to serve and die for such a prince. A few matters of detail finished the meeting; and while still early in the afternoon, I found myself wandering through the streets, without object or employment until sunset, when I had promised to dine with the admiral at the Haivan Serai.

My dress, the uniform of the navy, my perfect knowledge of the language and customs of the people, and the regular old-fashioned Turkish *étarge* that accompanied me,—enabled me to pass in all things for a Turk, and, therefore, to mingle among them without remark or *gêne* on their part; nor to meet the words of disdain and contempt with which all, but the most intelligent, treat foreigners and strangers.

Passing carelessly along, on my road to the Fanar, I reached the door of the Suliemaneye Mosque, that beautiful record of the palmiest days of the Ottoman empire. The approach was thronged with people; among whom were many bent on prayer. The present crisis has refreshed, without doubt, the faith of the Moslems; a mingling of them with other races and people for many years had broken down the wall of separation. Ceasing to be a peculiar people, apart and dominant, the natives of Stamboul had lost much of that pious exclusiveness, the peculiar feature of their faith; they had seen and mixed with others, and had been compelled to allow an equality. All this was a peaceful work, gradually progressing; the small edge of the wedge had been introduced, and not feeling sensibly the pressure of its action, they were becoming changed. But now again they are aroused—awakened: the cry is again among the multitude for Islam against the Christian, and they believe they now suffer for a decay of faith they before were not aware of; and now the mosques are crowded, and the air resounds with prayer and devotion. I entered with the rest, and seating myself at the foot of the pillar once supporting the statue of the Virgin, surveyed the scene.

What terms or words can do justice to the building? It is not its size or proportion—it is not its workmanship or style—these details are absorbed in the perfection of the whole. Here all the beauties of every era seem met to charm the beholder,

and, in the perfection of the result, we trace the improvement in all arts and times. The mighty conception of St. Sophia is wedded here to Eastern beauty, and the splendour of the Greek is combined with the matchless lightness and elegance of the Saracen: so, when two races wed, the offspring claim the best qualities of both, each harsher point softened by the infusion of the other's good; and now the cry arose, "There is no God but God." Mighty truth! the beauty of earth faded from before me, as I cast up my gaze, and read the handwriting on the wall, traced by the pen of truth, "God is the light of heaven and of earth."

Through the Fanar, the Greek capital of the East, how different a race are those Greeks from the Moslems. No wonder that the one should conquer, yet never subdue the other. Yes; their very natures make them indomitable, yet those natures will equally prevent their ever being free. Possessed of every quality, and each in extreme, they are everything by turns, yet nothing long; equally despots, slave or free; splendid in speech, while meanest in action; great in action, while silent as night; generous, mean, brave, cowardly, there is nothing they are not, yet little that they ever are. Once a Greek always a Greek, no matter whether Botzhares or Philos the Betrayer.

I sauntered into the great coffee-house, where newspapers, written in the language of Homer, with not a little of his poetry, were plentiful enough. A stranger could tell this was no Moslem haunt; here all was noise, vociferation, and gesture. A Moslem says less in his whole life than one of these people in an hour. In tone they were not subdued by the aspect of the times, at least; but then a Greek speaks always. Generally, one may judge when a people feel deeply, by their silence and their air; but here not so; all was as ever, and money and liquor seemed to employ their thoughts more than Turk or Russ. Nor, for myself, do I believe that any care very much which gains or rules; they wisely consider the two governments about equally burdensome, and the Moslems, perhaps, as a weaker hold, is less pressing, and allows more scope for a free and Greek future.

It was agreeable to pass from the noise and fume to the cemetery beyond. Stretching from the old walls of Constantine, they lay bathed in a waste of sunlit beauty—none were there save the dead and myself—the tall cypress groves piercing the sky, memorialising heaven for those who slept beneath. And care ye now, ye dead, for this our home?—Know ye?—feel ye now? "Oh! great and awful mystery, the knowledge we must die to learn." Say, then, ye brave, ye wise, ye loving, resting here, shall ye, too mourn, when the loud trump sounds and bids Islam be gone? Shall you feel lonely and deserted when your present race embark across those waters? Will the martial music wake you, as with mighty pomp the Conqueror approaches? I fancy not: as the cypress will flourish beneath the eagle or the bear, so will you rest, nor care though worlds and nations totter to the ground—thy spirits gone, absorbed, reborn, are still in active vigorous life—the for-

gotten dust here but rots uncared—a memento that we too must change. And where will the exile's grave be spread? Beneath the earth, our common mother's breast, or in the ocean, what matter—better that no friends should mourn, or suffering home ones sicken over the scene. Away such thoughts—I feel no death—all, all within is active, gushing life: this arm can wield the mightiest sword—there's life and hope in every muscle.

The Admiral's house: my servants joined me outside, and, at their head, I walked up to the poor, mean entrance, which disarmed levies by asserting poverty. The Capitan Pasha was, probably, as wealthy as any Pasha in Stamboul; but, by a most judicious display of poverty, he always seemed striving to keep up appearances. Often generous, he seemed to deplore his inability to be so; more frequently profuse in offers, he always contrived to get all the credit for them, though they invariably failed of fulfilment—charitably, as if he acted to his own great sacrifice, as not able to afford it, his assistance to the Porte in the present crisis has not much enriched the treasury, nor impoverished him; but he is my friend, and I am going to eat his dinner. May it be good, Backallam! Having duly passed the outer court, I ascended to the sabamlık, preceded by the attendants; a Kailib going out as I entered, made me a sign of rage: in which state, therefore, I expected to find my host. Nor was I mistaken; for, as I approached, he shouted from the shiltek on which he was seated, "God has left us; luck and fortune have turned from us. May He visit the allies; the black spirit of Eblis has sent us!" Having thus, as it were, blown off his steam, he expressed his resignation to the Divine will, proclaimed the unity of the Deity, and saluted me courteously, by pointing to the seat, or the divan, by his side. He then related, that my advice had been duly weighed and pronounced excellent; and that it had been determined to send the whole fleet to carry stores to the army in Asia on the frontier, and also to proceed afterwards and land stores for the Circassians. The officers had been asked, and all commended the measure; therefore it was resolved on—when, lo! forth came an Elche, always called where he came from the great friend of Turkey, and forbade the measure. Our fleet, he added, returns west if the Turkish ships sails. Vainly it was urged, that such was no friendly conduct; in vain the danger, the folly, the madness of dispatching small detachments was suggested; nothing could change the resolve of the Giaour, nor induce him to alter his determination—a portion only of the fleet might sail; and the appeals of reason were met by shrugs and silence. I told the Pasha the fable of the ape and the two cats, and several others, before dinner was served,—apposite to the occasion, except that the kind friend called in to befriend poor Islam seemed inclined to eat her up, instead of taking slice and slice fairly from both parties. But dinner must come—at least, let us hope it will;—it did, and we ate, we ate, until we had finished; and then came pillaff; and then—thanks be unto him!—we were full, and returned to the divan; and so passed the hours till I rose and retired. My servants clustered round me,

and the usual Backsish—a sad tax on our poor pay—having appeased the hungry maws of the great man's hangers-on, we lighted our lanthorns, and started on our return to the vessel.

The boat had been ordered to meet me at the Fenerk, in the Fanar; so we walked along the street which lines the shore of the Golden Horn. Here and there some noble trees threw a deep shadow over the path, else alight from the brilliant moon, which shone bravely through the clear frosty night; the servants chased the dogs away, who barked as they approached, and the heavy Kormbash of the Tchokadees who accompanied me, fell stingingly on their backs, the fellows comparing them to Russians and English as they lashed them from the way. I had dropped rather behind, thinking of many things, certainly not of my road, so did not notice that the lanthorn and *cortège* were some way before me. Not wishing to incur the resentment of the incensed dogs, I had just begun to step out, when, passing beneath the shade from a tree overhead, a woman, dressed as a Massalghée, sprang out in my way and seized my sword-belt with her hand, exclaiming, "A boon, a boon! saviour of Islam, friend of the mighty!" My intercourse with these wretches had been pretty extensive during former sojourns at Stamboul, so I thought it merely a call on my attention to join in some love intrigue, and being in no humour for such, put her hand away and commending her to good, prepared to pass on; seeing my intention, she redoubled her hold and stood firm. "Loose me, fair dame, and you shall have your reward." "Reward!" she cried! "No, I bring you a request, nor want your reward: Afi, they say, is mad; is it true, do you know?" Now the Doctor and myself had discovered that Afi was a girl, after his return to the ship, and had kept the secret, not wishing to bring scandal on ourselves, for Moslems are singularly touchy about females, and, whatever the cause that brought Afi on board under such a disguise, she would have, probably, fared badly had it been discovered what she was; we had not subsequently revealed it; nor did Afi, who had continued in a dejected, half-idiot state, know that she had been discovered; here, then, was a solution, for I now saw this was the woman who, in different guise, had committed him, or rather her, to my care. The Doctor and myself, like philosophers, had left the solution to Time the developer.

"Ya Sitt Afi is well, and will soon be a man worthy of his country."

"It is well," she replied; "I am satisfied," and she loosed her hold, turning away.

Surely she was not going to leave me, and as much in the dark as I was before; well, I must take the initiative.

"You are not going," I said; "you must keep with me, and go to the Cadi of the quarter, you know for why?"

"God forbid!" she replied, "I have nothing of the Cadi."

"You know what Afi is, he will make you explain why you brought a——, such are not allowed on board."

"Eh Wallah, Afi is as pure as day."

"Stay; one word, and I will let you go—say why you did it."

"Achmet," she replied, "watch Afi, and watch Achmet," and she was off into a by-street.

I pushed on, with drawn sword, beating back the dogs, reached the boat, the ship, and fell asleep, saying Afi, Achmet, love, love; time, the developer—how heavy that physic of the Capitan Pasha's sits on my stomach—it was a vile mixture; the brandy these fellows buy is never good, and the quantity terrible—time, time, the curer! Good night—I slept.

My first idea on awaking was of Afi, and I resolved to summons both her and Achmet before me, and reprimanding them both, send them on board the flag-ship. In this mind I arose, and having dressed, went on deck; the morning's washing was not finished, so I retired to my cabin till the quarter-deck was dried and fit to walk upon. I was hardly seated before Afi brought me my nargeileh, for I do indulge in that cleanest of modes of smoking, and as she handed it me, there was such a sweet, resigned, subdued expression in her face, one that seemed so to demand kindness, and long to rest and cling anywhere, that I vowed, come what might, I would do all I could to assist the lovers, and puffing my pipe, I again committed the affair to Time, the developer.

The Doctor soon came into the cabin, for, fellow Christians, we rather hung together, and I then told him of what I had heard about Afi, omitting only the name of the swain. But the man had guessed it long ago, and, with his usual taciturnity, had kept it to himself: he described the process by which he had arrived at this conclusion thus:—She must have come on board for some cause; I judged it was for no particular love of fighting of course, it could not, then, be for anything else but either to avoid some person on shore, or to be near somebody on board. The former thesis I rejected at once, as she selected this ship especially, so it was to join somebody on board, be near them, see them, hear them, attend them if wounded, and some other romantic abomination women think of. Why, fancy a lover with his head done up in plaster; I could never look at him again! Then next who it might be; myself? but I found out it was not; how? I asked—gave her pills, of course, and sweet draughts—what do you think? Well, I next fancied it was you, and rather hated you for it; felt irritated at the way you eat, sat, walked, looked, but no; I abased you roundly before her, and she only defended you. Well, I then guessed through all the officers by seniority, except Hassan. I knew his black slave-girl was the only creature that ever loved him, and the rod alone developed that attachment. At last I named Achmet, abusing him as I had done all the rest; there it was, face, neck, very scalp, scarlet, and she broke my best medicine-glass in the fit of rage. I half-expected she would have flown at me; but no, she only cried and said, that I had hurt her, and that my physic did not agree with her. There I joined issue, and brought on a very singular fit of, "Thank you, Doctor, I must go on deck! Adio."

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 XXXVII.

THE ACTRESS'S FAREWELL SUPPER.

THE Earl of Rookbury made about as little of a scene with his newly-found daughter as might have been expected. She visited him in a most unenviable state of trepidation, in Acheron Square, and he talked to her in a very paternal manner, the chief points of his address being that he was very glad to see her, that she had better take some chocolate, that there was no news in the papers, that he would send her an opera-box for an early night, and that she had better remain in her present abode for a few days, until he had made some arrangements for her future residence. And he gave her a twenty-pound note, which before she went away he thoughtfully transmuted into sovereigns, that she might be spared the trouble of procuring change, and this showed that he had a father's heart after all. And so Miss Livingstone (for the Earl omitted to inform her what her name was to be, and, courageous as she was, and much as she desired to question him, she literally dared not) departed in a curious state of uncertainty, as to her future fortunes.

One thing, however, she resolved upon, and that was to take her father's gift to her friend Paul Chequerbent, and insist upon his borrowing it of her towards payment of his debts. But when she arrived at the sponging-house, she found that Paul had been freed the night before. Carlyon had kept his word, and the manager having honourably paid for the play, the price, backed by Mr. Kether's artful management, had obtained Mr. Chequerbent's release from his creditors' gripe. Perhaps Angela was a little disappointed, and wished that he had been detained one day longer that he might have accepted her little offering.

Her next thought was, in accordance with the hospitable promptings for which her profession is remarkable, to close her theatrical career by a great supper. To this she had designed to invite all the better members of the company to which she belonged, and to add a variety of private friends, authors who had written for her, critics who had been kind to her, and other acquaintances for whom her good-nature established claims to her gratitude, but claims which the world usually thinks slight enough. But upon

summoning Paul, and mentioning this notable design to him, he looked grave.

He procured the abandonment of the greater portion of her hospitable project. He prevailed upon her to see, or at least to admit, that theatrical friendships were all very well while you moved among theatrical people, but that they were founded upon the sandiest ground, and shifted with every theatrical earthquake. That really such friendships were good for very little, and certainly it was not worth her while, for the sake of pleasing a set of people he hoped she would never see again (except from her private box), to run the risk of annoying Lord Rookbury. Now that she had been declared his daughter, it was quite absurd for her to think of giving a party to a body of her inferiors. The Earl would as soon think of her inviting the pit and gallery. So Angy, with a sigh, tore up all her little invitations, and compromised with Paul for about a dozen, who were to meet on the next Sunday evening.

Carlyon, who at the Earl's request had visited her, took very much the same ground as Paul, though for somewhat less exclusive reasons. For himself, he had, as we shall see, grave matters in hand, and was obliged to decline her invitation, but he reintroduced Paul to some idle young men, with whom the latter had a slight, and Carlyon an intimate acquaintance, and Mr. Chequerbent, in order to give the party an aristocratic tone, invited them to the festivity. There was Horace Lynford, in the first place, and they set forth to call upon Horace.

Horace Lynford deserves a word for himself and for his home. His chambers were in the Adelphi, and were furnished in a style which set classification at defiance. They combined, however, the picturesque with the comfortable, and while the body is at ease, and the eye is amused, it is not difficult to forgive many offences against congruity. There was an outer room, beyond which neither tradesmen, grave relatives, nor other orderly people ever penetrated, and this apartment was supplied with a heavy leather-covered table, on which was a huge inkstand. The walls were painted in oak, bearing here and there an aged and formal portrait print, and upon the mantelpiece was a little black bust of Dr. Johnson. Except a book-case, the glass doors of which were lined with green moreen, and which might have contained books (though it did not, but bottles), and except four or five large old-fashioned chairs, each the surviving representative of a different family, the scantily-carpeted room held nothing which the broker-like pen of the modern novelist (whose *forte* is the substitution of inventories for invention) could catalogue for the edification of his imaginative patrons. To the hints of such members of the respectable classes we have mentioned, as "supposed that Mr. Lynford had another room," that truth-loving gentleman, with a movement of his head towards a door opposite to that of entrance, would reply, in a light and hasty manner, "bedroom, of course."

Doubtless there was a bedroom beyond the door thus indicated, but there was a room between, infinitely more worthy of note. For there Mr. Lynford had inserted faint sunshine-coloured glass

in his windows, and made arrangements for flowers before them for winter, and outside for summer. He had erected double doors, covered with red baize, which closed to a miracle, and prevented a sound from reaching the outer court of the Gentiles, as he termed the exterior room. He had fixed a stove, which, being placed low, and being environed by polished reflectors, would warm the apartment instead of the chimney, as usual, and before which a sturdy, but very short and widely-perforated fender acted simply as a luxurious footstool, not as a screen. The walls were of rich crimson, but one saw very little of them; what with pictures, and gilded brackets supporting little statues, and exquisite plasters from the Elgin marbles, and apocryphal restorations of the frieze of the Parthenon, and miniatures of ladies Mr. Lynford admired in private, and lithographs of ladies admired by Mr. Lynford and the public; and Cerberus likenesses of Charles the First (offering his countenance three ways at once, after the political fashion of the original), and bold German engravings from the old masters, and a sword of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, perhaps that with which he pinked Lord Shrewsbury—and a family of daggers assembled in a murderous star, some of the blades poisoned; and a Turkish matchlock which either had or had not belonged to Lord Byron (Lynford was not exactly sure which); and a whole row of china pipes, with faces of flat prettiness enamelled on them, and affectionate inscriptions from the donors, students of Heidelberg and Bonn; and a whole swarm of tiny gems and good-for-nothing-nesses, inserted wherever a cranny afforded an advantageous opening.

A couple of huge chintz-covered sofas, of mammoth dimensions, and four or five chairs of all shades of laziness, from the low-seated, long-backed *prie Dieu* to the luxurious reading-chair, with its easel and lamp annexed, and its sliding scale of declination, which enabled you to approach the logic of Bishop Butler full front, or to slink away backwards from the sophistries of the luckless Archdeacon of the Straw-sceptre, with several varieties of footstool and hassock, completed that department of the furniture of the man who "meant to read." Very well-filled ebony book-shelves, where, at no rare intervals, there appeared the yellow-paper covers of foreign literature, occupied an ample space; and the colossal table, carved in gothic work, presented a carelessly mingled collection of reviews, caricatures, *vaudevilles*, and newspapers. A magnificent Angola cat, with a face of angelic gentleness, and a tail of diabolical size, lay basking in the sunshine, which the outside venetian-shutters, partially closed, allowed to fall in a single warm lake, upon the soft carpet.

The "reading man" himself, Mr. Horace Lynford, was about thirty, but looked somewhat younger, thanks to a fresh complexion and a light manner. His features, not marked enough for masculine beauty, were regular and pleasing, and, despite an occasional affectation of sententiousness, his habitual cheerfulness was no small element of the popularity he enjoyed among his own set. Out of this and where it pleased him to assume great airs of inscrutability, he was

little liked, and less appreciated. But Horace Lynford was a good-hearted and not unfavourable specimen of the young men of his order. He had been highly educated, and lived upon an independent income, but had a vague notion that he was going to prepare himself for some profession or other—perhaps for the church, for he always liked sacred music—perhaps for surgery, as he had a taste for seeing operations under chloroform—but he did not know much about his intentions.

Upon the present occasion, the “reading-man,” in an exceedingly handsome dressing-gown and lady-worked slippers, was making out the hits in a *vaudeville* which was to be performed that evening at the St. James’s Theatre. He was expediting the process by the aid of a cigar, and, for his greater ease and comfort, had laid himself upon his back on one of the sofas, so near the end that his legs, which he had elevated upon the raised end, beat at the knees, and hung over. Three or four men, of nearly his own age, were lying about in various commodious corners, reading whatever happened to attract them, and enlightening one another with occasional criticisms on their studies, and on the world at large.

“Is that good for anything, Horace?” demanded Mr. Martin Foley, one of the Counsel, a very tall, thin person, who considered himself aristocratic-looking, because he had a great nose and a bald head, and was “in the Treasury.”

“Yes,” returned the recumbent ‘reading-man.’ “It seems smart enough. At least I see Dejaset is to blow tobacco-smoke out at her nose and ears, while she’s swinging in a hammock.”

“Good,” said Charley Mylne, a young gentleman attached to one of the Embassies. He was an exceedingly clever person, who saw through the game of most people so well that it made him indifferent about playing his own,—so stupider men won the stakes of life, while he lounged round its tables, uttering sarcasms. “Good—that’s epigrammatic, very. I shall go and ask Mitchell for a box.”

“Stop,” said Lynford, “I think here’s something incorrect: give us a dictionary, somebody.”

“Read it out,” said two or three voices.

“Stay, until I see whether it’s fit for your minds,” said Horace. “No, I see, I misunderstood a bit of *argot*. All right; it’s quite moral. I suppose I needn’t read it.”

“I don’t know,” said Charley Mylne, slowly. “I think I should wish to hear you read anything moral. You’d be sure to lay the emphasis wrongly, as Garrick and Gifford did when Johnson defied them to repeat the ninth commandment.”

“Which you are breaking by such an accusation. I have got St. Augustine, and a whole lot of the Fathers on that lower shelf, and a set of St. Chrysostom is being bound for me, come,” said Horace.

“And I’ll bet you half-a-crown you don’t know who St. Chrysostom was,” said Mylne.

“He helped to write the prayer-book, I know that,” said Mr.

Foley, rushing in with his literary aid. "I saw his name stuck to something in it, the day I gave my sister away. So he must have lived—let's see—in the time of one of the Edwards or Henries."

"We must really get you transferred from the Treasury to the Record Office, Foley," said Mylne, drily; "your historical precision is something wonderful. Your tobacco is excellent, Lynford; where did you get it?—of a sailor who had also smuggled handkerchiefs?"

The entrance of Carlyon and Paul Chequerbent afforded an agreeable diversion to the young men, and when the object of the visit was mentioned, it was received with acclamation. Carlyon had agreed with Paul that if Angela would give her supper, the best way would be to have a few men who would keep the affair in tolerable order, and who were sufficiently men of the world to forget the whole business afterwards, if requested so to do. The Treasury gentleman, who thought he spoke well, proposed a vote of thanks to Carlyon, and made quite a Parliamentary reference to his honourable friend who was associated with him in the measure before them, and the vote was carried unanimously, with an apology from Charley Mylne for the inaudibility of such of the mover's language as could not be heard, and the want of neatness in such as could.

The supper was duly eaten. Paul took the chair, Wyvern, and Lynford, and Mylne being spread around the table. There was an author, Mr. Curd, who had several times taken Angela's measure very accurately, for his pieces, and exclaimed loudly against her secession from the stage, but declared that he should now go into a convent, as had long been his strong desire, and devote the rest of his life to repenting his pieces and other sins. Anna Ford came, and took every opportunity of attracting attention to her white hands. Baby Waring came, and pretended to be very much vexed at various allusions to a dear but absent friend, but in reality felt complimented, as everybody saw. A few other lady members of the company appeared, including Mrs. Boddle, who came to play propriety and keep everybody quiet, which she did by out-talking and out-drinking everybody during the earlier part of the evening, and afterwards snoring beyond all cure from salts, sarcasms, or shaking. But there was little need of any exhortations from her, for the ladies were all singularly decorous. Indeed, Anna Ford, whose grief was very great at the prospect of losing a triumphant rival, deemed it her duty to be sentimental, and several times attracted attention to her beautiful white hands, by dashing away therewith what were not believed to be tears. There was much talking and laughter, and stories were told, true and false, of everybody who was not present, and of some who were—vile puns were committed with impunity—and *jeux de mot* of a better order were flung to no dull audience. The supper proceeded merrily, and even Mr. Curd declared that he should have no objection to Angela's taking leave of the stage every Saturday night.

"We expect a better thing than that from you, Curd," said

Martin Foley. "Come, be brilliant. Remember, Wyvern, and Mylne, and myself are present to listen."

"Do you think, then," said Curd, "that, like charcoal in oxygen, one only becomes brilliant in a bad atmosphere?"

"Yes, that's more like smartness," said Charley Mylne, coolly. "Be encouraged, Curd, you may be witty yet."

"You have already thrown aside the seal I gave you, Miss Livingstone, I observe. Your note to me was sealed with an unpardonable device."

"But the note was as civil as usual, I suppose," interrupted Curd.

"In spite of the seal. *Sealum, non animam, mutat*: if you understand that, Mylne."

"I don't," said Mylne; "but Anna Ford thinks it's something improper, and begs you will explain it."

"Oh! I'm sure," cried Anna, colouring, "I——"

"Did I ever tell you the answer the man in the gallery made to Elliston," broke in Mrs. Boddle, suddenly.

"A great many times," said Lynford. "Tell it again, Mrs. Boddle; you tell it so nicely, and we all like it."

"But, perhaps, there's somebody here that hasn't heard it," said the undaunted Mrs. Boddle. "You see, Elliston had raised the prices to the boxes and the gallery during the race-week at Gloucester."

"You said Shrewsbury last time," said Mylne.

"And York the time before," said Curd. "I won't play, if you don't play fair."

"So there was a riot," proceeded Mrs. Boddle; "and Elliston had to come forward and apologise."

"Did he do it as Phosphor did one night," said Horace, "and tell the house—what did you say, Charley?—that they did not seem to know what was the matter with them?"

"No," said Mrs. Boddle; "he was very polite. There was a man in the gallery——"

"Ah!" said Charley Mylne, "that is what has been weighing on my mind, and preventing me from sleeping of a night. I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Mrs. Boddle; but was that man marked with the small-pox?"

"In the gallery," proceeded Mrs. Boddle, "who had been the noisiest person present, disturbing everybody near him."

"The Boddle of the gallery, in fact," said Curd.

"To him Elliston looked up. 'I'll speak to the ladies and gentlemen presently,' says Elliston; 'but, first, I'll have a word with you. What do you cry Old Prices for? I have not altered the price to the gallery, so the grievance is nothing to you, sir. Of what do you complain, sir, eh?'"

"A very good story," said Charley Mylne. "Tell us another."

"'Of what do you complain, sir?' says Elliston. 'Of your infernal avarice,' says the man; 'for if you hadn't riz the price to the pit, I'd be sitting there instead of here.' So he had him, you

see." And Mrs. Boddle emptied another glass of its champagne, and everybody applauded.

"Before Mrs. Boddle tells us that story again, as we all hope and believe she will be kind enough to do by-and-by," said Charley Mylne, rising, "I want to say a word or two. We all know that this is the last occasion upon which we are likely to have the pleasure of Miss Livingstone's company among us. We all, also, know the happy circumstance which will occasion so much unhappiness to us, while it places her, a few years sooner than her talents would have done, in a position of affluence. And we all know how dear she is, and why, to everybody here. A speech could therefore tell nobody anything, and would be out of place and formal. It seems to me that the best thing we can say is, 'God bless her.'"

Many a more eloquent speech has called up far less feeling in reply. Angy rose hastily after each guest had greeted her, and she thought she could answer them. But she looked right and left, and the full heart ran over. She could only cry—and they had their answer. And while Horace whispered a few words to her, everybody, with the good-natured intention of not observing her sensations, dashed off in full talk.

"Charley," shouted Martin Foley, "your oratory reminds me of what some wretched French preacher said of Bourdaloue, '*Il prêche fort bien, et moi bien fort.*'"

"So it ought to remind you," said Mylne, with his usual composure, "only I never heard you try at all. Begin now, and tell us something about the treaty of Utrecht. It's an interesting passage in history, you know."

"I shouldn't like to be your wife, Mr. Mylne," said Anna Ford, earnestly.

"I'm so sorry, dear," said Charles Mylne, "for I had some thoughts of proposing to you this very evening. Why?"

"Because you laugh at everybody so."

"My love, I should have very little to laugh about, after you had married me. Don't refuse me on that account, don't. What's that Paul there drawing on the table with the wine you have spilt?"

"Why, it's a gibbet," said Foley. "Can't you leave your law-studies at home when you come out to supper?"

"An omen, perhaps," said Paul, looking up, rather confounded at the breach of etiquette he had been committing; but he had been in a sort of dream for some days.

"An omen, no doubt," said Mylne, gravely. "A gibbet drawn in wine by your own hand."

"Let us hope you will falsify the proverb, *In vino veritas*," said Mr. Curd.

"Who read Anthony Sadler's letter, about his new piece—I mean his new translation—in yesterday's paper?" asked Mylne.

"I," said Curd. "The letter is foolish and false; but as Anthony Sadler has added his initials to the postscript, he manages to tell two-thirds of the truth that way."

"How spiteful," said three or four voices; for everybody understands the satire of calling names.

"Sadler's wife is a clever woman," said Foley. "She was in Naples a year or two ago, and heard that an enemy of hers, a Mrs. M'Pantile, or some such name, who is the wealthy widow of an ironmaster, was coming there. So Mrs. Sadler inscribed a number of visiting cards with Mrs. M'Pantile's name, adding, that any commands in the ironmongery line would be gratefully received; and these cards she caused to be left, a day or two before *la* M'Pantile arrived, at all the houses to which an English visitor is likely to get access. When the poor woman came, and presented her introductions, she was treated as a traveller for an iron shop, and, I am told, received a great number of very good orders from the Neapolitan aristocracy, for English saucepans and grid-irons."

"That iron must have entered into her soul," said Wyvern.

"I am a miserable hostess to-night," said Angela, who had spoken very little. "But I trust everybody is taking care of everybody else. Anna, dear, are you attended to?"

"Not half so closely as she will be attended to on Monday night, I can tell her," said Mylne. "I am going to the theatre with a book of the piece and a pencil. I shall sit in the front of the dress-circle, and woe to her if she misses a word of her part."

"It is too bad of you," said Anna, "to tease and make me nervous."

"Never mind, my dear," dashed in Mrs. Boddle, suddenly waking up, "you'll do very well. Did I ever tell you the answer that Elliston received from the man in the gallery?"

"Never, never," said a dozen voices. "Do tell us that."

"Well," said the old woman, looking hazily round, and making long pauses. "I seem—to think—that I—did tell—you that—story. But," she added, after a very long stop, "I'll tell you, if you like, a story about an answer which Elliston received from a man in the gallery."

"Shall I take her into the next room, Angy dear," said a pretty little girl, sitting near the speaker, "and let her lie down?"

It was fortunate for that young lady that Paul Chequerbent knew something of one of Mrs. Boddle's characteristics when outraged under slight excitement. She took no notice of the remark for a few moments, but Paul was watching her. Suddenly her eye gleamed fiercely, and her ample hand flew through the air with a force which, had the blow fallen as intended, upon the plump white shoulders of the last speaker, would have effected signal vengeance. But just as the heavy arm swung round, Paul rapidly pulled the young lady backwards, and the full vengeance of Mrs. Boddle descended upon a plate of jelly. The sight of the glutinous morsels upon her hand awoke a new train of thought. Imagining that she had met with some frightful accident, Mrs. Boddle insisted upon immediately going to a surgeon, and this whim being humoured, she was led from the room to the staircase, upon which she insisted on sitting, and where she was heard nar-

rating the story about Elliston, by instalments, at various periods of the night.

"I begged her to come and play Propriety," said Angy, a good deal distressed at the matron's unseemly conduct.

"And she was not perfect in the part, that's all," said Horace. "What does it matter? I'll take it, for her, at short notice."

"The indulgence of the audience is requested," said Mylne, "as the new performer is quite out of his usual line."

"It appears to me that we are all talking shop to-night," said Curd. "I presume it is out of compliment to Miss Livingstone, who is not likely to hear this sort of thing again."

"Unless she should command private theatricals at Rookton," said Horace Lynford; "in which case I hope we shall all be engaged."

"All our private characters are irreproachable," said Mylne, "which is now the test of theatrical ability, you know, Miss Carlyon."

"I hear that the Lord Chamberlain is to examine players as well as plays in future," said Foley, "and that a low comedian will be licensed if he can say his commandments—a walking gentleman will be expected to answer questions out of Paley; but a tragedian must be prepared for a searching inquiry into his knowledge of Athanasius and Origen, and to hand in a theme on Supralapsarianism."

"The play's the thing in which we'll catch the conscience of the actor," said Wyvern.

"When men begin to quote Shakspeare, it is a sign they are unfit for rational society," said Horace. "Turn us all out, Angela, it's getting late."

The party broke up, and as the last guest departed, Angela Livingstone felt as did Rasselas, when the gates of the Happy Valley clashed behind him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A PRIEST'S CELL.

A COTTAGE *ornée*, while it continues a mere cottage, is the prettiest, if not the pleasantest place one can live in. But it should remain as originally planned. If all the advantages of a great house are to be aimed at in a little one, the latter becomes an absurdity, for living in a cottage implies a certain amount of restraint and of self-denial, and if one can dispense with these, why live in a cottage? What numbers of charming little homes, built in perfect taste, and with an eye to real cottage life, have been distended, distorted, and destroyed by tenants who, like the weeds over the late Mr. Gifford's Anna, "had no business there." The rising—and early-rising—politician, taking his morning ride, sees one of these modest nests, and is struck by the thought that it would be a delightful place to study Mill and Bentham in, and

suck out the mystery of Blue Books. He takes it, and is so pleased at not hearing carriage wheels, that he wants a library. He builds one, three times as large as any room in the cottage—sits down in it and composes a crack speech—the Minister notices him—Lady Caroline Lorimer marries him—the cottage is To Let. It is taken by a rich stockbroker, for somebody whom he sometimes introduces as his wife, never to his wife. The M.P. was content to put up his horses at the inn-stables, but Mrs. Montmorency (*née* Muggs) must have a coach-house for her brougham and her little chaise, and a stall with enamelled mangers for the darling long-tailed ponies, Lord Archibald's farewell present. So a huge library, coach-house, and stables are added to our poor little cottage. But Pernambuco Bonds suddenly drop, and there is something rotten, old city men say, elsewhere, for the funds are at par—a case of high fever—the stockbroker is out of the "house," and the sheriff is in the cottage. Mrs. Montmorency, who was always predicting something of the sort, particularly when she wanted reassuring with a little jewellery, is gone to Paris. Mrs. Knautch, the wealthy half-caste widow from Calcutta, whose life is devoted to keeping his in her sickly yellow little boy, James M'Jaggernaut Knautch, the only child of herself and the deceased Scotch Political Resident at Hadgicumbad, is pleased with the cottage, and buys it. She builds a new bath-room, and runs out a great pavilion to the south (the best side of the house, but what signifies that, under the circumstances?), with a glass roof and felt and flannel lining, where the young M'Jaggernaut can languish about with his Ayah in all weathers. Just as it is finished, James imprudently looks out at an east window, and speedily rejoins his father in whatever place (no doubt a comfortable one) Scotch Political Residents go to. The lady of the Indian weeds weds the sleek plump clergyman who has visited her in her affliction. The clergyman, who, notwithstanding his sleekness, is a faithful pastor, wants a school-room for his Sunday scholars, and proposes to use the pavilion, but the poor Indian lady will not allow a bandelore and a chicken's merry-thought, her poor child's favourite playthings, to be moved from the floor where he had last left them. So our cottage is further improved by a long school-house being annexed to Mrs. Montmorency's stables. The Bishop calls, after a confirmation, is pleased with the particular Madeira and rigid orthodoxy of his host, and when the bed-ridden rector's gout flies to his stomach, our clergyman gets the living. There is a capital rectory-house, with pineries, close to the church, and the cottage is once more To Let. A crack party of guardsmen take it for a month, through a confidential box-keeper in a white cravat, who impudently mystifies the clergyman as to the object of his employers, hinting at a charity bazaar for the benefit of the Moravian Missions, which the Church rather recognises than not. Private theatricals are got up in the M'Jaggernaut pavilion, and Mrs. Joybells comes down, with her beautiful laugh and her beautiful sister, to play "Biddy Nutt" and "Mrs. Trictrac." But a groom who gets confused between his various missions (none of them very Moravian in character) of

scene-shifting, dressing his masters, laying the supper, beating the drum, playing supernumerary, and generally making himself useful and tipsy, sets fire to the library, and having vainly attempted to extinguish the flames with the contents of the decanters, with a "happy audacity" locks the door and says nothing on the subject, until the parish engine opens upon the supper party, and washes the lobster salad into Captain de Belvidere's embroidered shirt bosom. That side of the house is destroyed, but the Guards send the clergyman a most polite and gentlemanly note with a cheque, which leave nothing to be desired. The damage is repaired, at the least possible expense, by running up brickwork to hide the hole, and whitewashing it on the outside. And then the poor cottage, with all its *addenda* and *delenda*, utterly perverted from the pretty thing it was when Mr. St. Precis (now a severely baited Under-Secretary of State) took that morning's ride, accepts one of the two policemen of the village in the light of a tenant, until other occupants shall be caught.

Not such had been the fortunes of a cottage, in which, three days after the encounter at the theatre-door, Carlyon met Lilian Trevelyan. It stood at a short distance from the Thames, and about twenty miles from the metropolis. The village in whose neighbourhood it was placed had little to recommend it but its quietness, and the permission which its seclusion afforded for the practice of not an ungraceful economy. A railroad, which had cloven that part of the county, had luckily flung down its iron rod some miles from Slingsfield, and the steam-scream was faintly heard through the intervening woodlands. The lazy barge and the fisherman's blunt-ended punt were the only vessels that glided under the cottage windows, except when a weary party of rowers, spending their strength for nought, rushed wildly past, with flushed faces and starting muscles, in piteous contrast with the calm repose around. The infrequent report of the gun, announcing the death or escape of field-fare or wood-pigeon—for there was little titled game in the neighbourhood—was the noisiest sound heard during many a month at Slingsfield. It was, in truth, as tranquil a place as one could wish for,—a quiet corner in the world's arena, where one could regain one's breath after the last life-grapple, and nerve one's strength for the next.

The cottage—Lily Nook it had been called by one set of owners, who liked that name better than Estramadura House, the ambitious title it first bore—was really a cottage. Except where the surrounding trees had been partially cleared away to afford a better view of the bright stream behind it, the house was completely shrouded from sight by foliage, and along the little-frequented road; in front a traveller might pass without noticing the building, unless the curling smoke caught his eye, or a tiny gate, dividing the luxuriant hedge, attracted his attention as he went by. But had a traveller on the morning we are about to describe pushed back that usually unresisting wicket, he would instantly have found himself in a pleasant resting-place, rendered chiefly pleasant by the innumerable tokens of a feminine presence and care.

A large garden, a considerable portion of which was laid in smooth grass, studded with plots of rich-looking earth, thick with flowers—chosesa as much for their grace and brightness as for their conventional value—filled the space between the hedge and the rose-clustered verandah of the cottage. A grave macaw walked heavily about, occasionally uttering a gentle croak, apparently seeing no object in screaming. An Italian greyhound, its nose curiously hidden under its fragile paws, reposed on a garden chair, beneath which slumbered a priceless King Charles's spaniel, whose tail, troubled by a dream, afforded subject for speculation to the great bird. A long-spouted, light-built watering-pot lay on the grass, near a large basket, scissors, and a pair of gardening gloves; so that unless the traveller were as dull as if he were travelling for the purpose of making a book, he could not fail to divine that a lady had recently been interrupted in some light floricultural duty.

There, for the time, Miss Trevelyan and her uncle were pleasantly lodged, and their host was the priest—the Reverend Cyprian Heywood.

Heywood's father had been a man of note and of notoriety. His pedigree was derived from the stern, strange, fiery house which kept Europe in blood and broil for five hundred stormy years, and, as a modern fashionable historian records, "never shed the blood of a woman." Its fiercest representative, thanks to the Baron Marochetti, now sits in magnificent proportions in Palace Yard, and, to the irreverent eye, seems, with uplifted blade, to be calling all the cabs at once. The elder Heywood was placed, in early life, in one of those departments of our military service in which both intellect and its severe cultivation are necessary to success. The young engineer speedily distinguished himself, and an accident which brought a model of his preparation under the eye of a royal soldier, would have ensured his merits a due appreciation, and have rewarded them by a speedy promotion; but, unhappily for Heywood, he was a thinker, in times when few authorities could safely allow a young man to think. And he thought intemperately—be this the proof.

Alfred Heywood, descendant of the Royal Plantagenets, lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, *protégé* of a Royal Duke, became a Radical. And Heywood was not a man who, having become a convert, could nurse his new creed in safety. The startled mess-table soon had the benefit of his illumination, and the Colonel (who hated Alfred's good looks and drawing-room successes) lost no time in apprising the Duke that his young friend the Lieutenant disapproved of the hanging the Nottingham rioters. Almost anybody else would have been at once dismissed the service.

But the House of Brunswick has at times manifested a regard for talent, a regard which, had that house's immediate predecessors shown more frequently, 1688 might have been a less significant number. That model pontoon was the cleverest thing the Duke had ever seen, and his Royal Highness declared he would never believe that a man who could make that could really talk such d— something nonsense. He sent for Heywood, and in the most

good-natured manner told him he supposed that the young man had been indulging in the bottle, that he, the Duke, was not an ascetic, and liked good wine and a good lot of it, but there were times and seasons, and so forth. But Heywood was too young to take the Duke's kindly hint, and instead of darting through the loop-hole, thought he had obtained a capital opportunity of turning a Prince of the Blood into a Democrat. So, premising that a Plantagenet could have no sympathy with the rabble, as rabble, Heywood explained to the Duke the real object of all governments, and laid down a variety of propositions which his Royal Highness remarked, "we had been in the habit of hearing only from their proper place, the criminal's dock at the Old Bailey." Heywood was undaunted, but at last the Duke, who could put up with much from a man who could put down such a pontoon, indignantly demanded that the earnest orator should give his word of honour never to breathe another word of politics before his brother officers. This Heywood refused, and his horsefaced Colonel had the speedy satisfaction of announcing to the mess that his rival was no longer in His Majesty's army.

The dauntless Alfred brought his case before the public, and obtained some sympathy. Some of the Radical clubs wished to engage him as a public lecturer on democracy—a teacher whose duties, in those days, demanded no small amount of military pluck. But the refined ex-soldier found his patrons so dirty, and, moreover, was so incensed at their complaints, that he denounced king-craft instead of King George, that he speedily renounced them; and refraining from personal intercourse, enlightened them and the world in a series of tracts, for which he was incontinently fined and imprisoned. This, of course, confirmed him in his principles; he escaped to America, and was offered all kinds of rewards if he would bring his engineering skill, then greatly in demand with the Americans, to bear against his countrymen. Oswego, then about to be taken by the English, was pointed out to him as a place which, if he could save, he might name his guerdon. He named his second, and shot the officer dead who brought him the proposal. Heywood then managed to reach Trinidad, where he was very well received, and might have become a planter; but choosing rather to advocate, in society, the rights of the blacks, nothing could have saved him from being murdered, but an insurrection of the blacks themselves, in a portion of the island where resided a family to which he had peculiarly attached himself. The negroes threatened to sack the house, Heywood waxed furious, forgot all the rights of colour, and hurried to the defence of his host's beautiful daughters. By a contrivance which savoured more of the officer of engineers than the liberator of mankind, he skilfully blew up a whole barn-full of blood-thirsty blacks, and so terrified the other assailants, that the militia shot them down with great comfort and safety. The feat obtained for the deliverer the hand of a young lady, whom her sangaree-topping father had refused to the handsome reformer; and after the peace they came to England. There

Heywood recommenced writing Radicalism; and one day, while correcting the sheets of a treatise proving that we had no right to attack Napoleon, he knocked down the publisher for using an offensive term about the Duke of Wellington. As good, zealous, vulgar partymen said—What *was* to be done with such a man?

Alfred could spend money, and his wife could not save it. He became embarrassed, and retired into Wales, whence he issued manifestoes proving the illegality of imprisonment for debt. During this retirement, his wife, the Creole, died, having, perhaps, but scarcely softened the misfortunes of her ardent, affectionate husband, by her lack of endurance, and her murmuring reminiscences of the days of Trinidad luxury. But Heywood's love endured to the last. His affections were as strong as his energies, and he suffered more under this shock than under all his other troubles. But he continued to write; and, as various changes and reforms took place from time to time, and as he had written recommending them all, and more, he regularly attributed every measure to the result of his own suggestions. The passing of the Reform Act (which he considered as having been chiefly brought about by eight pamphlets of his, at threepence each) induced him to apply to Earl Grey for a situation, but not obtaining this, he wrote a ninth pamphlet, showing that Whiggism was mere oligarchy, and that no nation could prosper under it.

So the elder Heywood lived, and so he died—a slave to impulse, and mistaking impulse for conviction. Thoroughly honest, and utterly useless. Sometimes atoning for a horribly irascible disposition by acts of almost feminine kindness, and at other times making the few who knew his worth ashamed to defend him against the many who were irritated by his folly. He had but one son, and of him we have already seen something. What was the son of such a man likely to be? Hitherto he has been seen only as the sceptical scorner of his fellows, and of their works and ways. And this was no assumed character—no mask to be thrown off, stage fashion. Contemptuous antagonism was the habitual attitude of Cyprian Heywood's mind.

He had loved his father with an affection intensely reciprocated. Were it not profane to wish the absence of such a regard, it had been desirable, perhaps, that the two hearts had been more estranged. For the younger man's sake, it had been better that separation had occurred, and that his training had been entrusted to other hands than those of his accomplished and most untrustable father. What could he learn of self-control, of perseverance, of worldly wisdom, from the fiery ex-soldier, duellist, and moralist? And even the ordinary studies, which no one was more competent to guide than Mr. Heywood, and which were begun upon a sound and intellectual plan, were always abandoned by the elder man with a speed beyond the proverbial fickleness of youth. But nothing separated that father and that son until the death of the elder Heywood, and then Cyprian was left, with scant means, a fine person, a keen intellect, and an untrained moral nature, to do his

share in the battle of life. He soon learned to step aside, and to scoff at honest and energetic combatants.

But the son of such a man as Alfred Heywood could not become the vulgar, heartless scorner, in whose seat we are warned from sitting. The process which had brought him to the condition of mind we have indicated, had also furnished him with reasons for the want of faith that was in him. He despised, but thought he knew why. His mind had been warped by defective training, his spirit soured by the circumstances which embittered his father's life and his own early days, and false reasoning was the result, but still there was reason. He was no morose cynic, constitutionally bitter. On the contrary, when Cyprian Heywood gave himself to the revel, or to that other youthful folly, which, in Soyerian phrase, is "stock" for romances, none laughed louder, or whispered more passionately. He had the power of enjoyment—a gift less largely diffused than most people believe. But neither his nature nor his circumstances allowed him to think of pleasure as life's business; and yet what better occupation did he follow—that proud man, who imagined that when he retired within himself, and sneered at all that pleased himself and others, he was wiser than they?

Heywood's means, some relics of the Trinidad fortune, were scant, but they relieved him from the necessity of daily toil, another misfortune to such a mind. A few literary ventures, all unsuccessful, (for the man who struggles against the utterances of the heart has small chance to reach the hearts of others, and Heywood selected themes on the passions for his subjects, as men of that class often will,) two or three efforts to obtain employment from the State, which met with a still more discouraging fate, and Heywood settled in his own mind that he was, as his father had been, a martyr, of whom the world was not worthy. There was no work for him on earth, that was clear.

Whether it were a providential interposition or an unlucky chance that at this crisis of his life threw him into the society of a Jesuit priest older than himself, but whose nature either was similar to his own, or was so fashioned for the occasion, is a problem which a reader will solve according to his own system of theological algebra. The young Heywood talked through a good many evenings with his friend, and with a sudden access of hereditary impulse determined on having a view of the world from a new position—the Rock of Rome. He entered a Jesuit establishment, and was speedily appreciated, and made to feel that it was so. He emerged, in due course, a member of the society, and after the lapse of several of the best years of life, we find him at the outset of our tale still serving in the ranks of the order. The service must have suited him. It is said that the order can find service that suits every mind, though I suspect that this is not the key to the Jesuit riddle. But be this as it may, Cyprian Heywood was held fast by the arms of the Eternal Church, and enjoyed his captivity more than he had enjoyed his purposeless freedom.

Lily Nook was the house which, on the expulsion of the Trevellyans from Aspen Court by the victorious Wilmslows, Heywood

had provided for Miss Trevelyan and her uncle. We have seen them in their temporary sojourn in the ugly house of the grim apothecary, Mardyke, at Lynfield. They are now in a more graceful shelter, and Heywood is their host.

And now for a few words showing why we shall henceforth have little time for lingering. Who remembers—who does not remember—one of those grand events which, in late spring or early summer assemble our thousands and tens of thousands? The head of Church and State is there, with the best of the nobles, and surrounded by the richest gathering ever made, in these days, of a nation's youth, and beauty, and notability? All is enjoyment and excitement, the one derived from the other, and both in perfection. Need we name the Great Horse Race?

It is but with three minutes, which is overmeasure, of that splendid day, that we have to do. You have seen all the horses—they have cantered past you to the starting place, and you know all their names, and their pedigrees, and their previous performances, and you have talked over their merits and demerits—Rookbury is vicious, for example, and Wilmslow is of good stock, but bad temper, and Carlyon has good backers, and may win—and so on. There is something to say about every name in the list. But the signal is given. They are off. The envied Garter of the turf is allotted; let us hope not to a leg. The subdued roar runs on like wildfire—eyes are straining, hearts are fluttering, and thieves are snatching at forgotten watches. Lord Turfborough breathes so hard—why will he not open those tight white lips, and there is apoplexy in the family, too—the fates have settled the lodgings of Captain De Levant at Boulogne—and there is *that* in the dressing-case of Hugh Clarges which the wretched suicide of to-night has used lawfully for the last time. They come—they come. The ruck passes, and we can still note them all, and speculate on many a chance. But not *now*. Five or six clear themselves away from the main body, and henceforth, for that long age, that half minute of concentrated life, we see those, and those only. They fuse into a glistening group; knife-like whip and bloody spur are working fiercely; another moment, and all is over. Lord Turfborough breathes like a Christian, the Captain thinks what a bore it is to be sea-sick, and Hugh Clarges, with a spasm of remorse, as he thinks of a pale, gentle wife, determines to spare her poor heart, for the first time, by destroying himself elsewhere than at home, but, getting previously mad with brandy, forgets his resolution.

Some five or six forms must now leave *our* ruck, and the rest, for the time, must be forgotten; for the goal is not very far off.

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 XXXIX.

LILIAN AND HER LOVER.

BERNARD Carlyon had ample time, during his journey to Lily Nook, to review his position in regard to Miss Trevelyan. For the railway, as has been said, crossed the country at a considerable distance from that quiet corner of the world, and when he was dropped at the nearest station, he had some miles to get over as he might. And although not much more subject to the influence of external things than the average of men at his age, he was not much comforted and encouraged by the weary jog-trot of the provincial conveyance which bore him to Lilian. As he crawled along a dusty road, which alternately appeared to him interminable and provokingly short, he reflected, perhaps more seriously than he had compelled himself to do before, upon the rather unfavourable light in which he must, up to that time, stand with the young lady. He had, of course (who has not?) much faith in his own oratorical powers, but as he grew nearer and nearer to the scene where they must be exercised, they, by some agency, seemed to him to become less and less respectable, while the facts against which he felt that he had to contend grew more solid and grim. He was convinced that the priest's unfriendly disposition towards him, of which, notwithstanding Heywood's apparent frankness and familiarity of tone, Carlyon was instinctively assured, would have done its worst with Miss Trevelyan, and, unluckily, circumstances had enabled the priest to say a good deal. There was that particularly awkward scene with Mary Maynard, whom Heywood had found in the very arms of Carlyon. This might be explained away to a certain extent, although the story would be a lame one at the best, and it might be difficult to make a delicate nature, like that of Miss Trevelyan, quite comprehend that it was possible for a young lady, moving in decent society, to fling herself so literally at a young gentleman's head as Miss Maynard had been pleased to do in the case of Bernard. Still this might be got over, by dint of indignation at being suspected, and of passionate eloquence. But what was to be said about the actress? Carlyon's conscience acquitted

him—or at least discharged him with a Scottish verdict of “not proven,”—in the Maynard affair; but he could, by no process of sophism, blind himself to the truth, that he had been carrying on a long and most unhesitating flirtation with the rosy-mouthed Baby Waring, in season and out of season, and that he had crowned it by presenting himself before Lilian in the full flush of his author’s triumph, and with the fascinating little actress on his arm, the chosen companion of his hour of exultation. These reflections, presented in all the varieties an ingenious mind could suggest, made the cross country ride peculiarly agreeable to Bernard Carlyon.

Still he had determined to see Lilian, and he had acted upon that determination the moment he had obtained a clue to her residence. He had been bewildered by the meeting outside the theatre, an encounter which followed so closely upon the excitement of his success, as to confuse, in some measure, his usually rapid perceptions, and to delay his obtaining an interview. For he should, as he told himself at least five thousand times, have instantly followed the carriage, and ascertained Lilian’s address, but the suddenness of the meeting, and the sensations it called up, for once deprived Carlyon of his presence of mind, and the chance was gone before he remembered that he should have seized it. Baby Waring justly complained of his alternate silence and forced loquacity during that evening’s supper, and had a good cry about the coldness with which he took leave of her at her own door, without a word about seeing her again. But that pretty young lady’s troubles were slight compared to those of Bernard during the next few days, and until, by dint of extreme watchfulness, he caught sight of the priest in St. Alban’s place, and was apprised by him one evening, in answer to a point-blank question, that Miss Trevelyan and her uncle were at Lily Nook. Nor had Bernard been much reassured by the priest’s manner at that interview. He had not invited Carlyon to come down, nor had he made the slightest allusion to the one topic which Heywood knew was agitating the young Secretary, but had talked in his usual keen and scoffing way upon the ordinary subjects of the hour. And—we are strange medleys—the lover, even then, could find time to remember that the author was slighted—not a syllable did Mr. Heywood say about the new piece, though every newspaper (except one, whose critic, being an early friend of Carlyon’s, naturally grudged him every step up the ladder) had, by cordial eulogy, placed *Love, Honour, and Obey*, among the current matters of town talk.

But Bernard had obtained Lilian’s address, and down he went early in the following morning to Lily Nook. He reached it at last, and a glance at the scene we have described told him that he had been directed rightly. As he was giving his card to the domestic, Lilian herself appeared at the French window, and her little foot was on the grass before she perceived Carlyon. A moment, and he was by her side—his heart most unwarrantably throbbing with a conviction that he was all but forgiven, a deduction which he

hastily drew from the flush which overspread the beautiful face of Miss Trevelyan, at his greeting.

He took her hand. She did not withhold it, and he felt that his pardon was sealed.

Not so fast, young Secretary.

Lilian did not withdraw her hand, but its pressure upon Carlyon's was so faint as to be unfelt even by the sensitive nerves of a lover. And she did not re-enter the house by the window—bidding him follow her—there would have been, in so slight an act, something of playfulness and familiarity, which he missed—but she remained upon the grassplot, and calmly expressed a regret that her uncle was too unwell to see a visitor. She was actually polite, and Carlyon was naturally enraged, as he had a right to be.

“My visit is to you, Lilian,” he said gravely, and with some surprise in his tone. “Surely I am not to suppose it unwelcome?” A stupid speech—and yet not so stupid, because it afforded her a ready answer, and you should never make unanswerable speeches to people whom you love.

“You have a right to a welcome from any of us,” said Miss Trevelyan, “and you know it well. We do not forget services in the time of need. Will you walk into the house?”

“If you please,” said Carlyon, for he was now determined to persevere, and he saw that the servant waited—a very little hesitation, and he would have been on the other side of the gate, and he felt this. O! he could follow her through the window into the drawing-room now, and not gather the slightest comfort from such guidance. And Lilian took a seat very calmly, and he imitated her, except in the calmness. They were alone together for the first time since they had parted at Lynfield—with a kiss. Just then it seemed impossible to Bernard that he could ever have kissed her.

“Lilian,” said Bernard, “is it thus that we should meet?”

“No,” replied Miss Trevelyan, “we ought not to have met. But though it has been your will that we should do so, and you have a right to dictate, perhaps you will try—I mean perhaps you will consent to make our interview as little painful as possible.” She spoke with a constraint which could not be mistaken.

“I hear your voice, Lilian, but not your words,” said Bernard, springing to his feet. “That cold sentence is not yours, but is dictated by an enemy—our enemy. Rights—I have no rights—yes,—I *have* the right to ask from you that at least you shall speak your own language. I am here to bear any displeasure, to atone for any offence, but I do claim that you censure me, that you condemn me—I will not be answered by another.”

“Displeasure—censure!” said Lilian, fixing her blue eyes upon him, with an effort; “why should we have to speak of such things?” she added, mildly.

“Ah! you are well schooled, Lilian, too well,” he replied, with warmth; “but this must not, shall not be. I have hurried to you the instant that I could discover your retreat, and I have come in all the sincerity which I know, yes, which I see you feel

is in my heart, to open that heart to you once more, to implore you to listen to me, to supplicate pardon, and, if you will, penance; but even at your feet I *will* demand that your own heart shall speak. I will not be tortured by language taught you by a priest. Speak to me, Lilian; I entreat you to speak to me as you spoke when a word from you became the inspiration of my life, when you held out a hope which opened a world to me. Lilian, I must hear *you*." And he took her unresisting hand—but again it answered with no pressure.

"Bernard,"—she began, and his heart leaped at hearing his name from her lips, "we have a painful task before us—do not let us add to its bitterness. All that has passed must be forgotten—we must now strive to forget one another. I hoped that we should have understood this without such a meeting."

Carlyon's heart should have sunk within him at this announcement, but it came almost harmlessly. So intense a feeling that an impossibility was proposed to him, a thing that was so monstrous in its injustice and cruelty, that it was not in destiny to enforce it—that his spirit rebelled, and the words passed as if unspoken. He knelt by her side, and with an earnestness of passionate expression, of which an hour before he would have deemed himself incapable, he poured out remonstrance, entreaty, protestation, with the fervour of one who believes in his soul that he is not pleading in vain. Nor was he, so far as his object could be obtained by utterly destroying the calmness with which Lilian had begun their interview. Her agitation became great, the tears flowed out fast from her eyes, but the only words she uttered, the only gestures she made, were those of dissuasion—she begged him to be silent—to rise—to listen. At length, while renewing his declaration of unaltered love, Bernard drew from his neck the chain which he had never ceased to wear since the hour of its gift, and besought her to remember that hour, and the yet dearer one when he gained the right to retain it. And as the little cross met her eye, poor Lilian's resolution gave way, and the next moment she was sobbing upon the breast of her lover. He thought that the fight was won, but he was again in error.

"I am forgiven?" he whispered, after a long pause, a happy one to him.

"I have nothing to forgive," said Lilian, still shaken by her emotion. "Why do you speak of my forgiveness? It is you who must pardon me."

"You, Lilian!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said the beautiful girl, gently extricating herself from his arms; "I do not think it can be wrong to ask your forgiveness for causing you pain, although I am but doing my duty, and doing it," she added, "so weakly."

"You mean, dearest one," said Bernard, "that in receiving me coldly and with displeasure, you were justly rebuking my conduct. It was so, indeed; but may we not forget that now?"

"What conduct, Bernard?" said Lilian, looking up to him with that frank manner which made one of her principal charms, and

which now sent the blood to the very forehead of Carlyon; "I have never had cause to complain of you."

"You have never," he repeated slowly—and then a deadly chill came over him, a sensation to which the bitterest reproaches would have brought a relief. "One word, Lilian—a short one. You have heard—you have been told nothing which should injure your regard for me?"

"Not one word, Bernard; not one." And there was no doubting the truth of those accents.

"And yet," he said, almost gasping, "you receive me with coldness; you turned away when we met on the railway; to-day you have spoken of our forgetting one another. Why—what is this mystery?"

"Bernard," she said, with a sort of hysteric cry, partly of surprise, partly of sorrow, "has it not been explained to you? Whose cruelty sent you here?"

"Nay, nay, answer me, answer me," said Bernard, in a fierce, hoarse whisper—"what is this?"

"You do not know that I take the veil?" said Lilian, trembling from head to foot. "He pledged himself to tell you as gently as—Oh! this was a hard, a cruel thing to do. But it is true, Bernard."

Carlyon's lips grew white as ashes, and his eyes seemed to him as if they would set and glaze, but for an incessant effort to preserve their sense. He gazed on Lilian with a look of such intentness as almost to cause her terror. Then, with a short, wild laugh, he said almost in a jesting tone—

"No, Lilian, no—you take no veil. Indeed you cannot," he added, in a tone of strange calmness, and as if he were speaking of an ordinary occurrence of life. "You have given me your promise, and it is sacred. We will not speak of the possibility of its being broken."

"That promise was given," said Lilian, sadly, "when—when we were rash, and did not see that we were departing from the path of duty."

"Again," said Bernard quickly, "again I hear sentiments which have been forced upon you by an evil adviser, henceforth my enemy. Why, dearest Lilian, are you lending yourself to do the will of this scheming, heartless man? You had learned to repose your best faith and trust in me; you could write me the strongest and sweetest assurances of your love, yet I find you, as you own, without cause, changed to me, and meditating a cruel and an unhallowed sacrifice, at the bidding of a man who is either the wretched tool of a system, or one who is yet more miserable in his envy of the happiness of others."

"Do not speak of him," said Lilian. "Our duty is prescribed for us by Heaven, and man, though he may point it out, and urge us to fulfil it, is not to be blamed, whatever pain may be occasioned by the teaching."

"You could not tell me more plainly," said Carlyon, "what kind of teaching has been practised upon you, dear Lilian. (It is) well

indeed that we have met before it was too late. Now, as your affianced husband, I am here to rescue you from this tangle of selfishness and priestcraft. Is it possible, dear one, that you can be deluded by the artifices around you? To what fortunate convent is the wealth of Mr. Heywood's pupil to be given over, or does it go to the order of which he is so worthy a member?"

Lilian looked at him reproachfully for a moment.

"Dearest," he said, smiling, "I understand you reprove me for that Protestant suspicion—you remind me of your own creed. God forbid that I should utter a word to pain you. Your creed, be it what it may, is mine—I will believe what I can, and take the rest for your sake. But your church and those who trade upon her name, are two, and in this you must let me be your guide. Heywood's objects are of the world, worldly, and he would condemn your life to stagnate in the routine of a convent, that your fortune may fall into the hands for which he works."

"My fortune, Bernard!" said Lilian, "that would be a poor prize. It matters little now, but in other times,"—she hesitated, and a faint blush rose to her cheek,—"I ought to have told you that I was no heiress—there was some idle plan by which you were to make me one, but that is all over."

"And you have no fortune, Lilian?"

"None; indeed I am almost a dependent. So you acquit those whom you have suspected, do you not?"

"No," said Bernard, who was not in a mood to relinquish his suspicions, "on the contrary, I suspect them of a deeper game than I had imagined. But you make me happier by what you tell me?"

"That I am poor? And suppose," said Lilian, recurring, despite herself, to the scenes at Lynfield, "suppose that it had not been so, and that I had been rich. Would that have made any difference to you, Bernard?"

"When I look at you, I feel that it would not, Lilian, and that I could bear to be thought and called a fortune-hunter for your sake. But I am far more rejoiced to learn that you are without fortune, for I feel that between me and the happiness I have set before me are many obstacles, which would be greatly increased by your being an heiress. There is a selfish speech for you, dear Lilian, but you will forgive it?"

"Such speeches must be forgiven and forgotten, Bernard, and not renewed," said Miss Trevelyan. "I have told you thus much, in order to prevent your continuing to think unjustly of those who deserve better thoughts. Now we must part, and—why should I disguise it, the parting will be very bitter, for it is parting to meet no more. But so it must be."

"Lilian," said Carlyon, very earnestly, "we shall part, but it *will* be to meet again. For you love me, Lilian."

She looked up imploringly, and with her blue eyes swimming in tears, she tried to speak, but in vain.

"Yes," he said almost exultingly, "you love me, and in that faith I defy all the treachery of which I now see the signs and

traces. A new light has broken upon me, and I have a key to the workings of those who would keep you from me. I shall defeat them, because you are true. You will enter no convent, let priests plot round you as they will, and one day you will be my wife."

Lilian's bright hair glistened in the sunshine, as she shook her head mournfully.

"They may train and school you, Lilian, but your heart is true to me. I came down hither, fearing that malice might have been busy with my name, and that you had been taught to doubt me. It was a shallow and unworthy thought of mine, and for that indeed I beg your forgiveness, for I should have known your noble nature better. They did who craftily abstained from such a course. But in future I will have no fear—you will be true to me—and while I am rendering myself worthy of the highest happiness earth or heaven can give me, I shall have your sympathies and your prayers. Do not answer me, darling; it may be that you have been urged, or even have promised to persevere in language which is not your own, but satisfy your conscience, dearest, that you have done all that was required, and tell your heart that such language fell harmless. You love me, Lilian, and one day you will be mine."

He pressed her to his heart, and heard that her lips were whispering one of the prayers of the church. As she ceased, he said in a low voice,

"For strength, dear one, if you will, but not for forgiveness—the saints to whom you pray have needed it more than you."

"Oh, Bernard!" she said, pressing his hand convulsively, "I am very, very wicked to listen to you."

"The wickedness is with those who have dared to teach you that which thus agitates you, my own Lilian. I would give years of life at once to extricate you from their influence, but if I ask you to bear with the present, it is only that I may prepare a brighter future for you. And, my heart's love, if it were not that I have so firm and abiding a trust in your promise that I were ashamed to seek a formal vow, I would secure you against all their wiles and snares, by asking you at once to become my wife in the sight of the world—but I can trust your courage while I am battling with the world for your sake."

Twice Lilian attempted to reply through her tears, but a mental struggle seemed to check her utterance. Then her face brightened, a smile came to her lip, and a flush to her brow, as she said,

"Trust me."

They spoke no more of their love that day, not even as they wandered among the trees, and watched the waterlilies heaving, and the air-bells bubbling up as the large leaves fell lazily back upon the stream. But it was in the excess of their happiness that they talked of the idlest trifles, and perhaps their hearts spoke even more freely through those long pauses of silence, nor even ceased to speak together long after Bernard and Lilian had parted.

I know very well that some of our readers, and more especially young ladies, are thinking that Bernard Carlyon escaped much better than he deserved—and if they had been Lilian, and had seen what she saw at the theatre and outside it, they should have had a good deal to say, and would have said it too. Well, and I quite agree with them as to Bernard—but as to the scolding—well, scolding is a very efficient thing, if not overdone, and a young lady with proper pride knows what is due to her, and so forth. All I can plead is, that Lilian is not exactly a young lady with proper pride, or made after that pattern, and what is more, I suppose it was her own business, and that she knew what was the best course to take with her own lover; and I suppose that she had a right to take it. But I see that I shall put myself into a passion on her behalf if I do not end the chapter.

CHAPTER XL.

A PANNIER FULL OF OLD DEMONS.

MR. PAUL CHEQUERBENT, as has been said, was delivered from durance, through the final aid of Carlyon, and we have mentioned that he was present in body, if absent in mind, at Angela Livingtone's farewell supper. He had also gone back to Mr. Molesworth's offices, where he was received by his principal in a careless, forgiving sort of way, Molesworth evidently regarding him as a good-natured *vaurien*, whom he should probably have hastened to get rid of, but for Paul's valuable relations. On the whole, Mr. Chequerbent was not very cheerfully welcomed on his return from the Hotel Jerusalem.

But he could have easily borne that. He had a graver sorrow, and one with which the pretty actress was connected. From the time of her being claimed by Lord Rookbury as his daughter, Paul had grown thoughtful, and it became clear to himself, as it had long been to his friends, that he entertained for Angela a much tenderer regard than he would, in his harmless libertinism of tongue, cared to allow. He had fancied himself a gay young fellow, amusing himself with a theatrical flirtation, and awoke to find that the flirtation was something earnest, and that its being broken off would render him miserable. This conviction began to keep even Paul awake at nights, and gave him palpitations of the heart when he suddenly looked back to any of the pleasant days he had spent with Angela. It literally drove him to attend to business in order to drown thought, and, to his own astonishment no less than that of his employers, he acquitted himself in two or three small matters very well, and obtained Molesworth's gracious recognition of one of his exploits.

"Well, Mr. Chequerbent, you needn't wait. I don't see that you have blundered this in any way," a saying which Paul duly treasured up in his memory, to be avenged at leisure.

His finances were rather slender, just then, and he frequented restaurants of a much humbler description than those in which, when richer, he had delighted to recreate himself. One evening he had somewhat hastily dived into the haunt which he had just then adopted—hastily, because he had not even yet been able to divest himself of the idea that London had its eye upon him, and it was rather a compromise of dignity to dine at the "Glaswegian Fortress," where a curious interview took place.

The Fortress is not strictly a fashionable resort. It is situated in a crowded thoroughfare, but its front is not imposing, being simply that of a narrow public house. Nor is there invitation in its sounds; for enter, and there is a bar, whence fluids of various kinds are continually administered to cabmen, labourers, and a mixed general group, among which the unclean-looking small retailer, hurrying in for his daily dram, looks almost distinguished. There is a good deal of noise—heavy voices indulge in that gruff iteration and reiteration, so dear to the inferior classes; and there is no unfrequent appeal to "Miss" for a light for the pipe of clay. A passage at one side leads to the inner room, and even this passage is invaded by the lounging navigator, or by braces of tradesmen, who take hasty glasses together, toasting, by a toss back of the head, the business which has brought them together, and, without a smile, continuing their discussion as to "the party." They make way for you, certainly, but look rather insulted that you wish to come in, and look after you, as if to be assured that you are not their debtor, whom it might be well to dun. Push on, however, and force a door, and find yourself in a long, narrow, dingy room, with skylights over one side, and the place divided into boxes, duly curtained. There is sand upon the floor, and a plentiful presence of those articles into one of which the American gentleman said, remonstratingly, that he should really be obliged to expectorate, if the servant did not abstain from thrusting it near him during his chew. But the tablecloths are very white, and the meats are admirable, and cooked admirably, and the liquors have a reputation, and if anybody, by any possibility, should ever desire to see the *Galwegian Advertiser*, or other of those vast northern journals, four of which would cover Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, he may indulge his eccentricity at the Fortress. Hither come respectable traders of the vicinity, a few lawyers, and that remarkable class called "witnesses," who, by virtue of having to depose to certain facts, or fictions, do for the time clothe themselves with the whole dignity of the law, and shout, stare, swagger, and swear, until such distinction and the liquor are too much for them, and the witnesses only give evidence of intoxication.

Mr. Chequerbent had retired to this unpretending refectory one evening, and, having duly administered to the wants of exhausted nature (who found herself materially revived by a series of splendid chops, for the like of which the clubman, with all his silver forks, and his *serviettes*, and his finger-glasses, might sigh in vain), was reading the "advertisement half" of a newspaper

over and over, until the "inside," with the leaders and theatrical criticisms, should be disengaged. The gentleman with the coveted portion of the journal was a slow student, and Paul grew rather irritable, as he observed him, after going carefully through the debate in Parliament, began it again, folding up the paper doggedly, and setting himself resolutely to understand what that finance discussion was really about.

"Stupid blockhead!" muttered Paul, "why don't he take yesterday's paper? It would be quite new enough for such a donkey."

"Here is to-day's, sir," said a voice, "and quite at your service."

The speaker was a fine-looking man, as even Paul himself admitted. He was in a box opposite to Mr. Chequerbent's, and handed the paper across, with a smile which might be held as an apology for answering Paul's self-communing.

"This is your own private newspaper, I think, sir," said Mr. Chequerbent, who was always very polite in dialogue, though his monologues were sometimes personal. "Pray do not let me trespass on your courtesy."

"You are perfectly welcome to it," said the stranger, "and if I should go before you have mastered all its wisdom, give it to our common friend, Bernard Carlyon, for me."

"Ah! you know Carlyon. A fine fellow, is he not?" said Paul.

"He is," said the other, "and a successful fellow, and deserves to be so, for his perseverance."

"Perseverance is a grand thing," said Paul, who had been so awed by its grandeur throughout life, that he had never been familiar with it. "When did you see Bernard Carlyon?"

"Last night. I rather think he is gone down to a place of mine in the country to-day. He will be quite at home, though I am not there to receive him."

"He finds friends everywhere," said Mr. Chequerbent.

"So may anybody," said the stranger, "who will make them. As a rule, I find people very well inclined to me, so long as I wish it, and they must be in a deuce of a hurry if they are tired of the acquaintance first."

There was a cynical ill-nature about this speech which pleased Paul, and he determined to remember it for his own use—mean-time he had to show himself worthy to have such brilliant epigrams said to him, so he replied,

"Easier to make friends than to keep them, eh?"

"Some people find it so. What a draught there is from this skylight. I will finish my wine at your table, if you'll let me," he added, changing his seat. "But don't let me interrupt your political studies."

"Oh!" said Paul, "I've read the debate, and I don't want to read what the newspaper editor can tell me about public questions."

"You are right. If you have read last night's debate, you have had all the editorial articles—of yesterday morning."

"Well," said Paul, "I suppose the members do cram from the press a good deal."

"Yes," said the other, "and if they would only say their lessons accurately, the discussions would not be so helpless as they are, generally speaking; but a crammed member usually, like Canning's 'Clumsy Courtenay,'

'Mars the speech he steals.'"

"Devilish clever fellow was Canning," said Paul, by way of original comment.

"He was, and that is why they did right in making that Westminster statue of his—the green one—look contemptuously away from the scene of his triumphs. They say Westmacott did not mean it, but the satire ought to prevent any alteration of the arrangement. I suppose, by the way, that your friend Carlyon means to get into Parliament some day."

"I don't know how he means to manage it, then," said Paul, "for, although he is in comfortable circumstances, I do not suppose that he has got any money to spend in bribery, and that sort of thing."

"Besides the grand entrance to the New Palace of Westminster," said the stranger, "there are side doors."

"I hardly know which you call the grand entrance," said the literal Paul, who did not understand his companion. "There's the Hall, and there's the Victoria Tower, and the Peer's entrance."

"That's the way Carlyon will go in," interrupted the stranger, smiling.

"How do you mean," said Paul. "Does he turn out to be the—he was always rather mysterious—but you are joking?"

The stranger laughed just so heartily as not to displease Paul, and replied,

"The heir to a peerage? No, no—at least, not so far as I know; for you, Mr. Chequerbent, are more intimate with him than myself."

"You know my name—I was going to ask you where we had met."

"I saw you in Cursitor-street, with another acquaintance of mine, Mr. Kether, and we had some slight introduction; but you had important business to attend to, and were in a hurry—I dare say you scarcely noticed me—my name is Heywood."

Paul did not look altogether comfortable at this, for he remembered that he had only been in that street which, for short, is called cursed—especially by enforced residents—once with Mr. Kether, and doubted not but that his companion had seen him emerging from the Aaronic portals. Heywood saw this.

"Kether afterwards told me your business there, which was an errand of kindness—to assist some poor little clerk who had got himself locked up. I hope you succeeded in ultimately releasing him."

Mr. Chequerbent's conscience struck him. Poor little Mooter,

to aid whom he had made so many vows when they were fellow-captives, but whom he had forgotten, as the chief butler did Joseph. But he inwardly applauded Kether's tact in telling Mr. Heywood such a falsehood, applause which, as it happened, that Mr. Leon Kether had done nothing to earn.

"We shall, I hope, manage the poor little fellow's affair," said Paul hastily, "but he has been very indiscreet, and reposed trust where he should not have placed it. I need not tell a man of the world," added Paul, with his best air of shrewdness, "what that sort of folly comes to."

"Ha!" replied the other, humouring Paul's affectation. "But we were speaking of Carlyon. I was just going to say, for don't let me give you a false impression about him, that it is not as the son of a peer that I suppose he will enter Parliament. However, you are pretty near the mark, for I conclude that it will be as a peer's son-in-law."

"The deuce," said Paul. "He never told me that."

"Well, in that case," said Heywood, "I have no right, perhaps, to speak, but if I rely on your discretion, I know that you will not get me into trouble. Hear it from himself, please, not from me—you understand."

"Certainly," said Paul; "but you have not told me what peer it is."

"Has he so large an acquaintance among the aristocracy, then, that you can be in much doubt? Did you not go down with him into the county where his noble friend lives?"

"Do you mean to Aspen Court? No, I did not go there; I had an important engagement at the time" (so our Paul described Mrs. Sellinger's ball and the police-cell) "and I was obliged to remain in town. But his noble friend! why, they have not been and made old Wilmslow a lord!"

"You seem to have a hankering for new creations," said Heywood, laughing. "But why need we make peers while Lord Rookbury is extant?"

"Lord Rookbury!" exclaimed Paul. "But he has no daughters."

"It is not material to the purpose that he should have more than one, and that solitary happiness he has certainly attained, as you know better than most people."

Poor Paul's heart gave a great beat, and he became very white, and then gulped a huge mouthful of mahogany-coloured brandy and water, and then tried to laugh. "A whole pannier full of old devils," to adopt the phrase of *Alcofribas*, was suddenly upset into his system, and they would have gone to work on the instant, but that a comforting thought occurred to him, and they had to be quiet for a minute.

"O, yes," he said, with an exceedingly miserable smile, decidedly made by distortion, and not by pleasure, "Lord Rookbury has lately discovered and claimed a daughter, under very romantic circumstances. She had been neglected, it seems."

"The romance, though, was in the atonement for the neglect,"

said Heywood. "Such neglect itself, I fancy, is common enough among gentlemen who happen to be so organised as not to be fond of children."

"He will, of course, provide for her in some way," said Paul.

"I should rather imagine he would," said the other, "and nobly, for it is not one of Lord Rookbury's particularly numerous vices to ill-treat his family. The young lady is a prize worth carrying off, and I wish the gallant Bernard all happiness."

Paul did not look as if he wished the gallant Bernard anything of the kind.

"Why," he said, "I know her well, and she is a very good and charming girl; but when you speak of a prize, in a worldly way, I don't know that the fortune of a natural daughter will be any such great matter."

"A natural daughter!" repeated Heywood; "my dear sir, don't you know better than that?"

"Better than what?" said Paul, angrily; and indeed he felt himself within an ace of bursting out very rudely indeed. "How do you mean, better?"

"You are an intimate friend of the lady, I believe," said Heywood, with a studied tone of deference. "You seem, or choose to seem, ignorant of certain circumstances,—I am hardly aware whether I should be serving her interests by saying what you, of all persons should know, without my information."

"So you should," whispered one of the demons to Paul, who immediately conceived wrath against poor little Angela for keeping secrets from him. But he was too much in earnest not to go on.

"I *am*," he said, "very sincerely interested in Miss Livingstone, and I should be delighted to hear of her welfare; why I have not heard of it I do not know, but you may rely upon my discretion, as you said just now."

"Then," said Heywood, "is it possible that you do not know that you have no longer any right to call her Miss Livingstone?"

"Is—is she married already?" said poor Paul, in a high voice, and with his eyes opened to an owlish stare. How he showed his whole hand to Heywood! if that player had needed to look over the cards.

"No, not yet," said Heywood, affecting not to notice the other's agitation; "and what Carlyon's rapidity as a wooer may be, remains to be seen. But, in the meantime, if you have any aristocratic friends who happen to be the younger sons of Marquesses, you can inform them that the lady who was Miss Livingstone now takes precedence over their wives."

"I don't understand," said Paul, so piteously, that he ought to have softened his tormentor.

"She is an Earl's daughter, sir, and will be known, until Mr. Carlyon's pleasure to the contrary be signified, as the Lady Anna Rookton. She was originally christened Anne, it seems, so they have reverted to that name, a little dignified, and have thrown over the playbill-pretty of Angela, which I think shows good taste."

"Do you mean to say," asked Paul, writhing on the hard carpeted bench, "that she is the Earl's legitimate child, and going to be acknowledged?"

"It appears," said Heywood, "that almost instantly after the death of the first Lady Rookbury, who had been a widow, and by whom there is one child, Lord Dawton,—the Earl found a second. It is said that the lady was of humble birth, but of proud virtue, or there would have been no marriage in the case. As to her early death, and the accidental mislaying of the young person who was the result of the union, there are various stories, and I should not very much wonder if you knew more about them than I do. But bye-gones are to be by-gones I hear, and Miss Livingstone, as aforesaid, is to be Lady Anna Rookton, until your friend makes her Lady Anna Carlyon, which is as pretty a couple of names as you will find in the peerage."

"By —," cried Paul, dashing his hand furiously upon the table, and making the glasses ring and the audience stare, "I knew nothing about this." He was going to cry, but he swallowed down his emotions (if his gesture were an exponent of the process), and added, in a vicious manner, and with elaborate articulation of all four words,—

"Very well. Never mind."

"I hope, my dear sir," said Mr. Heywood, "that I have not been the innocent cause of exciting any displeasure in you against the lady or your friend."

"Oh—no—not at all—not at all," said Paul, with a forced calmness; clearly "inventing" (according to modern rule) the sentiment of Othello's celebrated "not a jot."

"And I know it is needless to remind you, that what I have said is strictly between ourselves."

"Oh, of course," said Paul, snappingly. "But the recognition will be no secret, I suppose. What your precious lords do is proclaimed in the servile press to all the toadeaters of the country." Thus it will be seen that private wrong converted even the aristocratic Paul into a furious democrat.

"Not at present," said Heywood. "In fact, the Earl, for reasons of his own, wishes the affair kept as quiet as possible until Lord Dawton comes of age; and although the foolery of that manager, Phosphor, made the matter town-talk at the moment, it has blown over now, and there is to be no new publicity. So you will see that you will oblige your friend, Lady Anna, by knowing nothing but what you are told by her. I have, of course," he reiterated, "your promise not to mention me—your promise as a high-bred gentleman, as well as a man of the world."

Those two epithets were too much for Paul, even in his affliction, and he actually put his hand into his tormentor's in sign of good faith. Heywood pressed it cordially.

"You must not be offended," he said, in a kindly voice, "if I say another word; for your manifestation of feeling, which it would be impossible to overlook, affects me. I am a much older

am than yourself, and one whose vocation it is to advise and console. You look at my costume, but *cucullus non facit monachum*, you know."

Paul did not know anything of the sort, or what the words meant; nor did he much care just then, for he was very miserable.

"I am a clergyman; but not one of those spiritual surgeons who refuse to look at certain wounds, and only call them bad names. It is evident to me that you have been grieved by what I have told you, and that you deem yourself wronged by one or both of your friends."

"Oh, wronged. No: certainly not wronged. Who am I? People have a right to kick away old friends when they please, I suppose," jerked out Paul, who between grief, rage, and mahogany-coloured brandy-and-water, was getting reckless; and I do not believe that even the Temperance Orator, Mr. Gough himself, could have orationed him out of ordering another huge steaming potion. Heywood did not try, remembering, of course, that Rome does not deny brandy to the laity.

"Certainly, my dear friend—if you will permit me to call you so. If we had not that right, the world would be very disagreeable. But there are kindnesses which should not be forgotten, and you know best whether you have done them to either Lady Anna or Mr. Carlyon."

"Why, Carlyon would never have had his play out, and made such a reputation, but for me," cried Paul. Let us lay this curious mode of stating the case to the brandy, recollecting that it was certainly the fact, inasmuch as Bernard put his play on the stage to pay Paul's debts. "And as for Angela," he continued, "for I'm not going to call her Lady Anna, so you need not ask me to do it, and there's an end—no, there is not an end. The money I've spent in taking that girl out on the water and to dinners, and the things I have given her"—and he mused, and made a great A on the table with some of the liquor that was spilt, and then he wiped it out, indignantly, with his sleeve.

"Ingratitude is the common lot," said Heywood.

"Yes, but Angy and Carlyon were not a common lot," said Paul, making a jest which even his misery could hardly excuse. "They were two people, whom I had put my confidence into—in, I mean," he added, for the ends of his speech were losing their precision.

"But," said Heywood, "might I ask what very great harm they have done you. It is my duty not to let strife be stirred up without a cause. Lady Anna—you will allow me to call her so—has hitherto, in obedience to her father, probably, delayed to tell you the news, but you have known her a long time, and cannot think that she would willingly act unkindly."

"You are right," said Paul, "you are a true comforter; and if all the parsons were like you—but that's neither here nor there. Of course, you are right, that's the key to the whole affair; she is a good, dear girl, and I should like to hear anybody say she is not."

"I should not," said Heywood, quietly. "And then Carlyon, as Lady Anna's lover, could not do otherwise than——"

Such a bang upon the table!

"He her lover! He! Who's Carlyon? Who's he! Why should he call himself her lover? What right has he to do it? Carlyon her lover! Carlyon, my eye! Carlyon, my elbow! Carlyon——."

It is impossible to say what further illustrations Mr. Chequer-bent might have devoted to the garnishment of his subject, had he not been interrupted by Heywood.

"My dear sir," he said, "calm your excitement, because it can do you no good, and may do you harm. Lady Anna, or Miss Angela, if you will, would regret that you made her name the subject of loud talk in a public tavern."

Paul was instantly brought down to an intense whisper, in which, and with hideous grimaces, he apprised Heywood, leaning over to his ear to be sure he was heard, that Bernard Carlyon was an incarnate fiend.

"But," added Paul, louder, and for the general information of the room, "a perfecgenelam an a damlibralflo." But only the pen of Percival Leigh (who daguerreotypes the tipsy oratory of Reform Clubbers and others, to the delight of mankind) could do justice to our friend's later speeches. The brandy and the excitement had done their work, and Paul became bland, and smiling, and what is called by tragedians kee-alm, quite kee-alm.

"Of all stupid habits, that of getting tipsy is the most foolish," moralised the priest, throwing back his curls from his noble forehead. "One is useful neither for good nor for harm, not to mention indigestion. On the whole, I am glad that my failings did not take that direction. I should not like anybody to see my eyes gazing at the cigar lamp in the way that fellow's are fixed. Decidedly, drunkenness is a mistake." And the splendid violet eyes of which he had spoken, looked steadily and contemptuously on the face of the helpless Paul, who was certainly in a very advanced stage of mooniness. Yet, all things considered, it might be a question which of the two were the most satisfactory spectacle to any higher Intelligence just then passing by—the finely gifted man, who, with a view to ultimate mischief, had been condescending to torment a foolish boy—or that boy himself, who had only yielded to the torment, drunk himself insensible to end all other evils. We will not strike a balance, the less that Mr. Heywood, finding Paul incapable of taking care of himself, or of giving any more available direction than "Olebogey, sir, thaswhere I live," good-naturedly took him away to St. Alban's Place. The monks were always hospitable, which is more than can be said of divers folk who live on the plunder of monasteries.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE GREEKS.

ONE of the most astonishing and remarkable reversals of opinion and sentiment that ever took place in England, is certainly the admiration and interest so universally felt at present for that Mahomedan race, whom civilised Europe was wont to execrate so cordially in prose and verse ; which destroyed the Eastern Empire, annihilated its literature, and effaced its traditions. Thirty years ago the popular feeling in England remained still pretty much what it had been for centuries. And when the Greeks of the islands and of the Morea were in insurrection against the Moslems, the enthusiasm awakened for the Christians in this country was far greater than it was at St. Petersburg. We need appeal but to the commonest account of the Greek insurrection ; to Byron's life and death, poetry and correspondence ; to the policy of Canning, and even of Lord Aberdeen.

The present admiration for the Turks, and more than tolerance for their religion, which is the reversal of former convictions, and which marks the opinion of our educated class at present, is not of sudden birth, has not been created at once by the late unjust aggression of Russia, but has been sown and has germed both in our national philosophy and politics. When two such men, so diametrically opposed, as Thomas Carlyle and Professor Maurice, devote their genius to excuse or to panegyrisé Mahomet and his religion, we may be certain that the popular sentiment is taking that turn. Maurice, in his Lectures, plainly points out Mahomedanism as something permitted of Heaven, and working Heaven's will ; whilst Carlyle makes Mahomet one of the objects of his Hero-worship, and as one of the semi-divinities, which have legitimately fascinated and enthralled a large section of mankind. Such Mahomedanising taste which induced even the classic muse and gentle temper of Washington Irving to celebrate it, has, indeed, not been without its contradictors ; but it has had the better of them. And as our younger generation esteem it one of the truest signs and proofs of their progress that they prefer Tennyson to Byron, and deem Scott, Moore, and Crabbe very trumpery and inferior poets ; so it is considered *progress* with the fastest of this young, or *ci-devant* young school, to place Mahomet—we crave pardon for a profanation against which we protest—in the same rank with the Author of Christianity.

The most curious samples of the old way of thinking about Mahomet, and the new way of estimating him, are both to be found in the last successive numbers of the "Edinburgh Review." In one number of this great organ Mahomedanism is put completely on a par with Christianity ; and the different races of the East are considered as perfectly capable of amalgamating in creed and in everything else, with Constantinople for the central point, the

Patriarch and the Mufti going arm-in-arm, the Bishop and the Ulema, the Wahabee and the Armenian Dissenter all fraternizing. Whilst this ingenious scheme of fusion is preached in one number of the "Edinburgh Review," and Mahomedanism evidently represented as the fittest creed to moralise and civilise the East, the very opposite opinion, and precisely the contrary schemes, are propounded and developed in the succeeding number of the "Review" by, no doubt, a very different brain and pen. In the latter essay, Mahomedanism is no longer looked to as the saving creed of the East, but, on the contrary, represented as the grave of freedom and civilisation. Instead of its unitarianism being depicted as something so pure, that Christianity itself might be improved by it, Mahomedanism is represented as a very sensual and grovelling collection of puerile rites and sanitary observances. And, in fact, if any one wanted to be acquainted with both sides of the question, sincerely and ably stated, he has nothing to do but to read the two numbers and two articles of the "Edinburgh Review," for the opinion of old England and of new England respecting Turkey.

While the Whigs thus fairly give the *pro* and the *con* in the great moral dispute between the Cross and the Crescent, the old Tory party, or the "Quarterly Review," have flung up their caps for the Prophet of Mecca. And a modern traveller is very severely handled for asserting, that the Turks have no physicians and few hospitals; that the lower orders at Constantinople have neither women nor wives, and die untended and uncared-for in want and age; that they scowl at Franks, nay, beat them occasionally for daring to enter mosques; and that the position of Europeans amongst them, even in the streets of the capital, is full of risk, humiliation, and disgust. Not one of these assertions but is too true. And as to polygamy, and the relation of the sexes in the Turkish dominion, no author has ever come near to the revolting truth, which, indeed, decent language could not depict. The writer in the "Quarterly" would shift the argument by asserting that Turkish peasants seldom marry more than one wife. The question is not of Turkish peasants, but of Turkish towns-folk, of which the rich will have a score of women, and the poor no female companion at all. The immorality of the Turkish town is not to be blotted out by the monogamy of the Turkish peasant, who, if he is content with one wife, it is only because, and as long as, he cannot afford two. All these horrors, which form a part of the infidel creed of the East, are slurred over and denied with the same effrontery by the "Quarterly Review" that Church peccadillos are denied and defended at home. The mollah is as dear to the Tory as the bishop; and the High-Church is to be defended, whether it be that of Mecca or of Canterbury.

Whilst our old and young schools of politics and philosophy have thus been labouring to place Mahomedan and Christian on a par, the representatives of the Greek race have certainly been labouring to display it, in a political light, as not superior to the Turk. The Greek monarchy has now had a quarter of a century's duration, and what has it done? Has it rendered the people

under its sway happy, prosperous, or free? Has its wealth or its population increased? Are its systems of justice or administration at all more independent, more just, or more advanced than those of Turkey? Is its taxation less? Are its finances in better order, or is corruption less the rule of its government? Has constitutional government in Greece thrown forth any number of able men, or respected and consistent politicians? Has monarchic Greece become an asylum, a choice resort, for Greeks born in other localities still under Mahomedan rule? Has Athens become the sea-port of Greece? Has its university become the resort of the youth of the race? Has Greece, in short, fulfilled any one of the many and the mighty expectations formed of it?

Attached as we are to Greece, to the vitality and to the prosperity of the race, we are sorry to be compelled to admit that satisfactory answers cannot be given to such queries as these. Greece has been misgoverned. Its King has made no friends for either himself or his country, at home or abroad; and instead of having advanced Greece towards that great heritage, which every one was ready once to assign to it, every power in Europe seems agreed in nothing so perfectly and so completely, as in the expediency of showing no more favour, or granting no more extension to Greece.

We must confess that we think Europe wrong in these sweeping conclusions, and its statesmen and its autocrats ill-judging when they pronounce these anathemas against Greece. As we still beg to be of the opinion against the young philosophy of the time, that there are far better prospects, a far greater degree of prosperity, of freedom, and of civilisation to be attained by races professing the Christian belief, than by tribes adhering to the Mahomedan, so we adhere to the other vulgar, and perhaps antiquated belief, that the Hellenic is by far the best, the noblest, the most capable, and most promising of all the races, which follow the Greek religion, and which people, as rayahs, the countries on either side of the Ægean. The Turks may be very decorous gentlemen, as well-mannered, idealess, and insipid, as to entitle them to mingle in the aristocratic circles of Europe. The Greek may be far more vulgar, stamped with the qualities of a long-oppressed race, very subtle, rather deceitful, mistrustful of the foreigner, and, in fact, not at all such a good fellow as the Turk. But we maintain that all these are qualities acquired by an oppressed and misgoverned race, and that half a century of real freedom and restoration to their old supremacy, would wash away every one of these vulgar stigmas.

Whilst we are on the subject of Greek failings, let us, as true friends of the Greek, observe upon one of these, which has not been noticed, and which, if made known to the intelligence of their men of sense, may be remedied. The Greek merchants and traders in this country are not popular in the localities where they have chosen their residence. They have settled in Manchester in great numbers, and do considerable business in that city. But they are not popular there either as merchants or as men, and do not by their presence, their connections, or their

friends in England, augment that fraternal feeling for Greeks, which we English ever are so ready, and which we are still so open, to entertain. It may be said that this is chiefly owing to Greeks retaining even in Manchester their Oriental habits, which proscribe society, and which shut a man up in his calling or his family. But the society of Manchester is not very convivial, and many friends are gained and kept there by no greater intercourse than may be maintained on Change and in the current business of the day. But even here the Greek is represented as close and churlish, as a complete contrast with the open and mercurial Athenian of ancient days. There are graver reproaches made to their modes of mercantile dealing—reproaches that have been made to other Oriental races, especially to that Caucasian one, which Mr. Disraeli has so heroized. Of the truth of such accusations we shall not inquire. We shall merely hint that it is a great pity to find the large colony of Greek merchants at Manchester not adding to English sympathy and interests for the Hellenic race, but, on the contrary, contributing to counteract them. The Greeks may say they are mercantile rivals, and therefore disliked. But this will not hold, for the Germans settle in our great mercantile communities as rivals too, and they, instead of exciting dislike, command respect, and in many instances become sons of their adopted, rather than of their native country.

If there be something to amend in even the private conduct of the Greek, it would be difficult to give an adequate idea of the amount of folly which the Government has committed. The Queen of Greece is generally allowed to be clever, but hers must be cleverness in a very small circle, since her Majesty could not foresee the inevitable consequence of entering into a determined system of hostility towards Great Britain, and of petty pique towards its representative. Sir Edward Lyons felt and acted towards Greece and its Court as an honest Liberal, strongly attached to the idea of seeing genuine representative government developed there. But the same course of things prevailed in Greece, as that which prevailed in Turkey. The Mavrocordato of the one, was the Reschid Pasha of the other. The modern, the reforming, the Europeanising, civilian party, had to struggle in both countries against the old-fashioned, domineering, feudal Pashas here, and Palikari there. The Sultan, Abdul Medjid, has, however, resisted the Pashas, and their antiquated system of tyranny and spoliation, supporting Reschid Pasha with the energy of a wise and a good man. Otho, on the other hand, has driven from his person and his councils the liberal party in Greece, and given himself up altogether to the local chieftains and the rude Palikari.

There was one man who, from the first, fully foresaw and foretold that constitutional government could not succeed in Greece. This was Capo d'Istrias. The local authority of the wealthy ship-owner in the ports and islands, of the proprietorial and hereditary chiefs in the hills and villages, would, he said, overbear all others, neutralise all government, and falsify every element of freedom—

such, for example, as election. Capo d'Istrias, therefore, was no sooner possessed of superior power, than he employed it—first, for the destruction of the influence and independence of the island magnates; and, secondly, he was proceeding, and had already commenced humbling the mountain aristocracy, when a son of one of them took the shortest means of ridding the Palikari of such a foe, by slaying him with a dagger. The pity was, that Capo d'Istrias, after having humbled the islands, was not permitted to humble the mountaineers and other chiefs. Had both been reduced to normal obedience to a central government, or had both been left to combat and neutralise each other, constitutional government would have been possible.

But apart from considerations of government, constitutional or other, England and France ought to have foreseen, when they emancipated Greece, that its population comprised but two elements—the rural and the naval, the agricultural and the commercial, the feudal and the civic. If Greece was to be progressive, wealthy, liberal, and enlightened, it was quite clear which of these classes was to be favoured and developed. And it was plain, also, that it was by encouraging the commercial and naval Greeks that the rural population and landed interest could most effectually, though indirectly, be benefited. Unfortunately the main effect of the insurrection, and even of independence, was to destroy the naval and commercial prosperity of Greece. The Greeks had risen, grown powerful and wealthy, by being the ship-builders, and owners, and sailors of the Turkish Empire and the Turkish fleet. The war of course interfered with this, but the peace completely destroyed it. Canning had an inkling of how great a misfortune this would be to Greece, when he proposed that it should remain under the suzerainty of Turkey. Lord Aberdeen tells us, he recommended and carried the measure of its complete independence; but that independence was the ruin of the only advanced element of the Greek nation, of its naval and commercial industry. What a true friend of Greece would have sought for at the time, would have been so to reunite Greece and Turkey as to have allowed the Greeks to resume their position of sailors and traders. It was difficult, but it should have been tried; because Greece, deprived of that, necessarily sunk and collapsed; and not only Greece, but the most civilised and advanced portion of the Greeks, the commercial, and civic, and island population. We wonder very much why King Otho should bestow all his favour upon the rustic Palikari of Arcadia or Ætolia, whilst he withholds it from the Hydriot and Timariot; but the fact is, he has transferred his patronage and favour to that party in which there was most life and hope, and abandoned that commercial class which he found merely poor and discontented.

To bring the question home to an English reader. Suppose, about a century ago, that a revolution and a change of dynasty had taken place in England, which had suspended English commerce, and given English sailors and shipping nothing to do; which would have deprived Bristol and London of their influence, activity, and

wealth; and which would have placed obstacles in the way of Liverpool rising or Manchester existing. Suppose the success of the Pretender in 1745 should have produced this, would it be a wonder that the country should retrograde, the treasury be empty, the court unpopular, and the new king fling himself on the landed interest and the Tory party for support, however it might take away the liberal element from the Government. Now this is, in some measure, King Otho's case. He has exaggerated his difficulties by his folly and bad faith. But these difficulties were not of his making.

Think or do what one will with Otho, however, there are but two alternatives for Greece. You must either restore the Greek race to its old advantages, or you must annihilate it altogether. We are very sorry to question the wisdom and justice of two such eminent politicians as Lord John Russell and the Emperor Nicholas, but we beg to say that the declaration with regard to Greece, in which they both agreed, is both impolitic and impracticable. The very announcement of that joint opinion is enough to make the heart of every Greek bound in indignation against his breast, and to make every sword leap from its scabbard. The Emperor Nicholas puts his ban upon monarchic Greece, and prohibits its extension, because he sees that it is unfavourable to him; that it might stand between him and Constantinople; nay, might dispute it. Surely such a declaration on the part of Russia ought to have created in a British mind a yearning towards a race and a country thus eyed and treated by the Czar as a rival and a foe. But Lord John Russell's breast knew no such sentiment. He merely thought of Otho's treatment of British consuls, British envoys, British interests; and declares too glaringly, that Greece thus administered was unworthy of extension or favour for the future. Alas! if every country that was mal-administered was condemned to annihilation, what would have become of the very proudest of European kingdoms? If a race is to be cast to the dogs, because the king whom the other powers of Europe imposed upon it was a cross-grained and lubberly boy, or because, just emancipated from Turkish tyranny, it was unable to accomplish the difficult task of constitutional government, what sentence, then, are we to award to Spain, or to Prussia, or to Ireland, or to a great many countries who have certainly presented, or do present, the most flagrant examples of mal-administration and unconstitutionality?

If it be unfair to Turkey, or inexpedient for the balance of power, that certain portions of Greece and its population, which are of no use or strength to the Sultan, should still not be united to monarchic Greece, let the English minister say so. But let him not plead Otho's misconduct as a just and valid reason for punishing and disinheriting the Greeks. They would never have dreamed of electing Otho, if European diplomacy had not presented the young Bavarian Prince as a candidate. The Greeks would not only not have elected King Otho, but would in all probability have given themselves no monarch at all. They would have constituted themselves a small republic, united by a fe-

deral head, which at least would have had the advantage of economy, and have spared them the expense of a Court, an army, of a treasury to be spent in corruption, and a metropolis peopled by place-hunters and diplomatists. Had the Greeks been left to form a federal republic, we should now not have had the full weight and vigour of the country thrown across the frontier in insurrection. The frontier states would then have been Ætolia, or Locris, or Bœotia, little states easily intimidated, or reduced to neutrality, instead of, at present, a whole kingdom rising in enthusiasm and in arms. As to the name of a republic, which frighten some, we can only observe that the mountain republics of Switzerland, which resemble the Morea, are about the most conservative governments in Europe.

If these things are now not so, and if Greece is so maladministered, that the moment the Western Powers want to back Turkey against Russia, and save her from its grasp, Greece rushes in to obstruct our task, whose fault is it? Who organised Greece as a monarchy? Who placed it under the command of Otho, or who gave Otho the power to place the resources of Greece at the disposal of the Palikari? The Four powers, which signed the Treaty in London, did this; and the Greeks did not do it. If the consequences are "untoward," let them be laid to the account of those who produced them, not to a race, which was allowed so little freedom in the organisation of its government, and which had none at all in the choice of its King.

Every state in Europe is now marching with its forces to occupy some portion of the Ottoman Empire. Whatever happens, their military force secures to each power a voice and an influence in the future disposal and arrangement of that territory. In diplomacy, and in parliament, and in newspapers, we pretend that the sole aim is to defend and maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; but the Ottoman Empire may be maintained in circumference and in name, whilst the Ottoman supremacy, or the ascendancy of that race shall have declined and even disappeared. Such, at least, is the belief of every rational man, and every wide-awake country in Europe as well as in the East. If Austria wants to occupy Servia, and if Russia retains the Principalities, if English and French troops fortify the peninsula of the Dardanelles, and take a commanding position in Roumelia, the Greeks naturally wish to advance their standard beyond Arta, and to hoist their national flag as a rallying-point for their co-religionists and brother Hellens of Epirus and Thessaly.

Nor is monarchic Greece so much to be blamed for such forwardness and such pretensions, for, in putting them forth, it does but preserve the character which we clothed it with, and follow up the aim which we destined it to pursue. The great fault of the settlement of Greece was, that we not only abstracted it from the rule of Turkey, but made it the rival of that empire; the races were hostile, the countries were inimical; this could not be avoided. But we might have avoided setting up a Greek dynasty, which to the Sultan was, and is, a more serious rivalry than either.

With respect to Greece, as well as with respect to Turkey, the politicians of the west of Europe have completely changed their minds since 1825. They now think nearly the reverse of what they thought, when the battle of Navarino was fought, and the Greek monarchy established; and the greater part of the differences of opinion between us and Greece arises from our having changed our opinion, whilst they remain true to theirs. We then undoubtedly thought that a Greek nation and a Greek dynasty would be convenient to succeed at any necessary time to the throne of Byzantium.

We now see the danger of having entertained the idea. We now see that the ascendancy of the Turks is necessary to unite and direct the resources of the empire to its defence against the Russians; and we regard Greece and its Court as an obstacle and a foe to this, which is one of the main designs of modern policy. Yet we are not really hostile to the Greek race. We do not sincerely believe in 1854, any more than we did in 1824, that the Ottoman race will maintain its ground and its supremacy for ever. We see the Christian races growing beneath it. We see the Greeks to be the most important of these races, and we look forward in silence to that time, when the Christians will be as predominant in power and in intelligence as they are already in numbers. But we are bound to see this revolution accomplished gradually. We must not allow the Turks to suspect the future, which we regard as likely to befall them, neither must we allow the Greeks to be carried away by such prospects; for civil war would be the result, each race being certain to seek to anticipate the tardy current of events. Thus European politicians are inevitable hypocrites both at Constantinople and at Athens. They must pretend to have better hopes and opinions of the Turks than they can have. And they must appear to look coldly upon the hopes and upon the spirit of the Greeks, even whilst convinced at heart that both are natural and legitimate, honourable and just. If the Turks could but see through us, they would wish us at the bottom of the Atlantic: and very probably they do both. And if the Athenians could see to the bottom of what are English and French opinions and intentions, they would know that we do much greater justice to their prospects, and allow much greater scope to their fortunes, than they believe, or than we confess.

What is greatly to be desired at present is, to convey in some manner to Greek conviction, that we are not the enemies of their race; that our first object is to resist, and place a final barrier to Russian ambition and encroachment,—but that this, far from condemning the Greeks to weakness or to a stationary position, would, on the contrary, remove the only great obstacle to their extension. Whatever be the fate of Turkey, whether in Europe or in Asia, whether the Hellenes and Slavons unite in one empire, or separate into two, we may depend on the Hellenic race as being more favoured and more akin to the west of Europe and its ideas, than ever the Slavonic races will be. We see not why they should not amalgamate, or should not agree; but, to us, the Hellenic

element appears far more valuable, more capable, more independent, more worthy of our patronage and favour. And we know of nothing so impolitic and to be deplored, as a sweeping declaration of a prime minister or leading statesman against the Greeks as a race.

We are aware that Lord John Russell's declaration was merely against Otho and his government. If so, it should have been accompanied at the time, or at least should now be modified, by a declaration of the British Minister of sympathy for the Greeks as a race. It may be expedient to oppose the extension of the present monarchy of Greece; but, if so, it ought to be stated clearly, as the opinion of English politicians, that monarchic Greece does not represent the Greek race. It might be fairly stated, that the political power which Greece has acquired by its complete independence, has been not a profit but a damage to it. It has made enemies for Greece, not friends; has been a source of weakness, not strength. Had Greece been left thirty years ago possessed of local independence, with its suzerainty and political supremacy in the hands of the Porte, it would be more advanced towards becoming a great state than it is now. Consequently, the well-wisher to the Greeks may not propose to confer upon any more Greeks, whether of the islands or the continent, whether of Epirus or Thessaly, any further degree of political independence. To be really free from the Turkish Pasha and the Turkish tax-gatherer, the Turkish Cadi and the Turkish Molla, to be free in their communities, and equal with the Turks in all questions of property, litigation or right,—this is much more important to the Greek, than to be the citizen of an isolated and stagnant state like monarchic Greece, without head, or activity, or industry, or resources, without even freedom, security, present power, or future prospects.

When the kingdom of Greece was established, although that event took place not thirty years ago, still great doubts prevailed, and great mistakes were made, as to the aim in view, and as to the best mode of attaining it. The object of some was merely to form a quiet asylum for such Greeks as wished to escape Turkish tyranny; but there is something worse than tyranny, and that is, destitution, poverty, and insignificance. It was proposed at first to confine Greece to the Morea. But the truth is, that in the modern world numbers, position, wealth, are required to the formation, prosperity, and contentment of a nation. What ought to have been principally avoided was the division of them. Two millions or more of Greeks scattered over the islands, and over the plains of Thessaly, as well as the mountains north and west of it, were not too many. To have kept the race united, even in a kind of common obedience to the Turk, would have been better than to push off half of them under king Otho's rule, and subject the rest to the immediate sway of Turkish pashas. Leaving the Greeks of Candia and the Greeks of Epirus under the dominion of the Porte, has not increased the power of the Sultan, for the Turks will not trust or employ them. They remain, therefore, disaffected

and useless subjects, paying scarcely any tribute in money, and none in allegiance.

To have emancipated the Greeks south of a certain line, and formed them into an independent European monarchy, and then to ordain or to suppose, that they or their Government would not keep up their relations with the rest of their race beyond that frontier, was an idle hope, an impracticable aim. It was, in fact, the Greeks of Epirus who first began the war of independence, and the idea of excluding them from service and sympathy with monarchic Greece, was an absurdity. It might not be possible to ask or to attain more territory of the Porte, but to expect that the Greeks of Thessaly and Epirus would ever remain obedient and quiet subjects of the Sultan, whilst some miles off their fellow-Greeks had been not only enabled to fling off the Turkish yoke, but to form a kingdom, and a government, a church, and an army, in rivalry of the Turk, was indeed most visionary.

The means by which the Greek Government, or rather the ultra-Greek party at Athens, communicate and influence the Greeks within the dominions of Turkey, are the associations styled *Heterie*. These associations consist of the principal Greeks of a district, headed by their priest. A little money raised from a fine, to which all wealthy Greeks contribute, and to which Russia adds its quota, supplies each Heteria with the means of action. These supplies in some places are employed to form and support a journal; in other places, they go to arm bands and keep them together; but everywhere the view of the Heteria is towards the breaking up of the Ottoman empire, and the necessity of the Greeks stepping into the shoes of the Turks. There are Heterie in monarchic Greece, as well as out of it: and no doubt the present insurrection is of their making.

We are very indignant with King Otho for patronising these bodies, and for secretly seeking to keep at their head. But the truth is, that it would be completely fruitless for Otho to act himself against them. And the only result of his declared hostility to them would be, that the Heterie would declare the Czar Nicholas their chief, and they would continue quite as active as before, whilst, setting King Otho aside, and placing him under the same ban that Russia or England in their official declarations have done. The king of Greece is or can be nothing, except either as the nominee and representative of the European powers, or as representing and furthering the ideas and the aims of his people. From foreign powers he has however nothing to hope. The opinions of England and of Russia respecting him are both on record. His only resource has been to fall back upon the Greeks and upon their natural ardour for extension and predominance. And in this Otho certainly does represent the feelings of all Greeks, be they of inland, or of mountain, follow they Mavrocordato or Metaxa.

Our policy with respect to Greece should be, never to attempt to punish or coerce Otho in matters respecting which he is in perfect accord with his people. For by attacking him on these points we do but weaken our own influence, while we strengthen his. When

we supported the constitutional party in Athens against the Palikari party, which Otho preferred, we were able to check his arbitrary career; but when we blockaded the Piræus, because the Jew, Pacifico, was mobbed, we made all Greeks rally to the king, and really strengthen him for the time. So it will be now, if we be carried away into the blunder of blockading Athens to prevent the Greeks flying to take arms and join their fellow-countrymen of Epirus and Thessaly. We shall, by such a measure, only demonstrate that our policy is anti-Hellenic, which will render the very name of Englishman as odious throughout Greece as it is already at the court of Athens. Not only will our name be unpopular, but our counsels be unheeded; for no power can persuade the Greeks not to try to reunite all their tribes and races, and not seek to succeed the Turks in the possession of the soil, and of political sovereignty. You can never persuade the Greek that the conquest of his nation and his capital by Mahomet the Second, four centuries ago, was final. And an Englishman is as illiberal as he is unjust, if he seeks even to persuade himself so.

Our best policy towards Greece must be, not measures of coercion or intimidation, which the Greeks are always brave enough to resist, and cunning enough to evade, but fair means, the policy of amity and persuasion, and the abandonment of antagonism. We have now an excellent opportunity. The Czar has publicly declared himself hostile to the extension of the Greek monarchy. He thereby equally shows himself opposed to the civil freedom and development of the Greeks. All he has gone to war for was the maintenance of the Greek Church and priesthood in independence of the Sultan, no doubt; but at the same time as complete and despotic masters, judicial and political, over their flocks. This is not at all satisfactory to the Greeks themselves. It is a system which might suit the Vladika of Montenegro, or the monasteries of Mount Athos, but certainly would not suit any free or independent community.

What is required for the Greeks, not only of the monarchy, but of the Turkish provinces and the islands, is to be informed of their true interests, and to be enabled to recognise their true friends, so as to keep neutral, or, at least, passive in the present struggle going on between the Russians and Turks, security being given to them that the triumph of Turkey will not have the effect of riveting their chains, or aggravating their condition; whilst their ability to succeed the Turks, or profit by their fall, will be improved by their peaceful organisation and conduct, far more than by their armed interference and unreasonable aggression.

If the character which we are to assume on the Levant be that of allies of the Sultan against Russia, we should take care not to be considered the allies of Turkey against Greece. Yet this we must be, if war ensue between these two powers. In our opinion we should have interfered to prevent the untimely declaration of war issued by Turkey against Russia, which merely produced the disaster of Sinope. And we should also prevent any similar declaration of war between Greece and Turkey, which must be attended

with even more untoward results. Some one said, that if France and England were agreed, they ought not to permit a single cannon-shot to be fired in Europe. If this be not true of Europe, it ought, at least, to be true of the Levant. France and England ought to have influence enough at Athens to prevent this. And the best way to prevent it, is not to menace or to establish any blockade of Athens; but to assure King Otho's government, that, if he persists, France and England will take up the cause of the Greeks of Epirus and Thessaly in such a way as to render them for ever independent of any connection with monarchic Greece, and possessed of privileges far more profitable and essential than those enjoyed in Attica and the Morea.

Our diplomatists have evidently been much embarrassed at Constantinople, by their desire to obtain immunities for the Christians without a treaty, which would enable Russia to charge them with claiming the very same thing that they objected to his doing. This reluctance to bind the Porte by treaty has given great power to the old Turk party to obstruct the measures of justice and reform. We spoke, in a previous part of this article, how desirable it would be to restore the Greeks of the ports and islands to their old habits and privileges of serving the Porte as sailors and as shipowners. It would be as great a matter to restore the Christian mountaineers to their old authority of keeping order and acting as armed police to their districts. Previous to the war of independence, the mountaineers of Epirus and Ætolia formed bands of *armatoles*, as they were called, under the authority of the Sultan, of whom they were well satisfied and contented to receive the pay. Now there is no authorised Greek armed force in these regions. The Pasha of the province alone keeps an armed force about him, altogether Mahomedan; and when these are called to allay any trouble, or enforce any tribute, they of course occasion infinitely more disorder than they appease, cost much more money than they collect, and waste and destroy more than they are worth. Unmixed Christian populations should govern themselves, pay their tribute, and administer justice without the intervention of Turks. They did this in the last century—why are they not allowed to do it now?

When Christians and Mussulmans are mixed, as in Thessaly, the communities, as they reside apart, so they may have their authorities apart, with merely the Pasha over all; and with their mixed tribunals for judicial purposes, which we have seen, with great pleasure, the Porte establish in the provinces: such a tribunal already exists in the capital, and has been found to work well in the decision of commercial disputes. Nothing can be more liberal than the edict of the Sultan, ordaining the establishment of similar tribunals in the provinces, with the admission of Christian testimony and the authority of Christian assessors. Every one is aware, that the edict of Gulhané established a mixed council of a similar kind for deciding contested points in the administration of the province, the Christian priest, or Bishop, as well as notables of the same creed, being called to participate in such councils. Had

these provisions of the edict of Gulhané been fully acted upon in Thessaly, for example, we should not have heard at the present day of the insurrection of that province. Nothing would so completely check the Heterias and their spirit as fair and free principles and modes of administration, such as Reschid Pasha laid down. Unfortunately, in all that regards provincial administration, the edict of Gulhané has remained very much a dead letter. But the full execution of the provisions of that edict in the provinces of Europe may, at least, be demanded and insisted on by French and English diplomatists. Had Russia chosen to lend her aid to that great measure of reform—had the demands of the Czar in the Divan been directed towards enforcing this the best mode of not only liberating the Christians from Turkish oppression, but teaching them to take part in administration and in legal judgments themselves, Europe could not have found fault with the Czar. But the edict of Gulhané has been the abhorrence of Russia, which is an additional reason for us to support it, and see that it be acted upon.

With respect to the Greeks in Asia, except in such neighbourhoods as Smyrna, Trebizond, Broussa, and Erzeroom, it is much to be feared that the Provincial Councils, provided by Reschid's reform, are not possible. There the Pasha must remain still despotic, still wield the sword like his predecessors of past centuries. Whatever taxes are levied, must be gathered in, it is to be feared, in a military way, with an appliance of terror and of rudeness. The Christians of Asia Minor, unless where they are agglomerated in towns and districts of their own, are at the mercy of the Mahomedans, have been spoiled and maltreated for ages; but, on the other hand, they have never rebelled, they have never risen to the courage of vindictiveness; but there is not that mistrust of them by the Turks, and such inveterate, or, at least, vivid hatred of the Turks by them, which unfortunately prevails in Europe. In Asia, then, the influence and action of a beneficial and liberal government must do everything. The peace of a province, or the tranquillity of the Christians, will depend upon the justice, and protection, and immunities afforded them, more by the will of the uncontrolled governors, than by any law which it may please the Sultan to enact. We have Consuls in these regions. They have hitherto been powerless to protect the Christians of Asia from oppression and from rapine. They will be now powerful, and they ought to remain so. For, if we lend our aid to preserve Turkey from Russia, the least we can ask in return is the power of remonstrating and forbidding the relapse of the Turks into their old lazy ways of cruelty, and their contempt both for the property and life of subject races.

It would be the most gross of absurdities on our part, to refrain from affording protection, or from coming forward as their protectors, because, forsooth, by doing so we weaken the authority of the Porte. We are bound, no doubt, to protect the Turk. But we have a much higher duty, which is to preserve the territory of Turkey from Russia. We should make use of the Turks

for that great purpose of defence, as long as the Turks were able to undertake and perform such duty; but the contingency may arise of the Turks not being able to fulfil their duty. They may be beaten, so utterly discomfited in the Danubian provinces, as to be unable to defend the Balkan, or to rally behind it. We do not think this likely, but it is possible. Defeat, or any other cause of disheartenment, such as want of resources, of vigour in the administration, a decay of religious zeal, may stop the present influx of Asiatic recruits to swell the European armies of Turkey. Let us suppose that, by any of these causes or chances, the military generations of Asiatic Turkey refuse, or cease to cross the Bosphorus to the defence of European Turkey, who then is to defend it? The answer is plain. There are the Greek race, Slavonic and Hellenic, warlike and brave men, able to defend, as to cultivate the territory, if we can give them independent rights, in the one hand, and good swords in the other.

This contingency, although statesmen cannot admit it in their public discourses to be possible, ought to be taken in account. For if it be possible in the present, it is probable in the future, and we should look forward to that future, and prepare for it, by rallying Hellens and Slavons to the defence and independence of their territory by procuring them, whilst under Turkish sovereignty or suzerainty, all the rights and privileges necessary for their development, their nationality, and their content, and teach them to trust to us, rather than the Czar, as the friends of their religion, their freedom, and their race.

The great duty to be performed by us, presents few difficulties as far as the Slavonic and Romaic races are concerned; for there exists in those provinces which have felt Russian occupation and tasted of Russian servitude, a salutary horror of being made permanently subject to the Czar, or to the Austrian emperor either. There is a strong spirit of independence in Servians, Wallachians, and Moldavians, which, the moment we eject the Russians from amongst them, would rise to patriotic ardour. They have already institutions and princes of their own, to which we have little to add, and to which we need apply but the one rule, that of preserving the balance between the aristocratic and democratic influence.

If the Hellens, especially of the provinces beyond the frontier of monarchic Greece, do not entertain similar or equal feelings of independence, if they place more faith in Russia, it is that they have received its gold, and not felt its iron rule. And it is also because the western powers have been apparently severe, and often inimical to Greece, and the administration of the Ionian islands unfortunately at variance with the race. We are well aware of the difficulties which beset the Ionian Government, and of the success with which Russia has accomplished her plans of creating a permanent antagonism between the British Government of Corfu and the Hellenic cause in Cephalonia and the islands. But nothing is irremediable, and especially since Russia has flung off the mask by the declaration of the Czar against Greece, the best use

might be made of it to form a reconciliation between us and the Hellenes. We feel confident, that to effect this, is the first step towards a satisfactory solution of the difficult question of the East. For we may depend upon this, that if we attempt to settle it without the Hellenes, we shall have but sown disorder, and accomplished no settlement whatever.

At the moment we write, tidings have reached the country of a decree of the Porte, banishing all the Greeks from Constantinople, who will not acknowledge the sovereignty of the Porte. This is aimed at two classes of Greeks, those who are subjects of Otho, and those who claim protection from the Russian embassy. We cannot say that the Porte has not the right to expel these two classes of Greeks from Constantinople. But as most of them are engaged in trade, and in the ways of industry, and moreover the event has probably some meaning, their forcible expulsion would merely have the effect of sending them to join the insurrection in Epirus, in Thessaly, or elsewhere. It is therefore ill-judged, and only shows the Porte more inclined to take resolutions *ab irato* than to weigh coolly the consequence as well as reason of its acts. The premature declaration of war led, as we before said, to Sinope. The expulsion of the Greeks might lead to the resuscitation of that Greek insurgent army, represented to be dwindling away. It may be the policy or the caprice of the Divan to ruin the commercial Greeks of Constantinople, those especially who claim an origin or have right of citizenship in Greece Proper. But this is not the interest of England or of France. The commercial Hellenes are precisely that class which we should protect and foster; and not merely the commercial Hellenes in the Piræus or Patras, which towns afford unfortunately little scope for their development, but the commercial Hellenes of Constantinople, which is and must be the capital of the Greek race.

Let us consider what Constantinople wants above all things. It wants the existence, we might say the formation, of a trading and commercial and a middle class, without which it cannot be prosperous or civilised—without which it cannot have resources or ideas. The Turks cannot furnish this class; they are incapable of it. The Turks may make soldiers, or landlords, or magistrates, or placemen; but a mercantile body of Turks will never exist. The Greeks alone can form this class; and it is far better for us that the Hellenic Greeks should form it, than either the Slavons or the Armenians. We cannot, therefore, but consider the ejection of the Hellenes from Constantinople as one of those measures most inimical to our interests, and the most favourable to barbarism, that the war has yet produced.

Not only will it deprive Constantinople of the wealthy, the industrious, and the Christian population, which it is our interest to have there, but it will throw the Greeks exiled from Constantinople into ways of life hostile to us and to Turkey. Greeks, like other people, must live, however living statesmen may be inclined to deny them the alternative; and if they are excluded from the paths of industry and commerce, they will take those of

war, of robbery, and of rapine. The ship-owner, banished from Constantinople, will make of his brig a pirate vessel. The Greek artizan, who earns his penny at Pera, will turn to earn his livelihood on the mountains with yataghan and rifle. Our ambassador is sitting by, and allowing the Turks to commit this folly. He is allowing Turkey to provoke a new enemy, before it has shown its capability of coping with the one that has already not only occupied its Principalities, but advanced into Bulgaria.

If proofs were wanting of what we have been trying to establish and explain—viz. the superiority of the Hellens over the Slavons for defending the independence of the territory—we could find them in the event of the war. Had Turkey in these northern provinces a maritime population that could be depended on—had it attached to its fleet a body of active sailors, or boatmen, such as the Greeks proverbially are, the Russians could no more have advanced to the conquest of the Dobrudscha than she could have flown over the Balkan. It appears from the Russian official account, that a large portion of the invading Russian army was actually conveyed in boats out of the Sulina mouth of the Danube and into the mouth of the St. George branch—a manœuvre which it is utterly disgraceful for powers which were masters of the sea not to have prevented. The Russian general durst not have ventured such a manœuvre had he had Greek sailors to contend with. As to the Turks pretending to have an efficient fleet without Hellenic sailors it is simply absurd. The efficacy and achievements of a purely Turkish fleet may be seen at Sinope. Nor could any amount of Slavons avail. Even the mouths and adjoining country of the Danube could not furnish forth an efficient boat's crew. Constantinople is a maritime position. To suppose that any native race or people can defend it permanently and effectually, except Hellens, is absurd. The Turks may play the sovereign in that capital, but they are incapable of even peopling it. The Slavons and Roumans might swell its population; but they could not man a boat or fight a vessel in its defence. There is but one race in the Ottoman Empire that could do that—the Hellens. And yet all our words, acts, and efforts go to disinherit and distrust, to vilify and destroy these very Hellens, that form the only hope of an independent and civilised empire in those regions.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER V.

GLENGARIFF.—A CHARACTER.—KILLARNEY.—EXCURSIONS.—ASCENT OF MANGERTON.—THE DARK-BEARDED TOURIST.—ROSS CASTLE.—“PADDY BLAKE.”—THE SHANNON.—LIMERICK.—DUBLIN.—SIR PHILIP CRAMPTON.—MODEL PRISON.—LUNATIC ASYLUM.—DUNNYBROOK FAIR.—DUBLIN SOCIETY.

IF you wish to take a meditative walk among the hills, the chances are that you will return with a considerable ragged retinue; but the larger detachments of this ignoble army of alms-seekers are stationed along the public roads. They make their startling sorties from the most lonely, wild, and inaccessible places; like Roderick Dhu's men, they leap up from “copse and heath.” Every rock hides a waiting mendicant, and every tuft of broom stirs as we approach with a lurking tatterdemalion. They leap on your way from behind walls, and drop down upon you from overhanging trees—small footpads, or rather *paddies*, who present palms instead of pistols, and blarney and worry you alike out of pence and patience.

After a day of wet and weary travel through a melancholy country, we enjoyed to the utmost the beautiful approach to Bantry, under a clear and sunny sky, and welcomed with enthusiasm the sight of its lovely and famous bay. But even this bright vision was soon eclipsed by Glengariff, where we spent the night. Thus far on my tour I have seen nothing to compare with the glorious beauty of that place. In all the solemn shadows of its wild loneliness, the dark deeps and frowning heights of its grandeur, in all the sweet lights of its loveliness, it lives, and must ever live, in my charmed memory; but I will not attempt to picture it in words.

After dinner, though a light rain was falling, we took a row around the bay, and remained on the water until the night set in. I think we shall none of us soon forget that row over the smooth and silent bay, in the rain and deepening twilight, under the shadows of mountain and rock. The scene would have been too wild, solemn and awfully lonely, but for the peculiar wit and story-telling talent of “Jerry,” our guide and helmsman. He entertained us with some wonderful legends of a certain Father Shannon, a priest, and a famous character in this region about half a century ago. One anecdote illustrative of the holy man's quick-wittedness impressed me as an instance of “cuteness” passing the cuteness of Yankees. “The good father,” says Jerry, “was one day fishing in his boat on the bay, when he heard a swarm of bees buzzing

about him. Then he begins to rattle with a knife, or spoon, in an iron kettle he had with him in the boat, till he feels that all the bees have settled on his shoulders. Then he slyly reaches back, and takes hold of the tail of his shirt, (begging your pardon, ladies!) and he suddenly turns it over his head, bees and all, and puts it into the kettle, which he covers over in a second jurt; and so he takes the whole swarm to Lord Bantry, and sells them for three pounds, and gets his shirt back, too, yer honor."

I am tempted to relate several of Jerry's stories, so peculiarly and richly Irish were they—odd, wild, extravagant, and ludicrous, yet now and then sparkling with a fine fancy, or a rare poetic thought, and in their drollery quaint and quiet, never coarse or common. But I should get on slowly indeed with the story of my tour if I paused to do justice, either by description or quotation, to the originality of character, the spirit and humour, the warmth and generousness of feeling of many of the Irish peasantry with whom I came in contact.

The mountain road from Glengariff to Killarney is a splendid specimen of engineering, and leads through scenery wild and beautiful in the extreme. On the sunny morning of our leaving Glengariff, landscape and air were fresh and delicious after the night's abundant rain, and with thrills and palpitations of inexpressible joy my heart responded to the gladness of nature. I shall never forget the childish ecstasy of delight with which I gazed around me, and drank in the fragrant air of the morning.

The three lakes of Killarney descended upon by this road are likely to disappoint the tourist, especially if he be an American, more especially if he be a reader of, and a devout believer in, Mrs. Hall's beautiful and most poetical book, "A Week in Killarney." In truth, such fairy sheets of water seem little to deserve the name of lakes at first, but they grow on your respect rapidly as you approach; their beauty is, near or afar, quite exquisite and undimiable, and the mountains which surround them are really very respectable elevations. Our first visit was to the Torc Waterfall, by far the most beautiful cascade I have seen since coming abroad. The fall is between sixty and seventy feet; the glen into which the water comes leaping, and foaming, and flashing is wild and rocky, and overhung with richest foliage.

We passed Lord Kenmare's noble demesne, and drove through the village of Killarney to our hotel, the *Victoria*, which is charmingly situated on the shore of the lower and larger lake. We found the house crowded with visitors of all characters and degrees—the elegant and the vulgar, the coarse and the refined, with the usual number of undefinable and unclassable betweenities. While taking tea in the coffee-room, we were struck by the mien and manner of a traveller near us. He was evidently a person oppressed with a consciousness of his own consequence, and bent on having the world do its part towards bearing his burden. He gave out his orders to the wondering waiter with a military sternness and a startling rapidity; but, strange enough, ended each sentence with a sort of drawl. He was clad in a monotonous suit of checked

trood; with an extravagant cravat—a John Bull, without doubt, yet black-browed and full-bearded—a curious cross between a Cockney and a Cossack. After tea, this unique individual swaggered up to one of our party, a very gentlemanly-looking person, and accosted him as he was passing down the hall with a “Pray, are you one of the waiters of this hotel?” “No; are you?” coolly responded our friend.

In the morning we were so fortunate as to be able to engage for our guide, during our stay, the Stephen Spillane so honourably mentioned by Mr. and Mrs. Hall. We found him a young man of good education, much general intelligence, gentleness, and even refinement of manner.

Our first expedition was to the Gap of Dunloe, a wild and gloomy mountain pass, especially interesting to the reader of Gerald Griffin’s fine novel of “The Collegians,” as the scene of poor Bily Connor’s happy honeymoon and tragic taking off. Our guide furnished myself and a pleasant English friend with ponies—the remainder of the party took a car.

Though tolerably well mounted, and able to abruptly cut the company of the old, crippled, and blind of the begging fraternity, we found that we had small advantage over the boys. The fleet-footed little rascals kept up with us for miles—one juvenile Celt, literally *sans culotte*, but in a shirt of elder-brotherly dimensions, giving us a sort of Tam O’Shanter chase. A pretty, dark-eyed boy, running by my side, held up a bunch of purple heather and wild honeysuckle, saying, with an insinuating smile, “Plase, my lady, buy these ilegant bright flowers, so like yer honor’s self, this beautiful summer morning.” What woman could resist such an appeal?

At the entrance of the Gap we were met by a detachment of volunteer guides, and a company of “mountain dew” girls—maidens with cans of goats’ milk and flasks of “potheen,” with which they are happy to treat the traveller, for a consideration. After listening to some grand echoes, called forth by the rich bugle notes of our guide, we proceeded through the pass. This, by itself, did not equal our expectation; its finest feature is the “Purple Mountain,” which, in the glorious sunlight of that morning was beautiful beyond conception.

From Lord Brandon’s demesne we embarked upon the upper lake, rowed among its fairy islands, and ran down “the long-range” to the middle lake—pausing for a little gossip with the echoes of “Eagle Nest,” and shooting “Old Wier Bridge” on our way. The bay and mountain of Glenà are the gems of Killarney. Even now, looking back upon the scene through the sobered light of recollection, it is all enchantment—the shore gorgeous with magnificent foliage, the waters flashing with silver gleams, the sky golden with sunset light; and it is difficult for me to believe that there is under the broad heaven a lovelier spot. Even the echoes from this beautiful green mountain seemed clearer, yet softer and more melodious, than any we had heard before.

We took dinner on shore, in a delicious little nook, shadowed by arbutus trees, dining off a large rock, some seated *à la Turc*, some reclining in the ancient Oriental style. O, we had merry times! And what with toasts and songs, and legends, and joyous laughter ringing out, peal on peal, over the still water, the wonder is we failed to rouse the great O'Donaghue, who, according to popular tradition, dwells in a princely palace under the lake, and only comes to the surface to take an airing on horseback every May morning. Our row homeward, through the soft lingering sunset light, with the splash and murmur of the blue waves, rising with the rising wind, heard in the intervals between the sweet songs of our guide, was a fitting close to a day of shadowless pleasure.

In the coffee-room we encountered our black-bearded tourist, quite "knocked up," he averred, by the duties of the day. He had actually "done" the ascent of old Carran Tual, twice—once on his own account, and once (most amiable of his sex!) for a friend.

That evening we listened to the fine music of Gandsey, the celebrated Irish piper, a truly venerable man, very old, and quite blind, who plays his native melodies with touching expression, wailing the old sorrows of Ireland and making them wail again, and giving proud voice to her ancient glories, till you believe that her lost nationality "is not dead, but sleepeth," and *must* yet rise to free and powerful life.

On the following morning, with our pleasant friend Sir Thomas Deane, we visited Muckross Abbey, a fine picturesque old ruin. The cloisters, the refectory, and the chapel are in comparatively good preservation. In the latter lie the bones of the great MacCarthy Mor, and, it is thought, of the O'Donaghues, with the exception, of course, of him who preferred the lake to holy ground, waved his privilege of Christian burial, and his chance of canonization, it may be, for his aquatic palace, aquatic court, and questionable submarine existence. After taking leave of the solemn old abbey, we commenced the ascent of Mangerton, a mountain two thousand seven hundred and fifty-four feet in height—a merry party of six, all pony-mounted. Here we were joined by a very large company of volunteer guides, and attacked, front, flank, and rear, by an Amazonian troop of "mountain dew" girls. Barren and rugged as was that drear ascent, we found it a land flowing with goats' milk and whiskey; and at every pause which we made to breathe our ponies, or to treat ourselves to a fine view, twenty cups were held to our lips, twenty voices prayed us to drink, for present refreshment and future good fortune—that "the Lord" might "carry us safe" up that perilous steep, and grant to us and our families, to the remotest generation, health, wealth, honour, and "pace." Near the summit of the mountain we came upon a deep, dark little lake—one of the devil's punch-bowls; for his satanic majesty, who seems jovially inclined, has several in Ireland. The prospect from the summit of Mangerton is very extensive, and truly magnificent. We rested and revelled in it, for a bright half-

hour, on the breezy mountain top. Here we again encountered the dark-bearded tourist. Disdaining all pony-aid, he had done Mangerton as he did Carran Tual, on foot. But the trimness of toilet, and the morning freshness of his mien, had suffered somewhat from the heat and toil of the day. His raven whiskers were whitened with dust, his hat had a backward inclination, his pantaloons were tucked into his boots, his coat of tweed was borne by the guide, his shoulders were free from the bondage of braces, which were twined carelessly about his waist, his cravat was untied, and he was at loose ends generally. Here he was first gracious enough to make some conversation with me :—

“Madam, may I ask if you are an American?”

“I have that honour, sir.”

“Aw—I thought so; something in the manner a little peculiar—aw. Have you spent much time in London?”

“About two months.”

“Aw—a great place is London—quite a world, I may say. You would like the literary society of London excessively, if you could once get the *entrée*; but it is difficult to do that, very difficult—aw.”

“Indeed! I have not found it so.”

After a little more talk of this sort, our friend called to his guide and was off. In a few minutes we saw him on an opposite peak, and very soon dashing down the mountain towards Killarney. He seemed to give no pause for resting or “prospecting.” “March! march!” seemed to be his word, as he were the Wandering Jew on an Irish tour.

On our descent, my English friend abandoned his hard-gaited pony and the beaten track, and plunged down the mountain side in a more direct course on foot. Piqued by this ungallant desertion, I made a rash vow to follow in the very footsteps of my faithless cavalier. Such a chase as he led me, through boggy hollows, down rocky ledges, over small chasms and natural ditches, while the above-mentioned volunteer guides and mountain dew damsels followed close upon our track, uttering exclamations of delight and astonishment, sometimes more emphatic than pious—perhaps recognising in this reckless love of fun and adventure a spirit kindred to their own.

After a charming drive through Lord Kenmare’s demesne, we dined in a picturesque cottage, on the lake shore, from which place we rowed to “sweet Innisfallen,” and wandered at twilight among its deep, shadowy groves, and the solemn ruins of what, ages and ages ago, was the noble temple of learning and letters. From Innisfallen we went to Ross Castle, a grand old ruin, once the stronghold of the O’Donaghue, besieged and destroyed by Cromwell, the great spoliator of Ireland. Here the fine-frenzied tourist turned up for the last time—he rushed past us as we were entering, and was quickly lost in the ruins, but appeared afterwards at various points and parapets. He did the old castle as he had done the other sights, in an incredibly short time—dashed down to his boat, flung himself in, ordered the men to push off—“away

"flew the light bark," far into the deepening twilight, and the black-whiskered tourist passed from our sight for ever. As for us, we lingered till long after nightfall in the beautiful grounds of Bess Island, or on the lake before the castle, holding pleasant converse with the famous "Paddy Blake," the prince of echoes. "Paddy!" cried our helmsman, with a stentorian voice, "do ye know who's been paying a visit to yer ould castle? Listen, then, till I tell ye: the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the wild flying eagle!" Paddy seemed duly to appreciate the honour, for he repeated the words of the boatman as though in joyous surprise. It was odd to hear those dark, grand, ivy-mantled palace halls ringing with blithe bugle notes and jolly laughter—talking in such a free and easy way—vocal with so rich a brogue.

That last night we enjoyed a merry tea-drinking together, in a private parlour, and early in the morning set forth, by stage-coach, for Limerick. As to the *Victoria Hotel*, the least said is best for its reputation. I constrain myself to silence in regard to the broken bell-wires and other dilapidations in my apartments, trusting in the truth of the proverb, "The least said, the soonest mended." In our outdoor life at Killarney, our only serious annoyance were beggars and midges. Between the two you bleed at every pore.

With the heavy mist of a dull, wet morning, Nature let down the drop-curtain on the scene of all our enjoyment at Killarney. I think we all felt and looked a little blue as we took our places on the outside seats of the stage-coach, and set forth for Tarbert, on the Shannon. Nor were the views and objects on our way such as were calculated to raise our spirits or kindle our enthusiasm. The country was a weary, boggy waste, with few and far-between patches of cultivation and homes of comfort. The cabins of the peasants were the most miserable of imaginable and inhabitable places—the peasants themselves were yet one depth of wretchedness below any we had seen before. Now and then we passed an ivy-wreathed castle-tower, which had once frowned in unbattled strength on hosts of assauking foes; or the nave-roofed walls and mouldering cloisters of an ancient abbey, with the black rooks circling amid the arches through which the white incense of worship once stole, and screaming harshly above the aisles down which once rolled the pious priestly chant in full-volumed melody. Everywhere we saw repeated the same sad picture—old Ireland in ruins, young Ireland in rags.

Near Tarbert our driver pointed out to us what had been a good estate; on a rising ground stood a large, imposing mansion, but the plantations surrounding it had an appearance of utter desolation and abandonment. This was the property of a jovial Irish squire, who for many years kept open house, and lived in a rising, rollicking way, entertaining his sporting friends with horses and hounds, and oceans of good whiskey punch.

But during the late general distress there was a scattering among the jolly guests, and the host himself, hunted by bailiffs, stripped of out-door luxuries and in-door comforts—carriages, horses,

hounds, plate, furniture, library, wines, whiskey, and all—was obliged to abandon his mansion for a little thatched cottage, and actually to allow his ancestral hall to be converted into a work-house. There is something very like retributive justice in the fact that in the walls which once rang and rocked to the revelries of the improvident master, the poor tenants, whom his heartless extravagance tended to reduce to beggary, find in sickness and old age a quiet and comfortable home.

The passage up the Shannon from Tarbert to Limerick was an absolute delight—the river, a broad, clear, shining flood, sweeping between softly undulating emerald shores, here and there made more beautiful by noble wooded estates and fine lordly towers. We drew near to Limerick through a long and gorgeous sunset, which overspread the heavens, wrapped the shore, and floated on the water, in a fine glory of golden night. It was a scene for the sense of beauty to revel in, not alone for the hour, but which vanished from the outward vision but to become one of the soul's fair, unfading pictures—an illuminated memory.

We were greatly pleased with Limerick, which we found a well-built, pleasant, and apparently prosperous town.

In the morning we took a car and drove to the rapids, above the city some five or six miles. These are exceedingly beautiful—grand, indeed, and very nearly equal to those of Niagara. We went down several of the least dangerous in a long, narrow skiff, much like an Indian canoe, and I shall not soon forget the wild, almost mad excitement, the peculiar, peril-zested pleasure of the swift descent, when our little fairy bark seemed to leap fearlessly from ledge to ledge, yet quickly and cunningly to avoid all fatal enticing currents, sharp rocks lying in wait under cover of white foam, and angry waters whirling in delirious eddies.

On our return to the city we visited the old cathedral, of whose melodious bells a beautiful and well-known legend is told. After an outside survey of the old castle, which is in a fine state of preservation, considering its great age, we visited one of the largest lace manufactories, in which I was pleased to see many poor girls employed, but pained to find them crowded into two small and ill-ventilated rooms. While breathing the close air of those workshops, and looking on the pale, worn faces of some of the toiling young creatures around me, the delicate beauty of the richest lace they wrought had small charm for even my feminine fancy.

In one of our drives in Limerick we passed through a sort of rag-fair, which showed us where the beggars obtained that marvellous variety of colour and texture so remarkable in their costume. Here we saw some strange specimens of the last dire extremity of tattered civilisation—only to be distinguished from savage scantiness of apparel and imbruted stupidity by greater squalor, and a sullen consciousness which has not the grace of shame. We saw one lad whose whole attire did not boast of one ordinary garment, but who was literally hung with rags, by means of a cord wound about his body, sustaining fragments of every conceivable shape and colour—so his entire costume was a curious piece of festoon-

ing. Ah, there is little need for the tourist to pass through this part of Ireland, "spying out the nakedness of the land;" it is thrust upon him at every turn. Yet you must not believe that all this outward wretchedness is real, necessary, and helpless. By far the larger number of those who apply to the traveller for charity are vagabondish in their instincts and indolent in their habits, and prefer to beg rather than to labour, either in or out of the work-house. The professional beggar dresses for his part, with as much care and skill as any other actor; and the whine, the limp, the melancholy tale, the blindness, palsy, widow's tears, and orphan's wails, are often the results of laborious practice, and splendid triumphs of art. You must bear this in mind, and "set your face as a flint," if you would enjoy Ireland. I have heard here an anecdote of a wealthy American gentleman, of large hearted and tender-hearted benevolence, who, after making a tour through some of the poorer parts of the island, and scattering pennies among crowds of ragged urchins wherever he went, dropping a tear and a sixpence into every blind beggar's extended hat, or to every "poor widdy's" hand, returned to his hotel, in Dublin, a saddened man, and shut himself in his room to muse on the sorrows and sufferings of the innumerable host of peregrinating paupers, infantile, maternal, juvenile, and ancient, which had thronged his way through many days. Suddenly he heard, somewhere without his door, a sweet voice, and the plaintive notes of a harp. "Ah!" exclaimed the good man, "some poor creature having heard of my benevolence, has followed me here, and is appealing to my sympathies through one of the mournful olden melodies of her native land. What a melting, heart-breaking voice! Heavens! what a touching strain was that! I can endure it no longer;" and, with tearful agitation, he rings violently.

"Waiter, I can't stand this—give that woman half-a-crown for me, and send her away."

The waiter stood aghast, for the harpist and singer was a noble lady in the next room.

But I must not loiter by the way in this manner. From Limerick to Dublin by rail. At the latter place I was taken quite seriously ill. Fortunately, perhaps I should say *providentially*, I had brought a letter of introduction to Sir Philip Crampton, the distinguished surgeon-general of Ireland, and the father of the present British Minister at Washington, who in this hour of need gave me the benefit of his world-renowned skill, taking from the good office all air professional, and giving to it the grace of a kind, friendly proffer, and the charm of a gentle, high bred courtesy, as indescribable as it is inimitable. Thus circumstanced, my sick-bed and I soon parted company. What I saw at Dublin after I got about, and during a brief subsequent visit, I will strive to recall and relate in few words.

Our first visit was to the Mount Joy Model Prison—constructed and conducted very much on the plan of the Philadelphia Penitentiary. We were most favourably impressed by the order and neatness evident throughout the building, and by the intelligence

and humane feeling shown by the officers with whom we conversed. From the prison we went to the workhouse, in the admirable management and orderly regulation of which we were greatly interested. It is an immense establishment, yet everywhere a system of cleanliness and thorough ventilation seems to prevail. The poor inmates are well fed and comfortably clothed; their wants, physical, mental, and spiritual, are consulted, and, as far as possible, satisfied. On the whole, I was gratified and cheered by the visit. In the Lunatic Asylum, a truly noble institution, I saw greater varieties of insanity than I had ever remarked in any similar institution in my own country. Some were melancholy in the extreme, some terrible, some grotesque, some merry and mischievous, and some, by far the saddest of all, dull, imbecile, and idiotic. It is strange, perhaps, but I never felt a more deep and solemn conviction of the immortality of the soul than when contemplating those various forms of insanity. To me the great light shone with an intenser glow, a more sacred and indestructible life, thus glaring from the wild orbs of frenzy, or faintly and fitfully gleaming from the heavy-misted eyes of idiocy—like torchlight in a dungeon, or a star seen through drifting clouds, all the more vividly and startlingly real.

We visited the grave of O'Connell, in the beautiful cemetery of Glasneven, where Curran is also buried. The coffin of the great "agitator," covered with crimson velvet, gorgeously wrought in gold, is exposed in the vault of a temporary tomb. So we stood very near the dust of him whose overmastering eloquence had once stirred and swayed the minds of his countrymen, as a strong tempest rouses the sea and drives the wild waves before it. He did much for Ireland, and she will keep his memory green.

We visited the Royal Irish Academy, where we saw many curious antiquities; the exhibition of painting and sculpture, where we saw a few good pictures; and the beautiful Bank of Ireland, formerly the House of Lords and Commons.

Hearing that the famous Donnybrook Fair was under full headway, a few miles from the city, we drove out one pleasant afternoon, hoping to see Irish character in some new varieties. But, on reaching the ground, we soon despaired of seeing much in this way, remarking everywhere the presence of those patent suppressors of popular spirit and jollity, individual originality and fun—soldiers and policemen. It was a novel, a bustling, and crowded, but by no means an animating scene. There was every thing to be sold, and nothing seemed to be selling. There was plenty of eating and drinking, and nobody seemed the heartier or happier. There was everywhere evident an awkward effort at enjoyment and amusement, un-Irish and lamentable in the extreme. You heard little laughter or singing, and both the fiddling and dancing were mechanical and spiritless. There were half a dozen theatres, and every variety of "show;" and for an hour before the performance commenced, managers, actors, clowns, and "Ethiopian minstrels" paraded in front of their booths, shouting and bidding for customers with furious ringing of bells and mad beating of drums. "Ladies

and gintlemin, walk in and see the Roosian Lambert, the fattest man in the civilized world." "Ladies and gintlemin, let me warn you agin a chate, in a friendly way, just—sure it's no Roosian at all, but a poor divil from Skibbereen, fatted on turnips. Walk in here, and see an elegant collection of monkeys, and a beautiful famale kangaroo, all for a penny." "Ladies and gentlemen, come and patronise the legitimate drama, and witness the thrilling and bloody tragedy of Jack Sheppard at tuppence an 'ead!"

As a matter of course, there was on the ground a large representation of beggars. I was struck by one poor old "cratur's" peculiar and touching blessing: "May the Lord bless yer honor, and yer honor's husband, prisint or to be, and grant you both health and pace, and many happy Donnybrooks!"

As we were returning to our car, through a little crowded lane, I remarked to my friends, "It is quite true what we were told in Dublin—the glory of Donnybrook has departed since the advent of Father Matthew with his dispensation of teetotalism, and the more perfect and powerful organization of police, both throwing cold water on its ancient spirit of fight and frolic. One now hears no singing of wild ballads, and sees no swinging of shillalabs; there is an unnatural propriety, a dreary orderliness, a flat sobriety, prevailing here." Just then I was somewhat rudely pressed on by a sturdy young woman, who seemed with elbows and knuckles to be making a rough medical examination of my spinal vertebrae, testing the elastic properties of my ribs, and the temper of my shoulder blades. Shrinking from this severe infliction, I complained to the gentleman on whose arm I leaned, of the too pressing attentions of the person behind me; whereupon the damsel exclaimed, "I'm not behind you at all!" following this astounding declaration with certain spirited expressions, and finally indulging herself in some remarks which I could but consider irrelevant, consisting of comparisons between my personal appearance and her own, decidedly unfavourable to the former. This was the first inhospitable treatment I had received in Ireland. To have my slight feminine attractions, my humble claims to good looks, not alone questioned, but flatly denied, at that joyous ancient gathering-place, that high festival of the kindly Irish peasantry—Donnybrook Fair—by a Donnybrook fair, was an unexpected discourtesy.

The society which we were so fortunate as to see in Dublin impressed us most agreeably. All you have heard of the beauty, intelligence, tact, and charming vivacity of Irish ladies you may believe—you cannot believe too much. The Irish gentlemen, for gifts of conversation and entertainment, and for a warm, familiar, yet polished courtesy, are absolutely unsurpassable. Yet I have somewhat against them. I have frequently found them wanting in the spirit of nationality—completely Anglicised in thought and feeling. They, many of them speak of Ireland and the Irish as though not of it or them. An Irish aristocrat speaks of the poor peasantry very much as the southern American speaks of the blacks.

THE MISSING SENTINEL, A GARRISON YARN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR ANTIPODES."

"**BLOOD-AN'-OUNS!**"—"Blood-an'-ouns!" again vociferated Private Patrick Mullowny, No. 452 of H.M.'s 112th Regiment of Foot, stationed at Portsmouth, as with a start, a shiver, a yawn, and a sudden spring to the military attitude of "Attention," he awoke at an uncertain hour of a November night, in one of the earliest years of the present century.

And well might a full private of foot, under like circumstances, give vent to some such ejaculation as the aforesaid; and well might he spring to the attitude of attention,—for the slumbers of Private Patrick Mullowny had been of the longest and soundest; his dreams had been of the last general parade, on which the Articles of War had been read to the regiment by the Adjutant; and more especially of a certain highly pregnant clause thereof, wherein it is made and provided that "Any soldier who, being a sentinel, shall be found sleeping on his post, or shall leave it before being regularly relieved, shall suffer DEATH, or such other punishment as by a General Court-martial shall be awarded;" and, to crown all, his couch for the nonce had been the floor of his sentry-box,—nor could he by possibility conjecture for how long a time it had officiated in that unseemly capacity.

Private Patrick Mullowny sprung then to his feet, and to attention, and bringing his firelock to the "port," with a degree of energy that would have delighted the heart of a drill-sergeant, he roared out at the top of a voice by no means delicate, though just now somewhat shaky, the words "Halt,—who goes there?" and, having repeated this challenge without receiving any answer, he proceeded to rub, and finally to open his eyelids to their widest extent,—an operation which led to the discovery that nobody in life was "going there," or anywhere else within ear-shot of his post, and consequently that there was a physical impediment to anybody "halting" at his word of command.

"Musha! so much the better; for if that thievin' Corporal Blunkum had cotched me stoopin' down to face me boot, as I was just then, he'd a sworn it was sitting in the sentry-box I was, and as for the bit of a prayer I was muttering to meself quiet and easy, he'd a-tuk his book oath before the Court—bad luck to him!—that it was snoring I was, and sleeping on me post!"

The now thoroughly aroused sentinel was trembling in every limb, and his teeth chattering with a mixture of fear and cold; so, shouldering his musket, he betook himself to marching briskly up and down in front of his station, cheering his "lonely round" (as poets have taken out a licence to style this purely to-and-fro movement) with snatches of the Rakes o' Mallow, and other favourite

national melodies. Circulation being thus restored to his chilled frame, he ceased to suffer from the effects of the atmosphere; but he now

“Began to feel, as well he might
The keen demands of appetite,”

and especially of thirst, which was usually the more pressing corporeal want of our friend the sentinel. He began to wonder, too, that the relief had not yet come round,—for although the trifling relaxation of vigilance just adverted to had somewhat impaired his powers of computing time, he was cock-sure, to use his own expression, that his two hours of sentry-duty had expired; “and fair measure, too, they’ve given me!” added he, with some muttered aspirations relative to the Corporal’s present and future state, which it would have been the height of temerity to have uttered aloud in that non-commissioned officer’s presence.

And now, in attempting to rally his thoughts—an evolution at which he was, at the best and brightest of times, no great adept—it occurred to Private Patrick Mullowny that the character of the night had much changed for the worse since he was planted on his post; for the weather was then, as he remembered, temperate, the sea dead calm, and the moon shining right over his head; whereas at the present moment, sky, and earth, and sea, were dark as pitch,—sharp gusts of wind blew round his ears and whistled athwart the edges of his bayonet,—the surf tumbled noisily on the shingle,—and the moon, like Paddy himself, seemed to have gone to sleep on her post—and gone to bed also.

He took a dozen steps of thirty inches to his front, and found his feet in the salt water: that was what he expected. He took a dozen steps of thirty inches to the right of his sentry-box, and pitched on his head over a heap of broken rocks, which by broad daylight he had assuredly never noticed. On resuming his perpendicular, and his beat towards the opposite flank, he ran “stem on” against a fishing-yawl hauled high and dry on the beach, and which he was ready to swear was not there in the morning.

Whilst recovering himself and his arms, he heard a clock strike the hour, but, in his confusion he lost the number of the strokes, and, to his bewildered senses the well-known chime of St. —’s seemed to come from the seaward rather than from the direction of the town. He listened attentively, and his heart thumped against his ribs, as he fancied he heard something moving in the stranded vessel;—and so he did; but it was only the fold of a fishing-net flapping against the gunwale. He thought he heard a strange noise amongst the rocks on which he had just left the skin of his nose;—and so he did; for the crabs, unused to the nocturnal visitation of a bear-skin cap filled with brogue and blasphemy, were scuttling away as fast as they could on their native side-cars to quieter quarters. He heard, as he imagined, the whirring of huge wings, and the screaming of unearthly screams in the air around him; there were indeed both; for the gulls and

cormorants, resenting the military occupation of their favourite haunts, whirled and shrieked about his head in hellish discord.

He cast a glance through the gloom of night at his sentry-box, as if expecting thence some sympathy and support;—he did not half like the look of it! It seemed all askew, and appeared to be “mopping and mowing” at the much-bothered Hibernian.

Now, though Patrick Mullowny was as bold as a lion in open day, and against any mortal foe or natural danger, he was never quite himself in the dark; and when the faintest shadow of the supernatural crossed his mind, poor Pat became an arrant poltroon. His hair then stood an end so stiff as to lift his bear-skin several inches above his cranium—for our sentinel was a grenadier, and, by the same token, six feet two in his stocking-soles; yet, despite his stature and calling, he experienced at this juncture, as he afterwards deposed, a kind of “all-overishness,” which seemed to take all the “starch” out of his legs and transfer it to his locks.

“Mille murthers!” cried he, in the depth of his tribulation—“Mille murthers! where am I at all? Has the divil been divartin’ hisself at my expinse? or has the ‘good people’—G-d help me!—been with poor Pat Mullowny this blessed night? And how’d I know that it’s my mother’s son that’s in it all, at all? Maybe it’s somebody else, and somewheres else I am all the while! And, troth, I don’t feel a taste in life like the big bould boy I was in the morning. If it wasn’t so tearin’ dark I’d know myself by the number of me accouthremints, let alone the picture of Kathleen of Ballyragget—more power to her!—done in gunpowther on me arram. Hurroo! there’s the clock agin, the Lord be praised! and out at say agin, too! One, two, three, four, five! Bloody wars! look at that now! and I posted here since ten! “Sentry go!—Sentry go!” bawled the now completely puzzled Patrick, in continuation of his soliloquy. He might have bawled himself black in the face, and bawled till doomsday, yet bawled in vain—no answer—no relief!

Our ill-starred sentinel had now reached the sticking-place of doubt, fear, and trouble. All his personal resources, mental and corporeal, were exhausted. As a last effort, he mustered together, with more haste than discrimination, everything that he could remember in the way of prayers. He ran over several dozens of “Pather an’ Aves,” scrambled through a score or two of “Credos,” and a very incomplete and mutilated set of “Peccatum meums;” besides, amid many crossings and genuflexions, invoking the aid of his patron saint, as well as a strongish squad of canonised worthies, male and female, with whom he was less closely acquainted.

And thus meritoriously, and, no doubt, efficaciously engaged, we leave for the present Private Patrick Mullowny.

H.M.S. “Brazenface” (42) rode at single anchor off the “Spit,” under orders to sail, wind and weather permitting, the following morning, for the East Indian station.

The captain was ashore; the first lieutenant in his cabin, up to his elbows in the multifarious business inseparable from his posi-

sion at such a juncture,—when Lieutenant Trivett, the officer of the watch, rapped at the door, and, being admitted, announced to his superior that it was nine o'clock P.M.

“Make it so, sir,” replied the other; “and pipe the captain’s barge away. Mr. Rumfish, the third-lieutenant, will take charge of her; and, on reaching Sally Port, will proceed without delay to the George Hotel, and report himself to Captain Cutwater for further orders. And, oh! Trivett, in case the captain should dismiss the barge, which I think probable; tell Mr. Rumfish that, if he happens to come across any of the young gentlemen on leave, especially one or two you know of, I wish him to take them in tow and bring them off. Jollyman dines at the Marine mess with his cousin, Captain FitzChecks, and is sure to get a skinful. As for Slums, he’ll probably be unkenelled at the ‘Blue Posts.’”

The second lieutenant scuffled up the companion-ladder to the quarter-deck, and, in an instant, “two bells” rang out—five minutes, at least, before the land-lubberly town-clocks, dependent on mere mechanism, and not on nautical despotism, bethought themselves of striking the hour. Two minutes more, and the heavy oars of the captain’s barge slapped on the water; and, impelled by fourteen broad-shouldered man-o’-war’s men, she was soon dancing over the waves towards Portsea beach, the rowlocks making merry music on the quiet air of evening.

“I don’t half like Rumfish going ashore to-night,” ruminated the sage first lieutenant. “I’d bet a trifle he’ll have a shindy of some sort before he gets back to the ship;—I see it in the fellow’s eye. I wish it had been Trivett’s turn of duty.”

Captain Cutwater had been dining with the Port Admiral, and, under the plea of urgent matters connected with the early departure of the frigate on the morrow, had returned by ten o’clock to his quarters at the George, where, having handed his sword, hat, and dress-coat to a tall-faced man in a round jacket and ringlets, who was packing portmanteaux in the bedroom, he sat himself down to his escritoire and was soon immersed in writing. Shortly afterwards, Lieutenant Rumfish was announced, and reported having brought the barge to the Sally Port.

“Whom have you left in charge of her?”

“Mr. Earlybird, sir.”

“Can you depend upon him, Mr. Rumfish?”

“Oh! yes, sir, perfectly—very steady, sir.”

“Like yourself, Rumfish,” remarked the Captain, with a smile.

“Yes, sir,” replied the other, assuming an air of saint-like innocence,—“we were at College together.”

“Hum!” muttered the Captain, as though scarcely reassured by this information. “‘Arcades ambo,’ I have no doubt.”

“Just so, Captain Cutwater; which, if I remember my Latin rightly, might be construed—‘a couple of muffs.’”

“Well, sir,” said the senior officer, his smile suddenly chilling, and his figure stiffening, as he shrunk, like a sensitive plant or a sea captain, from the approach of familiarity—“Well, sir, I have business which will detain me ashore for some hours. Have the

goodness, therefore, to return to the ship with the barge, and give directions for my gig to come off for me at gun-fire. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Some of the officers and young gentlemen have leave till eleven, I think."

"Yes, sir: Lieut. Jollyman, and Lord Allan Adrift, and Messrs. Slums, Sloper, and Dovecott, I believe."

"Lord Allan and Mr. Jollyman are below, in the coffee-room, I think. Take them on board with you, and Mr. Slums also, if you can find him, Mr. Rumfish. Yes, it will be best. The others will be all right, I have no doubt. And now I have some official letters of importance to finish; so good night, Mr. Rumfish; I trust to you to get all hands safely and quietly on board."

Rumfish bolted, glad to be off: and the Captain, sitting down to his desk, immediately initiated an epistle in the following words:—

"Dearest and loveliest Matilda,—I find it impossible to quit the shores of England—'it may be for years, and it may be for ever'—without divulging to you the secret of my heart," &c.

But, as we have nothing in the world to do with Captain Horatio Cutwater's private affairs, and we have just heard his assertion that he had urgent public correspondence on hand, we will leave him to his pen and ink, and follow the fortunes of the third Lieutenant of H.M.S. "Brazenface."

This gallant and zealous officer went about the duty of getting back to his ship with a good deal of what the poet calls "amorous, coy delay." However, we are not going to commit the ungracious act of dogging his footsteps unnecessarily, and will merely mention that, in the coffee-room of the George, he picked up and carried off with him Lieutenant Jollyman, R.M., a glass of gin and water, and a cigar. He overtook Lord Allan Adrift promenading with a companion in the street, and, bringing about a divorce with some cleverness, succeeded in enlisting his Right Honourable friend in the party for the barge without much resistance. Mr. Slums was fighting at the "Free and Easy," paying off an old score; but as he was getting the worst of it, he was more amenable to the Lieutenant's somewhat rough persuasion than might have been expected. Mr. Earlybird was found on his post at the Sally Port; and, in short, in less than an hour after the third Lieutenant had wished the Captain "good night" at the hotel, the barge pushed off for the frigate.

"Give way, men! give way!" cried the Lieutenant to his crew; but they pulled with heavy hearts, and seemingly languid hands; and officers and men looked back, lingeringly and lovingly, on the shore; some, because they were leaving what they loved behind them, and "*tous les goûts sont respectables*," as we know; others simply because they were leaving some uncompleted "lark," and were of opinion that they could have passed the hours till gun-fire much more profitably in the good town of Portsmouth than on board the good ship "Brazenface." Some were sad—some sulky—more than one not quite sober—all silent, as, skirting the eastern

shore of the harbour, the Captain's barge was swept towards the anchorage at Spithead.

At length, pulling within a few fathoms of the beach, the boat passed abreast of a sentry-box, planted on a spot whose name the writer of this perfectly veracious narrative cannot at present recall to mind. The night was fine—the moon shining by fits through drifting clouds. By one of these gleams it was perceived that the infantry sentinel in charge of the post was comfortably seated on the floor of his box, his head reclining in a corner, instead of standing fiercely to his front, as was his bounden duty, on the near approach of the vessel.

"By the L—d," exclaimed one, "there's the soger asleep on his post."

"A lobster on a lee-shore!" cried another.

"Let's hail him, poor beggar," said Lord Allan Adrift, "or he'll taste the cat for his nap."

"Egad! he may be dead!" put in the Lieutenant, as the sailors rested on their oars.

"Looksh-devlish-like it," spluttered Mr. Jollyman, awaking from a snooze in the stern-sheets. "Letsh-over-haw-hawl-hiccup him. Pra'ps he's left us shumshing in's will."

"Confound the fellow," growled Slums, "let him take out his caul, and be d—d; what is it to us?" and he added (for Mr. Slums grumbled always, ashore or afloat), "I'd a deuced sight sooner be in his place, with a good chance of having his back flayed, and stay at home, than go humbugging to G—d knows where in that cursed old ship; and besides——"

"Slums, you're a brute!" interrupted the marine officer.

"Jollyman, you're drunk," retorted the other.

"Wish I was—in Champagne at your expense," replied Jollyman, with unction.

"Silence!—and pull a stroke or two, my lads," said the Lieutenant in command; "we'll put in and see what's up;—drunk and asleep, I suppose." Half-a-dozen vigorous strokes sent the barge's keel grating up the shingly beach, within a few yards of the sentry-box,—yet the soldier stirred not. The Lieutenant, and some of the other officers, then jumped ashore and approached him.

"We must mind what we are about," cautioned the former, "for if he wakes in a flurry, he may send a bullet through some of us. Here, Adrift, you're a stout fellow, get hold of his musket, while the rest of us stand by to tackle him if he wakes. Hark, how he snores; upon my soul, the lazy hound deserves to be served out in some way or other. The town and dockyard might be surprised, pillaged, burnt, and destroyed, before such a sloth as that would give the alarm. What shall we do with him?"

"Let's duck him," suggested Mr. Slums; and this project was followed by sundry others from different sources, equally ingenious, and tending no more, as will be believed, to the personal comfort of the sleeper. Like Mr. Pickwick in the pound, the poor soldier, it was evident, had "got no friends." He was fairly in the hands of the Philistines.

During a sufficiently boisterous discussion which now took place, the somniferous sentinel "made no sign," but snored on, wholly unconscious that his enemies were deliberating upon his fate, like a tribe of Red Indians at the council fire, upon the mode of death to be inflicted on a prisoner captured on the war-path.

But now was Mr. Earlybird's mind suddenly illuminated by a bright idea, the which with an air of manifest triumph he communicated in a whisper to Lieutenant Rumfish. This happy idea, it was clear, flashed sympathetically upon the sensorium of his old schoolfellow and senior officer, and the result was an immediate order for action. "Here, Marline, and six or eight of you, bear a hand, and let us see whether or not this lobster and his shell are portable commodities—wholesale and for exportation."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the cockswain with alacrity, as he and a ruck of rough brawny fellows tumbled out upon the shore.

Under the superintendence of the Lieutenant, the sentry was now lifted from his seat and placed on the ground, whilst the box—no slight weight—was raised and carried away bodily, laid across the gunwale of the barge, and firmly lashed to the thwarts, displacing a few of the oars.

"My eyes! he's a good lump of a man!" puffed out one of the tars, as he assisted in transporting the grenadier to the boat, and laying him in the prostrate sentry-box, like a baby in its cradle.

"Surely the fellow must have been hoccussed," remarked Lord Allan, "or such a rough putting to bed must have roused him."

Awake, however, he did not; and the barge being shoved off, "Now, lads, bend your backs, for what has to be done must be done smartly," cried the senior officer. Away they dashed right across the mouth of the harbour; the moon—"The devil's in the moon for mischief!" says Byron)—favouring their exploit by hiding her face for a time behind a convenient cloud; and, although in passing astern of a two-decker at anchor, the boat was challenged by the sentry, to whom the sleeping soldier rendered some mechanical and unintelligible reply, the traject was safely made, the freight safely landed, and sentinel and sentry-box planted, as nearly as some hurry would permit, in the same attitude as that in which they had been previously found on the opposite shore.

"And now, my fine fellows," said Lieutenant Rumfish, ordering the men to rest on their oars, and addressing himself both to officers and crew, as they sped towards the frigate, chuckling over the practical joke they had just perpetrated,— "Now, my fine fellows, half an hour ago we were hard up for a 'spre'e, and we have had a pretty fair one. We have given the Portsmouth folks something to talk about for a month to come, and that sleepy rascal a lesson that he'll not forget so soon, perhaps, as he would a turn on the triangles, and which will hurt him less. Yes, it is a trick with some fun and a good deal of justice in it; but, good or bad, if it leaks out on board 'Brazenface,' by George! we shall not soon hear the last of it, and the big-wigs will be down upon me, as the senior in the expedition."

Upon this, marine officers, middies, and men united in a cordial

and solemn compact to keep strict silence upon all that had happened that night between Sally Port and the ship, until H. M. S. "Brazenace" should return from foreign service to England; and to this compact, as the event proved, one and all stuck like Britons and British seamen.

Corporal Blinkum, be it known, although seemingly no great favourite with Private Patrick Mullowny, was nevertheless as zealous and active a corporal as ever commanded squad. He owed the last-named soldier no grudge. He had no "down on him;" nor, albeit his opinion of Paddy's merit as a soldier, in some particulars, was not exalted, had he the smallest desire to commit the injustice of giving him more than his share of sentry duty. On the contrary, steady and true as old Time, the town clocks had not yet completed the last stroke of midnight ere that exemplary non-commissioned officer marched off his relief, and proceeded methodically with the service of exchanging the sentinels, and seeing that the orders of each were duly transferred to his successor. He had often performed the like duty when darkness, stormy weather, and rough paths rendered it an arduous one. Now, however, the night was fine, the track clear, and he went on swimmingly and satisfactorily until he reached the vicinity of No. 6 post, when the notion suddenly crossed his mind that he had somehow or other lost his way. He halted his men, scanned the locality, scratched his ear, and finally demanded of the soldier who had occupied that post in the morning whether he had not in charge such and such objects, which he pointed out.

"Yes, sure," replied the man; "and see here, Corporal, is my beat worn quite smooth like."

"That's true," observed Blinkum, "and here's the very spot, I'll take my oath, where the sentry-box stood two hours ago."

The corporal and his relief were fairly taken aback.

A sentry-box has nothing peculiarly tempting about it to persons burglariously given; it has nothing truant or erratic in its general composition; moreover the sentry was gone too; and though Private Mullowny was a grenadier, an Irishman, and a stout fellow, and not utterly incapable of deserting his post under strong temptation of love or liquor, it was physically impossible that he could have walked away with his temporary tenement as a snail does with its shell. The Corporal was not merely puzzled—he was non-plussed. He sent off one of his men "at the double" to report the case to the serjeant; the serjeant did likewise to the subaltern; the subaltern to the captain of the guard. Severally and collectively these functionaries repaired to the spot, and severally and collectively were compelled to acknowledge themselves non-plussed no less than the Corporal. The Captain looked grave, and, having planted a double sentry on the post (for double sentries are not afraid of ghosts) was striding away towards the guard-room with the intent of writing a special report upon the inscrutable matter on hand, when the cry of "Guard, turn out," apprised him that the field-officer of the day was making his rounds. To him, there-

fore, the captain officially communicated the novel intelligence that the sentry and his box were missing off No. 6 post; intelligence which the major received with some doubt, and not without some suspicion of the sanity and sobriety of his subordinates on duty. The captain thereupon invited the other to satisfy himself of the fact by personal visitation; and, having proceeded to the mysterious locality, the field-officer, like the rest, after various and sagacious conjectures, confessed himself likewise to have arrived at an unconditional non-plus.

The field-officer, on his part, at break of day knocked up the brigade-major for the purpose of imparting to him what he had heard and seen; and that important official, not daring to "starve the drowsy ear of" the General commanding the district with so strange a tale at so unseemly an hour, and, perhaps, unwilling to trust any evidence less conclusive than that of his own eyes, scrambled into his uniform, and, with as much speed as some corpulence would permit, hurried off to No. 6 post, carrying with him the garrison chaplain, who, being a book-worm, was already at his studies, as well as the captain and sub. of the guard.

Various were the reflections and conclusions hazarded by this *posse comitatus*. To the chaplain, a dreamy old divine, not unfrequently himself in the clouds, the affair at once assumed the interesting form of a veritable case of apotheosis in the person of a grenadier sentinel, sentry-box, bear-skin, and all! But the subaltern officer, who happened to belong to the same regiment and company as the invisible sentinel, knew too much of soldiers, of Irish grenadiers in general, and of Pat Mullowny in particular, to subscribe readily to the belief that he had been snatched away to a higher and brighter sphere as a being too pure for this sublunary and imperfect existence. Yet, though dissenting from the above proposition, and advancing more than one sage, or apparently sage, theory of his own, the youthful officer propounded, as will be seen, nothing at all conclusive.

Could the missing warrior have been taken up in a waterspout? argued the logically-inclined ensign. If so, he would have been dropped again near at hand, for there existed no affinity, no "rapport" between the limpid element composing that natural phenomenon and the alcoholic additions of the gallant absentee! Could he have sold his sentry-box and deserted with the proceeds? Mangles had, on emergencies, been disposed of by their natural guardians. What was there to exempt sentry-boxes from confiscation? Had he been reading of Christopher Columbus, Vasco di Gama, or Robinson Crusoe, and, smitten with a longing for equal renown, put to sea in his sentry-box on a voyage of discovery? There was, to be sure, one slight objection to this solution—namely, that the art of reading formed no branch of Mr. Mullowny's education. "We know," pursued the cogitative subaltern, "we have the authority of an ancient metrical legend for the fact, that—

'The devil flew away with the proud tailor,
With the broadcloth under his arm.'

And, why, let me ask?—

But the solemnly-impressed centurion cut short the ratiocinations of his junior with a stern reproof for trifling on a serious subject, and the chaplain was proceeding to enlarge upon it for general edification, when the sharp eye of the subaltern detected a small object gently oscillating with the ebb and flow of the wavelets on the beach. It proved to be a quart bottle—a quart bottle decapitated. The ensign picked it up, and applying it to his nose, handed it to the staff-officer, with the garbled quotation—

“You may ruin, may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the *whiskey* will stay by it still!”

“Mr. Golightly, you are incorrigible,” said the Major of Brigade stiffly, as he sniffed at the empty bottle. It was not the first by countless dozens that he had seen in his life; and he concurred in the opinion that between it and the missing Hibernian some circumstantial connection might probably subsist. So thought the captain, the subaltern, the sergeant, and the corporal of the guard; and the worthy chaplain was almost converted from his more sublime conception; yet, after all, the fact before them went but a little way towards the elucidation of the existing mystery.

Lieut.-Colonel Grimshaw, commanding the 112th Regiment, was, at six o'clock of a November morning, just where a man of sense and taste ought to be—abed and asleep—when his servant entered and informed him that the Adjutant wanted to speak with him.

“What the deuce! is it so late then? Tell Mr. Crabbs we'll have no parade this morning.—a roll call, say.”

“It's not that, sir,” replied the man; “six has only just struck. It's something particular!”

So the Adjutant being admitted, proceeded to acquaint his commanding officer with the strange disappearance of one of his men from his post on guard, &c., as well as with the astonishment and excitement it had already caused in the garrison.

“Send patrols out to look after the fellow, Crabbs. It's Mullowny of the grenadiers, is it not? Oh! he'll turn up again, I dare say.”

“But the sentry-box, Colonel.”

“That's the Board of Ordnance's affair. Do the needful, Crabbs.” And the Colonel turned over and went to sleep again.

A couple of hours later the Adjutant made a second inroad upon his chief while at breakfast, and reported that Private Patrick Mullowny had just walked quietly into the barrack-yard, and had been lodged a prisoner in the guard-room.

“Sober?”

“Yes, sir; but he looks very queer, and appears to have been in a row of some kind, for his face is much scratched, and he has got a black eye. He gives such a confused account of himself that we can make nothing of him; indeed, the sergeant and men of the barrack-guard are of opinion that he has lost his senses.”

"Let him be watched; put him in irons if violent. Send the surgeon to him. I will see the fellow presently."

Our much-to-be-commiserated friend, the hero of this true tale, had, it seems, waited (in the words of a song which he frequently acted upon as well as chanted) "till daylight did appear," and some time longer, before his scattered intelligences enabled him in the remotest degree to comprehend the predicament that had befallen him. The rising sun, indeed, had shot its first rays into his bewildered eyes; the morning gun had boomed simultaneously over sea and land; and H.M.S. "Brazenface" had dropped her sails and swung away from her anchorage in prosecution of her lengthened voyage, ere Private Patrick Mulloony had arrived at the conviction that his sentry-box and self were actually, in the flesh and wood, planted on the Gosport and western, instead of the Portsea and eastern shore of the harbour. Of his present position he entertained no doubt. How long he had held it he could form no notion. His mouth was parched, his stomach in a state of collapse, his bayonet rusty. He might have been there a week—likely enough!

"By the hooky," said he to himself at last, "if nobody'll relieve me, I'll relieve meself. Matters can't be worse. anyhow!"

So, after casting a malicious glance and a malediction at the unoffending sentry-box, he unfix'd his bayonet, sloped arms, and sloped off towards the barracks of his regiment. On the way, however, he dropped into an ale-house, and, having fumbled up a few coppers from a corner of his pocket, treated himself to a small loaf and a large glass of spirits. Whilst he was so engaged a picquet passed the window.

"It's meself they're after!" thought he; so, letting them go by, he resumed his march, and, reaching the barracks without further incident, surrendered himself, as has been seen, to the serjeant of the guard.

"He must be tried by a court-martial," observed the Colonel to the Adjutant.

"For what, please your honour?" put in Patrick.

"For being absent from your post."

"But, Colonel, I'll bring a witness that I was *not* off me beat."

"Nonsense, sir—what witness?"

"Me sentry-box, Colonel—there it is to the fore."

"Where?"

"Faith, I dun' know where; but I'll show it to your honour, or the Adjutant, if you please."

"Go, Crabbs; take him with you under proper escort, and see what the foolish fellow means."—And they went.

There was the sentry-box sure enough, posted somewhat awry on a flattish part of the Gosport shore, near the mouth of the harbour. But, though forthcoming, as Mulloony had promised, the sentry-box had nothing to advance in the prisoner's favour.

On the party returning to barracks: "How, in the devil's name, came the sentry-box there, you humbugging scoundrel!" cried the Colonel, losing his patience and his temper.

"Be dad! I dun' know, Colonel, no more than yourself."

"You must have been drunk, sir, and sleeping on your post."

"Ah! then, I was as sober as a jidge, sir; and, as for sleeping on me post, it's off me post your honour said I was jist now."

"He smells like an old whiskey butt," observed the commanding officer in disgust.

"An' if I do, Colonel, honey! was it too much entirely to take a ha'p'orth of bread and a naggin of whiskey after fasting for a week?"

"A week! you blundering ass, what do you mean?" roared the Colonel.

"Well, a month, then. Arrah! how'd I know at all how long it is?"

"The fellow's mad—mad as a batter!" concluded the chief. "Take him away, Mr. Crabbs, and let the surgeon examine and report upon his case immediately."

It was the General's turn next to be made acquainted with the perplexing occurrences of the past night, and *his* turn to be non-plussed. The various authorities of the place—naval, military, civil, and constabulary—successively took the matter under serious consideration. Moreover, the sagacious public, of all ranks and degrees, weighed and discussed its details;—all in vain. It was a hoax, they said,—a cheat, a swindle, a scam, a humbug, a bamboozle, a myth, a lie altogether! It was everything, in short, except explained and accounted for; and the public, accordingly, was furious!

Poor Patrick Mulletowny, whose disease was described in the surgeon's report as "Phrenitis," but who was as sane as Solomon or the best of his persecutors, was well nigh driven substantially mad by the bullyings, and badgerings, and coaxings, as well as the bleedings, the blisterings, and the physickings which he had to undergo. Father M'Cowl, the priest, could get nothing out of him. Though menaced with excommunication, he would communicate nothing. Promises of leniency for past, and accommodation for future sins, were equally unavailing. The dog was vile, hardened, obstinate, damnable, and sure to be damned *in seculum seculorum*;—but he was silent. His comrades plied him with questions as well as with liquor. His captain, on the other hand, offered him a £10 note—Peru to poor Paddy!—to disclose the mysterious secret. He had half a mind to invent one for such a bribe; but his spirit was broken, his "divinment" swamped, and even his faculty for lying obfuscated by the treatment he had suffered. He had nothing to tell. He was ready, as he declared, in his tribulation—"an' willia' to take his 500 lashes, or to be hanged outright and transported to Botany Bay in the West Injies; but not to be taxed and taxed and bollyragged, and made an omadawn of like that!"

In the course of time he was placed on the convalescent list, still remaining under strict medical surveillance; but as he knew no more than his tormenters, or "the baby unborn," how the translation of himself and his sentry-box had been effected—

when, why, or by whom,—he had nothing to divulge, and divulged, therefore, nothing. Finally, he was restored to the ranks and his duties as a soldier. But there still hung over his head a continual cloud of suspicion, which made him, as the unfortunate Irishman frequently averred, quite tired of his life. And no single glimmering of light broke upon the nocturnal occurrences of the 24th November, 18—, until after the lapse of four years,—when, H.M.S. "Brazenface" returning to England and her old anchorage at Spithead, a true and authentic account of the "spre" carried into effect by the officers and crew of the captain's barge was permitted to ooze out for the enlightenment of the long-ignorant and not yet oblivious townsfolk.

And, however much it might have been lamented by stern martinetts (and such are always rife at Portsmouth), that, owing to the practical and nautical joke aforesaid, Private Patrick Mullowny, No. 452, H.M. 112th Regiment, had escaped trial by a military tribunal, there were others who opined that, in the trials he had undergone, in mind, body, and estate, from the consequences of the wild freak perpetrated at his expense on the occasion in question, our hero had, in fact, suffered fully adequate punishment for the high crime and misdemeanor of "sleeping on his post."

THE CRUISE OF THE JEMILI.

HOW SHE SAILED OVER THE BLACK SEA, AND HOW SHE BLEW UP AT SINOPE. AN EPISODE OF THE PRESENT WAR.

CHAPTER III.

March 28, 1854.

AT noon our sailing orders arrived. We were to form part of a squadron to carry supplies to Batoum. The Friday, after noonday prayers, we were to sail, which, as the Doctor observed, cut off the only chance we had of escaping misfortunes. Forth from the greatest Mosque of Stamboul went into the noonday air the cry to prayer. Slowly, plainly, with voice of matchless clearness, the Muezzin proclaims the unity of God and the name of his Prophet. As if the air was filled with the truth, the cry arose, repeated in a widening circle, till in every quarter of the vast city the words resounded, "God is Great! God is Great! there is no God but God." Pious Moslems heard the truth, and bowing down with lowly mien, acknowledged its importance; the cry rising and falling as oft repeated, stayed the passers' steps, and made them own its truth. The heavens caught the sound, and carried it away; a bright incense of adoration refreshing the earth. It had died; the last echoing words from the furthest and most distant parts had dropped, when forth from the mast-head flew our signal to sail: each rigging was manned, and the vessels pre-

viciously selected vied in readiness to obey the order. Need I say our sails were set, our craft cast, and the anchor at the bow before half the squadron had manned a rope; the Nagainia, with our admiral's flag, was next, not over-pleased at being second in the race, and then, saluting and saluted, the squadron left for the ocean. As we passed the Capitan Pasha's ship, Osman Pasha's gaff, flag and all, fell ominously down. One cry of terror ran through the squadron, a terror that told of prescience of their fate, but told that they would meet it like men, bravely and well. My men turned their eyes to me, sweet proof of discipline. "Never mind, sons, the gaff comes with it, let both go together; if we fall, be it so, but no surrender."—"None—Eh Wallah! None!" they cried, joining in the cheer I led.

If any one wishes to obtain a fair idea, nay more, a thorough insight into the system of the Ottoman rule, he may do so by going up the Bosphorus.

Dropping down the Golden Horn, past Pera on the one side, now fast, like the Osmanlee, cutting off its lovely Orientalism and putting on a European look, and Stamboul on the other, you behold dome, minaret, cupola, mosque, tower, and gable; Orientalism and rottenness; cypress and seraglio; houses, dresses, caiques, steamers, walls, dogs, men, women, soldiers, horses, donkeys, ladies, carriages, mules, eunuchs, slaves, tadgers, effendis, sofas, mufti, dervish, Albanians, Wallacks and Arabanes—all, with the sky, the distant hills, and the atmosphere, making a scene utterly indescribable, but uniquely beautiful.

And now the point was turned; the palace of Othman sank lost behind the European Pera; the Fanar disappeared; its Tophana, and Scutari, the last home of the Faithful, came in view, swathed in its funereal cypress, appealing to heaven, as she pierced the sky, for the dead who slept in peace beneath. The sails are trimmed; eastward turns the prow—we stem the stream, and enter the far-praised Bosphorus.

On either side the hills rise to a moderate height; enough for view, not too much for ventilation. Each valley and creek has its village: some a mere collection of huts, where dwell poor gardeners or labourers; others the abodes of wealth—pashas and ambassadors. But it is the windings and verdure, the diversity and change of scene, that make the scene so lovely. Then above rules that bright sun, glowing with oriental splendour, lighting with beauty the atmosphere, throwing about light and shade, colour and tint, with reckless prodigality. Methinks the picture so admired, if hung in a fairer light, would be pronounced Nature's masterpiece. And what is that splendid new building, glowing with paint, fresh from the hands of the builder, hardly yet quite finished? That of course is the present home of power and favour. The sun shines on those around—see the neighbours' homes glisten from the hands of the artisan!

Yet turn; there is another palace, with a cold neglected look about it; the waters wash its base with harsh and careless motion, not, as they lick the other's feet, with deferential wave; the points

of the turrets lean a little awry and weak. Ah! that is the home of departed greatness; he had a leaning to Russia, it is said—a weakness just now not to be palliated. Poor man! his home wants painting; he stands alone; the houses about are empty and neglected; the cypress alone blooms and grows—that knows no change when winter comes; ever green, ever beautiful martyr-tree, born to guard and mark the dead!

The breeze freshens, the "Jemili" starts ahead—she even cares not to dally near this huge and mighty pile; the wood work rotten and neglected, the plaster weeps mournfully from the walls, leaving wounds and gaps; the rats play over the marble floors; the raven croaks in the courts; the waters slash all spitefully against the grassy steps, anxious to remove an eye-sore to the scene; the very verse over the portal, "God bless thee," shorn of its proportions, betrays no meaning. This is the Palace of the Past. Ask History for the builders—but probably even she ceases to record the discarded favourite's name.

The Cyanean rocks are on the bow—we sail into the sun-lit sea—the light-houses extinguished in the ocean: all is water, night, and dark.

The papers have given many lists of our squadron correct enough, save in omitting the little "Jemili:" they enumerate twelve vessels and 430 guns—our own made thirteen—ill-fated numeral! The thirteen sailed on, the winds waving their sails gently, as if forewarned of our fate, and kindly mournful for us.

On the second day, the wind was foul, and the 'ships' heads were turned north, the squadron being in loose disordered condition, and spread out considerably.

Over the horizon—our course, if continued, would have brought us to the Crimea, and we should by the following daylight have been off the coast and handy for Sevastopol; but at noon we received the signal to tack, and stood to the southward, laying up for Samsun. The squadron closed up as the sun went down, and before the night was set in land was seen ahead; the admiral leading headed off a little, seeming to run for Sinope, where we anchored about midnight. Next morning, taking up a line along the shore abreast of the Mole, tidings were received on board that a Russian fleet had been in the offing, and had cruised off the place within the week.

Osman Pasha orders the Captains of the squadron to meet in counsel of war.

We were all soon on board the flag-ship, and saluted our gallant chief, who briefly explained the report he had heard, and the force of the Russians.

Sinope is the north-west point of a bay or indentation in the coast on the south shore of the Black Sea; this north-west corner is formed by a high long ridge running into the sea about east, connected with the main by a neck of low land; the anchorage is under this, and while well protected from all possible winds, exit or ingress is always practicable; the isthmus is lined on either shore by an old Genoese wall, and at the mainland end is an old castle, more pic-

more than useful. At the south-west of the anchorage stands an old fort, and during the late excitement a few weak ill-placed batteries had been thrown up on the southern shore of the promontory. To myself, it seemed at once apparent that Sinope would be a place of constant attack from the Russians—first, because, opposite Sevastopol, it lay handy for any commander who wished to pluck easy laurels; next, because it is the most important point on the coast. Itself a Gibraltar, the Russians could send over a force, take it, fortify it, and if necessary supply it without trouble or difficulty; capable of being easily rendered impregnable, it would then be a lower of vast importance. A force collected there would at once threaten Constantinople from Asia, and the flank and rear of the army of Anatolia within a smooth march of Amasia, it would cut Asia Minor in half, and be as good as three campaigns won for nothing. The mere fact of changing the seat of war from the frontier of Karshere would bring the Russians some thousand miles nearer their supplies, would place the war in a rich country, and would isolate the mountaineer Circassians, rendering their weight in the contest nugatory; not to mention that the war would be carried on abroad, and in a rich fertile country; the army now on the frontier, kept in check by the Russo-Caucasian force, would be useless, and the force from Sinope, their right on the sea, could march unopposed to the heights of Unkiar Eskellessi on the suburbs of Stamboul, taking the forts of the Bosphorus from the rear without shot of gun; for all these reasons I deemed it certain Sinope would be a point of attack; but then what had Osman Pasha to do with that? our orders were for Batoom; there we were required, and so I told him—adding that I considered our chances less of being caught at sea than remaining in harbour. While at sea, we had many ways, fighting, escaping, separating, or better, some engaging the enemy, sacrificing themselves for the public good, while the rest, and the transports, hastened to their destination.

But all my advice, backed by others who, weak themselves, followed any opinion firmly stated, had no effect on the Pasha, who seemed resolved to remain, looking at me as he made this resolve. "Well," I said, "send the steamer back to Stamboul for reinforcements, and let us then, obeying your orders, prepare for the enemy, and give him all that we have in the best way we can."—"How," he replied, "am I to speak?"—"Pasha, is it your wish? for I am here to obey your orders, not to command?" I saw he was displeased at the firm resistance I had made to his desire of remaining. But his eyes being fixed on my turban, the gift of his sovereign, he was perhaps reminded of the favour I was in, and the importance of my opinion. "Speak freely," he added, raising his arms with a gesture of annoyance, and letting them fall heavily on the divan. "Speak; Osman wishes to do right; may God help and enlighten him!"

"And I too, O Pasha, wish right also, and therefore obey you, and will speak freely: anchor your vessels close in, as close as they will float, forming a crescent along the shore: fortune will attend the blessed emblem of your faith."—"Inshallah—Inshallah," cried all.) "Land all the men from the transports, put the fort in

order, let the last vessel of the line approach this, forming an angle, so that the fort can bring a raking fire along the attacking line; let the first vessel rest against a water battery on the promontory, to cross the fire of the fort; make in the centre of the old mole another work, sand-bags and our off guns will arm this; line the whole shore with batteries; mount every piece; also let every soul that loves us work, and we will turn the day into one of victory and renown. Let every inch of ground be a fortress, and those who cannot fight may bring earth to protect those who can."

"It is well!" and we left for our ships. Alas! little of my counsel was carried into effect.

"And now Afi, girl, you must land." As I said the words, her natural habit overcame disguise, and she sought for a veil to hide her face. "The Doctor has found some good people who will take care of you; you are his daughter, mind, and as such will be respected, and may always appeal to us if in want of anything, at least, until another has relieved us of the charge. Now, girl, go into my cabin and dress; you will find all there ready, at least, all the Doctor thought of."—"Oh, dear, no—" and I rushed on deck, for she fell on her knees imploring, and beseeching she might remain on board. "And now, Achmet, you have been much to blame," I said, as he came at my call and stood before me with a quiet determined look—I loved him for it, so different from the usual servile cringe of the Stambouli to a superior; "first, you have committed a gross breach of discipline, this I must not overlook. We expect the enemy. You may wash it out in their blood."

"With my own, Capitan, so God wills it; I am your servant."

"Well, then you have acted unfairly towards me, and have much compromised my position; this I will look to. Next, and perhaps more, you have wickedly compromised her who had a right to your support and protection—her whose only fault was love of you. Remember that her honour is yours, for I will not believe you harbour bad intent towards her; I cannot believe this; did I, my arm and weapon should truly avenge her; but no, I will not imagine it. What touches her purity sullies yours. Go, repair your folly; marry at once. I will see you to-morrow; let me hear that Afi is your wife; you have my leave till noon-day prayer, and then return and repair your error, be worthy of her, and none will ask more." He attempted to speak, but turned away to hide his emotions, while I repaired on shore to inspect places to erect the batteries needed to protect us. Little, however, was done, perhaps through a feeling of confidence, more probably from one of indolence. The townspeople, at least the Mahometan portion, were reassured when they saw our squadron, and, emboldened by their fancied security, ultimately convinced our sailors of our own; and, lording it over the poor terrified native Christians of the place with impunity, renewed their contempt for all of the sect rayah or foreigner. For several days their confidence kept increasing; they swaggered and vaunted, and at last had half talked themselves into the belief that they wished the Russians would come. Meanwhile more Tarco

batteries were ordered, and begun with great zeal, and our squadron moored in line of battle, parallel to the shore, forming a crescent. The flag-ship covered the fire of the fort, such as it was, rendering it useless to support our flank just as its assistance would be most needed, and the last vessel of the line veered across the line of the only efficient battery; our centre covered the mole, which would have been our best point to fortify. Such were our dispositions when towards sun-down the cry arose, "The Russians! the Russians!" We ascended to the walls of the old citadel, Hassan and I, for we chanced to be on shore (I was born on shore, as sailors say, and ever hated to be on board when not actually necessary), and there, sure enough, close in shore, running along the land, was the enemy. It was no squadron though, but a small fleet in open order, steamers on either beam, large powerful ones they were; a weather and lee line, three liners in each, and three with their four rows of ports, two look-out frigates ahead. "There goes the bunting, Hassan; they have made us out, as our masts open over the narrow neck. Now, Hassan, that is the way our fleets should sail; see the order, ready for anything;"—while we skurry about without plan or order, like a parcel of Hyters after a thief. Egad, Islam will do no good till the generals, admirals, and other Akabeers are told off, and every fifth man of them shot. Look at your army—not the Seraskier Omer, he is chief, and will be—but in Asia, here and there attacking this place, forsaking that, all independent of each other, without plan, objects, or united action; irregulares you are, and irregulares you will be.

But the fleet! Reader, have you ever lain on the side of some quiet pool in tropic land, sheltered from the noon-tide heat by equatorial verdure, watching the gambols of the many-coloured fish basking in the full tide of the mighty sun,—seen the play and frolic they indulge in, or else lying motionless, proud of their shining backs and beauteous colouring—all is pleasure, peace, and pastime. But look beyond—a line upright like a stick, rising just above the water, comes steadily in; it is the shark, the Russian of those seas. The pool, before so quiet, where all disported and enjoyed, is alive; straight lines are cut on its surface, as the poor frightened inhabitants rush to the shallows to avoid the foe; the water foams with their efforts to escape, and, in despair, some rush between his very jaws.

That pool was now Sinope. The inhabitants had manned the walls to gaze on the stranger sail, but as they sailed in in awful strength one cry arose—a yell of fear and hate—all left the battlements, and Sinope held few Turks that night.

The fleet passed on, and, as the sun set, entered the darker distance, but the fear of them remained long after they had passed into the night.

On my way down, I called at the house where Afi had been placed; it was that of an Armenian agent, consignee to one in Stamboul, whom I knew. I consoled her, and bade him, if we were taken, or anything happened, to keep her with every care, and, using the argument I knew best would tell, I said his house at

Stamboul had ample funds to repay him on her account. This I had settled previously to leaving the Golden Horn. Afi herself came and kissed my hand, and I was astonished at her beauty now she appeared in her proper dress. Long could I linger in describing it, for there is a sweetness about her memory which fain would make me dwell upon it. And then the air of perfect happiness and heartfelt deep-seated joy with which she bent over and kissed my hand. I felt all she meant. Poor dear Afi! she had then one hour of bliss; she had her lover—her husband—what cared she for foes, or doubted for the future? But duty called me away, and well it was, for I too loved to gaze on that angel face. “Afi, I am thy brother, father, if thou wilt, or friend; remember that and me. Farewell, girl!”

A few strong strokes, and I was alongside the flag-ship, begging the Pasha to cause all to be alert, prepared for a night-attack, which I felt sure the Russians would attempt with their boats; to order every light on board the vessels to be kept out of sight, and all prepared. My counsel was received with cold thanks, and an assurance that if the boats came they would be warmly welcome.

The night was dark, but calm; large clouds scud across the moon, allowing occasional glimpses only of her full disc; the dogs on shore and the splash of the ripple alone disturbed the stillness; I turned in early, as I imagined that if attack was made it would be at the hour of Azrael, that darkest hour that precedes the dawn, when, according to Moslem tradition, the angel of death hovers abroad over the globe, collecting his tribute from the sons of earth. At two I came on deck, equipped for the fight; my prescience forewarning me, I had made every preparation, and, my old-fashioned boarding netting triced up, I was in all things ready. My vessel was third in the line; ahead of me was the mole, astern a large Turkish corvette, the *Gull Sefit*, inside the transports. I had moored a spar ahead and astern, to prevent the boats surrounding me, and a spare yard, that evening towed off, was on my beam at some twenty yards' distance; thus well prepared, I lit my pipe, or rather had it lit, and, taking my seat on the taffrail, left the rest to my old oracle Time.

Hassan and the Doctor joined me, and began a conversation on wounds and amputation, a subject on which Hassan had very peculiar notions. Not liking an account of what I might soon know too well, I left and took my seat at the gangway; there I found Achmet, in a reverie of delight, contemplating his own happiness; too full for words. We did not disturb each other. The bell at last struck, and the sentry hailed the hour as the noise of cut water struck me. I listened so intently as to defeat my object, but it was true, and my call soon awoke the crew, who sprang to their guns. The other ships showed no sign of life; a slight pull of my bowspring called me out, and my whole broadside boomed towards the sound; every ship awoke, and lights flashed through their ports. For a moment all was silence, and now the lusty strokes of the oars as the boats advanced were plainly audible. The Russian boats have come to cut us out? and what for? Had not they got us safe? Why, in the

morning they could have stood in, and taken us before breakfast; why then waste their strength? There must be spare men they wish killed. They say the Emperor little cares how many he offers as a sacrifice to the Moloch of his ambition. They shall pass through the fire. Ah! they come for our flank—well, it is bravely done; come on, come on, yellak! They make for us,—the transports and the stores, and money is their goal; steady, men—double shot, grape—fire low, you cannot fire too low; fire slowly, keep half the guns loaded; so, so!" And as our shot flew, a crash—a splash—yells and shrieks arose from the distance; the night was dark, the sound above directed the fire; and now a long line of boats came pulling from the dark wall into the visible horizon; near a long line converging towards our end of the squadron, passing round us, and rapidly advancing, my men kept up one incessant fire. "Lower, men, lower: you only blow their hair about. There, there," as oars flew splintered, and the struck boat yawed from the line; "now they open fire from their guns, while a crowd of light boats pull from the flanks upon us." Well did they fire; my bulwarks tore away beneath it fathoms at a time. A shot struck the gun above which I was standing. "Allah! Allah!" yelled the crew, as they fell on their own slippery blood. The fleet meanwhile belched forth fire for little purpose but to swell the din. Oh! for a force to sink their ships and send these beleaguering devils down to Hades: and now they come, the oars breaking with the weight of stroke. The boom, the boom; it takes their bows, they start back a second; the next, my whole broadside, scarce charged, to increase the blow, falls among them. Musquet, rifle, pistol,—all at them—crash, crash! shriek, yell, cheers, groans; they break, they sink, and our ready-manned boats from the off-side are on them, backing and hewing the few who live. This closed the scene. With heavy discharges, to cover their retreat, the boats retired, left of half their numbers, and calling threats of vengeance to efface their great defeat.

This victory was to us a great injury; it increased our confidence, and caused neglect of future precautions. The next days were devoted to rejoicings over our success; the few killed were buried with every honour, and slept in triumph's grave, and the wounded, removed on shore, received all the commiseration of the returned and confident people; even the Greek population were struck dumb at witnessing the defeat of what they considered a heaven-assisted power.

But short was the triumph—my paint was hardly dry on the replaced sides, the swagger but well recovered of the saucy Sino-pean, when "The fleet, the fleet!" was again the cry, and they appeared on the Eastern horizon, standing in with a leading wind. All hurried on board, and the drums beat the quick roll to arms, to quarters. On they came—rushing through the water as if impelled by demon power to overwhelm the right; as they approached they keep their luff, avoiding the battery on the point, which, with feeble fire, endeavoured to arrest them. Now in two lines, they stand for us, the sea our anchors, head and stern lowering their sails or let-

ting by their sheets—foul pity to be beaten by such lubbers—one vessel stands on; and anchors abreast our headmost ships. Our fire had poured forth with incessant roar from the moment they neared our position. Now they are stationed; and one sheet of fire, poured from their broadsides, pelting huge iron balls with relentless force—ships, town and fortress, battery and mosque, cypress and minarets, bowed before the overwhelming shock, deprived us of our senses, beating us back paralysed from our guns. A huge three-decker lay on my beam—her first fire swept over me, toppling down masts and spars, tearing up decks and bulwarks, smashing men and guns. Passing on, it fell on town and street, shattering all in one common destruction. My men were downfallen on the blood-stained decks, yet still the volleys poured fast. Dead men were cut with the wild shot, till human nature was appalled, and all were clinging, wounded, to splinters of wreck. Nobly rose our cries to fight—nobly stood the shattered remnant to their guns. Our bulwarks gone, we fought our uncovered battery with martyr courage. My fore-castle quarters were swept away, foremast, booms, boats, gun, dead and dying, lying in one bloody writhing shattered mass! I cheered the men on, and we replied with deadly hate to our vile enemy's fiendish fire. Our cables cut, we drift! we drift! I whispered to my men. One answering shout arose at once from all. "Yes! yes! Allah, yes!" Hassan sprang to me, wrapped me in his mighty arms, and rushed below. The wind had changed, and blew from off the town, enveloped in smoke; we drifted slowly out. Nearing our huge foe, a mass of blood-red fire was canopied in smoke. "Quick, sons of my heart, fire, fire, everywhere! We near the Moscov, and ye who live tell the tale—how, when the 'Jemili' could fight no more, she fired herself, and blowing up, enveloped friend and foe in one common destruction.—God! great God of mercy, hear my dying cry! To you, and to your justice I commit my soul! If this is sin, in pity pardon us—who do our duty as poor earthly servants—who die in hope, in humble hope—Lord, mighty Lord, have mercy on Thy created!"

The lofty stern of the three-decker rose above us, nearer and nearer drift we to her fire on every part; we advance to embrace her with the eagerness of a bridegroom to his long-loved bride. "Achmet, officers, overboard every soul! Drive every man overboard; throw spars, gratings, hatches, half-ports, over, over with them!—now, that's well, lads. Farewell!—remember the 'Jemili,'—remember me!"

They kissed my feet, my clothes, my hands; clung round me; hung on me, and then dropped over the stern, and I stood alone. Hassan, in the hatchway, gleamed like an angel, and in his countenance there was an expression of determination and resolve which demigods might envy; he stood with his pistols in his hands, waiting my word to rush down and fire the magazine.

And I—my heart beat high with a strange feeling of joy and triumph—We cannot conquer, but we may not be overcome. We may not win, but we will not be beaten. And a light of happiness

seemed to come over me. My toils, my pains, my doubts, were over. I stood at the portal of all glorious immortality. I, who had deemed the way of life long, tedious, toilsome, saw my road levelled, and home and Paradise waiting to receive me. Within was peace, calm, and triumph—the curtain seemed to rise, and I beheld the future opened. The blood of martyrs is the seed of freedom. “Hassan, now!”—he jumped below.

I looked with a pleasant smile at our huge towering foe, who, perceiving us on him, had manned his stern with rifle-men, and was volleying bullets on our decks—they fell around me unheeded. I seemed wrapt in immortality.

A pause—a fearful pause—and—

I moved, I stirred, and the action recalled me to being. My eyes opened—this is Paradise. I *was* and now *am*—the great mystery was solved; I awake to know—

I was passing through the air, borne on angels' wings. My brow is cooled by spirits—I was dead—and now—but no! pain, pain, bitter racking pain—cold, biting cold. It is night, and I am alive—my dizzy senses half refuse the truth. Why, why am I alive?

It was eve, the bay beneath was still—they had made a desert, and they called it peace. But consciousness returned. Achmet knelt by my side, Afi bathed my brow; the watchfire burnt at my feet; the remnant of our crew stood round. “And where is the Russian liner?”—“In Hell! in Hell!”—“And the ‘Jemili,’ what remains? Where? We must see the last of her.” The first lieutenant laid his hand on a huge bar which I now saw was an anchor, thrown up in the explosion.* “Here, here,” he cried, is our despatch to posterity—the last, the tale of the gallant ‘Jemili.’”

* “By the last positive news the fleets were still at Sinope, but it is believed that they are on their way to the Bosphorus for provisions, &c. Provisions at Sinope are scarce and dear. The aspect of Sinope is described as deplorable—the Turkish town a shapeless heap of ruins, the shore still littered plentifully with wreck and heaps of bodies, so scantily covered with sand that the French and English sailors have been obliged to dig trenches to bury them properly. A huge anchor, lying high and dry on a hill three hundred feet high, and one thousand feet from the sea, fearfully records the terrific explosion of one unfortunate ship.”—*Evening Journal*.

THE THEATRES OF LONDON.

THEIR HISTORY—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

INTRODUCTION.

THE modern drama of Europe may be traced to two sources—the one an imitation of the ancient or classical, and the other, a refinement of the rude performances known as Mysteries and Moralities. That the art was known in England almost as early as the Conquest appears from the writings of Fitz-Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, who lived in the time of Henry the Second, and who particularly alludes to miracles and interludes. This allusion is made in a curious description of London, written in 1174; and proof exists of dramatic entertainments being known in this country at least a century previous to that date. It is doubtful whether any other European nation can place their theatrical representations at so remote a period.

At the dawn of modern civilisation, most countries of Europe possessed a rude kind of drama, consisting, not in those exhibitions of natural character and incident which constituted the plays of ancient Greece and Rome, but in representations of the principal events of the Old and New Testaments, and of the history of the saints, whence they were denominated Miracles, or Miracle Plays. Originally they appear to have been acted by and under the management of the clergy, who are understood to have deemed them favourable to the diffusion of religious feeling; though, from the traces of them which remain, they seem to have been profane and indecorous in the highest degree. A Miracle Play upon the story of St. Katherine, and in the French language, was acted at Dunstable in 1119; and from 1268 to 1577 these Miracle Plays were performed almost every year in Chester. In 1378 the scholars of St. Paul's presented a petition to Richard the Second, praying his Majesty "to prohibit some unexpert people from presenting the history of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great expense, in order to represent it publicly at Christmas." On the 18th of July, 1390, the parish clerks of London played an interlude at Skinner's Well, from which circumstance is derived the name of the locality known as Clerkenwell. Nineteen years subsequently the clerks played the "Creation of the World" before the principal nobility of the country, the representation occupying eight days.

Some idea of the "properties" required in the production of these mysteries may be gathered from the church-books of Tewkesbury, preserved for a considerable period, and which exhibit the following entry:—"A.D. 1578: Paid for the players' gear, six sheepskins

for Christe's garments;" and in an inventory forming part of the same collection are the words—"Order eight heads of hair for the apostles, and ten beards, and a face (or visor) for the devil."

At Coventry these entertainments were produced with great care. The place of performance was the street, or churchyard, the stage a movable platform, and the subjects the most solemn of Bible themes. The histrionics of the fifteenth century found little difficulty, according to their idea, in getting up a play, for their *repertoire* included the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Nativity, nay, even the last solemn Day of Judgment. These performances—which now sound like impiety—were given in innocence and perfect simplicity, and were witnessed by the king and royal family, the nobles and chief ecclesiastical dignitaries, with a host of strangers from different parts of the kingdom. Of the expenses incurred in their preparation, here are a few curious items:—"Payd for 2 pound of hayre for the divill's head, 3s.; mending his hose, 8d.; black canvas for shirts for the damned, 4s.; red buckram for the wings of angels (represented by naked children), 7s.; paid for a cote for God, and a payre of gloves, 3s."

Next to the mysteries came the kindred class styled "Moralities." The representation of these rude spectacles was continued for centuries, but a brighter day was ultimately seen in the distance. The art which had won the approval of the wise and lettered sages of ancient Greece, and over which the night had so long darkened, was sacred in its principle; it had consequently retained its vitality, and from a long slumber it began to awaken to a new form. One of the earliest of those who assisted at this desired consummation was John Heywood, an epigrammist—the jester of a former time, when Wisdom uttered its sharp oracles under the protection of cap and bells. It would be a sufficient recommendation of this writer to relate that "Sir Thomas More was particularly fond of him." His musical skill, and the mildness of his temper, rendered him a favourite at Court. He was there admired during the reign of Henry the Eighth, as well as during the brief period of the sixth Edward's supremacy; and we are told that the playful humour of his conversation beguiled even the agony of the deathbed of the sanguinary Mary. Heywood, on the accession of Elizabeth, went into voluntary exile, and died at Mechlin, in Brabant, in 1565. His dramas do not extend beyond the limits of an interlude. They include "A Play of Love" (1533), and "A Play of Gentleness and Nobilitie" (1535).

Other scholars began to appear in the same school. The date of 1530 is assigned to a piece called "Ralph Roister Doister," written by Nicholas Udall; whilst to one of our earliest comedies, "Gammer Gurton's Needle," is ascribed that of 1566. In the present day the preparation of a spectacular play occasionally incurs the expenditure of some hundreds—nay, the amount has reached to thousands. As a contrast, an extract is here given from the Bursar's Books of Christ's College, 9th Elizabeth, which, no doubt, has reference to a portion of the expenses incurred in the representation of "Gammer Gurton's Needle:"—

“Item, for the carpenters setting up the scaffold at the Plaie, *xld.*”

The earliest tragedy in the English language is considered to be “*Ferrex and Porrex*,” better known by the title of “*Gorboduc*.” This piece was produced by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple at Whitehall, before Queen Elizabeth, on the 18th of January, 1561. It is a sanguinary story from early British history, exhibiting poetical conception and moral sentiments, though entirely destitute of dramatic rules. “*Gorboduc*” was the joint production of Thomas Sackville (Lord Buckhurst) and Mr. Thomas Norton. The former was originally a private gentleman, but was raised to honour, and ranks high among the ministers of Elizabeth.

When the pageants and mysteries had been put down by the force of public opinion—when spectacles of a dramatic character had ceased to be employed as instruments of religious instruction—the professional players who had sprung up founded their popularity for a long period upon the ancient habits and associations of the people. Our drama was essentially formed by a course of steady progress, and not by rapid transition.

In 1549, stage-playing was prohibited as sedition, and, in 1552, appeared a second proclamation against “*Plaiers and Printers without licence*.” From the death of Henry the Eighth to that of Mary (1547–1558), the Government appeared inimical to stage representations, as calculated to foment the dissensions between the two churches; but soon after the accession of Elizabeth, the drama received a new impetus, and principally a new form. In the first days of “*good Queen Bess*,” moral plays, histories, and romances were beginning to be popular; and upon this class of plays the superstructure of real tragedy and comedy had to be erected. The Puritans, even at this early period, were strong in their zeal; and about 1577, tracts and pamphlets were directed against “*dicing, dancing, vain plays, or interludes*.” There is not much doubt that, at this period, the early drama was considerably tinctured with coarseness and low ribaldry.

In the memorable period, however, between 1580 and 1595, arose the founders of the true English drama, Marlowe, Kyd, Lyly, Peele, Greene, Nash, Lodge, and, greater than all, Shakspeare, the “*myriad-minded*,” whose fame has gone forth to the ends of the earth. Crowding upon the scene came Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Webster, Marston, Middleton, Rowley, Ford, Shirley, Dekker, and others—a constellation vying with the palmy days of Greece.

Having thus briefly traced the English drama from its origin to the introduction of theatres, we proceed to “*Their History—Past and Present*.”

THEATRES FIRST ERECTED—THEIR DISTINGUISHING FEATURES.

In the earliest history of public theatres, we find the player and his supporters opposed most strenuously, not only by the Puritans, but by the civic power. Notwithstanding this opposition, the

theatres in London were numerous at the period when they were raised into importance and value by the advent of Shakspeare and his brother dramatists. In 1583, some half-dozen years before the presumed date of the bard's earliest play, Queen Elizabeth selected twelve of the best actors from the different companies accustomed to perform before her; by this selection a company was formed under her own special sanction. This was doubtless a feather in the cap of the "poor player," but his triumph was not yet complete. That complaints occasionally reached the ear of the sovereign we may gather from the following letter, to be found in the British Museum, from which we gain an insight into the number of actors then engaged in London, and likewise the fact that several noblemen had formed companies in imitation of their royal mistress. The letter is addressed by Elizabeth to Secretary Walsingham:—

"January 25, 1586.

"The daily abuse of stage-playes is such an offence to the godlye, and so grete a hindrance to the gospel, as the Papists do exceedingly rejoyce at the blemish, and not without cause. For every day in the week the players' bills are set up in sundry places in the city, some in the name of her Majesty's men, some the Earle of Leicester's, some the Earle of Oxford's, the Lord Admiral's, and divers others; so that when the bells toll to the lecturers, the trumpeters sound to the stagers. The playhouses are pestered when the churches are naked; at the one it is not plenty. It is a woeful sight to see two hundred players jet in their silkes, where five hundred poore people starve in the stretes. But if this mischief must be tolerated, let every stage in London pay a weekly pension to the poore, that *ex hoc malo proveniat aliquod bonum*; but it were rather to be wished that players might be used as Apollo did laughing, *semel in anno*."

The chief theatres in the metropolis in the time of Shakspeare were, the Theatre, especially so called, supposed to have been situate in Shoreditch; the Curtain, in the same locality; Paris Garden, Bankside (used as a bear-garden, as well as for the performance of plays); the Blackfriars, Whitefriars, Rose, Hope, Swan (Newington), Red Bull, and the Cockpit, or Phœnix, in Drury-lane.

Various places of minor importance were also dignified by the name of theatre, of which the most famous was the inn-yard of the Belle Sauvage in Ludgate-hill. Of almost equal importance were the Cross Keys in Gracechurch-street, and the Bull in Bishopsgate-street. The first-mentioned of these inn-yard theatres had, doubtless, rude accommodation; but an old writer (Stephen Gosson) has left behind him a favourable notice of its dramatic representations:—"The Two Prose Books, played at the Bel Savage, where you shall find never a word without wit, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vain." Many of our ancient dramatic pieces were performed in these inn-yards, in which, at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, the comedians, who then first united themselves into companies, erected an occasional stage. The

galleries at the end and on each side of these yards—traces of which are still to be seen in the Borough, and elsewhere—were well adapted for the accommodation of the audience; and the same form was retained in the subsequent erection of the more regular theatres. The stage was constructed in the area, with its back to the gateway, where the admission-money was taken. The middle of the area was appropriated to the lowest class of visitants. There being no roof, plays could only be acted in these yards in fine weather.

In the middle of the Globe, and other public theatres, there was likewise an open area, where the “common people” stood to witness the exhibition; from this circumstance they are styled by Shakspeare the “groundlings,” and by Ben Jonson the “understanding gentlemen of the ground.” This area, in the private theatre, was termed, as now, the pit, the audience in which sat upon benches, and did not stand, as in the inn-yards. The stage was separated from the audience only by poles, and was strewed with rushes, the usual covering of floors at that period. The curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod. In some theatres they were woollen, in others silk. When tragedies were performed, the stage was hung with black, as appears from various passages in the old dramatic writers, more especially from the following extract from the Introduction to “A Warning for Fair Women” (1599):—

“*History.*—Look, Comedie, I mark'd it not till now,
The stage is hung with blacke, and I perceiue
The auditors prepar'd for tragedie.”

The stage was lighted by candles fixed in large branches, similar to those used in churches previous to the introduction of gas; and before 1611, wax-lights appear to have been used. These branches were found to obstruct the sight of the spectators, and were removed, their place being supplied by small circular wooden frames, with holes in which candles were fitted. Four of these frames were hung on each side of the stage.

Towards the rear of the stage was a balcony, or upper stage, about eight or nine feet from the ground, with windows facing the audience. It was here that the first Juliet sat, and here the court beheld the play in “Hamlet.” When the balcony was not wanted for the piece, the gallants, or dramatic authors, that hovered about the stage, would sit to view the performance.

With respect to the use of scenery at this period of the history of theatres, much dispute has arisen, and nothing in the shape of proof can be adduced from the descriptions which appear in the old plays. Among the Shaksperian commentators, Steevens takes the affirmative side of the question; but a portion of his argument rests on analogy and conjecture: Malone adopts the opposite opinion, and contends that movable scenes were not in use in England till 1605, when three plays were performed at Oxford before James I., being thus described by a contemporary writer:—

"The stage was built at the upper end of the hall, as it seemed at the first sight: but indeed it was but a false wall, faire painted and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about; by reason whereof, with the help of other painted clothes, the stage did vary three times in one tragedy."

Obscurity still veils the question of scenes, or "painted clothes," as the writer quoted terms them; but it is generally supposed that the mechanism of the stage, at that early period, did not extend beyond a painted chair or a trap-door. This inference would seem to be borne out by observations used in the editions of plays published in the time of Shakspeare, or shortly afterwards; for instance, in "Richard the Second," Act iv. Scene 1, "Bolingbroke, &c., enter, *as* to the Parliament;" and in "Sir John Oldcastle" (1600), "Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, *as* in a chamber."

Sir Philip Sydney—the hero of the "lyre and sword"—describing the state of the stage in his time, says:—"Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by, we have news of shipwracke in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock," &c. There seems to be no question but that, in the early part of Shakspeare's connection with the stage, the want of scenery was supplied by writing on boards the names of the different places of action. This custom is likewise referred to by Sir Philip Sydney in his "Defence of Poesie:" "What child is there that, coming to a play and seeing Thebes written upon an old door, doth believe it is Thebes?" Sir Philip's "Defence" was published in 1595; it was, however, written as early as 1581, five years before the death of its chivalrous author at the battle of Zutphen.

The price of admission into the best rooms, or boxes, seems to have fluctuated, but the general price was one shilling. In the "Scornful Lady," printed in 1616, one-and-sixpenny places are mentioned; the prologue to the "Queen of Arragon," performed in May, 1640, refers to two shillings being paid; whilst in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit without Money," mention is made of the "halfcrown boxe." The galleries and pit were sixpence; but in the meaner theatres only a penny was charged, in other houses twopence. There is evidence, however, that the rate of admission varied according to the attraction of the entertainment. The performances commenced at one o'clock in the afternoon, and were concluded in two or three hours. Only one piece was acted in a day.

From an inventory which has been preserved of the dresses, stage properties, &c., of the Lord Admiral's servants, it would appear that the dresses used at this period were of a costly description; and Greene, in his "Groat's Worth of Wit," introduces a player who boasts that his share in the "stage apparel" could not be sold for two hundred pounds. The latter work, published in 1592, contains the earliest mention of Shakspeare as a writer for

the theatre. Greene there addresses Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and terms Shakspeare "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers." These words probably allude to the use Shakspeare had made of some plays by those writers when altered by him for the Blackfriars Theatre. The undying reputation of this "upstart crow" was not seen by Robert Greene in his visions of the future.

The prompter, or book-holder, as he was sometimes called, and the property-man, were regular appendages to the stage. The early use of trap-doors is likewise implied in the marginal directions of many of the old plays. In Marston's "Antonio's Revenge" (1602), for instance, we have—"Enter Balurdo from under the stage;" and in Middleton and Dekker's "Roaring Girl," (1611), there is a character called Trap-Door. With respect to other mechanism of the stage, in Greene's "Alphonsus" we read, "After you have sounded thrice, let Venus be let down from the top of the stage, and when she is down, say," &c.; again, in another part, "Exit Venus, or, if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage and draw her up."

The band consisted of eight or ten performers, who sat in an upper balcony, over what is now termed the stage-box. The principal instruments were cornets (a sort of horn), hautboys, lutes, recorders (similar to a flageolet), viols, and organs. Before the play commenced there were three flourishes or "soundings;" and music was likewise played between the acts.

Boys or young men performed female characters, women not appearing upon the English stage till near the time of the Restoration.

Playbills were not unknown at this early period of the drama's history. In October, 1587, a licence was granted to John Charlewood, for the "onlye ymprinting all manner of bills for players." These bills were affixed to the numerous posts which then encumbered the metropolis; hence the phrase "posting bills," which is still retained.

During the reign of Elizabeth, plays were performed on a Sunday, after the hours of prayer; and that "sovereign ladie," on paying a visit to Oxford in September, 1592, objected not to be present at a theatrical exhibition on the Sabbath. Stow, in his "Survey of London," speaking of the suppression of plays in the city, says:—"But upon application to the Queen and Council, they were again tolerated, under the following restrictions,—that no plays be acted on Sunday at all, nor on any holidays, till after evening prayer. That no playing be in the dark, nor continue any such time but as any of the auditors may return to their dwellings in London before sunset, or at least before it be dark."

ADVENTURES OF A FIRST SEASON.

PRESENTATION AT COURT.

At last the dress was, to my unspeakable relief, purchased. It was white of course, as I was to be presented, and consisted of a lace dress trimmed with white roses and white ribbon, and a beautiful train of spotless *moiré*. White roses were also to be worn in the hair.

When I saw the mighty length of silk destined to be formed into my train, I became seriously alarmed at the notion of such a novel appendage, and as to how I was to manage those lengthened folds. I imparted my fears and doubts to Lady M——, who laughed most heartily at my serious distress, and promised to initiate me into the art of managing so much superfluous drapery. Accordingly, one evening she came to our house for this purpose, and I shall never forget how we laughed at my rehearsal. A table-cloth of the largest possible dimensions was fastened to my waist and carefully spread on the ground. She then made me walk round and round the room for some time, like a horse in a hippodrome, calling out—

“Hold up your head—now put your hands so—don’t frown—pray try not to look as if you were going to cry—can’t you walk properly?” &c.

When this exercise had been gone through, and she had extracted as much amusement as possible from my awkward movements, drill the second began.

Lady M—— placed herself on the hearth-rug, and assuming a grand and entirely regal *posé*, now desired me to consider her as the Queen, and to advance into the allotted space in order to make my courtesy.

“Remember,” said she “first, not to tread on your train, for if you do you will fall down at once—a pretty catastrophe truly. You recollect how I showed you to bow one knee to the ground, and leaning forward to touch my hand; and be sure you take care how you rise, or you may give Her Majesty a blow on the nose.—Come now, begin.”

I advanced towards her, and nervous at having to observe so many different instructions, made a most horribly stiff courtesy.

“This will never do,” cried my instructress, “come, try again.”

The second time was better; and at length, by dint of repetition, I at last performed my part with tolerable assurance. Lady M—— was satisfied,—and dismounting from her supposed throne, I was liberated from the table-cloth, and we sat down to have a good regular chat,—the subject of which was, the innumerable beaux supposed to be dying of love at that very time for our sakes. Of Frederick I did not speak. It would have been a species of sacrilege to open the secret recesses of my heart to any *confidante*.

At last the memorable morning arrived that was to see me at St. James'. I rose early—for the French hair-dresser, of course, *au désespoir*, at all he had to do—was to arrive at nine o'clock. My little maid, who had become one constant note of admiration at all the novelties she saw, spread out the snowy dress on the bed, and clasping her hands, fell into a volley of exclamations of wonder and delight. I was not so charmed; for the idea of three yards of train to manage sadly haunted me, and I was tormented with the terror of committing some fearful delinquency. Still to be frank—after the departure of the *coiffeur*, when I surveyed my head in the glass, I was so delighted with the umbrageous nodding plumes of ostrich feathers, the lace lappets, and the delicate circlet of white rose-buds, that my troubles withdrew, for the moment, into the background. I thought I looked very well,—pretty I was not, nor did my vanity suggest it; but I had a lively expressive little face, with a *piquant* look that was quite enough for an heiress.

The hour approached for donning that vast extent of white that lay spread out before me. It seemed very odd to me that one could not courtesy to the Queen without such a world of clothes. But so it is that ultra-civilisation, as contra-distinguished from excessive barbarism and nakedness, delights to drape itself in the presence of royalty. I should propose a happy medium.

Great were the difficulties and many were the casualties, before I had arrayed myself in that robe of spotless white. At one time, I really sat down in despair, and gave up all thoughts of being able to get into it. The body was so tight that three successive laces broke in the operation of lacing it; and the sleeves,—but why torment my readers with my difficulties? Suffice it, that at length I was equipped, and descended to the drawing-room, much embarrassed with the train, where I found about twenty friends in waiting to look at us. People who come to see one dressed, must perforce admire, so I was assured that I was perfect—that I never looked so well in my life, and a great deal more similar nonsense.

Dear old Lady C. came too, glowing with delight, for to her infatuated gaze I was arrayed in virgin white (all save the horrid train), ready and willing to be led to the altar by her Charles, who happily had been forced to return to his parish, so I was spared the infliction of his compliments. Lady C. exclaimed, "How Charles would admire you, my dear girl, really he was almost on the point of coming up on purpose to see you dressed—but there is a nasty vestry meeting this very day, and so he was prevented."

"I should have been truly sorry had he given himself that trouble," replied I, coldly.

"Ah! you are always so considerate when dear Charles is concerned," returned the indomitable old lady.

My mother, who is a very handsome woman, though I her daughter say it—looked very well. After both undergoing a full and minute investigation, the carriage drove up to the door, the servants orthodoxly decorated with bouquets of the circumference of gooseberry bushes—and we departed.

We first drove to D—— House, where we joined Lady D—ker,

Lord and Lady M——, with whom we were to go. Here I dismounted, in order to be thoroughly examined and criticised by the dignified Marchioness, who looked transcendent in her superb diamonds and elaborate toilette—quite terrifying me by her extreme magnificence. Lord D—— was in uniform, and condescended to give some hints and his commendatory of my appearance. But Lady M—— considering me as her disciple, and feeling personally implicated in the propriety of my manners and deportment, suddenly seized on me in her abrupt way, and commenced a fresh volley of instructions.

“Now, my dear,” said she, “this will never do—you hold your train dreadfully—pray fold it so—over your arm—with a little grace. And remember what I told you about tumbling down; if you don’t mind what I say, you will be sure to fall, and no one will ever forget it, and you will have a nick-name most likely all the season. Come, don’t be so frightened. And, good heavens! Why you have no fan—no bouquet. Oh this will never do—you must have both. Here are some violets sent up from —— Park, and I will lend you a fan.”

“But,” said I, exceedingly disliking to have my hands so encumbered; “do you not think that, as I am so awkward, I had best keep my hands at liberty to manage this unlucky train?”

“Impossible,” said she, arranging the flowers; “you must have a fan and a bouquet, *c’est indispensable*. Why, without you would be taken for some horrible little *bourgeoise*, you must have a fan and a bouquet.”

On she chattered, and I perforce was obliged to submit to have my hands crammed.

“Now,” continued she, “I will place them properly, and you must not move them once. Fan, bouquet and handkerchief in this hand, and the other free. So now, that will do.”

And the lively little lady bustled off to a mirror to see that her own dress was perfectly *en règle*, before leaving.

Lady D—— now proceeded down the grand staircase, with a step and bearing worthy of an Empress. Her lofty style and somewhat unbending manners were exactly suited to the grandeur of her present costume, and she might have been handed down to posterity by Grant or Pickersgill, as the living essence of a genuine aristocratic English lady of the nineteenth century. Lord —— was not of the party, and I rejoiced in his absence. Confused and frightened as I felt, one of his cynical contemptuous glances would have quite unerved me.

D—— House is not a thousand miles from St. James’ Street—so we soon formed, part of the gorgeous procession proceeding towards the gloomy smoke-dried old Palace at the bottom. To the denizens the sight of St. James’ Street on a drawing-room day is not wonderful. But how much strangers and foreigners are struck with the brilliant scene! The faultless elegance of the endless string of carriages—the beauty of the finely-limbed horses—the dress and the charms of the ladies, whose brilliant complexions defy even the ordeal of the noon-day sun—the cos-

tunes of the various ambassadors and their suites—the fez of the Turks—the black and yellow of the Austrians—the gorgeous diamonds of the French Ambassador—the brilliant hue of our soldiers' scarlet dresses—breaking the dense dark masses of the immense crowd—the windows filled to overflowing (like vases full of flowers) with pretty, well-dressed women, all in a state of rabid envy at the more fortunate daughters of Eve progressing in the carriages before them, in all the becomingness of silks, satins, flowers, jewels, and feathers—altogether forms one of the liveliest scenes of the many afforded during the gaiety of a London season.

At last, after proceeding some time at a foot-pace, we found ourselves under the low, heavy arcade that projects at one side of the gloomy, dirty old Palace of St. James. Here stood some military, certain gay-looking officers—whose duty consisted in helping the ladies to descend from their carriages, a service performed by these gallant sons of Mars with evident satisfaction. Following Lord and Lady D—, we mounted the staircase.

At the top of the stairs stood the beef-eaters—those massive remnants of the reign of the Tudors, who, with the costume, seem to have retained the constitution and robustness of the time of Harry the VIIIth, when even the Queen's maids of honour consumed such unheard-of quantities of meat for breakfast. They are precisely in the proportions and after the pattern of their great patron, and might each have served as a model to Holbein, for those rounded, fully-developed physiognomies that he loved to paint. Our cards were presented to bowing officials, small minikin modern men (beside these ancient Tritons), attired in plain clothes, and we entered the first apartment.

Of all the dark, dingy, shabby buildings misnamed a palace, St. James' is the very worst. It is actually a national disgrace. After the splendid palaces of the continent, where every petty prince possessed of a territory traversed in half an hour, owns a residence loaded with gilding, paintings, sculpture, and marbles, and adorned and decorated with every tint of the rainbow, arrayed with consummate taste—this dreary old palace is, I repeat, quite a disgrace. But at the moment of which I write, I was in no mood to discuss its merits or demerits. I looked not at the bare walls, but at the brilliant assemblage that crowded the floor, and there found ample to rivet my attention.

The rich costumes of the ladies, the sparkling eyes, the heightened colour, the low, merry laugh, the glaring brilliancy of the diamonds, the deeper richer tints of the emeralds and rubies encircling the head, the neck, the arms—the waving of the feathers to and fro, the rustling of the dresses, all fresh and spotless as they had issued from the manufactories of Lyons or Spitalfields—formed as pretty a *tableau*, as far as the ladies went, as one could conceive. Then there were the various and extremely handsome dresses of the officers—those mighty moustached invincible gentlemen, who looked so grand and imposing that I quite shrunk into my own utter insignificance as I looked at them. The *husar's*

jacket jauntily hung over one shoulder—the splendid uniform of the guardsmen—the dark, but graceful dress of the rifles—the antique cut and colour of the naval officers' attire, whose weather-beaten faces strongly contrasted with the smooth do-nothing look of many of the military—all this formed an appropriate accompaniment to the gay dresses of the ladies. Then there were the lawyers in their odd woolly-looking wigs and quaint curls, which alter the countenance so entirely, one might really pass one's own father and not recognise him—some with black, some with red gowns, according to the different courts to which they belong; the Judges, magnificent in scarlet and ermine, and adorned with longer curls and larger wigs *à la Louis Quatorze*, that descending over their shoulders emitted powder *à volonté*.

Alas! no one remembered that those same robes had been as the knell of death to many an unhappy criminal trembling in the dock before them. The right honourable gentlemen gambolled, smiled, and flaunted as they too were the gayest of the gay.

What the unhappy civilians have done to be condemned to wear such a frightful dress, I cannot conceive. Without any collar, and disfigured by a bag wig and powdered hair, they look exactly like a lackey of the time of Pope, such as might have handed Belinda her tea. All who can, escape the infliction by contriving to get appointed to some never-heard-of yeomanry or militia regiment that meets during the piping times of peace every five years, perhaps, for a day's drill or so, which at least confers on the officers the advantage of wearing uniform, and silver epaulets. Clergymen there were in Geneva gowns, and bishops with little silk aprons, and archbishops also adorned ditto; and then there was that hideous mass of embroidery on blue cloth with large upright stiff collars (a portion of which they might well spare to the civilians who are in the other extreme and have none) called the Windsor uniform, the honour of wearing which would to my mind be dearly purchased by its extremely hideous unbecomingness.

All these costumes formed the crowd; and I cannot venture to tell how I stared and wondered at the extraordinary medley, the sort of moving patchwork of gaudy colours that gyrated around. The band was playing lively martial airs in a court-yard beneath the window; the sun burst out at one o'clock, and lighted up the scene with streams of bright light that, catching the jewels, made them glisten and sparkle most brilliantly. I could not talk; I was quite preoccupied with the novelty and beauty of the scene around me, where—unknowing and unknown—I stood leaning on my mother's arm, faithfully clutching the fan, the bouquet, and the handkerchief. All at once my reverie was broken, by perceiving a handsome-looking officer, with mustaches of inordinate length and brilliant uniform, bowing as it appeared to me. Now as I could not fancy or hope of aspiring to the acquaintance of so magnificent a gentleman, and conceiving that he had made a mistake, I did not return it; but, nothing daunted, he advanced towards me, and, bowing still lower, said—

"I fear Miss —— does not honour me with her recollection."

"Indeed, I beg your pardon," returned I; "I thought you had perhaps mistaken me."

"Do you not then remember that I had the pleasure of dancing with you last week at Lady ——'s."

To be sure I did; but never fancying I could know any one half so smart I had almost insisted on cutting him. "Your uniform," said I, "must be my excuse."

So, nothing loath to have suddenly acquired a smart guardsman to chat with, we straightway began a lively conversation and discussion of the scene before us. Lady M— turned sharply round to discover with whom I was talking, but seeing it was with a guardsman whom she knew, she nodded her approval, bowed to him, and continued her conversation with a certain ill-favoured peer possessed of a bottomless purse, whom she had long been endeavouring to enchant. Round one half the room runs a barricade of wood, where only two or sometimes one person can walk abreast, which reduces the crowd and compels them to enter the next room in limited numbers. Into this barricade we now entered, and, soon arriving at the door, found ourselves within the next apartment immediately preceding the Presence Chamber. At this period of the proceedings I grew very nervous, and felt my train a painful embarrassment. I tried to recall all the lessons I had received about my deportment—the table-cloth evening—but the terror of tumbling down quite overcame me. The keen eyes of my instructress were upon me, and I dreaded her jokes and her scoldings if I acquitted myself ill. Fortunately, I had not much time left for reflection, as we were hurried on in the advancing crowd. The doorway, shaded by curtains, was reached—two lords in waiting stationed on either side suddenly pounced upon my train, spreading it on the ground behind me with all the dexterity of a practised lady's-maid—one moment more, and little I was in the august presence of royalty.

Her Majesty stands in the centre of a large apartment, having doors right and left, by which the company enter and emerge from her presence. Lords in waiting, grooms of the chamber, and Heaven knows what other functionaries, form a hedge along the room from the door to the spot where she receives the interminable string, who like the souls bound over the Styx to the infernal regions, file before her in an endless succession. Worthy did she look, on the occasion to which I refer, of the brilliant and singular position she holds. Young, fair, with a look and deportment of unrivalled majesty—her head encircled with a crown of the most superb jewels, that glistened as she moved like a little firmament of stars—her fair hair braided over an expansive forehead—her large blue eyes turned on those who approached her with a look of composed and dignified attention,—she stood in the centre of her brilliant court distinguished from all around by the innate, the unaffected dignity of her bearing. Her neck and bosom of extreme whiteness, full and well formed, were adorned with diamonds mixed with other stones—a stomacher of jewels

en suite covering the front of her dress; the blue ribbon of the garter was just perceptible, and her sleeves were also looped up with jewels. Nothing could exceed the dazzling effect of all these ornaments. Her dress was of white tulle, trimmed with bows of pink ribbon mixed with jewels—her train spread behind her in large and ample folds of rich pink silk, also trimmed with ribbon. Around, behind, and on her right and left, stood the court, a right royal sight to behold. The royal family and all the ladies in waiting surrounding her, dressed with a taste and an elegance which, though impossible to particularise, formed a gorgeous ensemble. Many a lovely face appeared among the bevy of ladies grouped around their Queen; but they were all eclipsed by their royal mistress, who, although not precisely beautiful, yet joined to all the freshness of youth a dignity all her own.

One glance on entering the room served to show what I have endeavoured to describe, for as I advanced I dared not look about too curiously. Our order of approach was in this wise:—First, my Lady Marchioness, who swept along in a consciousness of beauty, rank, and of a faultless toilette, that gave her quite an overwhelming grandeur. Then followed my lord, his sword clanking martially as he moved, evidently inconveniencing his legs, being somewhat thin, he was quite eclipsed by the magnificence of his lady-wife; next came Lady M——, quite tamed for the moment, and walking without hurry; then followed my mother, and then, with very short small steps, followed little me. I was advancing very prosperously, and staring as much as I could, when, as ill luck would have it, I planted my foot firmly on my mother's train, and a loud and ominous crack warned me of the internal mischief I had caused. Fancy my fright! I never looked up afterwards as long as that blue train swept before me, but kept my eyes fixed on its advancing folds to avoid a similar accident. So I cannot tell how the others performed their obeisances, for a mass of blue silk bounded my horizon. When no longer haunted by the train, which had turned off towards the door of exit, I found myself close to her Majesty, and a large open space in front to traverse alone, a situation that forced me to summon up all my courage. My name and by whom presented were repeated out loud by the Lord in waiting, as I advanced. Her Majesty gave me a little look of kindness, for my fear must have been evident; she extended a white and beautifully-rounded arm loaded with bracelets, and terminating with the prettiest little hand imaginable, towards me with the most graceful motion. Not as if she did it *per force*, but as if she took a pleasure in presenting it to her loving subjects. I knelt, and just touching the royal hand, or rather one among the countless rings that adorned those small and delicate fingers, I arose, and remembering my instructions to retreat sideways, the splendid pageant was in a few moments shut out from my eyes, and I found myself in another room. How very happy, how exceedingly relieved I did feel; it was like a load of lead removed from my mind. To have gone through the ordeal without either tumbling over my train, or having committed any other impropriety,

was really charming. Even the fan, the bouquet, and the handkerchief were intact, and still grasped with devoted earnestness. As I gathered up the long extent of my train, and remembered that the perils of presentation were all over, I felt superlatively happy, and determined to enjoy myself now most thoroughly. There was ample opportunity, for the suite of rooms appropriated to the company after leaving the royal presence was filled to overflowing, and all the world, as if by common consent, laughed and talked and recognised each other with a freedom and a noise quite different to the sort of hush that prevailed in the apartments on the other side of the Presence Chamber. Here the jumble of costumes—judges, bishops—perfumed young gentlemen, snuffy old ones—thin young ladies and fat elderly mammas, was even more marked than before, as, instead of all pressing forward, the company now stood or sat in groups and couples, conversing with those near them, and one could better distinguish the dresses and the features, from the absence of constraint. And what sweet creatures there were to gaze at! Well may foreigners say that the beauty of the English aristocracy is unrivalled, and true is the saying. There sat the lovely Julia Mac——, doubtless old and *passée* now, but then beautiful as a Hebe. Her head, contrary to the usual mode, was dressed with red and white feathers, and her brilliant complexion and sparkling black eyes, set off by the *cerise*-coloured trimmings of her dress, gave to her appearance a piquancy that invited attention. Soon afterwards, the lofty wife of the S——r passed by attended by her two very quiet subdued-looking daughters, mere pale satellites to the parent star, who, though no longer young, and never possessed of actual beauty, is one of the most remarkable-looking women I ever saw. 'There is a grandeur in her deportment, a commanding air about her whole person—a toss of the richly-jewelled head quite inimitable. This lady is the issue of a marriage between the aristocratic daughter of the house of G——y, and a certain celebrated brewer, whose advent to heaven is, according to Peter Pindar, supposed to cause considerable sensation among the celestials,—“when,” says he, “the angels cried out, here’s old W——d a-coming”—certainly has entirely inherited the noble blood of her maternal ancestors unpoluted by any base admixture from the father’s plebeian veins. The handsome wife of a most handsome husband, who, however, according to report, is more listened to abroad than at home—a worthy representative of “the gentlemen of England”—she passed by looking proud and happy.

One sweet face there was—pale and somewhat thin, but very fair, with a single row of pearls around her small head, sitting in a corner, but attracting universal admiration—that I must not forget to mention. It was the Viscountess P——t, who seemed herself the only person unconscious of the homage her gentle feminine beauty attracted. All the court beauties were there—all real beauties; a flower garden of sweets was the court of our young Queen in those her unmarried days. But who comes here, distancing all rivals?—who but that triumphant belle, “the rose of the

Howards—the pride of the Gowers,” the Duchess of S—d, the most beautiful woman of her age. No longer young—youth beside her is valueless; for she possesses that intrinsic perfection of feature, form, and complexion that defies successfully even old Time himself. As we would turn from the pale maidens that Grengel loved to paint, to dwell on the luxuriant beauty, the fully developed charms of such studies as Titian or Paul Veronese delighted in portraying, words cannot express how, seeing her for the first time, I was struck with admiration. To me she seemed a Queen—a Goddess—a very Venus—a creature to adore—as, passing slowly by, the crowd, with a murmur of admiration, separated before her. It were vain to describe that head and face—faultless in form, statuesque in outline. A broad coronet of diamonds encircled her head. The most beautiful shoulders, of matchless whiteness—a trifle, perhaps, too much exposed—were draped by folds of green satin richly embroidered with gold and jewels. A white petticoat relieved the train composed of the same tint of green, and of a material so thick that one’s great-great-grandmother might have envied her. Like a heavenly vision, she was gone in a moment, and beauty seemed to vanish with her—at least, to my fancy, for I cared little to look more at anything earthly. I suppose all was *couleur de rose* to me that day, as I declare I do not remember one ugly person, except those perennials Lord — and the Duke, neither of whom was certainly formed to charm a lady’s eye.

There was still Lady C— S—, so lovely, with that pale aristocratic face, and that mass of fair silky ringlets overshadowing her bosom. She is peculiar, but it is the peculiarity of real beauty; wanting, however, the charm of expression, for hauteur and pride too visibly flash from those fine blue eyes. How could the daughter of the Countess of — not be proud? It is a vice inherent in her blood. Near her, and conversing with her, was that renowned lady-killer Viscount C—lupe, since laid in his last home—then the very glass of fashion, going forth among the fair conquering and to conquer, and rejoicing in the double row of whiskers considered so bewitching, particularly by Lady —. I could neither admire his features nor his frivolity, and, therefore, was guilty of extreme bad taste in the opinion of Lady M—, who was in extasies of admiration, and stood near him almost half an hour, in the hope that he would bestow a word on her.

Prince Esterhazy was a blaze of jewels, recalling the splendour of the days of Louis Quatorze, when men thought nothing of wearing three or four millions’ worth of diamonds. He was talking and laughing in the loud tone habitual to him, his red good-natured face lit up with an animated smile. A very pale reflex in the person of his son stood by him, near Lady C—, whose sister he soon after married.

Henry Taylor was there also, but the clever author of Van Artervelde looked anything but chivalrous, equipped in the unhappy garments of a civilian.

But one there was—standing not far off, whose brilliant eyes flashed with all the sacred fire of the poet. Genius looked forth

unmistakably from those features, and his air of distraction and indifference told plainly how alien were his lofty musings from the vanity of the surrounding scene. As yet his success had been confined to celebrity in literary articles, and he was chiefly known as the friend of such men as Lamb and Jeffrey; but soon, like some young giant bursting his thralls, the golden gates of fame yielded before him, and not only his own circle, but all the world, joined in celebrating the unrivalled beauties of Ion—a poem chaste, classical, and beautiful in so pre-eminent a degree, as at once and for ever to crown its author with perennial laurels. As yet he appeared in the modest dress of a barrister; but his talents soon wrung from the state (ever slow in distinguishing literary merit) a right to the more dignified ermine of a Judge.

As I was observing what I have endeavoured to describe, we were gradually advancing towards the door of exit, and reached at last a long corridor lined with seats, next to the hall. As I was sitting, a man of strikingly elegant address, neither young nor old, advanced towards me and began talking of my house and my county, with a knowledge of the localities that showed he must be well acquainted with them. I was sure I knew him too, but could not at the moment recall his name. As he stood talking, I saw the eyes of all the surrounding ladies bent inquiringly on me. Lady M—, too, glanced at me somewhat jealously, as, after bowing to this gentleman—an honour he scarcely deigned to notice—he turned almost rudely from her to continue his conversation with me. He was lively and agreeable, and we conversed for some time. “Who,” said I, to Lady M—, after he had left me, “was that gentleman? I cannot recall his name, yet his features seem familiar to me, and he appears to know me well.”

“What,” said she, “you simpleton, you don’t know *him*. Why you have for the last ten minutes been the envy of every woman in the room—and of mine into the bargain—for didn’t you notice how coldly he returned my bow? He—why—he is the beau *par excellence*—the observed of all observers. The man whose admiration makes or unmakes beauty—whose applause is fashion—whose censure is utter annihilation—whose attention is more coveted than any other earthly distinction. He is, in a word, the Marquis of —.”

“Indeed,” exclaimed I, “no wonder he knew all about me, then, being so near a neighbour, and often at our house—well I never thought it was he. Why he has engaged me to dance with him to-night, at Almack’s.”

“Has he,” replied Lady M—, “then all I can say is, that you are a lucky girl, and will be the envy of the entire room.”

We had reached our carriages and I was once more at home, having survived the fashionable christening I so much dreaded. After many, many hours I unclasped the hand that had so faithfully held the fan, the flowers, and the handkerchief. The flowers were faded, and the fan—a valuable Indian one—was broken; the thin ivory had cracked beneath my agitated grasp.

With the evening came fresh anticipations of pleasure—for

when was a girl of eighteen ever found tired of enjoyment? My mother yawned and complained, but I was as fresh as if I had just risen, and could not conceive the possibility of fatigue. As the clock struck twelve we started for Almack's—dressed precisely, feathers and all, excepting the train, as we had appeared at Court. Nothing can be more brilliant than the *coup d'œil* these rooms present on similar occasions. Spacious in size, and well lighted up, here is assembled all the *élite* of London society. The top of the room was occupied by the Lady Patronesses—high and mighty dames, of awful rank, and swaying with a rod of iron, within those walls, who sat blazing with jewels, surveying the company, as each couple passed before them. Each particular lady a pile of silks, feathers, lace, and ribbons.

I no longer dreaded a London ball, so I gazed unmoved at those exalted personages, and eagerly looked out for the Marquis of —, in fear lest he should have forgotten his engagement. Other partners, in the meantime, solicited my hand, and as I glided along in the rapid gallop or the giddy waltz, my feathers fluttering in my face, making me almost fancy I was flying, I felt an exhilaration and an enjoyment I can never forget. But ere long other thoughts arose to damp this full flow of happiness. I recalled one dear face that was not there to welcome me. I felt I would have given all I possessed, to have seen him appear and smile on me as if he loved me. What cared I for the crowd around, their admiration or their blame? I only thought of him—of his indifference—his impenetrable incomprehensible coldness. I would have given more to please his eye than to become the most admired belle ever beheld at Almack's. Yet he alone I could not charm, and he had left me. Saddened and melancholy I retired to my seat; but I was not long allowed to chew the cud of bitter thoughts, for advancing from the top of the room came Lord D—, leading his reluctant son towards me. I knew my fate, and resolved to meet it.

"If," said Lord D—, "our brilliant little *débutante* is not engaged, will she dance with my son?"

I thought the son might have spoken for himself? but bowing, I instantly accepted him as my partner, which obliged him, *per force*, to offer me his arm.

"Why do you dance so little," said I, "to-night? are you afraid of being considered too young by the ladies?"

He reddened to the forehead.

"I am not fond of dancing," replied he. "Too young for an available flirt!"

"But," continued I (as if not hearing him), "you have left Eton, too, and though not yet entered at Oxford—well, when you are at Oxford, then you will surely consider yourself a man, and have a little more confidence."

"I was not aware," said he, distantly, "of being troubled with timidity."

"I think," said I, "you are so very shy. I saw you just now standing by Lady C—, whom, you know, you would give the world to dance with, and she looks lovely to-night, with those

white lilies in her long ringlets ; and after watching her for at least an hour, you had not the courage to ask her to dante, because you expected to be refused, and so you walked away. Am I not right now ?”

He looked furious—and I was delighted. It was my turn now. I had become a woman, he still remained a boy. I never was more maliciously happy—the gravel-pit—my grief—my chagrin were being revenged—it was glorious.

“You see,” said I, “that I am more merciful ; thinking you wanted a partner, I took compassion on you—give me credit for my kindness, I beg.”

“O ! extremely kind,” muttered he, “very obliging ; but I did not want to dance.”

“Then did your father force you to dance ?” exclaimed, I in mock astonishment. “Has he that power over you ? How very disagreeable to be treated so like a boy—how glad you will be when you grow older, and are emancipated. For my part, I could not endure it.”

I saw he writhed under my remarks, and I rejoiced in being able to pay off the long score of contempt he had shown me, by a little bitter raillery. “What does it matter ?” thought I, “we hate each other already as much as it is possible.” I do not know the precise degree of torture that would have satisfied my great revenge, had not the Marquis of — appeared, and bowing, claimed me as his partner. Now this was doubly good to be surrendered up by Lord — to him—the most desirable partner in London. The fates had combined to humiliate Lord — that night. I, the despised, the contemned rustic, to be singled out by the Marquis of —. I left Lord — with a look of triumph, and took my place in the dance, conscious that every young woman in the room longed to be in my place. The conversation of the morning was resumed with redoubled spirit. The belles and the beaux were named and discussed : my simple notions amused the Marquis of — exceedingly, and he laughed heartily at my sallies. We sat down the best of friends, he declaring apart to my mother that he liked me of all things, and should call, with her permission, next day.

After this I cared not to stay. I was getting woefully sleepy. I had revenged myself on Lord —, and I had danced with the Marquis of —. I was content, and laid my head on my pillow that night with only one regret—for when, even at merry eighteen, is perfect happiness found in this lower hemisphere ?

Thus ended my presentation at Court.

NOTRE DAME DE BROU AND ITS MARGUERITES.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

MARGUERITE of Austria, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, is well known, and holds a high place in history, in consequence of her excellent government of the Netherlands in troublous times. Her life was as chequered and romantic as that of her mother, and the happy years granted to her scarcely more in number.

The memory long cherished by the subjects of her eccentric father, is still, even at the present day, preserved in a far-off corner of France, at a little town, which, but for the occasional passing of travellers on their way to Switzerland, would be unknown. It is that of Bourg en Bresse, not famous for anything in itself, but that, just without its walls, rises one of the most beautiful churches to be found anywhere called Notre Dame de Brou, with its fine tombs, unrivalled in magnificence, the chief of which is that of Marguerite of Austria. The story attached to this church is curious.

Nine centuries have elapsed since a devout Bishop of Mâcon, Gerard by name, disgusted with the pomps and vanities of the world, and his office, fled from the dangers which beset his simplicity and humility, and building himself a hut on the confines of a forest which at that time existed, commenced a hermit's life. It was not long before the fame of his sanctity drew pilgrims to the secluded spot, and its reputation increased from year to year till a small monastery sprung up on the site of the modest cell of the self-denying Gerard.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, a protector of sufficient power to ensure its well-being appeared in the person of Philip the Second, Duke of Savoy and Count of Bresse. It happened that the Duke was hunting in the neighbourhood, was thrown from his horse, and broke his arm; his Duchess, the fair and pious Marguerite of Bourbon, alarmed at the dangerous consequence of his accident, made a vow during his illness, that, should he recover, she would reward the blessed St. Benedict for his intercession in his favour with the powers of Heaven, by erecting a church and adding greatly to the monastery, all in honour of the saint who had stood her friend in emergency. Her husband recovered, but Marguerite was unable to accomplish her pious design; remorseless death released her from her engagement and carried her off before she had had time to begin the building she meditated. Philip himself, although he invested a large sum of money for the purpose of fulfilling the promise of his lamented spouse, also died before the first stone of the sacred edifice was laid; in his last testament he thus expressed his unfulfilled

desire. The command he gives is somewhat singular, considering that the church did not then exist:—

“We will and decree that our body shall be buried in the church of Brou, in the chapel which, by the grace of God, *we propose to erect* in honour of our Creator and his glorious Mother, under the domination of St. Mark the Evangelist, there to found *a religion* of the observance of Saint Benedict. In case of quitting the world before the projected foundation, we will and ordain that our intention shall be executed by our successors.”

The next Duke his son Philibert the Second, surnamed the Handsome, was probably too much occupied with the pleasures belonging to his age to consider it absolutely necessary that he should immediately set about occupying himself with the debt of gratitude due to St. Benedict; it was reserved to his interesting and devoted widow to accomplish this duty, although the saint was, after all, cheated out of his dues; and but for her conscientious zeal, I should never have had cause to congratulate myself on having resisted fatigue, and gone in search of the magnificent pile of Notre Dame de Brou.

If saints are subject in their blissful abodes to human resentments, Saint Benedict must have felt extremely hurt and offended, and he and the apostle Saint Mark must have condoled with each other on the neglect shown them, when this beautiful structure at length rose under the patronage of Saint Nicolas de Tolentin and Saint Augustin of Lombardy!

It thus fell out. Marguerite of Austria, the daughter of the beautiful and ill-fated Mary, heiress of Burgundy, and her chosen, Maximilian, had become, after various vicissitudes, the wife of Philibert of Savoy. Her hymeneal star did not shine propitiously, for after having passed her infancy in France, as the betrothed bride of Charles the Eighth, she had been rejected for the greater and more powerful heiress, Anne of Brittany, and sent back to her offended father; she had been nearly wrecked on her voyage to obtain a widowhood in Spain—for her young husband, the Infant Juan, died almost as soon as he was a bridegroom—and not many months had passed in sunshine with her and her third partner, when fate blighted the flower of her dawning happiness once more. Marguerite had accompanied her handsome Philibert on a party of pleasure—forgetful that such excursions were fatal in her family; the married lovers had sought a delicious spot at the foot of the Jura, where a clear fountain, leaping from its glittering bed in the centre of a shady wood, invited them to repose and refresh themselves. Their attendants had spread their rural repast on the greensward by the side of the fountain, when the young prince, heated and tired, for they had been all day enjoying the chase, imprudently drank of the inviting and icy spring, within whose waves a cruel water-sprite lurked for his destruction. Scarcely had poor Philibert drunk the draught he coveted, than a sudden chill took possession of him, and he fell to the ground like one pierced with a mortal wound.

His terrified bride had him carefully conveyed to their castle at

Pont d'Ain, the ruins of which still crown the height above the river; and there, in the same chamber where he had first seen the light, the beautiful Philibert expired in the arms of the unfortunate Marguerite. He had not, alas! attained his twenty-fourth year.

What wonder that the young widow looked upon his death, in those superstitious days, as a punishment of Heaven for the neglected vow of her predecessor, Marguerite of Bourbon? She instantly resolved to use every means in her power that Notre Dame de Brou should no longer lament her praises unsung, her rites unpaid: but another was now Duke, and she was again to be a wanderer,—nevertheless, she had an oath in Heaven, and earthly obstacles were as nothing to her perseverance. “’T were long to tell” how she toiled and pleaded with niggardly and irreligious ministers and lukewarm sovereigns, how she besieged the Pope with zealous prayers, and how at length she obtained a bull, and the great work was begun.

For five-and-twenty years, throughout a life of anxiety and tumult, did Marguerite find joy and solace in this chief business of her existence; and year by year she beheld, with inward satisfaction, which consoled her for many sorrows, her magnificent work advancing.

Mistress of the Low Countries, by the grace of her adoring father, Maximilian of Austria, she spared time from her arduous duties to attend to the erection of this pile; to confer with the great architect Loys Van Boglem, and the inimitable sculptor Conrad Meyt; to choose with them the brilliant marble of Carrara and the black marble of the Burgundian quarries for the tombs she had planned; to consult them, and to design, it may be, respecting those gorgeous windows, blazing with ruby and emerald, which still glow in the sunlight, and cast a thousand hues on the elaborately-adorned pillars and shrines; every tile on the floor, every brick used in the walls, was made on the spot under her inspection, and all was watched and ordered with a minuteness which prove that the whole soul of the tender Marguerite was in her employ.

The result of the magnificent whole was reserved for other eyes than hers to gaze on; but, before she died, enough had been accomplished to comfort and satisfy her. Marguerite of Bourbon was already placed upon her alabaster tomb, sculptured to the life “in her habit as she lived,” her delicate hands clasped as if still in prayer; at her feet a greyhound lies watching his mistress; her graceful drapery is folded over her gentle bosom, and her fair head is adorned with its coronet, clasping the clustering tresses of her waving hair, as she turns her “sightless eyes” towards the tomb of her son; angels and female saints with palm-branches and precious caskets of relics stand sentinel in niches round, and a row of beautiful little *pleureuses* support the mausoleum in which she rests. Her shield of lilies is above her head, and fancy loses itself in the mazes of sculptured wreaths which cling to the pillars and climb along the pinnacles, whose spires disappear amongst the profusion of carving which incloses the whole.

The manes of the first Marguerite must have been appeased, for a tomb beside her to her beloved son Philibert was also raised; and it was then that the daughter of Maximilian could not control her impatience to see the whole completed, as well as to judge of the success of her dutiful and zealous friends, the great artists who had undertaken the task she gave them. Marguerite resolved to set forth from Malines on the 15th November, 1530, and in spite of a feverish night and a troubled waking, she would not defer her journey to Brou. She got up and was already in the midst of her toilette, when she felt a sudden faintness, and begged some water of one of her attendants. It was instantly procured, but, as she took the vase from the hands of her anxious lady in waiting, her own trembled so much that it fell to the ground and the glass was shivered into a thousand pieces—one fragment going unobserved into her slipper. When her faintness had passed off, she continued the preparations for her journey, and as she hurried about her chamber, was sensible that she was wounded in the foot. At first she would not notice the circumstance, but the pain increasing, she consented that an examination should take place. It was found that the glass had been driven far into the foot, and after its extraction inflammation so rapidly ensued that immediate danger was apprehended, and at length it became evident that amputation was necessary. Unappalled by so dreadful an alternative, Marguerite resigned herself to submit to the operation.

Doubtless the ignorance of her surgical attendant had occasioned a result like this of a slight accident, and when affairs had arrived at such a point, it is not unlikely that the little skill or common sense they had was frightened away by the magnitude of the responsibility which rested upon them. In an evil hour they ventured on administering to the princess a dose of opium, with a view to alleviating the pain she must suffer—the day had not arrived when laudanum and chloroform, judiciously applied, performed their magic functions—and, the dose once taken, Marguerite revived from her deep sleep no more.

Six years after, under the auspices of Charles the Fifth, the church of Notre Dame de Brou was finished, and her tomb was the greatest ornament of all the splendours that its walls inclosed. It stands in the choir, a monument of the skill and exquisite taste of the age. There lies poor Marguerite, in double effigies—above, as if sleeping placidly and still in life; beneath, as a corpse with the wound in her foot represented with vivid truth. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the two statues or the delicacy of the female saints who crowd about them, amongst whom is more than one Saint Marguerite, and a mysterious figure whose identity has never been decided, but who is thought to represent the Sibyl who was charged with the knowledge of her fate. There are garlands of mystic flowers around the slender pillars which cluster near, in which the *daisy* is not forgotten.

“Angels with their marble wings o’ershade” the tomb, and support her shield where the long and stirring histories of Burgundy and Austria, their alliances and straggles, seem engraved in

their devices, and, above all, runs that mysterious motto amongst the flowers and emblems, which has puzzled antiquarians for many an age down to the "Notes and Queries" of the present day.

"FORTUNE INFORTUNE FORT UNE."

To understand this motto, as with most of those adopted in the middle ages, it is necessary to know the history of the life of her who adopted it. That of Marguerite was singularly eventful, and she probably wished to convey in these words an idea of the vicissitudes to which she had been subjected from her cradle to the tomb: to tell the sorrows which begun with the loss of her amiable young mother, and how, separated by the policy of her father's subjects from his tender care, she was sent to France to be betrothed to the young Dauphin, son of Louis the Eleventh, and remained under the harsh guardianship of the proud Regent Anne, till it was deemed expedient to repudiate the intended union, and she was restored with little ceremony to Maximilian: to show how, once more betrothed, poor Marguerite was sent on a voyage to Spain, where the son of Ferdinand and Isabella looked for her as his bride, when a storm, forerunner of the sorrow that awaited her, overtook her vessel, and so furious was the

"Great contention of the sea and skies,"

that all hope of safety was abandoned; it was then that she wrote and attached to her dress that fanciful epitaph, so characteristic of the times, intended to inform those who might find her drowned body of her sad fate:—

"Ci git Margot, la gente demoiselle,
Qu'eut deux maris, et si morut pucelle."

The "waves and tempests," however, spared her to feel the grief of losing what she had learnt to love as soon as known. Don Juan, her bridegroom, died immediately after their marriage, and she was once again a wanderer, and once again Maximilian received and cherished her for awhile. The last part of her story has already been told—might she not well inscribe upon the walls she erected, embroider on her robes, engrave on the jewels she wore, the motto:—

"Fortune has been hard with the fated one!"

But it has been conjectured that she did not, in these mystic words, intend to bewail her fate; they may convey another meaning, more consonant to the strength of character which she showed:

"The strokes of Fortune have given strength."

Certain it is that Marguerite did not resign herself at once to the hard lot which she endured. A task was before her which she fulfilled to the utmost: her father required her services, and young as she was, she proved that the confidence he placed in her was judicious. Her government of the Low Countries was conducted with singular ability and wisdom. The extraordinary letters extant of her father to her show how much he depended on her

judgment and advice; she was present at, and assisted by her counsels, the famous Congress of Cambray, where so many princes met to endeavour to lower the pride of the Venetians; and she, together with the Duchesse d'Angoulême, concluded that celebrated treaty between Francis I. and Charles V. known from that circumstance as "La Paix aux Dames."

Her death was a deep grief to her subjects, who adored her, and she left behind her, with their regrets, the reputation of exalted qualities, and a mind cultivated to the utmost extent even in that age of enlightenment and taste, when La Marguerite des Marguerites, the sister of the great Francis, shone in all her brilliancy.

She was a poetess of no mean rank, according to the estimation of the time, and though disfigured with the usual conceits, there are pretty thoughts in her poems.

In the "Bibliothèque, dite de Bourgogne," exists a precious manuscript, lately given to the world by the erudite Baron de Reiffenberg, in which a collection of her compositions may be found. A few of these may render the reader to a certain degree more intimate with the feelings of Marguerite. Some of her songs are even playful, although the predominant thought in them is one of sadness. Here is one of which the *refrain* is,

C'EST POUR JAMAIS !

It is for ever my regret,
That ceases neither night nor day,
Nor can my heart its care forget,
E'en while I feel its pulse decay;
I live but to lament my woes,
And I shall perish ere they close—
It is for ever !

Misfortune is a well-known foe
That haunts me, dwell where'er I will,
Attacks me wheresoe'er I go,
And in the end is sure to kill—
It is for ever !

A princess who was the friend of Erasmus must have been endowed with a mind capable of appreciating his superiority and of partaking his opinions, so startling to the enemies of Luther.

The doctors of Louvain were shocked at the boldness of the writings of Erasmus, chiefly because they feared the necessity, in case of old received notions being disturbed, of renewed study and exertion on their part, to controvert those assertions, the truth of which were becoming too evident. Erasmus was well aware of their motives, and ridicules them in a relation he makes of having consulted an astrologer to know the reason of their opposition to enlightenment through study. He declares that the oracular reply set forth that the cause was to be found in an eclipse which had taken place in the sign of the Ram, whose influence is exercised on the brain; also that Mercury had been disturbed by the approach of Saturn, and thus the doctors of Louvain, who were under the guidance of Mercury, were forced to this obstinacy.

Erasmus appears to have appreciated the virtues of Margue-

rite, to judge by the eulogium on her which he introduced in his official discourse in 1504, on the occasion of the journey of the Archduke Philip le Beau to Spain, which he delivered to that prince at the palace at Bruxelles.

Molinet and Le Maire de Belge were contemporary poets with the princess, and to her several of their poems are addressed. One of the best known of the latter is an address from "the Green Lover," which for some time puzzled the world, and proved to mean a certain green parrot, a peculiar favourite with his mistress, and a rare bird at the period. Some amusing mistakes have arisen from the ambiguity of Le Maire's verses.

Marguerite seems chiefly to have confined herself to short poems, the strain of which is not unlike those of Christine de Pisan, and breathe of soft regrets and wailings of disappointed love.

LAS! QUEL REGRET!

Ah! what regret, what melancholy dreams!
 Alas! what sighs, what sorrow, and what gloom
 Are his, whose faithful memory gives him gleams
 Of her he loved and lost in all her bloom!
 There may be who in others find relief,
 But in the grave alone can end his grief.
 Ah! what regret!

That soft regard, that mild and blushing face,
 That blameless mien, that tender soothing tone,
 Had she not these? And many a nameless grace?
 Lost—past—is all, and he must weep alone.
 Ah! what regret!

The following thought is one repeated, from age to age, by poets in all languages:—

JE VOUS OBLIERAY.

I will forget thee, come what may—
 Would I could boast my bondage o'er!
 But, ah! the more I strive and pray,
 I do but think of thee the more.

In the playful lines which follow there is evidence of Marguerite's modesty; whether she really had no claims to beauty is not, however, proved by them.

QUE PUIS-JE MAIS?

What can I do? If not born fair
 'T is Nature's fault, and not my own:
 Be hers the blame, as hers the care,
 To make us white, or red, or brown.
 Since she it was who made my face,
 I had no hand in my disgrace.
 What can I do?

Worthy I am—of noble race,
 My breeding still in courts has been;
 They say my form is full of grace,
 In nothing am I poor or mean.
 What can I do?

ARTHUR ARDEN, THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER the scene last described, Tom and I went to play at billiards, instead of attending to the anatomical demonstration with the other students, who had turned the dissecting-room into a place for pleasant recreation. We played for something more than an hour, and then Mr. Oldham and several others, released from their tiresome morning lecture, joined us in the billiard-room.

"If these two have finished," said Oldham to a little fellow, in dress and appearance a perfect gentleman, "I'll give you a game of fifty, for a shilling, and the tables."

"Agreed," replied Mr. Baring,—“Play as usual, I suppose?—I give you five points.”

"Yes," said Oldham.—“Marker, bring two cigars—best Havannahs.”

"And a pot of half-and-half, Marker," added Mr. Baring.

The marker went upon his errand, and the game commenced.

I never saw tempers excited so much as at billiards,—at least, amongst medical students. The sweetest temper in the world appears unable to bear with patience two or three unlucky strokes, when the game seems in doubt; and at the end of the contest, where the chances have been nearly equal, the loser generally loses his good humour and his money together.

"Confound such luck!" exclaimed Oldham, at the third successful hazard his antagonist made in succession off the red ball—"Who ever saw such luck? I can't do anything like it,—the game's gone before I can play once."

"No,—there's a chance for you," replied Baring; "you may count six off those balls easily."

"Six, indeed!" said Mr. Oldham, with indignation. "You have placed them safe under the cushion. How can I get at them?—six, indeed! However," he continued, after an accidental cannon, "there's two—and two's four—and two's six, and there's nine—damme, the game's not lost yet, Mr. Furgusson."

"Lost, no," said the other player, "you will win it. I can't afford to give you points, but you are such a screw, you won't play without the odds are in your favour. See, there—I've missed that hazard—you would not have missed. I tell you, Oldham, it is giving you the money and the game, for me to give you points. You have missed everything, and pocketed your own ball.—Marker, score three for me.—I had rather your ball had not gone into the pocket,—you see, I have only one ball to play at,—the half-butt.—Marker, there, three more—score that,—now I've pocketed both balls—six. I shall lay my ball in baulk."

"Now," said Oldham, "what have I left on those balls? Talk

of not giving me points! you can afford to give me fifteen instead of five. How's the game, Marker?"

"Fourteen—twenty-one," replied the person addressed; "you are seven behind, sir."

"I suppose I can count," said Oldham. "How the deuce can I win this game? Curse the cue, there's a miss—no, it isn't—it is a cannon—two—you ought to give me a dozen points at least, out of fifty. By Jove! the balls will go into the pockets—five—Marker—another cannon—two—I've missed that."

Mr. Baring took the cue into his hand, and rubbed its extremity with chalk, while the marker cried out, "Twenty-one, all."

"I've got to do my work over again," grumbled Baring; "you are beating me with five points, and grumbling for fifteen; the balls are both safe as a rock, and mine is poked where I can't reach it. The long butt, Marker. There's a miss—I shall lose the game; confound such things as butts and cues! I'll never give you another point, Oldham."

"Where's the chalk?" asked the descendant of Sir Firebrand, calculating the chances on the balls. "There, sir, off the red—a beautiful stroke—now the red's in the middle pocket—three and three's six—spot the ball—a cannon—eight—ditto—ten. Devil take it! Missed that.—Have you marked all?"

"Twenty-one—thirty-one," exclaimed the marker in reply, while Baring's eyes flashed with triumph, as he observed the position of the balls. "You are ten ahead, Oldham—look here at the red ball, I'll score three off it. Mark that—now red's coming to the same place again—three more—again—three more. Isn't this sweet play?—three more—where are you now? I can't do it this time, so I'll make a cannon, and there's another. Bravo! I'll lay my own ball safe."

"Thirty-one—thirty-seven," cried the marker, to the annoyance of Mr. Oldham, who looked as though he could kill and eat his antagonist.

"I say, Sir Firebrand, don't grow too hot!" said Tom Furnival. "By hot potatoes, hot pies, hot heads, hot suppers, and hot beds! you must cool yourself before you win this game."

"I'll bet you an even shilling that I do," replied Oldham, "in spite of that little devil's luck—for play has nothing to do with it. He has the luck of old Nick and his own and all."

"I won't cheat you out of your money, Oldham.—The game's gone."

"You shall see whether the game's gone or not. He's only six ahead with his confounded luck—there's two—mind you count everything, Marker—two more, and now three.—Who's first now? Will you bet now, Furnival? A fine stroke, by jingo! Mr. Baring, where are you now?—I shall win the game for another shilling."

"If you win this game," said Mr. Baring, "I'll never play with you again, if I do may I be ——. The half-butt, and the bridge, Marker—there's two—call out the game. Thirty-three—forty-two, is it? Thirty-five—forty-two; thirty-seven—forty-two; forty

—forty-two; forty-two all. The game's mine, for a crown—forty-five—and now you may do your best with the balls, Mr. Oldham.”

“— them, and — them to all eternity!” exclaimed Oldham; “I can't touch my ball—I shall make a miss, I know—no, there's a touch and that's all, and now you have as many as you like to take on the balls—cursed luck!—I could beat you like fun, if you got your games by play; but there's no fighting against a run of luck like yours—there you are—forty-seven, forty-nine, I shall not have another chance—a miss—hurrah!”

The balls were left in a beautiful position, and Oldham scored successively a cannon, and two losing hazards off the white. The balls were all in a heap; and he laughed triumphantly at his antagonist before he made the last stroke.—It was done.

“A foul stroke,” exclaimed Baring in an ecstasy, at the almost imperceptible error.

“It was not, sir,” said Mr. Oldham, with his face crimson with passion.

“It was, sir, I'll swear it.”

“If you do, you'll swear what was not true!”

“That's a lie, sir,—I'll swear that likewise!”

“You little contemptible monkey—I'll punish you,” exclaimed Oldham, seizing his little antagonist by the collar of his coat, and shaking him with the strength of a giant, until they were both exhausted, and almost breathless.

“Come, sir,” said I; “you are taking an unfair advantage of your opponent. He is no match for you in size and strength—I'll not stand by and see such conduct.”

“Thank you, Mr. Arden,” exclaimed Baring, grasping my hand, “but there is a way of making size and strength equal. Although I am little, I have the courage of a man. You shall hear from me, Mr. Oldham—there's my card. Mr. Arden, will you oblige me by becoming my friend on this occasion? Good morning, gentlemen,—come with me, Arden.”

We quitted the room together, and thus I got mixed up in a duel, I scarcely knew how; for it was so sudden that I had no time to think about it.

“Baring,” said I, “I'll thrash that fellow, or horsewhip him for you, or anything in that way; but I will not allow any duelling to take place.”

“It must take place, Arden,” he exclaimed. “Must every little man allow himself to be beaten and insulted, because he has not strength to defy his opponent? I say no, Mr. Arden—self-protection renders firearms necessary—with them size and strength make no difference, and a dwarf can cope with a giant. He shall either apologise or fight.”

After a great deal of useless remonstrance with him, I went to Oldham's lodgings with the message I was entrusted to carry. Oldham looked very serious about the affair, in spite of his descent from Sir Firebrand, who was killed by the Saracens.

“I must refer you to Mr. Furnival,” said he, marching up and down his confined sitting-room; “It shall never be said that a descendant of Sir Firebrand Oldham was a coward.”

I immediately proceeded to Furaival's lodgings, and found him trimming his moustaches before the chimney-glass. He was not in the least disturbed at my entrance.

"So, Tom," said I, "it seems we are the seconds in this affair. I'm confoundedly afraid Baring will not be satisfied without fighting."

"Don't you admire the new twist I have given to my moustache?" he inquired, without the slightest notice of my observation—"I call this scrubbing-brush pattern."

"I tell you I have brought a challenge from Baring, you insensible brute," I exclaimed.

"By Hector and Achilles! then, you may take it back again—I don't intend my man to fight—he has no stomach for it upon equal terms—he would be as great a fool as his ancestor if he had,—I'm coming to sup with you this evening, and I shall bring Oldham with me—you invite Baring—we'll fight the battle on the Atlantic—I mean the pacific—system, if your little bantam will conduct himself properly."

"We shall have them fighting across the table, Tom, if they meet."

"Trust me; I'll settle the matter so that they shall both come off honourably. I know the men—they are tickled with straws, and would rather laugh than fight."

It was with some difficulty that we persuaded our principals to consent to this meeting. Baring was abominably obstinate. He objected to the mode of proceeding as altogether informal, and contrary to anything he had ever heard of; but as I promised to get him off with honour, he at last consented.

The party in the evening consisted of about a dozen, including the hostile parties, and in spite of the angry looks interchanged between the two principals, we all sat down to supper without a word about the quarrel. Tom looked as grave as his grandfather's ghost, so ridiculously so, that his manner excited more merriment than if it had been, as usual, the gayest in the company.

The supper was not of the most dainty description, but there was plenty of it. Boiled beef and carrots was all it consisted of, but the party there assembled rather admired good drinking than eating; therefore the beef was not treated with contempt. A punch-bowl filled with spiced ale, and ornamented with a toast swimming in the liquor, stood on the table on equality with the beef.

Eight or nine years have elapsed since that party, and where are those thoughtless, gay, high-spirited fellows now? Many out of the few are dead, and the rest scattered like the leaves in autumn! The draught of pleasure they imbibed in mirth and merriment has only rendered their existence more short and precarious. Some of them have their bodies enfeebled, and their minds humbled with the memory of the past, that floats over them with a reproachful glance for their hot-headed career; and they feel the punishment they have inflicted upon themselves, in the diminished strength of their limbs, and their susceptibility to sickness and pain. Others continue in their unruly habits, thoughtless for the

future. They live for the moment in the sunshine, but, like the ephemera, they may not live until the hour of sunset, and the gentle ray of the approaching evening may never shine upon them!

When we call to mind scenes of merriment and festivity, and think of the companions of our pleasures, who are dead or dying, or hurrying themselves to that "bourn from whence no traveller returns" by thoughtless dissipation, sadness must mingle deeply with our recollections, and mar the pleasures afforded by memory; still if we were to allow melancholy reflections to arise on every occasion, life would cease to be desirable, and we should all be anxious to drink of that water that consigns the soul to utter oblivion.

"Pass the bowl," said Furnival to Mr. Bolder, who was one of the party, for, in spite of all that had occurred between him and myself, he still kept up an appearance of friendship.

"Here's a blessing upon each of us," continued Tom, almost burying his head in the vessel, which was nearly empty. "Arden, we are all ready for the punch and the cigars now. This ale's all gone, and here's a toast out of the common way—will any gentleman eat it?" he asked, holding the well-browned piece of bread in his fingers. "It is a spicy toast, although no one can drink it—I'll smoke a pipe, Arden, by gas pipes and Pandean pipes, and water pipes, and wine pipes, and bag pipes, and pitch pipes, and tobacco pipes! what a deuced lot of pipes! and suppers piping hot."

The servant entered the room with a bowl of punch, and one of the landlady's children followed with another, which were placed at either end of the table. Pipes, tobacco, and cigars were supplied in great abundance, and in a few minutes the smoke curled over the table into the form of a heavy cloud which obscured the ceiling. The first glass of the quintuple beverage was drunk, and then Tom rose from his chair, and with a wave of his hand commanded silence.

"Gentlemen," he began, "it is an arduous task for a man like me, usually a spectator instead of a speaker—it is an arduous task for a man like me, modest in thought and sparing in language—it is an arduous task for a man like me, to address an assembly like you—yes, gentlemen, I say like you, surpassing me singly, and individually, and wholly, and altogether, in wit, wisdom, learning, sense, and intelligence—it is an arduous task—I'll be hanged if it isn't."

It was impossible to tell whether Tom intended this to be laughed at or not, but when he came to this pause in his eloquent harangue, one universal laugh burst from all present; even the two hostile gentlemen forgot their quarrel, and joined in the merriment. Tom neither frowned nor smiled, but with the most imperturbable gravity cleared his throat and proceeded thus:—

"I take upon myself, gentlemen, this arduous and difficult task, for the purpose of settling an affair of honour, in what I consider a fair and honourable way, without having recourse to those deadly, murderous, wounding, and killing, and de-

stroying, and dreadfully destructive weapons, firearms, pistols loaded with slaughter, and murder, and leaden bullets, and gunpowder. Nature has given us arms and hands to fight with, and to defend ourselves; therefore, I say, when we have just provocation we have a right to use them; but as, unfortunately, all men are not of equal size and strength, it is the duty of the strong to protect the weak; and I will not believe that there is a man amongst you, who would not assist another unjustly provoked or assaulted. For this purpose I call upon you this evening to prevent the crime of bloodshed. My conduct in this matter may appear unmanly and out of all order; but I flatter myself I am an independent being, master of my own actions and opinions, and therefore not obliged to follow in the footsteps of every fashionable fool, or coxcomb, who, in the most friendly manner in the world, advises his friend or his brother to fight a duel, because he has received some trifling insult in a moment of passion, which the offending party, perhaps, is sorry for, but, prompted by pride, refuses to confess his error, or to apologise to the offended party.

"The subject of the quarrel in question will not bear examination. Mr. Baring positively stated, when his temper was much excited, that Mr. Oldham told a lie. Perhaps he did—perhaps he did not. Mr. Oldham, equally excited, shakes or assaults Mr. Baring in an ungentle and ungentlemanly way; and now Mr. Baring, being unable to inflict personal punishment on Mr. Oldham, requires satisfaction. Let his friend state what is required."

"Nothing less than, as my friend Furnival would express it, a full, ample, complete, undeniable, unequivocal, never-to-be-contradicted, and satisfactory apology," I replied.

"I shall not make any," said Mr. Oldham. "A descendant of Sir Firebrand Oldham make an apology! Never, sir! A man with the best blood in his veins in England! Never!"

"Then on the part of my principal I beg you to consider yourself horsewhipped," said I.

"A descendant of Sir Firebrand consider himself horsewhipped! Never, sir—I shall not consider any such indignity. I—I—why damme, I had rather be horsewhipped than think so. You are making a fool of me, Mr. Furnival."

Tom whispered a few words into his ear, and then returned to his seat, with an unusual smile on his countenance.

"Gentlemen," said he, "Mr. Oldham cannot consent to such humiliation, without punishing the proposer of such a painful proposition; therefore, in order to keep peace and restore harmony, I am allowed to say that he is willing to consider himself horsewhipped, if Baring will consider himself shot."

This is a common method of settling an affair of honour now, but it was quite new when Tom first proposed it; and if laughter could have any avail in calming tempestuous spirits, it certainly had full operation there; and the result was very satisfactory, for the two intended combatants laughed with the rest, and shook hands across the table, consigning for ever the unfortunate subject of their quarrel to oblivion.

PARMA AND MONACO.

Most people recollect the Prince and Princess of Parma in London. They spent the winter of 1848 and the season of 1849 in its circles, where he was the gayest of the gay. His gaiety was, however, not that of the man of fashion, of wit, or of education, but of a great lubberly boy broken prematurely loose from school, and from a very vulgar school. The rudeness, bad breeding, and dulness of the Prince were in a great measure contrasted with the gentle and lady-like bearing of the Princess, a daughter, every one knows, of the unfortunate Duke of Berry, and sister of the present Duke of Bordeaux. The Princess, now Regent of Parma in the name of her son, Robert, born in 1849, exemplifies that rule, which so often held good in the Bourbon family, of the women having better head-pieces, higher qualities, and courage than the men. Neither was she wanting in cheerfulness, which, whenever exuberant, she would excuse with the remark, *Mon mari est gamin, il faut bien que je gamine.*

Poor Parma, famous for its cheese and its Corregios, has certainly been the most ill-used of cities and of districts. For centuries these have been a kind of make-weight, indispensable in accomplishing a balance between contending or negotiating parties whenever a war was to be concluded or begun, whenever an alliance was to be made or broken. Containing merely its two cities—the one a palace, the other a citadel—it was a convenient and decorous spot for the last of a dying dynasty to conclude the term of existence in it; or it was a fair provision for a younger son, or a reward for an ambitious and talented prince; so that to enumerate the number of rulers and sovereigns to whom Parma and Piacenza belonged, would be to rake up the odds and ends of a score of extinct houses and families.

The old princely families of Italy have, however, one by one, been absorbed by the never-dying houses of Bourbon and Lorraine. The Gonzagas, the Estes, the Viscontis, even the Medici, have disappeared; and singular to say, of the many families which became princely through the ambition and exertions of a Pope, not one has survived. The only remarkable instance of a princely Italian family surviving, though not connected with an imperial or a royal court, is that of the Grimaldis, Princes of Monaco. They are a Genoese family, of which the chief contrived to possess himself of a little principality on the declivity of the Alps, as they sink to the Mediterranean. Monaco is about twenty miles from Nice, within the dominions of the King of Sardinia. It is one of the prettiest spots in the world, commanding the finest views, and growing the most beautiful specimens of the olive and the orange. Its being an independent principality, though sorely onerous to it at present, was once of very substantial use,

proved by the existence at Mentone in the little Duchy, of a large and respectable colony of Protestants, which, but for the protection of the princely territory, might have been rooted out. Now, however, Piedmont is liberal; and although Roman Catholic, its government, and even the spirit of its Parliament and people, are strongly opposed to intolerance in religion. Mentone, after the death of the present Duke of Monaco, lapses to Piedmont. The reigning Duke takes this exodus of his house with considerable philosophy. He spends his winters on the Italian Boulevard of Paris, and his summers in the groves of Monaco; he is a perfect Sybarite, and exercises no privilege of sovereignty, save that of coining and of making money. He over-inundated France and French Italy with a valueless sort of a penny, which went by the name of a Monaco, which has been cried down, but which the traveller finds very difficult to avoid taking, whenever change is administered. His mint and his customs form the great prerogative of the Duke of Monaco. He charges so much upon every article of export and import, and his subjects are so determined upon not paying these dues, that there is an everlasting feud between his officers and the people, which, however leading to no loss of life, is a continual source of quarrel and extortion. As the kingdom of Sardinia, by which Monaco is surrounded, is now free-trading, tolerant, and constitutional, of course the inhabitants of that principality long for the day of their being united to Piedmont. But some hallucination got possession of the mind of the Duke's son, that the people were more attached to the family of the old rulers than to their own emancipation. The Duke of Valentinois therefore appeared amongst them one fine morning of April, and besought them to support him in war and resistance to the Court of Turin. In fact, he tried to get up an *emeute* after the manner of Brunswick: the young Duke failed utterly, however. None of his subjects even said so much as God bless him. And some, taking him to be indubitably insane, seized and deposited the heir of the ducal throne in prison.

The worthy Parmesans would have treated their Duke almost at any time in the same way, if they had not been in fear of the Austrians. But, unluckily for them, the Principalities of Parma and of Modena were of the great reigning families of Austria and France. The one a Hapsburg, the other a Bourbon, both deemed themselves licensed to misrule. It must be confessed, however, that from 1816 to the death of Maria Louisa, the Duchy of which she was given life-possession, was ruled by her, or rather by her husband, with a decorous degree of sagacity and moderation. It was not without difficulty that she obtained the grant. And, indeed, had Napoleon remained quiet at Elba, it is very improbable that his Empress would have been allowed to possess an Italian Duchy. The great anxiety of the Emperor Francis was to prevent all communication between them; and when an imperial agent brought a letter from Napoleon to Vienna for Maria Louisa, the Emperor Francis put it in his pocket. Count

Neipberg was placed about her, as a most discreet chamberlain and an able business man, as well as one with so few personal attractions, that anything like female tenderness towards him was reckoned out of the question. But propinquity does a great deal in these matters, and Count Neipberg, though but one-eyed, having, by his tact and zeal, won Parma for Maria Louisa, she rewarded him with her hand. She was always delighted to receive the French, and appeared to ask pardon for having been so weak as to repudiate the name and memory of the Emperor. In her sad fate, however, she looked for consolation, rather than consulted her historic dignity.

The arrangements of the Congress of Vienna gave Lucca to the representative of that younger branch of the Spanish Bourbons, who had coquetted with Napoleon, and had been favoured by him. Lucca is a very small principality, with little save what can be squeezed from out its baths and olives. Still the Duke managed to amass money, and, indeed, he thought of nothing else, until the decease of Maria Louisa opened to him the succession of Parma. He was in delight. Parma produced from 250 to 300,000 pounds sterling a year. Out of this he might pay a regiment and a few chamberlains, and hoard the rest. His economical views were interrupted by revolution, with which he had not the sagacity to make any compromise, nor the power to make any resistance. He fled.

The great policy, by which such small houses as that of Lucca supported themselves, was by intermarriage. The Duke of Modena obtained an Arch-duchess. The Duke of Parma, believing in royalist restoration, thought it a good speculation to obtain for his son the daughter of the Duchess of Berri. Her brother is, however, not yet King of France, nor to all appearance likely to be so. However, the Prince found money to spend a season gaily in London, and a summer quietly at a little villa in the neighbourhood of Kingston. From hence he was summoned in 1849. The fashion had been set by Austria to dethrone their elder princes, who had not proved able to cope with revolution, and to try what their sons could do to maintain themselves. The present Emperor of Austria ascended the throne, though but a boy, to fall into the hands of the England- and Palmerston-detesting Schwarzenberg. The Duke of Parma was advised in the same manner to resign, and the Prince and Princess of Parma returned to their capital to rule it.

Politics for the Duke and the Prince consisted in having a little money to spend. But unfortunately the revenue of the Duchy in these bad times did not exceed 250,000*l.* a year. An Austrian army occupying the duchy, and garrisoning Piacenza, was to be paid. The old Duke, also, was to have a handsome retiring allowance. To do all this on 250,000 pounds a year was impossible: the courtiers and ministers of Parma declared, they could no more than pay and feed themselves. The Prince was wrath. He declared that the duties of government being small, could not be too cheaply done. He therefore dissolved this council of

state, turned the ministers out of office, made a clean sweep of boards and public officers, and taking a domestic, whom he had brought from England as a jockey, and who had been advanced to be coachman and groom, he made of him a baron and a prime minister. We have heard that Baron Ward made as good a prime minister as any that had ever held power there since the days of Neipberg. He knew accounts, he discouraged speculation, and managed the princely household with an economy more advantageous than dignified.

This *Necker de basse cour* did not, however, please the Parmesans. Court and people were against him. He thought education an idle expense, and he very naturally considered a horsewhipping, administered to a turbulent fellow, a very legitimate employment of the police. All the economy in the world, however, was unable to balance the ducal accounts. But the Parmesans were rich, and the Prince and his minister proposed a forced loan. The rich talked of nothing less than another insurrection, which, however, they deferred till Austria could be brought to permit it. And, in the meantime, the Prince thought he would make himself amends for the disfavour of the great and the rich by living "hail-fellow" with the poor. He therefore frequented the taverns and wine-houses of the towns. He had previously made an *escapade* with an actress, and had gone with her *incognito* no one knew whither. Parma was without its sovereign for a time, but Baron Ward was there, vigilant enough, and not to be trifled with. At length, whilst ordering a pint of the ducal wine in a common drinking house, the Duke thought fit to upbraid a soldier, who was drinking also, with want of respect to his person. The man replied: the Prince got in a rage. The other, who knew his vindictive character, thought of the stripes and incarceration that awaited him; and, to avoid them, plunged his short sword into the stomach of the degenerate Bourbon.

Such was Parma and its Prince in 1854.

ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN BOBBIN THE BAGMAN.

BY CRAWFORD WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

COMMENCES AT "EUSTON SQUARE;" AND INTRODUCES A "MILESIAN."

THE life of a traveller is, perhaps, one of the most varied and extraordinary to which our flesh is heir. By the term "traveller" I do not mean the tourist,—the man who flies from country to country, either in the search of pleasures, or for the sake of expediency; who, sick of the monotony of his home, seeks change in foreign climates, ever dragging with him a lengthening chain of *ennui*. Nor yet by "traveller," do I allude to the enterprising gentleman, who passes "through antres vast and deserts wild," o'er "rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven;" who has braved "moving accidents by flood and field," and can tell strange tales of "the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." By no means would I meddle with any individual of that extensive class; they are generally their own chroniclers, and manage betimes to tell their own stories. The life I allude to is by far a more homely one,—more of the rotatory description,—where the same places are revisited,—the same scenes repassed,—the same faces—some of them old familiar faces—met with again and again; in which the same tales are repeated, seldom varying, yet ever new—often laughable and sometimes true; where the greatest charm of our existence rules paramount in the simple desire to please; where a fraternal disposition to be mutually agreeable animates every breast, when the turmoil of the day has given place to the cigar and slippers of evening; and the tale, the song, or the mirth-moving jest, flow as freely as the sparkling nectar which smiles responsive on the board.

Few men have the privileges of seeing life as it is, in its multiplicity of changes, in its varied lights and shadows, in its strange anomalous phases, more distinctly than the "Commercial Traveller." Although cast by circumstances amongst a particular class, it does not therefore follow that he mingles with none other; his peculiar calling compels him to be a keen observer of men and their manners; trifles, that to some would seem light as air, appear to him big with consequence; hence he listens attentively to trivial communications, which another would cast unreservedly to the winds. As a class, they are shrewd, intelligent, and industrious; indefatigable in their labours, persevering in their habits, and generous in their natures. Although, in a body so large, there must of necessity be found some strange antagonistic spirits, some rude unpolished diamonds of greater or less worth; yet, take them in the aggregate, view them with an unprejudiced eye, judge them by an unbiassed standard, weigh them in unerring

balances, and they will be found educated, urbane, and honourable; ornaments to the various branches they represent, and—as a fraternity—a credit to Manufacturing England.

I commenced my first journey as a commercial traveller in the spring of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two; my readers are of course aware that, long before that time, the dismembered joints of the old stage-coaches had rested in oblivion, frightened from their positions, by those panting annihilators of time and space, whose startling screams reverberate shrilly over hill and dale, by meadow and streamlet, at insignificant stations, and within Pandemonean tunnels, as they drag their sinuous and snake-like bodies with fearful rapidity along the groaning rails, cheating nature of half her perquisites, in the admiration of her children; and her children of their lives or limbs when they topple over an embankment.

Well, I commenced my first journey, with steam for the motive power, at Euston Square. The railway porters placed my luggage in the van, and my body in a second-class carriage to which was attached a board, with "Liverpool" painted on it, in yellow letters. The morning was bright but cold; and the sun seemed to be dragging himself, with a very bad grace, from his couch over the eastern hills, for his rays as yet were only felt by the sparrows that conversed among the dingy chimneys. What an uproar reigned around: people in mazy muffings and strange caps running to and fro; hand-trucks, with enormous boxes and packages in their embraces, and porters in their wakes, rolling swiftly to the front, to the endamagement of dowagers' travelling gowns, and quiescent corns, that lay prostrated before their iron wheels, like fanatics in front of the car of Juggernaut! What exclamations!—what calls!—what farewells!

"Porter, take care of that trunk—don't place anything——"

"Let me kiss the sweetest pretty again."

"Is that horse all right in the van?"

"Times! Daily News! Morning Herald! Evening Sun!"

"Give me the Times, here—confound the fellow, it's yesterday's."

"To-day's ain't printed yet, sir—here's the Sun of last night."

"Here, ma'am, in with you—the train's just going to start."

"This carriage is full, she can't come in here—there's no room."

"Oh, lor, what will I do? what will become of me?"

"Hallo, ma'am, you've spilt something—it smells like——"

"Oh, my bottle is broken; he did it shutting the door."

"Was it water, ma'am?"

"No, curds and sweet whey for the child."

"I'm glad you told me, for it smells very like brandy unmixed."

"Ring the bell."

Scream goes the engine—slowly we move along through interminable rows of carriages and trucks, which seem up very early, like ourselves, and not a whit more wide awake. What is that directly in front of us, right in the middle of the rails? a policeman, or some carnivorous railway official making a finger-post of his

body, with his arms extended, as if to stop the progress of the hissing leviathan; and stop it does, apparently awed by the figure in the blue coat and metal buttons. Another scream, pant—pant—pant—from the engine, and gently we move again, past the roofs of houses, and windows with the white blinds drawn; beside chimneys, that, like drunken toppers, have fallen asleep, and forgotten to puff their smoke; over rails, that, intersecting our own at right and wrong angles, prove antagonistic to easy sittings; then swifter and swifter we move; a dense fog in the distance, shutting out the modern Babylon from the un-smirched face of heaven; and we seem as though we had passed from beneath the outstretched wings of the angel of destruction, into the genial embraces of fragrant zephyrs, and the rays of God's smiling sun.

How lovely the country appeared, as the sun's bright rays dispelled by their influence the rising exhalations, which ascended, like steaming incense, offered upon the altar of earth to the sacred majesty of Heaven. Swiftly we passed by fields, newly garbed in the green mantle of spring, upon which mother nature had already commenced to work her fragrant embroideries of primroses and daisies. Loudly sang the lark her joyous hallelujahs as she arose on trembling wings towards the sparkling pavilions of the sun. Sweet was the breath of early day, wafted through the opened window upon my face, and my heart became elated as I contemplated the excellence of the world I beheld. New life seemed to have sprung up within me; earth, like another Lazarus, had cast off its smouldering, wintry shroud, and burst into untarnished being. All things seemed congenial; the very herds, that had owned no canopy save that of the sky, no bed but the green-sward, no shelter except the hedge, looked up ere their morning meal, as though in silent devotion. Eagerly I inhaled the perfumed breath of nature; thankfully I feasted mine eyes upon the pregnant landscape, when a deep gruff voice, that seemed to burst through a coarse grey overcoat, spotted muffler, and rabbit-skin cap, called out,—

"We're cold enough already—shut up that window, and be ——." Something else was muttered, but whether a blessing or a malediction my ears were not sufficiently clever to catch; however, as it had buried itself in the folds of the said muffler, I did not seek to recall it to life.

I closed the window; what else could I do? and, turning my back upon the prospect, gazed at the heap of woollens, &c., from which the late dictatorial speech had issued. What a strange substance it appeared! neither like anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. Silently I looked upon what I considered must be a phenomenon, until I perceived a pair of bright grey eyes, peering on me from the small interstice that separated the muffler from the rabbit-skin cap. Blushing at having been detected in my illegal scrutiny, I betook myself in self-defence to the study of my Bradshaw. All, as yet, was silence around me, excepting the monotonous growl of the wheels, as they rolled along their iron limits: patiently I conned

that book of traveller's books, yet vainly, for, alas! the story was disjointed, and my mind was unable to gather up the clue. I stole many furtive glances at the animal of the unknown species, in the idle hope that his, her, or its eyes might soon become hermetically sealed, in which case I should again, without a moment's hesitation, become a pensioner upon the bounty of the window. But no!—surreptitiously they still gazed upon me, and the dazzling sunshine seemed to have entered into an unholy league with them, for instead of eclipsing their brightness it only added to their lustre. I cast Bradshaw from me in despair—it was too intricate for me; in searching after my own route, which terminated at Liverpool, taking London, of course, as the given point from which, as I had started per rail, I ought to start per Bradshaw, I found myself either upon the high way to Brighton, or half-way between Carlisle and Glasgow. What was to be done? I should have tried to sleep, but that "tired nature's sweet restorer" had ordained that a vigil must be mine. I closed my eyes, yet felt there were two open ones glaring at me, two wide awake ones, two that had scared from mine "that death of each day's life, sore labour's bath—chief nourisher in life's feast." Again I opened them and looked—a perfect transformation had taken place—the animal had cast its skin, and sat erect before me—a God-made man,—an honest, jolly-looking one. What a face! but it was not in its right place there; behind a glass of old port, it must have looked perfection. And that smile too! imagine it playing around the lips that had just challenged you to pledge them in a bumper. I was thunderstruck at the singular metamorphosis, and the gentleman evidently understood my feelings, for he jocosely remarked in a rich mellow tone,

"A fine morning, sir, after the rain."

I was quite taken aback at his abrupt address, so stammered forth, in a most deplorable manner,—

"Very fine, sir, very fine."

I never wasted a thought upon the answer I made him, it came as a matter of course: good breeding demanded that I should say something; yet, kind, sympathetic reader, feel for me, when I tell you that the creature burst into a loud merry laugh, and said,

"How long is it, then, since we had any rain?"

This was a perfect poser, for the weather had been remarkably dry for days past. I moved uneasily in my seat.

"Never mind, never mind," he said, "it's only my way. You seemed to enjoy the prospect."

"You judge correctly," I answered, somewhat bitterly; "but my pleasure was short-lived, you debarred me from that enjoyment."

"I'm sorry for it, upon my soul and body," he said, "but I did it with the best intentions, and solely for your own good."

"My good," I said, rather sarcastically, "then I'm sorry that your philanthropy took the trouble of making me its debtor."

"Upon my life, it is a fact, I assure you," continued my conversable friend,—"and I'll tell you why."

"I confess I shall be glad to listen to you."

“Then this was my reason: gout comes from good living; sciatica from other causes; but lumbago, cold, rheumatism, and a host of such enemies to men’s constitutions, from open windows in second-class railway carriages.”

I could not refrain from smiling, as he proceeded to say,—

“I’m used to travelling, and from experience I find it much more wholesome to inhale the decomposed oxygen generated in a close box like this, than to sit before an open window, and revel in the invigorating breezes of a sharp spring morning.”

“Indeed!” said I, laconically.

“I give you my honour it’s a fact, sir.”

His style and pronunciation at once gave me an idea of his country,—so I ventured to say after a pause, “I presume, sir, you are not an Englishman.”

“I am not, sir; I’m a foreigner.”

“A foreigner!”

“Yes, a Milesian, and so were my ancestors, from time immemorial; are you an Irishman?”

“I have not that honour to boast of,” I said laughingly.

“Then I pity you, sir; but there must be some mistake:” he looked fixedly at me, “are you sure your mother was English?”

“Perfectly assured of it,” I answered.

“And your father? ah, there it is—he must have come from the land of the shamrock.”

“Not he—he came from Devonshire.”

“Of course, of course—so you think—but let me tell you, young gentleman, that you’re half Irish.”

“Why do you think that?” I asked.

“From your looks. You’re too honest-looking to be—no matter—no matter; give me your hand, sir; I honour you—but never say again that you are altogether Saxon.”

“I can say nothing else,” said I, as he shook my hand, a peculiar twinkle of his droll eye compelling me perforce to smile.

“Well, say what you please, my opinion cannot change: how devilishly close this place is! If that amiable-looking elderly lady beside you has no objection, I’ll change places with her, and we’ll have the window opened.”

“But such a course would lead to rheums, colds,” I said, maliciously.

“Only upon particular occasions, my respected friend. Good company is the best preventive.”

He looked at the old woman beside me: she was fast asleep.

“This will never do,” said he; “how can we awaken her?”

“I have not the slightest idea,” I answered.

“Would you have any objection to send your elbow on a voyage of discovery towards that part of her body where the short ribs are supposed to lie?” he asked, with gravity.

“Most decidedly, I should have every objection,” I replied, somewhat astonished at the systematic manner in which he wished the business done.

“I’m delighted to hear you say so; human nature is a compli-

cated study, yet I delight in it. I merely asked the question to hear what answer you would make; always respect age—and the sex especially—oh! the lady is awake! If it would afford you any pleasure, madam, to sit in a corner and beside a window, my seat is at your service.”

“Thank you, sir; I’m very comfortable as I am.”

“Delighted to hear you say so, madam; bless my soul, what a fine little—— permit me to ask whether it is a boy or a——”

“A boy, sir; sit up, Jamsy, dear.”

“And how are you, Jamsy? what a beautiful pair of eyes he has! here’s an orange for you, my brave lad. How old is he, madam?—four years?”

“Bless you, no, sir, he’s only one year and three-quarters.”

“You don’t say so; well, that is surprising; an epitome of a giant, as I live. Is he your youngest, madam?”

“Oh, he’s not mine, sir—he’s my daughter’s.”

“Dear me, how strange! and can it be possible that you are a grandmother?”

“Indeed and I am, sir, to seven of them.”

“Well you ought to be proud of them, if they are all like him.”

“They are a beautiful family, sir, God bless them! I’m taking him down to his mother at Liverpool,”—the old woman was evidently flattered.

“Does she live there?”

“She does, sir, of late, since her husband went there for work. He’s an engine fitter.”

“So then, my little man, this is your first trip in a railway.”

“Oh, no, sir, it’s not, he has been on it twice before.”

“How good-tempered the chubby fellow appears!—has he cut all his teeth?”

“Some of them, sir; but they cut him down greatly when they were coming.”

“No wonder, no wonder, I cut one myself about two months ago; and I thought my gums were falling to pieces.” This was spoken with unblushing hardihood.

“It must be very painful, sir.”

“So it is. He takes great notice.”

“He does, sir.”

“Would you like to look out of the window, my pretty lad? Bring him over here, ma’am, and let him look out and count the primroses and daisies.”

“Oh! sir—It would be disturbing you.”

“Not a bit of it—I beg that you’ll not mention such a thing. Here is my rug for you to sit on—there—gently—what a brave child—that’s right.” So saying, he placed her, together with her chubby charge, in his seat, and took her place beside me.

“That is always the surest way,” he said, addressing himself to me in a low tone—“whenever you want to carry a point, especially where a woman is concerned, use civility, it goes further than any other commodity, is a lighter load, and fetches a higher price in the general market. Put down the window, please—thank you; that’s much better.”



PIERRE MARSHALL,
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMY, &c. &c.

FROM A PAINTING BY MESSRS. HARRIS & WELLS.

THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

“How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country’s wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.”

COLLINS.

ANOTHER gallant soldier has departed from amongst us, full of years and honours, at the patriarchal age of eighty-six. The Marquess of Anglesey has followed his great commander, having outlived him rather more than a year and a half. This longevity is the more remarkable, as he suffered incessantly from excruciating attacks of tic-douloureux; an affliction in itself sufficient to break down and wear out an iron constitution; and which was supposed to have been occasioned by the inevitable haste attendant on the amputation of his leg on the field of Waterloo. As we looked on the stately funeral procession slowly passing along the streets, attended by the carriages of royalty and half the aristocracy of the land, we felt that another link was snapped which connected the present with the past, and almost the last of the remaining memorials swept away, which told of the deeds of an earlier age, the modes and manners of which were as unlike the present, as the antiquated toga of a Roman Consul when compared with the succinct and graceless garb of a modern senator.

Lord Anglesey was born in 1768, and died in 1854. The world from which he departed was so different from that in which he first beheld the light, that when he looked back, he must have found a difficulty in recognising his own identity, or of thoroughly understanding his own feelings. Within that cycle of time, comprehending less than a single century, the changes which would suffice for many, have been rapidly crowded. In early youth, he saw the great struggle for American independence, and the loss of our western colonies replaced by the colossal growth of the Indian Empire. Through his vigorous manhood, he fought in the wars engendered by the French revolution, and bore a distinguished part in the final conflict. In his decline and old age he reposed under the shadow of a forty years’ peace, and marked the miraculous development of mechanical science and industry, which peace and international intercourse can alone carry to perfection. Finally, he closed his eyes on the outburst of a general war, of which living men can neither calculate the issue nor the duration.

The family of Paget has become connected with many of the

most ancient and noblest houses in England, although their own distinction is comparatively of recent origin, and the name is not to be found in Doomsday Book or in the Roll of Battle Abbey. The immediate source of their honours was Sir William Paget, the celebrated Secretary of State to Henry the Eighth, who was also one of the executors and legatees of that redoubtable monarch. William Paget received the rudiments of his education under the famous Lily, at St. Paul's School, who died of the plague in London, in 1522. Passing through the University of Cambridge, Paget entered the family of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and was thence introduced into political life. In the 21st of Henry the Eighth, he was dispatched into France to obtain the opinions of the learned doctors of the Sorbonne, touching his royal master's divorce from Queen Katherine of Arragon; and was subsequently employed in many secret missions. By Edward the Sixth he was made Knight of the Garter, and created Baron Paget of Beaudesert. On the death of King Edward he sided with Mary; and, after her accession, was sworn of the privy council, and appointed Lord Privy Seal. When Elizabeth ascended the throne, he applied for and obtained leave to retire from official employment; but Camden says that her Majesty "retained an affection and value for him, though he was a zealous professor of the Roman Catholic creed." The title became extinct after the lapse of about a century and a half, in default of heirs male. The only daughter of the seventh and last lord married Sir Nicholas Bayly, Bart. In the person of their son Henry (who resumed the name of Paget), the barony was revived in 1770; and he was afterwards advanced in the peerage to the Earldom of Uxbridge, in 1784. This nobleman, who may be considered the second founder of the family, left many children, including six sons, nearly all of whom rose to distinction and received public rewards. The eldest, Henry William, was the late lamented Marquess; the second, William, a post captain in the navy, died, unmarried, in 1795; the third, Arthur, was created G.C.B. for eminent diplomatic services; the fourth, Edward, was also a G.C.B., and a general officer of much ability and experience. He had lost an arm in action; conducted the reserve with equal skill and courage during Sir John Moore's campaign, including the battle of Corunna; and was taken prisoner on the retreat from Burgos in 1812, being then second in command under Lord Wellington. The fifth, Charles, was Vice-admiral of the White, and a Knight Commander of the Bath; and the sixth, the Hon. Berkeley Paget, died in 1842.

The late Marquess was born on the 17th of May, 1768, anticipating by one year the advent of three illustrious military contemporaries, whose names will ever be associated with his, and who all saw the light in 1769—Soul, Wellington, and Napoleon. He succeeded his father as second Earl of Uxbridge in 1812; and died on the morning of the 29th of April, 1854. He was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of the great Duke, in November, 1852, which may be considered his last appearance in public life;

and on that occasion he was remarked, amongst the aged veterans with whom he was associated, for the hale vigour with which he braved the inclemency of the weather. Of the decorated warriors who looked on the coffin of their chief as it descended into the vault, more than half have since been summoned to follow him to their final resting place.

It is not usual, in aristocratic England, for the representative of hereditary title and property to encounter the drudgery of a profession, or the hardships of a military or naval life. Nevertheless, on the breaking out of the great continental quarrel, in 1792, when the uprooting of the Bourbons startled every monarchy in Europe, the young Lord Paget, leaving his lineal honours to abide the course of nature, determined, in the meanwhile, to carve out a name for himself. He had received his early education at Westminster, and passed through Christchurch, Oxford, in the ordinary routine, with credit, if not with distinction. But nature intended him rather for a soldier than a statesman or a scholar. His motto was not "*Cedunt arma togæ*,"—let arms yield to the gown; but rather, let the laurels of the sword herald in the dignity of the senate. Active in habits and enterprising in spirit, graceful in form and perfect in manly beauty, the most accomplished horseman in England, where every man is more or less a centaur, and endowed with fearless courage, he combined all the personal requisites of a gallant leader, a knight of the middle ages, and a paladin of the earliest days of chivalry. He has not unfrequently been termed the British Murat, and the shade of that brave though ill-fated child of valour has no occasion to shrink from the professional association. As modern cavalry generals they were unequalled in dash and daring, except, perhaps, by Ziethen and Seidlitz, the renowned hussars of Frederick of Prussia. Both were eminently handsome, and graceful riders; but Murat had seen many more fields, and was accustomed to move larger bodies of men. His life was a succession of gigantic battles. There was a something, too, of theatrical display in the brilliant costume of Lord Anglesey, as we have often seen him in our own green days, resplendent at a review, as Colonel of the Seventh Hussars, which suggested still more closely a comparison with the showy monarch of Naples, the brother-in-law of Napoleon the First.

Many years after the deaths of Murat and Napoleon, when Lord Anglesey was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a general officer of note, at his own table, when the conversation turned on Waterloo, said, "My Lord Anglesey, Buonaparte affirmed, at St. Helena, that if Murat had led his cavalry at Waterloo, he could have broken the English squares and won the battle." Every eye turned from the speaker to hear the answer. Lord Anglesey looked, listened, paused for a moment, and gently tapping his wine-glass, as was sometimes his custom, replied very quietly:—"No, he wouldn't; nor ten Murats!" Murat never saw a square of English infantry on the battle-field; and if he had, he would have found a more impenetrable wall of adamant than the great

Russian redoubt at Borodino, or the serried phalanx of Turks which his impetuous charge hurled headlong into the sea at Aboukir.

Lord Paget, in 1793, raised amongst his father's tenantry the 80th regiment of foot, or "Staffordshire Volunteers," a corps which has ever been distinguished by its gallantry, and whose colours are emblazoned with the names of many fields of glory, from Alexandria to the banks of the Sutlej. When the battalion was completed to 600 men he received the command, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and, when 400 more were added, he was offered the full colonelcy, which, with rare discretion and modesty in so young a man, he declined, on the ground of his not having as yet seen any foreign service. His father, who had been a soldier himself, honoured with the private intimacy of George the Third, eagerly seconded the disposition of his son and heir to participate in the great convulsion of war by which the whole Continent was at that time agitated; and which, if not checked, threatened to roll onwards to the shores of England, so long unprofaned by the footsteps of a foreign enemy. Lord Paget, with his regiment, joined the Duke of York's army in Flanders, in 1794. But by that time, many valuable opportunities had been lost, errors committed, and defeats encountered. English valour had been negatived by a blind ministry, incompetent commanders, and treacherous allies. Nothing remained to be gathered in from a most promising harvest, but dearly-purchased experience, hard fighting without glory, and the inevitable winding up of a ruinous retreat, instead of a triumphant advance to the capital of the enemy. Lord Paget distinguished himself by superior bravery, where all were brave, particularly at Turcoing, and in many actions fought to check the rapid pursuit of the enemy, while the British troops retired through Holland into Westphalia, and finally embarked at Bremen. He had drawn a sharp sword in this apprenticeship to the trade of war, but he sheathed it without laurels, for on those fields there were none to be gained. The military fame of England had not yet begun to brighten in the horizon.

On his return to England in 1795, Lord Paget was transferred from the 80th to the 7th Hussars, and stationed at Ipswich, with that and other bodies of cavalry placed under his immediate command. Here he laid the foundation of, and reduced to practice, the system of discipline which effected an entire reform in cavalry manœuvres, and materially tended to render that important arm the formidable instrument which it subsequently proved in the fields of the Peninsula, and on the crowning day of Waterloo. Towards the close of 1799, he accompanied the expedition under the Duke of York intended to deliver Holland, but which, again owing to the incompetence of the British Cabinet, with some difficulty delivered itself, from an inferior enemy, by a convention. Lord Paget again witnessed some sharp fighting, and achieved personal credit; but the annalists of our country will not select that year or that arena as the period or place from whence to date agreeable or flattering reminiscences.

In the general attack made by the combined English and Russian divisions, at Alkmaer, on the French under Brune and Vandamme, on the 2nd of November, 1792, Lord Paget was attached to the corps under the Russian commander-in-chief, De Hermann, posted on the sand-hills, when his brilliant cavalry movements contributed essentially to the advantages obtained that day, under very unpromising circumstances. Late in the evening, the French horse having been repulsed in an attempt upon the British Artillery, were charged by Lord Paget's brigade, and driven back with heavy loss, nearly as far as Egmont-op-Zee. In the final retreat, his ready services were recognised by his being charged with the difficult and dangerous duty of protecting the rear. While thus engaged, a skirmish took place, in which some pieces of our cannon were captured by the enemy. Lord Paget, with a single squadron, made a desperate charge upon the force of General Seino, amounting to seven times his own strength, put them to the route, recaptured the British guns, and five of the enemy's, while he himself sustained a mere nominal loss.

After the ill-digested campaign of 1799, Lord Paget remained several years at home, devoting himself to the discharge of his regimental duties, studying his profession, and unremittingly employed in perfecting the system of discipline which he had introduced into the cavalry. In 1808, having reached the rank of Lieutenant-General, he was ordered to Spain with two brigades, to strengthen the corps under Sir David Baird, then marching through Galicia to effect a junction with the main body under Sir John Moore, then rapidly advancing on Salamanca. Lord Paget reached Sir John Moore, with a well equipped and effective reinforcement of cavalry, on the 24th of November, the very night when that skilful, though unfortunate and unjustly-maligned, general was compelled to commence his disastrous but, at the same time, masterly retreat, before the concentrated hosts of Napoleon, exceeding in number 100,000 men. The cavalry alone counted 12,000 more than the whole force of the British commander. His retreat was attended by privation, suffering, and fatigue; but he sustained no disaster in the field, in many combats taught the enemy to respect his sword, and finally carried off his army by a stout battle, and a hardy repulse, instead of an inglorious capitulation. Here, again, there was a disappointing result, but accompanied by brilliant episodes of glory, which prepared the world for the victories of the next six years. On many occasions, Lord Paget brought his cavalry into play, with equal skill and courage, often with inferior numbers, and always with a triumphant result. At Sahagun, he overthrew six hundred picked dragoons, with four hundred of the fifteenth hussars, killed twenty, and took fifteen officers and one hundred and fifty men. At Mayorga, with two squadrons of the tenth, he charged a much superior body of the enemy, belonging to the corps of Ney, advantageously posted on a rising ground, defeated them with slaughter, and captured above one hundred prisoners. But his most brilliant achievement was at Benevente, when with the cavalry piquets, the tenth, and a

part of the third German Hussars, he completely out-manceuvred and dispersed six hundred of the light cavalry of the Imperial Guard, under the eye of Napoleon himself, and commanded by one of his favourite aides-de-camp, General Lefebvre Desnouettes. In this smart encounter, the British, who were much inferior in number at the commencement, lost fifty men, killed and wounded. The French left fifty-five on the field, and seventy prisoners, besides their general and several officers. Sir W. Napier says, "according to Baron Larrey, seventy other wounded men escaped, making a total loss of about two hundred excellent soldiers." Lefebvre Desnouettes had compromised himself, by crossing the Esla at a ford, and advancing incautiously into the plain, without support. Lord Paget saw his error at a glance, and fixed him with the rapidity of lightning. When a prisoner, the French General was asked why he did not re-pass the river at once, as soon as he saw that his flanks were turned, and his retreat in danger of being cut off. "It was impossible," he replied, "for the Imperial Guard, who had won Austerlitz, to retire without fighting, before any enemy, and with the Emperor close at hand." When the British army arrived at Corunna, the cavalry, who up to the last mile of the retreat had rendered good service, were now no longer available. The nature of the ground prevented their being brought into the line of battle. Here occurred one of the extreme "calamities of war" which Calloot has engraved with such appalling fidelity. Hundreds of the horses had perished, the greater part of those still surviving were foundered, and it was impossible to embark all in the face of the rapidly-approaching enemy. There was nothing left but to destroy them—a most painful and reluctant alternative. Accordingly they were picketed on the strand, and as the men loaded their pistols and carbines to shoot the faithful associates of long marches and many privations, rough and hardened soldiers were observed to shed tears like children. The attachment of a dragoon for his horse is a tie of affection, which none can understand but those who have felt and witnessed it; a blending of human with animal sympathies, for the exercise of which, the ordinary tenor of peaceful existence affords no opportunity.

Lord Paget returned to England in 1809, in time to command a division of the large army, under the Earl of Chatham, which the wisdom of the ministers despatched to perish ingloriously in the marshes of Walcheren, when their aid would have enabled Wellington, victorious at Talavera, instead of retiring on the frontiers of Portugal, to have driven the French army, in the absence of Napoleon, beyond the Pyrenees. As future cabinets are sure not to profit by the severe lessons which are manifestly intended for their instruction, or to take warning by the follies of their predecessors, it would be well if we could drop the curtain of eternal oblivion on that lamentable mistake. Future generations will read of it with incredulity, or lift up their hands in wonder, and marvel how the energies of any nation could survive such home thrusts, such mortal wounds, from their own rulers. And yet these are the men who were afterwards praised and semi-deified for conduct-

ing a great war to a great conclusion, when for years they had done their worst to produce the certainty of failure. Had not Napoleon rushed madly into the suicide of Moscow, not even the genius of Wellington could have restored the balance, or equalised the chances of the combat. Such ministers remind us of the eulogium which Sir Boyle Roche once bestowed upon a brace of incompetent admirals, who had stumbled into a victory when labouring hard to accomplish a defeat:—"To give the devil his due, they were greatly indebted to Providence!"

From 1806 to 1812 Lord Paget sat in the House of Commons, as representative for Milbourn Port, when the death of his father, in the latter year, removed him to the House of Peers as Earl of Uxbridge: but, though gifted with strong sense and clear penetration, a legislative assembly was not his most congenial sphere of action. In 1814 the world seemed in repose, but the sudden outburst of Napoleon from Elba, in March, 1815, again united the embattled hosts of Europe, and threatened a repetition of the many sanguinary fields by which a precarious peace had been, with such difficulty, obtained. Lord Uxbridge was immediately appointed to the command of the allied English and Belgian cavalry, in the vast but motley army assembled under the Duke of Wellington's command, on the frontiers of Flanders. Before he left London, he sat often to Sir T. Lawrence for the well-known full-length portrait, which has since been engraved, in his uniform as Colonel of the 7th Hussars. When the painting was finished, the artist said, "I have given your lordship a great deal of trouble, but I must entreat of you one sitting more, for there is something about this right leg which doesn't satisfy me, and I *must* alter it." Lord Uxbridge replied, "Not at present, I have too much to do, and no time for preparation, but when I return you shall have as many sittings for the leg as you like." He came back, but he left his leg behind him.

On the 17th of June, he covered the retrograde movement of the army from Quatre Bras to the position of Waterloo, and found opportunities of executing some brilliant charges, which checked the pressure of the enemy, and prepared him for the obstinate resistance of the morrow. On that great day, the cavalry bore a most conspicuous share, and many historians have testified to the skill and valour with which Lord Uxbridge discharged the arduous duties dependent on his personal exertions. He was throughout in the thickest of the fight, and escaped all casualties until, by almost the last cannon-shot fired, he received a severe wound in the right knee, which rendered immediate amputation necessary. The limb was buried in the garden of the small house opposite to the village inn at Waterloo, where the operation was performed.* The facts are universally known, but the following details explain the immediate cause of his wound, and may be relied on, as coming from

* On a board, affixed to the tree, above the grave, the following inscription was written, and might be seen long afterwards:—

"Here lies the Marquess of Anglesey's leg;
Pray for the rest of his body, I beg."

himself. Foreseeing the probability of losing or wearing out his charger, during a long and arduous battle, he had ordered his groom to be close at hand, at a given spot, with a re-mount, in case of accidents. Just as he was preparing to head the last charge of cavalry, his horse was killed; he looked round, but, as a matter of course, his man was not to be seen. A troop-horse was caught and brought to him, which he instantly mounted. The stirrups were too short, and prevented his knee from lying close home to the side, according to his usual seat. But there was no time for pause or alteration; he galloped to the front, and received the shot which he would have escaped had his right knee been in its proper position.

On the field of Waterloo, he was second only to the great commander of the host. For his services on that day, he was, on the 23rd of June, created Marquess of Anglesey by the Prince Regent, and subsequently a Knight of the Garter, sharing largely in the admiration, honours, and rewards, with which a grateful country hailed her victorious soldiers.

Under Mr. Canuing's brief administration, Lord Anglesey succeeded the Duke of Wellington as Master-General of the Ordnance, with a seat in the Cabinet. On the 1st March, 1828, he was nominated Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. As he was known to be of liberal principles in politics, and a favourer of the great question, so long pending, of Catholic Emancipation (which he had voted for when it was almost a service of danger), his appointment to the government of weeping Hibernia was hailed as the dawn of freedom by the leaders of agitation, while his high personal character made him equally acceptable to the ultra-tories. On the day of his assuming office, he entered Dublin on horse-back, instead of riding in, as usual, in a state carriage, and attended by a gallant cortège of aides-de-camp and officers. An air of chivalry was thus communicated to the procession, well suited to the bearing of the man, and the impulsive temperament of the people he came to rule. His first vice-royalty, which lasted only a single year, was a period of undiminished popularity, and when he was removed, on a change of ministry, he rode out again as he had entered, on horse-back, at a foot's pace, and attended to the point of embarkation at Kingstown by the joyous acclamations of half the inhabitants of the Irish metropolis. But no Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland can expect to achieve permanent approbation. To be a favourite, he must be a fleeting bird of passage. If his reign exceeds twelve months, his credit totters. For the first year he is a demi-god; in the second, he offends many because he cannot satisfy their overflowing expectations; and, in the third, he is repudiated by all. It has been often a matter of surprise that any high-minded, independent English nobleman could be found desirous of assuming a post, which is in itself a shadow rather than a substance, and seems more suitably carved out for a hungry *diplomat*, pitchforked into the peerage on a special emergency. During his precarious tenure of office, he is a mockery of royalty, "a king of shreds and patches," responsible without power, a nominal dispenser of place without

patronage, a puppet in the hands of the home secretary, a viceroy with another viceroy over him; badly paid, expected to spend double his allowance, lauded to-day, hooted to-morrow, and not unfrequently kicked out by his own party, if he cannot reconcile impossibilities, disentangle a knot more complicated than that on the chariot of Gordius, or elucidate a problem more incomprehensible than the riddle of the sphinx. The government of Ireland has hitherto been, and appears likely to continue, a political paradox, a puzzle without solution, the labyrinth of Minos, unprovided with the clue of Ariadne.

When Lord Anglesey returned for the second time, in December, 1830, he found himself with diminished worshippers, where he had formerly been a universal idol, and in less than a year almost unnoticed when he drove or rode about the streets. He was fond of the theatre, which he warmly patronised, and greatly enjoyed the characteristic humour of the galleries; but even they had become gloomy politicians, and noisy shouts of "O'Connell," and "Repale," were beginning to supersede the merry laugh, the interchange of humorous repartee, and the practical fun which used to fill the intervals between the regular performances. On his last visit to his private box, when he had recently given great offence to the democratic party by supporting Chief Justice Doherty against O'Connell, as he sat behind the curtain, screened from the view of the audience, he observed, "How dull and listless the galleries have become! It seems as if all spirit had left them. I doubt if they could get up a good hiss, even if I were to show myself."

Lord Anglesey finally retired from the government of Ireland in 1834, and from that time scarcely ever took a prominent part in political affairs; but he was constantly before the public, cruising in his yacht, walking in the streets, or riding in the parks; and up to extreme old age, exhibited the same graceful horsemanship by which he had ever been pre-eminently distinguished, and which made him the "observed of all observers," and bore away the palm of competition, when with the Duke of Wellington and the young champion Dymocke, he backed down Westminster Hall, at the grand Coronation Banquet of George the Fourth, on the last exhibition of that old feudal pageant. He was also remarkable for never changing his peculiar costume either in winter or summer, and for driving a curricle, long after that once universally fashionable and elegant, but exploded equipage had become a tradition of the past, and a relic of a former generation.

Lord Anglesey was twice married. First, on the 25th July, 1795, to Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of George, fourth Earl of Jersey; and again, in 1810, to Charlotte, second daughter of Charles, first Earl of Cadogan. By these two ladies he had a numerous family of sixteen children, the greater number of whom survive him. He is succeeded in the Marquisate, and his other hereditary honours and estates, by his eldest son, Henry, late Earl of Uxbridge, who, in 1832, was summoned to the House of Peers

in his father's barony of Paget. The mansion and park of Beaudesert, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, belonged originally to the Bishops of the diocese, and were granted by King Edward the Sixth to Sir William, afterwards the first Lord Paget, a nobleman of whom Fuller observes that a foreign potentate said, "He is not only fit to represent kings, but to be a king himself." The same compliment might have been paid to the personal demeanour of his last deceased lineal descendant.

Peace to the ashes of the brave old warrior! There may have been more skilful tacticians and greater generals, with more extended opportunities, and a longer list of dazzling victories; but a better soldier, a truer knight, and a more courageous gentleman never drew a sword in the battle-field. He was a model to which our young noblemen and military neophytes may look up with respect, and study with advantage. Equally fearless, independent, courteous, kind, affectionate, honourable, and high bred, he presented a true type of the ancient aristocracy, a race of men hastening to their extinction, and of which but few coeval examples still remain. While such individuals exist amongst us, we feel that we are connected with the last age; but as they drop, one by one, the ties are broken, until the isolation becomes complete. It is salutary as well as impressive to look on the bier of the veteran leader as he is borne to the tomb, surrounded by the emblems of his glory: to listen to the solemn chant in the cathedral, until, wrapt in reverie, and carried away by imagination, we almost persuade ourselves that his brethren in arms who have preceded him, start from repose at the sound of the funeral dirge, and stand in shadowy line, to welcome the arrival of an honoured comrade.

"The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest;
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the welcome guest."

THE THEATRES OF LONDON.

THEIR HISTORY—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

HAVING described the distinguishing features of the London Theatres at the close of the sixteenth century, we append a few particulars of the houses then in existence.

THE BLACKFRIARS THEATRE

Was situated near the present Apothecaries' Hall, close to which there is still existing a short lane, leading to an open space, known as Playhouse Yard. It was here, in all probability, that Shakspeare first made his appearance as actor and writer; and here, certainly, was his reputation established. Skottowe affirms this house to have been erected about 1570, that it was the first building in England exclusively devoted to the drama, and was emphatically called *The Theatre*. With respect, however, to this latter assertion, some differences exist. Malone, for instance, in his "*History of the English Stage*," could not ascertain the situation of the building so called, but conjectured that it was in some remote and privileged place, from its being hinted at in a sermon, by John Stockwood, printed in 1578:—"I know not how I might, with the godly-learned especially, more discommend the gorgeous playing-place erected in the fields, than to term it, as they are pleased to have it called, a *Theatre*." Chalmers is of the opinion of Skottowe, that what was called *The Theatre* was situated in the Blackfriars; but he likewise affords us the information that "before 1586 there was a playhouse at Newington Butts, in Surrey, which was denominated *The Theatre*." It is evident, therefore, that but little certainty exists upon the subject.

In 1575 the players were entirely expelled the limits of the city by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen; and this movement probably led the comedians to such houses as the Blackfriars, which, although in the very presence of the civic authorities, was yet, owing to the old monastic privileges, beyond their jurisdiction.

The precincts of this Theatre had been occupied by the great religious house of the Dominicans, or Black Friars, an order founded in 1170, by St. Dominic, for preaching, and having an especial mission for the conversion of the Jews. On that spot parliaments had assembled, and it was there that Wolsey pronounced the sentence of divorce on the unfortunate Katharine. After the destruction of this religious house, and when the church had fallen to ruins, the place became known as a fashionable residence, and on one occasion received the honour of a visit from Elizabeth, who came here and danced at the age of sixty. In

1574 a writ of privy seal was issued, by which James Burbage and four other persons, servants to the Earl of Leicester, were authorised to "use, exercise, and occupy the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, interludes, stage-plays, and such other like;" and the year 1575 doubtless witnessed the erection of the Blackfriars Theatre. There was at first a petition from the residents in the neighbourhood. "The rooms," it states, which "one Burbage hath lately bought," have been converted "into a common play-house."

The Blackfriars was one of those theatres distinguished by the title of "private," and which were entirely roofed over, instead of, as in those which were public, merely the stage portion. There is not much doubt, however, but that the accommodation of the house, when first built, both for actors and audience, was of a somewhat rude nature. Two companies, it appears, had the right of playing at this house, the one that Shakspeare belonged to (the Lord Chamberlain's), and that of the Children of the Chapel, who, on the accession of James, were known as the Children of Her Majesty's Revels, and played regular pieces as well as their older rivals, their list including Ben Jonson's "Case is Altered," and his "Cynthia's Revels." The former comedy was published in 1609, "as acted by the Children of Blackfriars."

These Children of the Revels were juvenile actors selected from the choristers of the public schools and the Chapel Royal, who exhibited in the dramatic entertainments performed at Court. In the records of the time, they are distinguished as the Children of Paul's, the Children of Westminster, and the Children of the Chapel. From a reference made to these young actors in "Hamlet," it is seen that the celebrity of their performances excited the envy of the established comedians. It is probable, notwithstanding, that they received instruction from the elder performers; for in a manuscript in the Inner Temple, supposed to relate to the Lord Chamberlain's household, appears a warrant to the Signet Office (dated July 8, 1622), for a privy seal for licensing sundry comedians "to bring up children in the qualitie and exercise of playing comedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plays, and such like, as well for the solace and pleasure of his Majestie, as for the honest recreation of such as shall desire to see them; to be called by the name of the Children of the Revels, and to be drawne in such a manner and form, as hath been used in other lycenses of that kinde."

The Blackfriars Theatre, as well as the Globe, was intimately connected with Shakspeare, being closely allied with his own history. At these two houses his numerous plays were first produced; and within fourteen years from the erection of the Blackfriars, he had become one of its proprietors, his property in that house being the foundation of his future fortune. In 1608, a question was brought before the Chancellor, respecting the jurisdiction of the city in this theatre. In the valuation then made, Shakspeare, next to Burbage, was the largest shareholder; and to

have purchased the property would have cost the Lord Mayor and citizens the large sum of 7000*l*.

About 20*l*. was a considerable receipt at the Blackfriars on any one day. In 1596 the shareholders wished to enlarge their house. In a petition to the Privy Council, they state that the place, "by reason of its having been so long built, hath fallen into great decay; and that, besides the reparation thereof, it has been found necessary to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditors coming thereto."

During the reign of Elizabeth the stage became an honourable field for the employment of talent—talent which received its meed of patronage from the Court. The last entry in the books of the Treasurer of the Chamber during the reign of Elizabeth, having reference to Shakspeare and his friends of the Blackfriars, is as follows:—"To John Hemynges and the rest of his companie, servants to the Lord Chamberleyne, uppon the Councells Warraunte, dated at Whitehall the xxth of Aprill, 1603, for their paines and expences in presentinge before the late Queenes Ma^{tie} twoe playes, the one uppon St. Stephens day at night, and thother upon Candlemas day at night, for ech of which they were allowed by way of her Ma^{ties} rewarde, tenne poundes, amounting in all to xx^{li}." The last of these two performances was given on the 2nd of February (Candlemas day); on the ensuing 24th of March, Elizabeth resigned her earthly crown. Her successor, James, extended a liberal patronage to the Blackfriars company, who performed before that sovereign at Wilton, Hampton Court, and at the Banqueting House at Whitehall. Shakspeare's matchless play of "Lear" was first published in 1608, the title-page reciting that "It was plaid before the King's Majesty, at Whitehall, uppon S. Stephen's night, in Christmas Hollidaies."

In Camden's "Annals of the Reign of King James the First," it is stated that this theatre fell down in 1623, and that about ninety persons were killed; but from an old tract printed in the same year in which the accident happened (November 5, 1623), it is evident that this is a mistake, and that the room which gave way was in a private house appropriated to the service of religion. That it was not the theatre which fell down is further confirmed by the following lines prefixed to a play called "The Queen," published in 1653:—

" — We dare not say
 . . . that Blackfriars we heare, which in this age
 Fell, when it was a church, not when a stage;
 Or that the Puritans that once dwelt there,
 Prayed and thriv'd, though the playhouse were so neare."

The accident here referred to was long after remembered by the name of the Fatal Vespers. The bigoted of the time ascribed the calamity to the displeasure of Heaven against the Roman Catholics, and a violent controversy raged for a considerable time after.

The Blackfriars Theatre was probably pulled down shortly after the permanent closing of the theatres during the Commonwealth.

THE GLOBE THEATRE.

This house, as well as the one just noticed, derives much of its interest from its connection with Shakspeare. The performances at the Blackfriars were given for the most part in winter, artificial light being used. In December, 1593, its chief proprietor, or shareholder, Burbage, entered into an agreement with Peter Streete, a carpenter, for the erection of a new theatre for his company. This new house was the Globe, situate on the Bankside—the site now occupied by the extensive brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins. The circumstance which led to this new speculation was probably the growing prosperity of the Lord Chamberlain's servants, who required a larger house and a more public field for exertion. In 1592 and 1593 England was visited by a plague, during which period the theatres were closed; at the end of the last-named year, when the virulence of the epidemic was over, the theatre on the Bankside was no doubt commenced.

The Globe was a public theatre of considerable size, the performances at which took place in summer, and by daylight. It was an hexagonal wooden building, partly open to the weather, and partly thatched with reeds. It may appear singular that, in a climate so changeable as our own, a theatre should have been constructed without a roof; but at the date of the Globe being first opened (1594), not twenty years had elapsed since plays were represented in the open yards of the inns of London.

The name of this house was probably derived from its sign, which was a figure of Atlas, supporting the globe, with the inscription, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem*" (All the world acts a play). On the 29th of June, 1613, the theatre was destroyed by fire, during the representation of a new play, entitled "All is True." This play, there is reason to believe, was Shakspeare's "Henry the Eighth." Sir Henry Wotton, in a letter to his nephew, gives an account of the piece, with the following allusion to the fire:—"Now King Henry, making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that perhaps had broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

In the following year (1614) the house was rebuilt, and decorated with more ornament than was bestowed on the former structure. Ben Jonson (who was in the theatre at the time of its destruction) styled the new building the "Glory of the Bank and the Fort of the whole parish;" and Taylor, the "water poet," thus commemorates the improvement:—

“ As gold is better that 's in fire tried,
 So is the Bankside Globe that late was burned ;
 For where before it had a thatched hide,
 Now to a stately theatre 'tis turn'd ;
 Which is an emblem that great things are won,
 By those that dare through greatest dangers run.”

Reference has been made to Shakspeare's connection with this house. The licence which James the First granted to Laurence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, James Burbage, and others (dated May 19, 1603), empowered them “To exercise the facultye of playenge plaies both in the Globe Theatre and through all the realme.” Our own great author has himself told us the shape of the Globe in the preliminary chorus to “Henry the Fifth:”—

“ Pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
 So great an object : can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
 Within this *wooden O* the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt ?”

The genius of Shakspeare, however, was not to be confined within this “rude-thatched tabernacle.” In the production of his works he received but little aid from “scenery, dresses, and decorations”—the *mise en scène* of the present day ; but, as Johnson remarks, “the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind as dewdrops from a lion's mane.”

Taylor, the poet, has been already quoted. He had been a sculler on the Thames, but, although very illiterate, applied himself to composition, in spite of the most disheartening obstacles. It was his original calling which gained for him the title of the “water poet.” From his writings we learn the effect produced upon the traffic of the Thames by the erection of theatres upon the Bankside:—

“ About the year 1596 the players began to play on the Bankside, and to leave playing in London and Middlesex for the most part. The number of watermen, and those that live by and are maintained by them, and by the only labour of the oar and skull, cannot be fewer than 40,000 ; the cause of the greater half of which multitude hath been the players playing on the Bankside, for I have known three companies, besides the bear parties, at once there, to wit, the Globe, the Rose, and the Swan.”

Like the Blackfriars, the Globe Theatre was probably swept away during the period of the Commonwealth.

THE TWO ANGELS.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
 Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
 The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
 The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
 Alike their features and their robes of white;
 But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
 And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
 Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:
 "Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
 The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he, who wore the crown of asphodels,
 Descending, at my door began to knock,
 And my soul sank within me, as in wells
 The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
 The terror and the tremor and the pain,
 That oft before had filled and haunted me,
 And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
 And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
 And knowing whatso'er He sent was best,
 Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
 "My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
 And ere I answered, passing out of sight
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
 Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
 Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin;
 And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
 Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
 Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
 Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against his messengers to shut the door?

THE ANT-EATER.

WHAT a curious beast! Which is his head, and which is his tail? Surely he has got no mouth! Is that what they call a Python? Such were the exclamations I heard when present at one of the first levées given to the British public by Seignor Ant-Eater. The man who thought he was looking at a Python (it was Monday, and therefore a sixpenny day) had seen outside the building the words "To the Pythons" posted up in gigantic type, the card of the stranger not being at that time ready, and therefore he came fully prepared to see a python, and nothing but a python. Had he looked at the "Times" that morning he would have been aware "that an adult example of the giant Ant-Eater had been added to the collection."

Certainly he has been added to the collection, but the addition will appear to those who don't go at the proper time very much like a bundle of hay tumbled into the corner of the den. The ant-eater receives not the public indiscriminately, he is "at home" only at dinner time, at which time, like most of ourselves, he is wide awake and ready for action. The opening of the keeper's door, and the cracking of sundry egg-shells on the side of his tin soup plate, is his dinner bell, and it is quite astonishing to see how soon these welcome sounds awake him, though but five minutes before all the hists, and the heys, and the umbrella stampings of yon old gentleman seemed only to deepen his lethargic slumbers. At length the clock strikes *four* and the door opens. At this moment the bundle of hay unfolds itself, and out stalks *monstrum horrendum informe ingens*, which monster, nevertheless, has been dubbed with the high sounding title of *Myrmecophaga jubata*, which, being interpreted, meaneth, the Maned Ant-Eater, viz., *μύρμηξ*, an ant, *φάγω*, to eat. Jubata, from juba, a crest, which little lesson reminds us forcibly of former days when, trembling with fear of the schoolmaster's rose-wood ruler, we mechanically committed to our infantine memory the meaning of the word Geography.

Being a *distingué* among animals, like great folks among ourselves, he has more names than one. The Indians of Brazil (who rejoice in the crack-jaw appellation of Qjuarani) call him the "Youroumi," which D'Azara tells us signifies in Spanish "Boca Chica," or little mouth. The Portuguese call him "Tamandua," a name equivalent to ant-bear; the French of Cayenne, by the elegant name of Tamanoir; and, lastly, his indulgent keeper at the Zoological, trusting to intimate acquaintanceship, takes the liberty of addressing this many-titled quadruped by the familiar term of "Tit," a name which his highness is condescending enough to "answer to," as the dog-dealer would say.

The appellation of maned, would well suit the animal, if, like the horse at the country fair, his tail were where his head ought to be. The mane is developed, not on his neck and along his back, but upon the lower side of his tail, whilst the actual naked head appears much more like a tail than a head; in fact, it much resembles the stump of a thing as worn by the fast-trotting butcher's nag with a "rat-tail."

The colour of the ant-eater is a greyish-brown, with an oblique black band bordered with white on each shoulder. The hair is very peculiar; in fact, it can hardly be called hair at all, being very like that kind of strong hard grass of which brushes and carpet-brooms are now made.

The possessor of this grassy thatch seems just now to be in a state of moult, for the floor of his den is covered with cast-off portions of his external garment. We have collected several of these *bristle*-like hairs; they seem to be of two kinds. One kind is long, very tough, and of a black colour: these belong to his crest, which is, as I have before stated, to be found not on his neck, but on his tail; the others are shorter, and resemble much the porcupine's quill in their markings, viz., black and white bands alternately succeeding each other.

The ant-eater has another similarity to the porcupine, for when angry or annoyed at anything, he can, to a certain extent, cause his quasi-quills to stand erect, thereby adding greatly to his bodily dimensions, as does puss on the approach of her canine persecutor.

A section of one of these ant-eater hairs, when placed under the microscope, informs us that they are hollow in the centre, and are of an oval shape, the external coats being composed of an exceedingly hard material; a thin section of a cat's whisker presents a somewhat similar appearance.

Our friend is not only shedding his coat, but also the skin of his trumpet-shaped head, and every now and then, as his keeper describes, he may be seen "shelling his nose," by means of his inbent claw, the shape of which exactly fits that portion of his person. A close observer may see portions of the old skin scaling off, and the new skin appearing underneath.

As I have frequently been asked what size he is, I here give the exact measurements of the specimen in the Zoological Gardens.

	Feet.	Inches.
Height	2	3
Length from tip of nose to end of tail	7	4
Girth of body	2	8
Length of tail	2	9
Length of body	2	2
Length of head	2	5
Diameter of chest	0	10

The exact age cannot be ascertained, but it is supposed by the

best authorities that Tit has arrived at adult years, and that he is as big as he ever will be.*

Poor ant-eater, never again will he behold his native plains of Brazil; the new "ticket of leave" will in no way benefit him. He is sentenced to imprisonment for the term of his natural life, not, however, to undergo hard labour, but to spend what some people would call a very jolly life, consisting in the fact, "that he will have plenty to eat and nothing to do;" this ended, his ghost will be able to say to his keeper—as the ghost of poor Mary did to her bereaved lover—

"As for those feet, those little feet,
You used to call so pretty,
There's one I know in Bedford Row,
The other's in the city."

An unlucky day for him was it when his German captors kidnapped him and his infant brother from their maternal nest in the wilds of Brazil, four hundred miles from Rio Janeiro. The poor brother died *en route* for England. The survivor arrived in a miserable condition, having undergone, like Æneas, many troubles both by sea and by land, of which, like that pious Trojan, he might with justice say,

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."

Most particularly did he feel the discomforts of his new position when exhibited in a small room at No. 17, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, under the Anglo-German title of "Antita." A large placard advertised his whereabouts, upon which was painted (thanks to the authority of Buffon) a picture of Mr. "Antita" hugging in a mortal embrace a powerful jaguar (the American tiger); and to make the thing still more absurd, the blood was represented as flowing from the wounds in finely-curved cataracts of red paint, like beer out of a newly-tapped barrel.

He was, however, destined for better quarters. 200*l.* M. D. (which, as some malicious persons assert, physicians put after their names, signifying "money down") softened the hearts of the bearded proprietors, and forthwith he was translated to the Zoological Gardens.

It is impossible to please everybody, and the body not pleased at this new acquisition was the chimpanzee, whose apartments were forthwith diminished by one-half to accommodate the stranger. Great was his rage at this insult, and great his jealousy at having the attention usually shown to him by visitors transferred to his neighbour. He ran about chattering and pulling the bars of his cage violently; whether these mental emotions affected his health or not I am unable to say, but certain it is, that about this time he was taken unwell, and a common linseed poultice was applied, as the doctors say, "to the part affected." What was

* Since this article has been printed I have ascertained that I have all the way through (as frequently happens in writing a French exercise) made a mistake in the gender, and have ungallantly applied the term "He" to a lady ant-eater.

the consequence? The next morning, when the man came to examine the effects of the application, lo, and behold! it was gone, the invalid had eaten and devoured his remedy, which was meant to do good externally. Mr. Chimp was of a different opinion, and had applied it internally. Such, too, were the tenets of the facetious medical student, who, upon being asked by a nervous individual what should be done in a case of internal bleeding, replied with a grave face, "swallow a large piece of sticking plaster."

Whilst meditating on the beauty and design as shown in the ant-eater, whose præprandial movements I was intently watching, a young gentleman (not a naturalist) asked me, *sotto voce*, "what is that *contrivance*?" "It is a contrivance," said I, "for catching ants, and that is why he is called the ant-eater," I continued to a young lady, who wanted to know the meaning of his name. Let us see how admirably "the contrivance" answers its purpose, and forms a link in an important series of operations, which are ordained by an all-wise Creator for regulating the economy of tropical regions.

Under the influence of heat and moisture the vegetation in these climes is most luxuriant, and the decay is proportionately rapid to the growth. The ants here play a most important part, they are the scavengers, whose business it is to clear away the wreck and rubbish both of animal and vegetable matter; if these were allowed to remain, they would not only taint the atmosphere with pernicious gases, but would float away, when the rains came, and thus exhaust and impoverish the soil. Then the birds and other vertebrated animals feed upon these ants, and new forms of life spring up, each one supporting some other, and the whole preserving and maintaining the fertility of the country. This is what may be termed nature's mode of culture; the fungi among plants, and the insects among animals, take hold of that which is on the brink of ruin, and from them it passes from race to race, till at the end of the circuit it arrives at the most stately trees of the forest, and the largest animals which feed and repose in their shade.

These ants are sociable things, and are fond of each other's company.

Horace informs us that the ant on the plains of Italy

"Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo
Quem struit."

The ant on the plains of Brazil does exactly the same thing, except that her edifice is to the edifice of the Italian, as the Sydenham Crystal Palace to the village cottage.

Mr. Waterton, in his "Wanderings in South America," informs us that "the ants' nests have a singular appearance. They are in vast abundance on those parts of the plain which are free from water, and are formed of an exceeding hard yellow clay. They rise eight or ten feet from the ground, in a spiral form, impenetrable to the rain, and strong enough to defy the severest tornado."

So hard are their walls, that the natives always select them to perform the duties of ovens; the fire is lighted inside, and the

dinner cooked. Happy the native who happens to have a natural oven close to his hut door! unfortunate the ants who have erected their palace in such dangerous proximity!

Virgil said to the poor little birds who built their nests round his country villa, when he found that the young Romans had been birds' nesting:

"Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves."

So says the ant-eater to the ants. When he feels hungry he forthwith taps an ant-hill.

To enable him to do this with ease, the kind foresight of the Creator has given him claws adapted for this very purpose. I saw lately in a shop where they sell meats preserved in tightly-soldered tin canisters, an instrument with a sharp claw of iron at the end, made expressly to break open the canisters aforesaid. This instrument is almost a model of the ant-eater's claw. If, kind reader, you will closely bend up the little and the ring-fingers of your two hands, so as to touch their palms, and partially curving the middle and the fore-fingers, you will walk along the floor upon the outside edge of your hands—Nebuchadnezzar fashion—you will be much in the same condition as the ant-eater, except that you have no pad upon the part of your hand which bears the weight of the body, whereas the ant-eater has been provided by nature with this necessary appendage.

The two projecting claws in the ant-eater are very sharp at their extremities, and are flattened on the inside. He cannot extend them like we can our fingers, but he can compress them, and that pretty closely. The other day when shaking hands with him (I always shake hands through the bars of his cage) he gave me such a hearty squeeze with his talons, that I was glad when the salutation was over. Those who will go to the College of Surgeons and look at the skeleton of our friend's relation, or consult Sir C. Bell's Bridgewater Treatise on the hand (in which is a drawing of the fore leg of this animal), will be able to examine closely this curious piece of mechanism. They will at the same time be able to comprehend what an enormous mass of muscles are necessary, and are really present in the living animal, to enable the owner of this scratching apparatus to use it effectually. Sir C. Bell says, "whether we examine the human body or the comparative forms of the bones, the distinctness of the spines and processes (projections in the bones) declares the strength of the muscles. It is particularly pleasing to notice here the correspondence between the humerus (the large bone of the arm) and the other bones—the blade-bone large, and with a double spine, and with great processes, the ulna projecting at the olecranon, and the radius freely rotating, but above all in the development of one grand metacarpal bone which gives attachment to a strong claw, we see a very distinct provision for scratching and turning aside the ant-hill.

Now, we have just read "that the ant-hills are formed of exceeding hard yellow clay, strong enough to defy a tornado," and if the ant-eater had not these prize-fighter-like arms and pickaxe-like claws, he would never be able to open the sun-baked crust of

his ant-pie, and would probably starve; these difficulties have, however, been anticipated by his Creator. When about to open an ant-hill, he sits up on his hind legs, which have nothing peculiar about them,* being made for support, when in a sitting attitude, not unlike the feet of an English badger, and he aims a terrible blow at the walls of the ant-hill, breaking the crust into a thousand pieces. Had the editor of the "Nursery Rhymes" seen this operation, he would have altered his verses and written,

"When the pie was opened
The ants began to run."

We shall see presently how the fugitives are captured.

Even in confinement we see instinct prompting the ant-eater to use his claws in their natural way. I have frequently seen him sit up on his hind legs and scratch away at the old stump of the tree in the middle of his den (placed there probably to delude him that he is still in a Brazilian forest). At first it was thought he wanted to climb up, so cross-bars of wood were nailed up to facilitate his endeavours; he has, however, never attempted to ascend, it being contrary to his natural habits to climb trees. Dreadful rents, nevertheless, does he delight to make in the canvass nailed up between his neighbour, Mr. Chimp and himself, showing his natural propensity for tearing open things. Again I have seen him attempt to get on the top of his little bed-room up in the corner, holding on with his claws, and helping himself up with his long head. This habit of climbing (not trees) seems natural to him, for Mr. Waterton tells us that "the ant-bear is sometimes seen on the top of the wood-ants' nests." He must, moreover, regard the door of his cage, whence issues forth his kind and intelligent keeper, bearing the dinner tray, as a sort of ant-hill, for as meal-time approaches, I have seen him endeavour to get his sharp claws in between the door and the adjoining wall, in order to wrench it open, and when the door has been partially opened by the keeper, immediately seize it with his curved talons and assist in opening it, by pulling it towards himself. As he walks about on the boards his great claws make a terrible rattle; a country woman said he was like a washerwoman walking about with pattens on, and a London young lady was sure he had on boots with military heels. A benevolent old lady said the poor thing must suffer very much in walking about on his "club feet;" another spectator remarked that he was sure the ant-eater had had an attack of rheumatism, and that his inbent fingers were the results of his illness. But, gentle reader, he has neither club feet nor has he had rheumatism; in his present position he is quite at ease, his long claws are so disposed as to render them harmless to him, and are also prevented from becoming dull and worn like those of the dog, as would inevitably be the case if they came in actual contact with the ground.

* The peculiarity of the hind legs of the subject in the Zoological Gardens is a bandage wound round one of them,—a surgical dressing to a wound received in his travels, now nearly healed. It serves, too, as a protection to this part when he sleeps on the boards.

Those who have seen stuffed specimens of this animal in museums must have remarked that this peculiar conformation of the feet has evidently been a puzzle to the taxidermists. These worthies have generally endeavoured to improve nature by art, and have placed the fore claws in a forward attitude, like those of a dog or bear. This mistake is not now likely to be again committed, at least by our English naturalists, if they ever have the good luck to obtain a skin of this very rare beast; for be it known, that even in his native country it is but seldom seen, and still less seldom captured.

Mr. Wallace informs us, as regards this circumstance, that though he was residing for more than four years in or near the extensive forests of the Amazon, where the great ant-eater is perhaps as abundant as in any part of South America, he *never* had an opportunity of seeing one—once only he was nearly in at the death, finding a bunch of hairs from the tail of a specimen which had been killed a month previous to his arrival. They say (and I really think with truth) that anything can be obtained in London for money: the traveller, who in vain looks for this four-legged curiosity in his native haunts, may find him displayed as large as life in Mr. Gardiner's shop in Oxford-street, where, for the sum of seven pounds, he may obtain a skin tolerably well-stuffed, but rather dusty withal. The claws, too, in this specimen, wonderful to say, are nearly in their right and natural position.

The ant-eater cannot run very fast; when pressed he gets along at a sort of shambling gallop, but his best pace is not equal to that of a man when running. He is a stupid thing, and comparatively harmless to his enemy, man. For Azara tells us, "I have killed several by giving them a blow on the head with a stick, with the same security as though I had struck the trunk of a tree." He cannot make any noise of any kind, for both the men who are daily and nightly with him have assured me that they never have heard a grunt, or a groan, or sound of any kind proceed from their pet's mouth, whether of pleasure or of anger.

The ant-eater's claws are not adapted by any means for picking up the ants one by one as they run out of the aperture made in their mud fortification; run they never so fast their doom is sealed. We all of us know those wonderful specimens of human ingenuity invented for the special benefit of house-flies during the hot summer months. The poor fly settles upon an inviting prairie of what he thinks is treacle; he eats his fill, and then attempts to depart, but, alas! he cannot.

"Vestigia nulla retrorsum."

The ant-eater's tongue is made somewhat on the principle of those "catch 'em alive papers." It is a long, narrow, and roundish slip of flesh, *exactly* the colour of the common earth-worm, and very much resembles in appearance the small end of a coachman's whip; the trumpet-shaped head, though pretty long, is not long enough to contain it when extended to its full length. The tongue is made therefore to retract into a sheath, as a common cedar pencil is made to retract into the pencil-case. It is

not very easy to catch a glimpse of this tongue, for our friend at the Zoological does not often show it. In vain does the expectant medicus enjoin him, as he does his patients, "to put out his tongue." He will not do it unless he likes, and the moment when the humour seizes him is while he is eating his food, at which time the visitor may, by looking out sharp, see it slipping about in the tin soup-dish with the most wonderful velocity; it then much resembles a little black eel performing the most wonderful gyrations. Look out too well just after he has finished his meal, for then sometimes out comes his tongue like a roll of ribbon from the conjuror's mouth, or a stream of black treacle poured from a narrow aperture. Not above a second will you have to look at it, so the eyes must be kept wide open. Those who wish to examine the retractory arrangement at their leisure may see a preparation at the College of Surgeons (London), in which the tongue, although extended to nearly a foot in length, is not drawn out to its full extent; upon its upper surface may be seen retroverted papillæ (like those on a cat's tongue, only smaller of course); the sheath, too, with part of the tongue in it, may be observed passing in front of the trachæa and larynx somewhat down the throat.

The owner of this tongue does not, however, pick up the ants with it as a giraffe gathers palm-leaves, selecting and cropping them off with his tongue. These unfortunate insects stick to it and are then drawn into their enemy's throat. To enable this to take place, nature has given the ant-devourer a sort of natural bird-lime, which is spread in abundance upon this whip-like tongue. Of this peculiar secretion, Mr. Waterton says, "There is another singularity in the anatomy of the ant-bear, I believe as yet unnoticed in the page of natural history. He has two very large glands situated below the root of the tongue. From these is emitted a glutinous liquid, with which his long tongue is lubricated when he puts it into the ants' nests. The secretion from them when wet is very clammy and adhesive, but on being dried it loses these qualities, and you can pulverize it betwixt your finger and thumb, so that in dissection if any of it has got upon the fur of the animal or the feathers of a bird, allow it to dry there, and then it may be removed without leaving the least stain behind."

I can confirm this statement from personal experience, for lately, when watching our friend trying to get open the door of his den just before dinner-time, I observed his mouth literally "watering" with anticipation, that is to say, there came from it a quantity of frothy-looking saliva, some of which I managed to get upon my fingers, so glutinous was it that the sides of the fingers became glued together as they would have been had gum-arabic been used; in a short space it dried and fell off just as the learned traveller has described.

D. Azara tells us, "Il mange que des fourmis. Il fouille les fourmillières avec ses ongles, et au moment même ou les fourmis sortent en abondance pour former un rempart et se defendre, il traîne sur elles sa langue, qu'il a sortie avec rapidité, et qu'il retire avec les fourmis qu'y sont prises. Il repète cet exercice

avec tant de prestesse, que dans une seconde de temps il tire et rentre deux fois sa langue, mais jamais l'introduire dans le trous."

"No one (he continues) need wonder that so large a beast should be able to derive its sustenance from such minute prey, who is made aware of the myriads of the insects each ant nest contains; and that in some districts these nests are crowded so as almost to touch each other."

Among birds and reptiles who feed upon insects we find a somewhat similar arrangement of tongue. That of the common woodpecker is a well-known example. The tongue-bone of this bird is of an immense length, and curves completely round the back of the head; he has also glands to secrete viscid fluid, and besides this a barbed horny tip to his tongue. This bird feeds upon insects who live in the bark of trees; with his sticky tongue he is enabled to draw out the smaller beetles from their lurking places; with his spear he is enabled to transfix and detain those who are too strong or too big to stick. The chameleon, among reptiles, has a very long tongue and a gelatinous covering on it, which, as we well know, is very useful to him in procuring his winged and more active prey.

There is in Australia a curious animal, said to be a combination of a bird with a beast, whose name is *Ornithorhynchus* (the Bird-billed). His conformation has given rise to a zoological riddle. "Why is an *Ornithorhynchus* like your tailor?" Because he is a beast with a bill.

Inside this bill, this remarkable animal has a most curious tongue. It is divided into two parts, the anterior part is beset with numerous coarse papillæ, the posterior is raised considerably above the other, and is armed with two strong spines directed forwards, which probably serve to prevent the passage into the faucis of such substances as ought first to undergo mastication and maceration in the cheek-pouches, for he has these curious mouth-pockets, if they may be so called, and we have seen the remains of insects, of the genus *Nauceridæ*, taken from these very pouches.

The mouth of the ant-eater, situated at the end of the trumpet-shaped head, is very small indeed, being about an inch in length, whence he has been called by the French "the little mouth;" when he is moving about, it is difficult to see whether he has any mouth at all. The nostrils are of a C shape, and can be compressed or dilated at will. The seal's nostrils are the same, the seal shuts his up to keep out the water. The ant-eater closes his up to prevent the dust getting in, when he is catching the ants running about in it.

The pupil of the eye, I may here state, is round, and not a mere slit like a cat's eye (as has been affirmed by some), whence we can with certainty proclaim his habits to be diurnal and not nocturnal. The organs of smell are very highly developed, as ascertained from the skull at the College.

The question is frequently asked upon what is the ant-eater fed when in captivity. His present diet is principally eggs and milk

beaten up together, his allowance being twelve eggs per diem, with milk in proportion. He is fed three times a day, and those who wish to be present when he is eating, had better witness the meal which he has daily *at four*. By way of supper, he has a rabbit, not a Welsh-rabbit with a coat of mustard, but an English one, with a coat of fur. The rabbit is killed in the morning, and an aperture being made in the body, the ant-eater sucks up all the blood with great relish; in the evening the flesh of the same poor bunny is cut up very small and given uncooked just before he goes to bed; he manages to get through nearly a pound of it every evening.

It has been tried whether he will kill the rabbit for himself, but he takes no notice of it at all, neither smelling it, or endeavouring to strike it in play, or with murderous intent.

When he first came to town, the authorities tried whether he would eat any of our English insects; in vain were black beetles, crickets, common house flies, meal-worms, *et id genus omne*, spread before him—he would not look at or touch them either alive or dead. It occurred to me that he might, by possibility, like the taste of our English ant.

Accordingly I sent for, and obtained from the country, a tin quart pot full of Oxfordshire red ants. When these were (by the permission of the garden authorities) emptied out on the floor of the ant-eater's den, he walked up to them, and leisurely put out the tip of his tongue as though to taste them. The trial was not satisfactory, so he scraped away the mould, and spread it about with his claws, and then tried again to see if they were good. He seemed to deliberate a moment about this, as a connoisseur does when tasting a new sample of port wine. The verdict was eventually against them, for he walked away with an air of disgust, so that, unless we have periodical remittances of termites, the white ant, from Brazil, we shall not be able to supply him with his natural food. He thrives, however, well enough upon his present diet of eggs, milk, and rabbit; for the keeper told me that when his pet first came, he was so thin and meagre that he could easily lift him up with one arm, whereas now the united force of both arms are necessary to raise him from the ground.

It has been proposed that the ant-eater's milk and eggs should be flavoured with an acid, called "formic acid," that it might have an anty taste, &c., as the waiter at Vauxhall cuts "the beef with a hammy knife," to suit the taste of his customer. This acid was originally discovered by Fisher, in 1670, in the red ant (*Formica rufa*), and it was formerly obtained solely from this insect by distilling them, or their expressed juice, with water. The acid thus obtained is fuming and pungent, acting as a caustic upon the skin. The individual drop, however, contained in a single ant is said to have an agreeable acid taste, and the good folks in Sweden have found this out, for Mr. Consett, while walking in a wood near Gottenburg, observed a person sit down on an ant-hill and with a great degree of pleasure devour these insects, first nipping off their heads and wings. The flavour,

according to his account, was an acid somewhat resembling, though much more agreeable, than that of a lemon.

Mr. Wallace informs us that the Indians, as well as the ant-eater, eat white ants; they catch them, too, in a somewhat similar manner, by pushing into the nest a grass stalk, which the insects seize and hold on to most tenaciously. The large white ants in Devonshire, I have been informed, emit a peculiar acid smell when their nests are disturbed, but my informer did not taste them. It is from a combination of formic acid that chloroform is made: who would ever have guessed that from pounded ants a never-failing antidote to pain could be made?—a discovery to suffering mankind more valuable than that of the gold regions in Australia or California, and in some respects even that of omnipotent steam.

We have amongst ourselves certain individuals who rival the ant-eater in his insectivorous propensities. Many a time I have seen a large, fat, and white worm drop out of the cracked hazelnut, which instantly was devoured as a prize by the finder. I never could make up my mind to try one of these living sugar-plums, but, doubtless, they have a pleasant nutty flavour.

An old book, published in 1582, has a curious chapter. “*De absurdo et fere monstroso populorum quorundam victu,*” wherein are mentioned the *φθειροφάγοι*, or eaters of lice (a capital repast). Eaters of grasshoppers and the grubs of a kind of silkworm, used for food in those days by German soldiers, are also mentioned.

The teeth of man, being partly carnivorous, partly herbivorous, are not given him to eat insects; the ant-eater, who eats nothing but insects, has, to use a common expression, “not a tooth in his head.” He is therefore very much in the condition of our respected and revered grandmamas, who may, for the most part, with propriety, be called, like the ant-eater, “edentulous.” The services of the dentist, whose advertisement tells us that he can “fix artificial teeth in all the newest styles extant,” may be of use to the edentulous ladies, but of none to the ant-eater. Upon examining the skull of this animal, we find that the absence of teeth is partially compensated for by the edges of the jaws being very firm, and armed with a covering of a dense gutta-percha-like gum. These edges are narrow towards the mouth end, but near the gullet, become much broader, so as to give him a chance of grinding his food, and cracking the horny armour of the ants, which is pretty hard. I have not had an opportunity of examining the stomach of an ant-eater, but doubtless it has the same arrangement as the stomachs of the animals nearest related to him, viz., the manis and the armadillo, both of which are likewise insectivorous.

The stomachs of these animals have a remarkable valve at their lower end, at the commencement of the intestines; in other animals the valve is partially patulous, but in this case we find the lining membrane of the stomach so arranged that a valvular projection over the gangway is formed, so as to make the cavity a complete shut sack, the portal of which can probably be opened at the will of the owner. The reason for this may be the following; doubtless many of the insects escape the crushing action of the

jaws when taken into the mouth in large quantities; these being taken into the stomach alive might, if the door were open, escape further down into the intestines, and create great disturbance therein; the above-mentioned valve prevents this by keeping a strict watch and guard, and allowing nothing to pass but what has been thoroughly acted on by the juices of the stomach.

The would-be fugitives are therefore detained till the walls of their living tomb have, by their gizzard-like structure, ground up and partially digested them, and then, and not till then, do they gain admittance through this beautifully contrived portal.

By this means, too, portions of earth or sand, which adhere to the tongue as well as the ants, are prevented gaining admittance into "the grand intestinal canal."

The ant-eater might himself become the prey of animals larger than himself, for what chance would he have with his toothless mouth against the formidable array of cuttings and grinders belonging to his arch enemy the jaguar. His tenet is "discretion is the best part of valour." He therefore seeks safety in concealment. The first impulse of an animal in danger is to hide himself; even man in his wild state is subject to this law. Sir Thomas Mitchell, when travelling in the wildest part of Australia, came suddenly upon a tribe of natives. He says, "the two natives, acting as a rear-guard, behaved as if they thought we had not the faculty of sight as well as themselves, and evidently believed that by standing perfectly still and stooping slowly to a level with the dry grass, they could deceive us into the idea that they were stumps of burnt trees."

The Barea, a wild tribe in Abyssinia, have the same custom. Mr. M. Parkyns, in his most interesting travels, writes, "The hunter declared that neither the charred stump of the tree nor the blackened logs at its feet were there the last time he passed, and that they were simply Barea. A shot from my rifle at a long distance acted on the tree and stones as powerfully as the fiddle of Orpheus, but with the contrary effect, for the tree disappeared, and the stones and logs, instead of running after me, ran in the opposite direction."

Nature has given to all animals a covering similar to the haunts in which they dwell. Of this, instances innumerable might be adduced, but let the ant-eater's case suffice. His coat is long and shaggy, and resembles greatly the withered and dry grass, in the midst of which he makes his bed. His long and beautifully-shaped tail, is, too, of great service to him. When about to repose, he places his long, trumpet-shaped head between his fore legs, after the manner of a donkey about to kick. He places his hind legs in opposition to his fore legs, and then sinks down quietly on his side. Over all he folds his great bushy tail, a sort of natural eider-down quilt, which serves the double purpose of keeping him warm, and of hiding him in the most perfect manner. Sharp must be the eyes of the hunter who sees in this inanimate looking mass a living creature, worth 200*l.* to the Zoological Society. In captivity, the whole of this performance may, if the visitor is lucky, be witnessed, which I am afraid they will not have

much chance of doing ; for, since his arrival here, he has quite changed his habits. He used to sleep all day, and walk about all night, to the annoyance of his keeper, whose room is close by. Now, however, like other decent animals, he is, for the most part, awake in the day, and retires at night ; still, he sometimes indulges in a mid-day nap, the preparation for which I hope the reader may witness. Hard, indeed, is the bed upon which he sleeps, but it is his own choice ; the straw which was given him he raked away with his claws, preferring the plain boards. A sheep's skin is now placed for him, with which he seems perfectly contented.

This tail resembles much the tail of some kinds of terrier dogs. When showing one of these dogs, who happened to have a remarkably handsome tail, to a young lady, she concluded her remarks by expressing a wish to have it to "put in her bonnet."

The ant-eater's appendage is rather too large for this purpose. When unfolded, it adds more to his personal appearance than it would to that of a fair lady. When stamping round and round his cage, he carries it stretched out at full length, and then he looks, as a friend of mine described, like a "hairy pair of bellows."

If we examine the bones of the tail on the skeleton before mentioned, we shall find an osseous chain, the individual links of which are most firmly united one to the other. This chain is, moreover, flattened from side to side, so as to resemble, in a great measure, the tail of a fish. The enormous weight of hair attached to it renders this happy combination of strength and elasticity necessary. There is now in the Zoological Gardens another animal who also has a flattened tail, like the ant-eater, but, at the same time, unlike him, has not a garniture of hair affixed to it. What, then, is the purpose of the flattening ? The owner is the Australian wolf, the *Thylacinus cynocephalus* ; and the following theory has been suggested by Mr. Swainson to account for this peculiarity. This animal lives upon plains which are at one time almost destitute of water, and at another time a vast lake. These floods come down rapidly, and without previous notice, bearing everything before them. To give an idea of this fact, Sir Thomas Mitchell tells us that, after having travelled many months during an exploring expedition into the wilds of Australia, and having suffered immensely through the scarcity of water, to find which was the constant care and endeavour of himself and party, he was, all of a sudden, surrounded by a fresh-water sea ; and it was only by escaping to higher ground he was enabled to save himself and his cattle from drowning ; though, but the day before, a glass of water was hardly procurable. So long had he been accustomed to drink muddy water, that, when he came to clean water, he could not relish it, as it seemed to "want body."

Now the wolves who live in these regions would, if made like other wolves, stand a good chance of being devoured by these sudden floods, and then, like the *Patres conscripti*, who "took a boat and sailed to Philippi," we should have it recorded in the pages of history that,

"Omnes drownderunt quia
Swim away non potuerunt."

They are, however, enabled to swim with great ease and facility by means of their flattened tail, the use of which, were we not to consider the nature of the country where they live, would at first sight be hardly comprehensible.

The ant-eater has a rival in his Brazilian ant preserves, in the shape of a bird called the "ant-catcher," and though his name does not imply the fact, yet there is every reason to believe that he eats as well as catches the ants. These birds do not fly much, but, on the contrary, run rapidly on the ground: they cannot, like their quadruped rival, break open the nests of the ants, so they watch the high roads, along which these animated acid drops pass in countless numbers, and then secure them, not "in lots" with their tongue, but singly with their bills, so that each ant-feeding class has its particular season, and the one does not interfere with the other; still who would like to be an ant in the regions where they have so many hungry enemies?

When a gourmand was shown the models of the restored antediluvian animals at Sydenham, fixing his eyes steadily on the figure of an enormous turtle who lived in præadamite days, he exclaimed, "Well, those are the sort of animals I do like to see!" This same worthy may perhaps entertain the same prandial views towards the ant-eater as he sees him perambulating his cage, and desire to know "if he is good to eat." Alas! like the poor Dodo, the savoury taste of the flesh has caused the death of many of his like. Mr. Waterton informs us, "As his habits and haunts differ materially from those of every other animal in the forest their interests never clash, and thus he might live to a good old age and die at last in peace, were not that his flesh is good food."

As the little lizards of our own times had their representatives in the *Hylæosaurus* and *Megalosaurus* in the days when there were "giants in the land," so had also the ant-eater his representative in this gigantic parliament, and, accordingly, there appear to have been still larger ant-bears in the old times of South America. Fossil remains of nearly allied quadrupeds have been detected in both the fresh-water deposits and bone caves of the post-pliocene period in Buenos Ayres and Brazil. On this subject a writer in a late number of the "Literary Gazette," remarks—"Professor Owen detected in the fossil fragments of the back part of a skull brought over, with other evidences of the extinct mammalia of South America, by Mr. Darwin, marks of affinities to the ant-eaters. The chief instrument in obtaining food in the existing ant-bear is its tongue; and this singularly elongated organ is more remarkable for its muscular structure and prehensile power than for its sense of taste. Now it appears that the tongue in mammalia has two principal nerves, one for movement and one for sensation, and that these nerves emerge by separate holes from the brain case. The motor nerve (ninth pair in man) is proportionally very large in the ant-bear, and so, therefore, is the hole in the skull for its passage.

The great Cuvier, in his canons for the interpretation of fossil remains, had laid it down that "the first thing to be done in their study was to ascertain the form of the molar teeth." But both

jaws and teeth were wanting in the fossil under the consideration of our equally great anatomist. He had to look out for other evidences.

The first that seems to have arrested his attention was an unusually large and deep cavity in the portion of the skull to which the bone of the tongue is tied, and which led him to infer an unusual development of that organ. He next discovered a more certain proof of the extent of its soft and especially muscular parts in the magnitude of the foramen for the passage of the lingual or motor nerve. This foramen was "fully twice the size of that which gave exit to the fifth nerve: its area was oval, and readily admitted the passage of the little finger."

Here, then, was evidence that the nervous matter destined to put in action the muscular part of the tongue, was equal to half of that nervous matter which influences the whole muscular system of a man. No other known living animal offered any approximation to the peculiar proportions of the lingual nerves of the fossil animal in question, except the great ant-eater; but the size of the animal indicated by the fossil was three times that of the *Myrmecophaga Jubata*. For this strange monster thus partially restored from the ruins of a former world, Professor Owen proposed the name of *Glossotherium*, which signifies tongue beast."

Dr. Lemth, a Danish naturalist in Brazil, mentions, among the fossil remains discovered by him in that country, fragments of the bones of an enormous ant-eater, which indicate an animal the size of an ox; he proposes to name it *Myrmecophaga Gigantea*.

It would be a great and attractive addition to Mr. W. Hawkins' Museum of Restorations, at Sydenham, were he, with his usual ability and skill, to show us a model of the gigantic grandpapa of our friend Tit. Possibly he might be able to discover and mould an ant of those days: what a monster insect it would be, were it made in proportion to its gigantic devourer!

We cannot conclude the foregoing remarks without requesting the courteous reader to look upon the ant-eater, not as a strange, misformed, and curious animal brought to us to satisfy vulgar curiosity, but as illustrated by its conformation, instinct, and habits, as another striking instance (if indeed instances were wanted) brought before his eyes of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of the Creator towards the lowest of his creatures.

P. S. Good news flies apace. The bearded gainers of the £200, the price of Tit, wrote off immediately to their friends to inform them of their lucky speculation in England. Tit arrived here in September, 1853: in March, 1854, a loud knocking was heard at the Zoological portal, and, upon Mr. Mitchell putting out his head, Lo and behold, more Germans, with another Ant-eater! These latter speculators, who came from Porto Allegro, found to their cost that, to use commercial language, "Ant-eaters is fell;" instead of £200 they got not quite half that sum. Lighting, however, the pipe of indignation, they put the affront therein and smoked it; jingling the precious "gelt" in their

pocket: and Ant-eater B 2 became "added to the Collection:" a husband was obtained for Tit.

If anything could have caused the said four-footed bride to have screamed, fainted, gone into hysterics, or done something she had never done before, it would have been the sudden appearance in her den, one fine morning, of Hatto the keeper with the bridegroom, (about half the size of herself, and of about half the same age), under his arm. Tit immediately stalked up to the new-comer with an air of independence, as much as to say, "What brings you here, my fine fellow?" a question often put mutually by individuals who suddenly meet at a place where neither of them are over anxious to be seen. The first surprise being over, she began to salute him after the manner of Ant-eaters, viz. by combing out his bristly hair, and scratching his face with her long talons; typical, doubtless, of the mode of punishment prepared for him in case of any conjugal delinquencies. Poor little fellow, he was tired with his long voyage, and, having eaten up his supper, he coiled himself up in the corner and went fast asleep.

At first the happy pair were placed in the same apartment; but they did not agree at all, and so they are now separated by a wire partition. The new-comer has not yet learnt English manners, and, like Tit on her first arrival, he sleeps all day, waking only to eat his dinner, and have a talk with his consort through the bars. The last time I saw them the door between the two cages was left half open; Tit was eating her four o'clock dinner in her boudoir, her husband being asleep in the corner of the adjoining room. The repast being finished, she walked up to the door, and, pushing it wide open, marched up to her sleeping beauty. She poked her long nose underneath his straw bed, as much as to say, "It's four o'clock and your dinner is ready." Finding, however, that he did not answer the summons, she then inserted her curved claw in between his fore legs, and tried to hook out his long proboscis, which was firmly tucked in between them: he would not, however, awake. Finding this to be really the case, she coolly marched off to his tin dish, placed there full of eggs and milk for his special benefit, and, keeping one eye on her "sleeping partner," the other on the omelet so palpably his property misappropriated, deliberately devoured the whole. The theft committed, with an unconcerned air she marched away, fully justifying the keeper's remark, "That as she grew fatter and fatter, so she grew cunninger and cunninger." After a turn or two up and down the den, she again tried the awakening process upon her injured companion, but, finding the attempt useless, she slowly reclined her body upon him, and, finding his carcass to make a warmer and softer bed than her own mattress, she jerked herself right upon him, and there deliberately proceeded to tuck herself up for her after-dinner nap, much to the annoyance, I should think, of the poor husband thus converted into a bed. He did not, however, seem to mind it, for half-an-hour after, there they were still in the same position, and both fast asleep.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER VI.

WICKLOW.—VALE OF AVOCA.—DEVIL'S GLEN.—VALLEY OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES.—ST. KEVEN.—LOUGH BRAY.—SIR PHILIP CRAMPTON.—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—CASTLE OF DUNLUCE.—NORTH OF IRELAND.—BELFAST.—LOUGH NEAGH.—RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL QUESTIONS.—ANECDOTE.

September 18.

ON the 27th of August we left Dublin for a short tour in the beautiful county of Wicklow. We discarded the car, and travelled quite luxuriously in an easy carriage, open, but shutable at will, with a pair of fine horses, and a driver of staid and respectable demeanor, and personal appearance slightly suggestive of the elder Weller.

We set forth on a lovely morning, and soon found ourselves in a country of great natural beauty, and, as compared with southern Ireland, in a fine state of cultivation. Our first visit was to the "Dargle," a dark, romantic glen, containing a swift, silvery mountain stream, and a beautiful waterfall. It is not wild enough for grandeur,—a part of Lord Powerscourt's demesne, it has too well-kept an air,—but it is a pretty, picturesque, and picnickish place. We spent an hour or two very delightfully, wandering through its cool quietudes and "sun-dropped shades."

Our next visit was to the Vale of Avoca, immortalized by Moore in his song of "The Meeting of the Waters." I looked in vain in the little streams Avonmore and Avonbeg, in their wedding at Castle Howard, and in their subsequent two-in-oneness, their slow, sedate, matrimonial onflow, as the Avoca, for that "purest of crystal" which gleams in the song. The poet's words have a more silvery flowing than these waters, and this valley's "brightest of green" is surpassed by the verdancy of the romantic tourist who comes hither hoping to behold a picture of entrancing loveliness, which was "all in the eye" of the melodist. The current of the Avoca is evidently discoloured by the copper mines worked on its banks—most unpoetic and unlooked-for adjuncts to that "scene of enchantment." Yet, believe me, I felt a deeper pleasure in seeing the poor countrymen of the poet earning an honest livelihood by mining in those beautiful hills—rude avocation for the "sweet Vale of Avoca"—than I could have known in the perfect realization of his most exquisite dream.

We next explored the "Devil's Glen" up to its beautiful cascade. His satanic majesty seems to have been a sort of surveyor-general of Ireland at some remote period, and to have indulged his vanity by giving his name to all such places as particularly

struck his fancy. The desire to send his fame down to posterity with this waterfall certainly does honour to his taste; for surely I never saw, in any cascade, a more enchanting combination of grandeur and grace. The glen itself, lying deep and dark between two mountain ridges, is a wild and lonely place, which art has not yet profaned, nor "custom staled."

On the second day of our tour we visited perhaps the most wonderful place in Ireland—the "Valley of the Seven Churches," or the ancient city of Glendalough. Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as "the inexpressibly singular scene of Irish antiquities;" and it surely is the haunt of shadows and the abode of mysteries. Between black, rocky, barren mountains, in a narrow, gloomy valley, containing two dark and almost fathomless lakes, are the ruins of a city founded early in the sixth century by St. Kevin, a holy and potent personage, second only to St. Patrick in the pious and popular legends of this country. In addition to the ruins of the Seven Churches, built on a singular diminutive scale, and in a rude style of architecture, there are the sepulchres of the ancient kings and church dignitaries, and most curious of all, one of those mysterious round towers, the origin and purpose of which have so long constituted one of the knottiest of antiquarian problems.

The almost deathly quiet, the oppressive loneliness, the strange deep, unearthly gloom of this mouldering city of the dead are things to be felt in all their melancholy and weird-like power, but which could scarce be pictured by the sternest and most vivid word-painting.

We selected a guide from a clamorous crowd of eager applicants, in the person of George Wynder, a wild, picturesque, long-bearded fellow, who proved to be very much of a character, and entertained us mightily by many wonderful "legends" of St. Kevin, the famous Irish giant, Fin Mac-Cool, and the royal O'Tooles. We first embarked with him on the upper lake for the purpose of visiting "St. Kevin's bed." This is a low, narrow cell, hewn in the solid rock, some thirty feet above the water, and only reached by a difficult and somewhat perilous piece of climbing. This dreary mountain eyry of the eccentric saint is said to possess peculiar blessedness for the faithful; to hold certain potent charms for, and to bestow certain inestimable privileges, upon such devout dames as make to it pious pilgrimages, which, from its almost inaccessible position, can only be accomplished in fear and trembling. It may be that the saint displayed, at the last, this especial graciousness towards our sex, in reparation for the slight he put upon it in the most ungallant yet most renowned act of his life. Legends tell that St. Kevin, then a young and handsome man, fashioned this rocky retreat as a hiding-place from a very singular persecution, in the form of loving and pressing attentions from a beautiful young lady by the name of Kathleen—. The last name is not known—St. Kevin declining to divulge it, from motives of delicacy, probably; but she is acknowledged to have belonged to one of the first families. Yet her conduct was scarcely in accordance with the rules of strict feminine decorum, for she

regularly offered herself to his saintship; though, as our guide charitably remarked, "May be 'twas in lape year she did that same, poor craythur!" At all events, she made "young Kevin" the tempting proffer of her hand and heart—the first as a priest he could not, the last as a saint he dared not, accept; so he took safety in flight, and scooped out that hollow in the steep rock, by the lonely lake, where, according to Moore, in his song, beginning,—

" By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,"—

he congratulated himself that he was at last quite out of the reach of his fair follower and tender tormentor. But Miss Kathleen, who seems to have been an enterprising young woman, with a courage and spirit worthy of a better cause and a better reward, followed him even here; and one fine morning when he awoke he found her bending over him, weeping, and fixing on his face "eyes of most unholy blue." Moore says,—

" Ah, your saints have cruel hearts;
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock!"

But, according to our guide, "the saint, as he lay there on his back, coolly put his two feet agin Kathleen's breast, and, without as much as a 'by your lave, my lady,' kicked her into the lake." On visiting the scene of the tragedy, the latter strikes one as decidedly the most probable version of the story. The saint could hardly have had room to "start" from "his bed"—he must have crawled into his narrow quarters, and Kathleen must have stood at the entrance, from whence he could scarcely have thrust her into the lake, without taking at least a ducking himself, in any but the very ungentlemanly manner referred to.

Our guide told us that an adventurous Scotch earl lately took a fancy to spend the night in this holy bed with his young son. Though wrapped in the ample folds of a soft, warm plaid, his lordship got no sleep—being kept awake, not by the drear solemnity, the awful loneliness, of the surrounding scene, not by the sonorous roaring of the waves below, but by the more sonorous snoring of the laddie by his side.

In the rock of "the bed," I found carved the names of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Tom Moore, Maria Edgeworth and Walter Scott.

Gerald Griffin, the author of *The Collegians*, has told the story of Kathleen and St. Kevin in a poem of much power and beauty. It leaves Moore's ballad far behind, and is curious and admirable as giving to the character of Kathleen true maiden purity, and a sweet, childlike innocence, and yet winning your full absolution for that most uncivil sin of her drowning,—the "deep damnation of her *kicking off*,"—by showing that the cruel act was one of momentary frenzy, brought on by a long and fearful struggle between human love and priestly vows and saintly aspirations.

After visiting the beautiful waterfall of Powlanos, we took a reluctant and lingering leave of that valley of the shadow of ancient power—that desolated burial-place of monarchs—that old, old city of a forgotten and recordless past—Glendalough.

On the morning of the third day of our tour, we early left the charming country inn where we had spent the night, and drove over a magnificent mountain-road to Lough Bray, and the country seat of Sir Philip Crampton, on its shores, where we were engaged to spend the remainder of the day.

I would that I could give even a faint idea of the glorious scenery we beheld along our way on that beautiful morning. Mountain, valley, lakes, rivers, and waterfalls around and beneath us—above us a delicious summer heaven, intensely blue in the zenith, but darkened with drifting clouds about the mountain-tops, every now and then melting down upon us in a brief, bright shower, every drop chased by a sunbeam as it fell. But the climax and crowning of the wild scenery on our way, and the keen enjoyment of the morning, was the sight of Lough Bray, a lonely lake, small, but fearfully deep and dark, shut in by high heathery hills, rocky and precipitous—the entire scene, with the exception of the beautiful cottage and grounds of Sir Philip Crampton, retaining its primeval wildness, grandeur, and desolateness. The tasteful owner of this haunt of sounding mountain airs and solemn shadows has rescued, or rather created, from the boggy hill-side, the ground for his gardens, lawns, and fir plantations—causing those dreary desert-places to rejoice in leafy luxuriance, and “blossom as the rose.” The loneliness of the lake is relieved by flocks of tame waterfowl, especially petted and protected by Sir Philip, and by a number of those beautiful and stately creatures, the swans. A row upon this dark water was a rare delight to me, from a peculiar, deep, low, melodious surge of its waves—caused, it is said, by its great depth, and the rocky steepness of its shores.

To describe all the out-door picturesqueness of this beautiful mountain retreat were indeed difficult; but to do justice in words to its in-door attractions, to the generous warmth of our welcome, to the courteous and varied entertainment, which charmed and winged alike the hours of sunshine and shower, were quite impossible. Irish hospitality is the heartiest and most graceful in the world, and Sir Philip Crampton’s is the soul of Irish hospitality.

We drove into Dublin that night, and on the following day set out for the Giant’s Causeway. The places and objects of most interest along our route were the ancient towns of Drogheda and Dundalk—fortunate, flourishing Belfast, with its bright, beautiful bay—Carrickfergus and Glenarm, with their fine old castles—and the town of Larne, memorable as the place where Edward Bruce landed, in 1315—and, above all, Fair Head. Much of the scenery of the coast-road from Carrickfergus to the Causeway is grand and beautiful beyond description; but all fades fast from your memory, for the time, when you reach the crowning beauty of all—the wonder of wonders—the Causeway. I pray my

reader's pardon, if here, feeling that discretion is the better part of valour, I ingloriously shrink from an effort which I fear would inevitably result in failure. I shall not attempt to describe the Causeway. I was most impressed by the caves, and by the various fine points of the Causeway itself, as seen at some little distance from the sea. A nearer inspection increased my wonderment, but did not so powerfully affect me through my sense of the strange and awful.

An object of much romantic interest, and of most fearful grandeur of site and surroundings, in this neighbourhood, is the ruined Castle of Dunluce, built on an insulated rock a hundred feet above the sea, and separated from the main land by a chasm twenty feet broad and nearly a hundred feet deep, which is crossed by a bridge only eighteen inches wide. One should have a steady brain to venture upon this narrow bridge, the passage of which is peculiarly perilous if the wind be high. I was very near going over before a strong blast from Boreas, who sprang up from the chasm, like an ambushed foe, to dispute the pass with me. The guide told us that a young lady was lately taken off in this way by a sudden gust of wind, but was so buoyed up by an umbrella she held in her hand, and by her long, full skirts, that she reached the ground lightly and safely. A Bloomer costume would have fearfully lessened her chances.

We returned to Belfast in time to attend the meetings of the British Association. The Lord Lieutenant, a fine-looking, elegant man, was present on the first day, with Lady Eglinton, a handsome, stately woman. Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, attended regularly. He is strikingly like Napoleon, but stouter and darker, I should say. I was truly impressed by the manner and presence of Dr. Robinson of Armagh, Archbishop Whately, Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross, Sir David Brewster, and Lord Ross, of philosophic and telescopic renown.

September 23.

After three weeks of delightful travel, and three weeks of more delightful visiting, I am about to take leave of Ireland; and it is with real sorrow at my heart that I go, very probably for ever, from a country where I have received nothing but noble kindness—a country in whose sorrows and successes I have now a deepened and loving sympathy—from a people for whose character I must ever feel a glowing and grateful admiration.

It were scarcely possible to express the feeling of relief, consolation, and cheering pleasure which I experienced on visiting the north of Ireland, after my tour in the south. The difference is wondrous to behold. I could scarcely believe such utterly different sights and scenes to exist in one and the same country; but, as if by some potent enchantment I had been transported, in a single night, to another, a fairer and a happier realm, I gazed about me in a sort of pleasant bewilderment. The north-east portion of Ireland, in the cultivation of the country, the prosperous and business-like appearance of the towns, and the condition of the working people, to a casual observer, at least, falls but little behind England.

The higher degree of prosperity which this section of the country has for many years enjoyed over the west and south, may doubtless be ascribed in great part to Scotch immigration and thrift; but much is also owing to its having more resident and efficient landlords, and to certain privileges which tenants have enjoyed under a peculiar custom, which has almost the authority of a law, giving to them an interest in the land they cultivate and improve. This is the famous "*tenant right*," for the extension and legalization of which noble efforts have been made by Sharman Crawford, and a few other liberal landholders and true friends of the people. It was a question at the late election; but was defeated, its friends say, by the dishonourable means of intimidation, if not of bribery.

The linen trade is the great feature of this portion of Ireland. At one season you see field on field, blue with the beautiful flowers of the flax; at another, acres of meadow and hill-side white with the bleaching web. It is a sight to gladden one's heart; and, in beholding it, you wonder not that you are no longer pained by wayside scenes of squalid wretchedness, or followed by crowds of ragged mendicants.

Belfast is a handsomely-situated and well-built town, with many noble and admirably conducted institutions. The new Queen's College and the Deaf and Dumb Asylum are beautiful buildings; there are also a Lunatic Asylum and a Model Prison, one of the finest in the kingdom. But, perhaps, the place of most interest for one whose sympathies are especially with the young and poor is the Industrial School, a most excellent institution, under the National Educational Board, but established and carried on by several noble-hearted and devoted women, and supported by the voluntary subscription of the citizens of Belfast, assisted by the National Board. The school numbers about one hundred children, mostly under twelve years of age, and invariably taken from the poorest of the poor. They come to the institution at half-past seven in the morning; take, first, a thorough washing; then are dressed in the uniform school dress, a dark gingham frock and a white pinafore; they then take a plain, wholesome breakfast, and, after a half-hour's reading of such portions of the Bible as are allowed by the National Board, and not objected to by Roman Catholics, are instructed in knitting and sewing, and the common branches of a good English education. These children make and mend their own clothes, and do very creditably a considerable amount of work furnished by friends and patrons. There is also a class engaged in weaving Valenciennes lace, of a beautiful quality, under a French teacher. The pupils all dine at the establishment, and take there a certain portion of bread at night. Before leaving, they are required to take off the school costume and to reinvest themselves in their rags, as, in most cases, it would not be safe to allow them to return to their miserable homes and wretched families in a dress which could be pawned or sold for meal, potatoes, or whiskey.

A very thorough, and yet attractive, system of instruction has been adopted in this school, and is carried out with the utmost

faithfulness by its self-sacrificing and earnest-hearted teachers. I know not which interested me most pleasantly—the cheerful energy and enthusiasm of the intelligent and lady-like principal; or the quiet industry, the aptitude, and the bright, happy, grateful look of her pupils. I must not forget to mention, that, in this excellent work, Catholics and Protestants, the benevolent and liberal of all parties and sects, are united; and that the entire cost of its sustainment does not exceed four hundred pounds a year.

The country around Belfast is finely cultivated and exceedingly picturesque. I have rare pleasure in driving about, with my friends, on an easy outside car,—a vehicle, by the way, to which I have become especially partial,—and visiting places of remarkable beauty or interest. One of our drives was to “The Giant’s Ring,” an immense druidical amphitheatre, enclosed by a high, regular mound, with the mystic number of seven openings, and containing a rude cairn, supposed to have been used as an altar for human sacrifices by “the priests of the bloody faith.” It is also supposed that the mound was once high enough to shut out all views save that of the heaven above. The place is utterly without trees or shrubbery; yet no deepest valley, dark and cold with forest and mountain shadows, ever wore to me a more lonesome, desolate, and solemn aspect. I shivered and shrank with a vague sense of mystery and fear as I strove to send my soul back through the Christian ages, into the far, dim, barbaric centuries; to bid it stand among that vast surging concourse of savage worshippers, and to witness those awful rites, where, for pious chanting, were the groans and cries of the victims; for baptismal and holy waters, the sprinkle and gush of their blood; and where, for wreaths of sweet incense, went up the thick smoke of their burning.

We made a pleasant excursion one day, lately, to the ruins of Shane’s Castle, the ancient palace and stronghold of the princely O’Neills, and to Antrim Castle, the residence of Lord Massareene. Shane’s Castle is a ruin surrounded by fine old trees and extensive grounds, and grandly situated on Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the United Kingdom. Tradition tells us that this great body of water covers what was once a fair and fruitful valley, with snug cottages and lordly castles, and grand ecclesiastical towers; that this valley contained a well, which was never to be left uncovered for an hour, under peril of a general inundation; but that a certain damsel (there is always a woman at hand, with your historians, sacred and profane, when any mischief is to be done), being at the well, drawing water, spied her lover at the other end of the valley, dropped her brimming pitcher, forgot to cover the well, and ran to meet him, followed by a foaming flood, which rose and rose, till maiden and lover, corn-field and cottage, turret and tower, all slept beneath the shining wave. But an old chronicler states, that this piece of carelessness is to be ascribed to the extreme maternal anxiety of a young mother, who “wente to ye well for to fetche water, and hyed her faste to her childe, who wepte in ye cradele, and left ye well uncovered.” I think I like this version best. But that there are in this lake submarine church establishments, and

that the fish swim about at their pleasure in castle-keep and courtyard, and, scaly fellows though they are, have the *entrée* of ancient aristocratic halls, we have the word of Moore :—

“ On Lough Neagh’s bank as the fisherman strays,
 When clear, cold eve’s declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining.

The princely proprietors of those submerged possessions, who so suddenly sunk with their sinking fortunes, were, after all, but a degree more unfortunate than the modern lords of neighbouring estates, who find it extremely difficult to keep their heads above water.

Antrim Castle is a fine, rather modern-looking building, with grounds and gardens laid out in the French style, very prettily and effectively.

In the meeting and proceedings of the British Association at this place, great interest was manifested by all classes. This would be nothing remarkable in America, where every man, and almost every woman, feels an enlightened interest in all matters and movements of literature, science, morality, and politics; but here it is a fact significant and inspiring.

In my light and hurried sketches of travel and society in Ireland, I have avoided entering upon those vexed and intricate questions of government and religion which have caused, and are yet causing, such a wearisome and melancholy amount of discussion and dissension. England is now, it is evident, honestly and earnestly endeavouring to repair some portion of the innumerable wrongs and the immeasurable evil of centuries of misgovernment, by a milder and juster rule; by a noble and impartial system of education among the poor; by the lightening of taxation; and by annulling the law of entail, and permitting the sale of encumbered estates. It is a singular fact, that by far the greater number of the lands thus thrown into the market have been purchased by Irishmen. It is to be hoped that large portions of the south and west of Ireland, left for so many years to waste and desolation by titled spendthrifts and ruined absentees, may be redeemed, cultivated, and made profitable by Ireland’s worthier industrial sons. Yet it must be long, very long, ere green Erin smiles in the face of the stranger with anything like universal prosperity, plenty, and comfort. The character of her common people has been lowered in times past by civil and religious oppression; by examples of “spiritual wickedness in high places,” and of careless improvidence and selfish indulgence by their superiors in rank and fortune. There are many who say that the regeneration of this country is to be brought about alone by emigration and immigration—the first of the Irish to America and Australia, the last of the Scotch and English into the depopulated and uncultivated territory here; but I am strong in the faith, that the best work for Ireland is yet to be wrought by such of her sons as are truly devoted to her good and her honour, and stay by her in her hour of need.

The strifes and dissensions between the Catholics and Protestants, which ran so fearfully high during the late elections (1852), are still carried on with much spirit, creating and keeping alive unchristian alienations and enmities among the people. The Catholic party take especial pains to parade, in an exulting half-theatrical and thoroughly offensive manner, the triumphs of their faith, as manifest in the numerous conversions from Protestantism. The converts themselves are advertised and *fêted* as you would *fête* a distinguished vocalist or brilliant performer. As an example, I give you an advertisement, cut from their organ, *The Freeman's Journal*:—

“St. James's New Church.—On Tuesday, the 24th instant, the Feast of St. Bartholomew, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by other prelates, will solemnly dedicate this magnificent church.

“The dedication sermon will be preached by the Rev. Henry Manning (late archdeacon in the Protestant church).

“On this occasion, the distinguished convert and gifted orator will deliver his first discourse in Ireland.

“The ceremony will conclude with a grand pontifical high mass.

“A grand orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. Keane.

“Reserved seats £1; family tickets, £1 10s.; nave, 10s.; aisles, 5s.

“To be had at Richardson's, 9, Chapel Street; Duffy's, 7, Wellington Quay; Bellew's, 79, Grafton Street; and from the clergymen of St. James's Chapel.”

This reminds me of an anecdote related to me by a pleasant London friend, a clever bit of satire aimed at the English church. On the Sunday preceding the great musical festival at Manchester, in 1836, the Rev. J. Gadsby, a Baptist minister of great talent and singularity, preached a sermon, of which he had previously given notice, on the subject of the festival. At that time the musical festivals were of a very mixed character—oratorios in the churches in the morning, with balls and concerts in the theatres in the evening—all being for the benefit of public charities. Mr. Gadsby commenced his sermon by saying, “My friends, there is to be a grand wedding this week; and as I think it improper and illegal, I intend to protest against it, and I hope that none of my congregation will sanction it with their presence. The church and the playhouse have been courting these many years, and this week they are to be married. The first objection which I make to the union is, *the parties are too near of kin.*”

To-morrow I leave, with some kind Irish friends for a short tour in Scotland. I doubt not that my pulses will throb with unwonted fulness and my heart swell with unutterable emotion, when I tread the beautiful land of Scott and Burns; but *my love* I leave with Ireland, the land of warm, quick blood, and of faithful though careless hearts—the land of hospitality and quaint humour, of passion and poetry, of wit and melancholy, of laughter and of tears.

ARTHUR ARDEN, THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

CHAPTER XII.

IN the foregoing chapters I have described the manner in which a chosen few passed their time at St. Peter's Hospital, disdain- ing alike study and sober habits, and making day and night one continuous scene of folly and dissipation; but of such materials few persons would suppose respectable and well-conducted mem- bers of the community could be formed; but facts prove that such is the case; and, as far as I can give an unbiassed opinion, medical practitioners are inferior to none in the duties either of public or private life.

Next day I was again at Apothecaries' Hall, a candidate for an assistant's situation. Furnival tried to dissuade me from the in- tention, saying that it was beneath the dignity of a young man like me, to submit himself to the orders and caprices of a stingy old apothecary, and to allow another man to be called my master; but I best knew my own circumstances, and saw the necessity of the submission. I could not live upon air, neither could my mother keep me without making a beggar of herself; therefore I presented myself to the Jack-in-office, and entered my name afresh as a candidate. Tom persisted in accompanying me, as he said, to enjoy the fun of quizzing those who were waiting in the gateway at the Hall, like domestic animals, for feeding time.

We found the number of candidates reduced to eight; and, for a wonder, we were admitted into the tiny office at the first pull of the bell.

"I want another situation," said I, to the little man on the high stool.

"You are soon out of the last," said he. "Why it was only the day before yesterday that you went to it! He required no qualifications but card-playing, I understand."

"That didn't suit me—I want a situation of a different sort," I replied.

"You must pay three-and-sixpence again," said he. "If you go on at this rate I shall profit by you."

"And if I make thirty pounds in a day by the three-and-six- pence, as I did by the last, I shall make no complaint," I added.

"You are a lucky fellow, if you did," said he. "Do you want a situation, sir?" he asked, turning to Furnival, who was sketch- ing a caricature of the little quill-driver.

"I want a situation! oh, yes—of course—put my name down by all means—Jeremiah Walker—that 's it," said Tom, with a very serious face.

"Pay three-and-sixpence, if you please, sir," said the clerk; "and I should advise you to shave yourself before you attempt to get a situation."

"Unparalleled impudence!" exclaimed my friend. "Your demand is as exorbitant as your advice is impertinent, sir. I shall neither shave myself nor pay you."

"If you refuse to pay the fee, I cannot furnish you with the addresses of the gentlemen in want of assistants—so I'll wish you good morning."

"I suppose you will furnish Mr. Arden with these astonishing addresses," said Tom.

"Of course—I am bound to do it," replied the clerk.

"Then," said Furnival, tormentingly winking his eye, "Mr. Arden will furnish me with them, Mr. Green. You see, I should be an ass to pay you for what I can get for nothing—Good morning, sir. By all that's worshipful in this worshipful company! you're done, Mr. Brown. Good morning, till I see your spermaceti ointment face again."

The clerk bit his lips and bent his brows, as though meditating an angry reply; but neither Tom nor myself stopped to hear it. We stepped out into the gateway, where the gentlemen out of place were waiting for their scraps of paper, and Tom made himself at home with them at once.

"Well, gentlemen!" said he, "is fortune at a discount?"

"Yes—salary is dropped, and toggery and provisions is ris," replied a young man, whose appearance was altogether what is commonly called "seedy."

"Credit is at a discount, likewise, I suppose," said Tom.

"Just so," said the same individual. "Wherever I go, the ticket is ready money and no trust. Here are five of us here, who have been looking for situations these six weeks; but the sight of our outward clothing makes the old boys blind to the virtues of the inward man. Your friend, there, will get the first situation he applies for, because his clothes are in good condition, and his linen as white as London water will make it."

"Do you think I shall get one?" said Tom.

"You don't want one, or else you would not come here with those scrubby moustaches. They give you the appearance of a pickpocket, a sharper, or a man who has run from his creditors, and seeks to disguise himself. I wore moustaches some time ago, and one day when I was quietly coming out of my own lodgings, a police-officer seized me by the collar at the command of a woman who had lost her reticule. 'That's him! I am certain,' said the woman, 'I watched him into one of these houses; and there can be no mistake about the hair on his lip.' 'You know you are a suspicious-looking rascal,' said the officer, 'therefore come along quietly.' Well, what could I do? I went quietly with him to the station-house, and thence to the police-office, and was poked into the face of the magistrate as a thief, because I wore moustaches."

"Are you certain this was the man who stole your reticule?" says the magistrate.

"Positive, certain, sure, your worship; I turned sharp round when he snatched it, and took hold of his head by the dirty hair on his lip, your worship, and actually pulled some of 'em out!"

Look here!' says she, showing the hairs between her thumb and finger, 'they match exactly, and have got the roots to them! If I were to pull some of the hair off his lip, nobody could tell the difference.'

"'Try,' said I, placing my head within her reach.

"'I will,' says she, 'you impudent fellow!' so she took hold of my moustache on one side, and without much pulling it came off altogether to her great surprise.

"'Do the hairs match?' said the magistrate.

"'The colour does, your worship; but the thief's hairs had roots to them, and this gentleman's han't no roots at all—they're only sewed together, and stuck on his face with glue.'

"'You are dismissed,' said the magistrate, 'and let this be a warning to you, not to imitate suspicious-looking characters, whose intention is, in general, to disguise their real features.'"

"I am obliged to you for your homily," said Tom; "but I flatter myself I shall never be taken for a thief because I wear a little hair on my lip, where nature intended it to grow and not to be shaved off. It is of immense use, sir; in spite of his worship's argument. It keeps flies from passing into your mouth when you open it; acts as a strainer when thirst compels you to drink dirty water, or liquids with particles in them, that perchance might choke you; keeps your teeth warm in the winter; improves the face wonderfully, and excites the tenderest sympathies and susceptibilities in the sensible minds and the sensitive hearts of all *intelligent* women. It is a sign of manhood and strength; as terrible to an enemy as a bear-skin cap three feet high! As long as a man's lip is thus adorned, the human race can never become extinct; for the last man, even, would leave hairs behind that sprang from his own body."

"I am not inclined to discuss the point with you," said the Assistant out of place. "Argument was never my forte. I always leap to a conclusion, like a man who leaps a gate rather than open it; therefore, I conclude you wear moustaches because they are worn by others, who think well of themselves, and desire to be conspicuous. I was made conspicuous once, and never wish to be so again. I'll tell you how it was. In the last year of my apprenticeship, I was the greatest beau in the town where my master lived, and figured away at all the parties and balls, whether private or public. I might have been married fifty times, only I thought none of the girls were good enough. My opinions are rather changed on that subject now. Preparations were being made for an annual ball, at the principal inn, which was attended by both tradesmen and gentry round about, the only assembly in the year in which the latter suffered themselves to mix with the former. The preparations were not only made at the inn, but in every decent house in the place. New dresses were completed, and old ones renewed with trimming and turning, and ironing and starching; and I, amongst the rest, was provided with a new suit of black, cut in the most stylish fashion, and sported a white satin waistcoat, and shoes with paste buckles.

"I was employed in dressing myself a whole afternoon, and be-

fore I had done, Mrs. Trevan wrote a very polite note requesting a warm plaster to be sent to her directly. How I did swear at the epistle for coming at such a moment! My master was out, therefore I was obliged to soil my fingers, and make them stink with pitch, to please the tiresome woman. I cut the leather, and went into the kitchen to warm the spatula; there the housemaid was sitting, quietly taking her tea. She was a very pretty young woman, and, some how or other, I was almost always in the kitchen talking nonsense to her, which she never seemed to approve of. She had often told me she would punish me for coming into that *sanctum sanctorum* of servants, if I persisted in the ungentlemanly habit; but who can resist beauty, even in a kitchen?

"I thought myself in uncommon good luck that evening, for she allowed me to joke with her without remonstrance. I stood talking to her, and strutted about in my ball costume, gratified, beyond measure, at the praise she bestowed upon it. I wished the warm plaster, and all warm plasters, at the pleasant residence of the father of lies, where we are told his attendants are warm enough without them; but proceeded to spread the villanous compound, and finished the task by writing on a strip of paper, 'The Plaster—Mrs. Trevan.'

"I then finished my toilet, washing away the smell of the shop with scented soap and rose-water; and when I returned to the surgery, found a friend waiting for me. He was a waggish young dog, and, therefore, I was not surprised to hear him laugh, when I approached him in so much finery. 'Lord! Wilson, you are doing the thing grand,' said he, taking me by the shoulders and twisting me about like a baby. 'You'll spoil the fit of my coat,' says I; 'do let me alone.' Instead of doing as I told him, he laid me down flat on the counter. 'Confound you,' says I; 'you'll utterly spoil my coat.' 'Nonsense,' says he: 'come along.' And away we went to the assembly-room.

"We were rather late, therefore the room was rather crowded, and I rushed up to the first party that I knew, and invited the prettiest girl in the family to dance. She took my arm, and I led her to the top of the nearest quadrille set. Heavens and earth! what an outrageous laughing there was. I turned round to see what it was about; but I could see nothing but a parcel of merry faces, so I caught the infection as well as the rest; and the first figure commenced. As soon as I began to dance, the uproar increased, and my partner, who was a merry girl, laughed likewise. It struck me all on a sudden that they were laughing at me, and I accidentally caught a glimpse of something white on the skirts of my coat. It was a table napkin, by Jupiter! 'Confound the girl for ever and ever,' said I, snatching the unlucky appendage from the place where the servant had mischievously pinned it. 'This happened,' said I, 'because I am a favourite with the girls;' and then I continued dancing as though nothing so ridiculous had occurred. I then recollected that I had not sent Mrs. Trevan's plaster, and that added to my annoyance for a short time; but the laughing continued, and ceased to afford me any amuse-

ment. They laughed more when the napkin was disposed of, than when it was dangling to my coat. My partner laughed so violently that she begged me to take her to a seat before the quadrille was over. I was sadly affronted, and went in search of another partner, but my presence only created fresh laughing wherever I turned. The girls were all engaged—would not dance—positively could not dance. I couldn't account for it. There was I, well dressed—usually a great favourite—rather good-looking—and known to every person in the room; and yet nobody could dance with me, because a girl had pinned a table-napkin to my coat. It was too bad. I turned my back upon all the dancers, musicians, and idlers, and walked into the card-room, where the accident had not been seen, but the desmon of laughter stirred up even the stillest and most calculating of the whist-players. The whole place was in an uproar. 'Confound them all; I'll not stay to be laughed at any longer.' Still I lingered, and lingered, and finally sat down on one of the chairs in the card-room, with my back to the company. I heard a soft footstep behind me, and a merry voice whispered, 'Mrs. Trevan's plaster.' I turned round to see who the speaker was, that could know anything about Mrs. Trevan's plaster; but the girl was lost in the crowd. 'Yes,' said an old gentleman who was sitting behind me, 'Mrs. Trevan's plaster.' 'Hang it,' says I, 'this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of! How the deuce do they know anything of Mrs. Trevan and her plaster?' A little girl, that I knew to be one of Mrs. Trevan's children, approached, and when I asked her how she did, could only reply by laughing; and modestly retreating to conceal her merriment behind the back of my chair, exclaimed, 'It is mamma's plaster, I declare,' and run away. 'Well, this beats cockfighting,' says I. 'Waiter, do you know what these people mean, by talking about Mrs. Trevan's plaster?' He was convulsed with laughter as well as the others. 'Come with me, sir,' said he, leading me into an empty room. 'Now, let me help you off with your coat—I'll brush it for you.' I allowed him to take my coat off, and asked him to explain the reason of so much laughing, and the observations about Mrs. Trevan's plaster. 'Look here, sir,' said he—and by Jove, there was Mrs. Trevan's plaster, stuck as neatly as possible on the middle of the back, with the strip of paper attached to it, 'The plaster—Mrs. Trevan.' I had fallen upon it when my friend threw me on the counter, and had carried it on my back all the evening. I never wish to be conspicuous again."

"You shall have some half-and-half," said Tom, "for that story, or some brandy to take the chill off the morning fog. What a time that clerk keeps you waiting!"

"Thank you, and considering I have had no breakfast this morning, your offer is tempting enough; but the time is just up, and these gentlemen will be scampering off to all the vacancies, and leave me without a chance. First come, first served—we all hate each other like honest men, and the one with the best legs generally gets the first situation if his character's good"

"Well, then," said Tom, "I'll settle that difference by ordering the last to be sent here."

He went to the tavern opposite, and ordered a gallon of half-and-half to be sent to the gentlemen under the gateway. In two minutes Mr. Wilson's head was immersed in the frothy liquid, to the amazement and astonishment of the potboy, who had never seen gentlemen drinking beer in a public place before. The large tin can was lovingly passed round to the other gentlemen out of place, and in the mean time, the clerk opened the office door to distribute his scraps of paper. "By Jove!" said he, "if any of the examiners should pass, you are all dead men!"

"Confound you," said Tom, handing the unwieldy vessel to him, with both hands, "Drink with us, Mr. What-do-you-call-it."

"Can't think of such a thing," said the clerk laughing—"I should lose my situation if I did."

"Give us the papers, old sobersides, then," said Tom. "How many situations have you vacant this morning?"

"Four only—nine applicants—that's two assistants and a quarter for each situation; divide yourselves amicably, gentlemen. Toss up for the one who is to be quartered."

He had scarcely spoken before the old stagers were off as fast as two feet apiece could carry them. The clerk, the potboy, Tom and myself only remained. The beer-can was empty—"I wants two shillin for the half-and-half," said the boy to Tom.

"I've ordered the clerk to pay you," said Tom in an authoritative tone, and dragging me with him he marched off after the others, calling to the clerk, "pay the lad for the heavy, Mr., you with the spermaceti ointment face."

As soon as we got into the open street, we stopped to enjoy a good laugh at the clerk, and we agreed to pay either him or the tavernkeeper for the beer, at some future time. A quarter of a mile ahead we could see the eight rival candidates, walking with the intention of passing each other—Wilson, the story-teller was behind.

"What a lark!" exclaimed my companion. "A regular race, by Ascot and Newmarket! I think you could pass them with your long legs; but you would be out of breath. We'll have a cab, and take up Wilson as we go along."

A cab was called, and we passed the other candidates in a few seconds, taking up Wilson, to the great mortification of the other fellows, who had beaten him, as far as walking was concerned. They would have continued the race in cabs, but unluckily none were to be had.

"Where are you going at such a rate?" Tom inquired.

"To — Square. A very genteel situation, but my coat is so seedy, I'm afraid I stand no chance."

"If that's all," said Tom, "put on mine, it will just fit you—take the waistcoat too—by every article of dress from a fig leaf to a bear-skin! You shall look decent at any rate."

"You are the best fellow I ever met," exclaimed Wilson,

changing coats and waistcoats with Furnival—"I shall get the place now for a sovereign, if your friend wont go in first."

"I'll give you the preference, Mr. Wilson—I am not reduced to the last shift, or the last coat at present; and my money will last a month or two longer."

"You are two most respectable fellows," said the gentleman in my friend's clothes; "I shall owe you a debt of gratitude never to be repaid. This is the house—will you wait while I go in?"

"Yes," we replied, and in ten minutes he returned. "In luck's way this time, gentlemen—I've got the situation. Thirty pounds a year and no mistake."

"Well, Mr. Wilson," said I, "perhaps you can tell me which of these places is most eligible for the next application. Since you are successful this morning, I see no reason why I should not be—what do you think of Mr. Davis in — Place?"

"I had a turn there myself once, and got turned away. It's excessively genteel, but the salary is low. The footman's wages amount to about five-and-twenty guineas a year, and the assistant's salary amounts to twenty-five pounds! A slight difference in favour of the wages—to say nothing of the livery, and the cast-off clothes, and the pilferings, and the perquisites that swell the advantages of the footman over the assistant—such is the state of the case."

"I'll go and see what the old fellow is like," said I. "Direct the jarvey to drive to — place. If I don't like him, I shall not stop with him."

Mr. Davis lived in a better house than I had hitherto entered in London, therefore I felt inclined to close with his proposals at once, if he appeared willing to engage with me. Everything about the place was in an elegant, gentlemanly style. The livery was plain, and the chariot which stood at the door was in the best style, and furnished with a pair of well-groomed and well-fed horses. Mr. Davis was very like his equipage—if not a perfect gentleman—very like one when he was in the humour to be pleasant. He had that qualification so requisite for a greedy medical man, or a Methodist parson, the art of rendering himself attractive to all ladies past the summer of their days, at that interesting period of their lives, when if they have property in their possession, they for the most part can and will dispose of it as they choose, in spite of needy relations and their starving children.

LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LATE PROFESSOR WILSON.

BY A FORMER STUDENT OF HIS CLASS.

JOHN WILSON was the son of a respectable merchant in Paisley, and was born in the year 1788. As a child he early exhibited symptoms of intelligence; and, as he grew up, he received from his father an excellent education. After leaving school he entered, at the early age of thirteen, one of the junior classes at the Glasgow University; and he afterwards went to England, and entered Magdalen College, Oxford. Here it was that he first began to manifest a poetic tendency; testifying, as this increased, a growing distaste for lectures, for reading, and for early attendance at Chapel. This ended, as might be expected, in his leaving the University, and setting off on his return to Scotland. In passing through Cumberland, where Wordsworth and Southey and De Quincy then formed a little clique of genius, Wilson took it into his head to join, if possible, the illustrious trio of poets: so he purchased a small house and garden called Elleray, beautifully situated on the banks of Windermere; and, as his literary reputation had begun to spread, and the fact of his having gained the prize-poem at Oxford told in his favour, Wilson was received into the coterie. Amongst these illustrious individuals, there no doubt passed much converse on high and mystic subjects, each man according to his idiosyncrasy: and certainly four idiosyncrasies more utterly different and opposed, the one to the other, had never in this world met together. Wilson long continued his acquaintance with the three. He retained his house of Elleray for many years, and was ultimately created "Admiral of the Lake;" in which capacity he guided the operations of a grand regatta given on Windermere in honour both of Mr. Bolton and Mr. Canning, who was then paying a visit to the celebrated engineer, at his splendid seat on Windermere. Scott gives a brilliant account of the festival—cavalcades through the woods by day—moonlight excursions on the lake, and everywhere "high discourse," Mr. Canning's "courtly wit" flashing as brightly as in his younger days. The regatta was the most brilliant display of the kind which had ever been witnessed on Windermere. No less than fifty barges followed the Professor's bark; and all along the line, flags, streamers, music and merriment made up a scene unrivalled in its way.

I must, however, go back to the days of taking Elleray. After some months of residence there, Wilson went to Scotland, probably to re-visit Paisley, but I believe that he penetrated into the Highlands. He then returned to Edinburgh, where he commenced studying for the bar. But the Pandects of Justinian and the learned works of Erskine were as little to his taste as his Oxford

studies; so for a time he betook himself to strolling about the country, attending every fair and every merriment he could hear of; and for a time, no inconsiderable one, lived amongst the gypsies, wandered about with them, slept in their tents, and partook of the contents of their pot; probably without troubling himself as to how the savoury mess was procured. This wandering life and the continued athletic exercises, such as jumping, leaping, swimming, and playing at single-stick, in which he was unrivalled, and which he was constantly practising, no doubt added materially to the already great strength of his large and finely-developed limbs.

Returning to a more civilised life, he commenced his *Isle of Palms*, and managed to get introduced to Sir Walter Scott and several other literary characters, who were struck with the imaginative conversation of Wilson; although it must be confessed that much of it "was but wild and whirling words," still it was evident there was much of genius in his occasional outbursts. Mr. Wilson, as appears from a passage in a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Lockhart, touching his appointment to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, which luckily for him was vacant, and alluding to the roystering style of life which he was then leading, gives an insight into the character of a man who found it difficult even to assume a grave decorum when canvassing for such a situation as a Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Sir Walter, however, took up his case warmly, and influenced his numerous friends in his behalf. Two extracts of the letter throw light upon the characters of both men.

"There needed no apology for mentioning anything in which I could be of service to Wilson; and so far as good words and good wishes here can do, I think he will be successful; but the battle must be fought in Edinburgh. You are aware that the only point of exception to Wilson may be, that with the fire of genius he has possessed some of its eccentricities; but did he ever approach to those of Henry Brougham, who is the god of Whiggish idolatry? If the high and rare qualities with which he is invested are to be thrown aside as useless, because they may be clouded by a few grains of dust, which he can blow aside at pleasure, it is less a punishment on Mr. Wilson than on the country. You must, of course, commend to Wilson great temper in his canvass, for wrath will do no good. After all, he must leave off sack; purge and live cleanly as a gentleman ought to do, otherwise people will compare his present ambition to that of Sir Terry O'Fag, when he wished to become a judge. 'Our pleasant follies are the whips to scourge us,' as Lear says; for otherwise, what could possibly stand in the way of his nomination? I trust it will take place, and give him consistence and steadiness, which are all he wants to make him the first man of the age. I have little doubt he would consider success in this weighty matter as a pledge for binding down his acute and powerful mind to more regular labour than circumstances have hitherto required of him; for, indeed, without doing so, the appointment could in no point of view answer his purpose. He must stretch to the oar for his own credit, as well as

that of his friends; and if he does so, there can be no doubt that his efforts will be doubly blessed, in reference both to himself and the public utility."

It was entirely, indeed, to Scott's influence, and Lockhart's active exertions with Scott's friends and the magistrates of Edinburgh, who most absurdly hold the appointment of Professors of the University, that Wilson owed his preferment.

The appearance of Professor Wilson has been often and ably sketched; but it may be permitted to a student in his class, to describe impressions as vivid in his mind as they were when he sat before him in the class-room, or saw his manly bearing and dignified port as he strode with great strides along the terraces of the college, or paced the South Bridge, conveying the idea of a man who would naturally, and, as a matter of course, carry all before him, while his projecting chest and his back-thrown head furthered the impression.

But it was in his features that the great majesty of Professor Wilson lay. The magnificent forehead, amplified by a characteristic development of the frontal bones; the peculiar expression of the light blue eyes, pure and lustrous, yet as keen as a hawk's, and from which, when excited, in declaiming upon some great man or some great deed, the light which flashed, illuminating what was really, in these moments, a magnificent face, in which the fire of genius alternated with the play of fancy and the fervour of imagination. Some who speak of things they do not know, have compared the Professor's hair to a lion's mane: it bore no resemblance to the hue of that appendage, but was of the bright yellow which we know distinguishes all the northern races, and particularly the Goths. The Professor's complexion was also peculiar: there was a delicate ruddiness in it, betokening high health and purity of blood.

Such then is a general sketch of Professor Wilson's appearance. I now turn to him as he appeared in the class-room—into which he strode with such speed as to make the ragged tails of his academic gown fly behind him like so many streamers—and carrying a bundle of tattered papers—backs of letters—and all sorts of miscellaneous papers which afforded an inch of writing room for a memorandum. The main mass of papers, however, were so venerably dingy, and so jagged about the edges, that they betokened long and hard service, many of them, probably, dating from the era at which the Professor had drawn up the notes of the lectures for his first session. This bunch of papers—after bowing to his class, a courtesy always returned—the Professor placed upon his desk, and spread them out before him, as if searching for an idea, amid the scores of scraps and memorandums—and occasionally referring to the documents of yore. During this scrutiny his class, who adored him, would maintain the most respectful silence, not a cough or the scrape of a shoe breaking the stillness. If baffled for a few minutes he would get fidgetty, and his fingers wander fitfully amongst the papers—then suddenly appearing to remember something, he would dive both his hands into his trousers

pockets, as if searching for something, almost always muttering, but in accents perfectly audible to the furthest end of the room—"Gentlemen, gentlemen—really this is too bad—I am really ashamed of having been so long trespassing upon your patience." A volley of "ruffing," (Anglice, stamping with the feet in token of approbation) would immediately go forth—upon which the Professor would go on, "Gentlemen, I am really deeply grateful—I thought I had arranged these plaguy papers last night in perfect order for the lecture, but really somehow or other they have got out of or—" A sudden flash of the bright blue eye, a sudden upstanding of the stately figure, and a putting away of the puzzling papers, assured the class that he had caught the clue—that an idea had fired that great brain, and out came a spontaneous rush of notebooks, and in a second of time, at least two hundred pencils had been sharpened. After such an indication a burst of poetic eloquence was always expected, and the students were seldom disappointed. The Professor would draw himself up, pass his hand over his forehead, and then fold his arms—a moment of silence, and then that voice, sonorous and modulated so as to suit every changing sentiment, would begin in soft and sweet tones to eliminate the subject; and then, as he gradually warmed up, his language would become fluent, brightly decked with fanciful illustrations and apt quotations, the eloquence growing with every sentence into a still more exalted tone,—the flashes of his genius taking with every passage a still brighter hue, until, having at length reached the climax of his subject, his voice, ringing as it was, would be lost in the cheering and acclamations of the students, whose notebooks had long since fallen under their desks; while overcome, and no wonder, with his great intellectual exertion, the Professor would sink back in his chair and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

A most affecting incident occurred during the session in which I attended the Professor's class. According to his custom he had given out various subjects for essays, but between that day and the day appointed for adjudication Mrs. Wilson died. The students, of course, were not aware when the Professor would return, but they were apprised by circular that he would meet them on the appointed day. Of course not a student was absent. At the appointed hour the Professor appeared. He walked slowly along the class-room, carrying the bundle of essays, and slowly mounted to his desk. There was a great change—his countenance was haggard, and his cheeks sunk. He had evidently received a heavy blow. John Wilson's heart was one of the kindest and most affectionate that had ever beat in a man's bosom, and this was, of course, proportionally developed in his family circle.

After a few moments' pause in which he appeared to be summoning composure to speak, he rose and said in a firm voice—the firmness, however, as was evident, being only retained by a great effort—he said,—“Gentlemen—I cannot adjudicate upon your essays to-day, for *I could not see to read in the darkness of the shadow of the Valley of Death.*” The tears ran down his

cheeks—and, indeed, there was not a dry eye in the class. He waved his hand to us as we all stood up, and hurried into his robing-room.

But let me turn to more cheerful phases in our Professor's life. One of these was the establishment of one of the greatest *coups* ever achieved by Blackwood—the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. For a long time it was popularly believed in Scotland that the *Noctes* were actual reports of unpremeditated conversations, and that the poetic rhapsodies with which Christopher North, the Shepherd, and several other characters, one of which was introduced every month, used to favour each other, were all made on the spur of the moment, and that all the poetry and all the philosophy would have vanished into thin air were it not that the rapid pencil of Mr. Gurney took down every flight of fancy behind the curtain, every profound disquisition, perhaps on Brahmanism, perhaps on "leistering" salmon, or the Corn Law question, or the Poor Law question, diverging into Plato, or settling the manner in which Hannibal crossed the Rhone and climbed the Alps, and a hundred other similar topics. No. The real case was this. The gentlemen in question did meet every month, perhaps oftener, at Ambrose's Tavern, in Gideon Street, a narrow Edinburgh lane, and so called from the Christian name of a miscreant who had committed a most atrocious murder within its precincts, and there concocted the topics for the next month's *Noctes*, allotting to each member of the coterie that class of a subject which generally fell to his share. I have great suspicions that at one of these meetings was invented the famous Chaldee manuscript, which set all the evangelical, dissenting, presbyterian, and every other sect, persuasion, and creed whatever in Edinburgh, in a blaze of roaring indignation. The article which excited such a ferment was an account of all the intrigues and scandals of the authors and the publishers of Edinburgh, set forth in the style of the Old Testament, and done in a style in which it was scarcely possible to discover which predominated—the sarcastic humour, or the pungency with which it was applied to the Whig writers and the Whig publishers of the day. The Shepherd, with his characteristic impudence, proclaimed himself the author of the whole, and went trumpeting the falsehood in all companies, pious and otherwise. Of course the number was speedily suppressed, but not until about two hundred copies of it had been circulated, from which, of course, thousands of copies of the Chaldee manuscript were flung broad-cast over the land, at a penny a-piece, so that the zealots, instead of crushing the blasphemous publication, found that their bigotry had reacted on themselves. I have seen one copy in MS., but probably a good many of the old penny tracts might yet be picked up on the book-stalls which abound in the back streets and lanes of "Auld Reekie."

I heard the other day a most characteristic anecdote of Wilson but it may have been in print in the Edinburgh papers of the period. The incident took place in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." It is well known that Blackwood's back shop was wont to be the resort of

all the Tory literati of Edinburgh, and that works of art, consisting of portraits, or busts, or even sketches of the members of their own party, used to be exhibited as soon as they were published. On one occasion were displayed a portrait and a bust—the first by an Edinburgh painter named Clinton, who used to say that he was “the only gentleman in the profession;” the second by a young sculptor of great promise, a townsman of Wilson’s, named Fillans. Wilson was praising the bust with great vehemence and enthusiasm, when Clinton’s father, who was present, said, “I think, sir, you might say a few words about my son’s portrait.” “Sir,” said Wilson, “your son’s portrait is the portrait of a gentleman painted by a gentleman; but that, sir,” turning to the bust, “is the head of a Greek god.”

I approach the closing scene. For more than a year past we have had reports that Professor Wilson was not himself, and that certain articles appearing under the name of Christopher North were old papers furbished up to suit contemporary events. Be these reports true or false, there could be small doubt but that the Herculean frame was failing, that those muscular limbs were weakening, and that that grand intellect, so complete in all the phases of intellect, but more particularly in those of a most glowing and fertile imagination, and a most sparkling and exhilarating fancy, that all these great gifts were slowly ebbing away. I am not aware of what the insidious disease which slowly prostrated so strong a constitution and so firm a brain was, but it could only have been one of the most subtle and unconquerable of human maladies which laid Wilson low at the age of sixty-six.

The last time he appeared in public was when he was supported up the poll-ladder to vote for Macaulay. Strange mutations of human opinions! Wilson and Macaulay were once bitter political enemies; they have parted for ever—political friends.

The funeral took place on the 7th of April, and was, of course, attended by all the officials of the college, and one hundred of the students, the Directors of the Philosophical Institution, of which Professor Wilson was president, and all the members of the corporation, and all the Directors of all the Philosophical and Literary and Artistic Societies with which Edinburgh so much abounds. The procession, also, included the most eminent members of the Scottish bench and bar, the most eminent medical professors, and, in fact, all the notabilities of Edinburgh, and all Professor Wilson’s private friends—and they reckoned not a few of the whole number. Including all these persons of distinction, there could not be less than a hundred gentlemen of the city grouped around the remains of their departed and lamented friend.

He was buried in a lonely spot in the Dean Cemetery, and I understand that two or three trees wave their branches over all that is mortal of John Wilson.

ANGUS B. REACH.

LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

LITERARY ASPIRATIONS.

My deceased father's Chancery affairs were on the eve of satisfactory settlement; and, on the strength of this, my father-in-law suggested my coming into Devonshire, and there making another professional attempt. During my remaining stay in London, I succeeded in obtaining a little remunerative literary occupation, which still left me leisure for trying my pen in the dramatic and novel lines. Of course, these are simply honest confessions,—not records of self-imagined genius. Never was a young aspirant to mere professional practice more willing to stick exclusively to his T square and compasses than I: but, when my legitimate pursuits positively became little less than expensive amusements, some excuse was afforded for amusing myself in any manner that might for the time be more agreeable. I wrote a play,—tragedy of course; and of course it was sent, with modest presumption, to the great tragedian of my idolatry; to him who had so kindly given me friendly advice some few years before, on the matter of my then desire to turn actor. A reply, couched in the gentlest language of courtesy, invited me to call upon him; and this opportunity of merely having one other interview with so admired a man, was in itself sufficient, as the result of five acts of blank verse,—of verse “blank” enough, the reader may rest assured. Never was a wooer of the Muse rendered more content in his rejection. Of course my responder admitted it had *poetic*, but not, he feared, *stage* merits. His judgment, however, was “very fallible;” and he would put it into the hands of the manager if I wished. He “remembered the pleasure he derived from my former visit to him, much more vividly than the kindness he had shown on that occasion, and was only too happy to think that I had proved any worth in the poor advice he then gave me.” I was soon content to drop the “immediate subject” and to lead him into matter of more interest. At the end of a charming half-hour, his carriage was announced, and he shook my hand at parting. There’s an end of it, thought I; I shall see the individual W. C. M. no more; but it is something to have shaken hands, at once, with Macbeth and Rob Roy Macregor, Othello and Gambia, Coriolanus and Virginius.

Mr. Ridgway, the publisher, of Piccadilly, was imprudently more encouraging to my literary efforts as a novelist; and he at once accepted the manuscript of “The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick;” engaging to take upon himself all the cost and risk of publication, and equally to divide with me such *profits* as might accrue. The “Life” was a fiction founded on fact; the “Remains” comprised a series of tales or essays, sentimental

and humorous, strung together like the contents of Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall." It duly appeared in two small octavos, and met with very kind favour from the critics generally. The "London Magazine" alone abused me, as "a meagre humorist," a "mawkish sentimentalist," a "fifth-rate imitator of Washington Irving." The "Examiner," with just the amount of regard which I now think due to the book, acknowledged it as good enough "for lassitude and a sofa;" but the "Gentleman's," and the "New Monthly," Magazines, with several of the daily papers, permitted their good-will to over-run their judgment, in the expression of much more decided eulogy. One critic found "a spice of the Shandean" in my volumes, and prophesied my future popularity in the lighter class of ephemeral literature. Another, however, closed his commendations by truthful reference to the too obvious imitation of the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," of which, says he, "the volumes before us exhibit throughout a very fair, and, in some passages, a highly successful copy. But an imitator, to rival his original in desert, must, in fact, greatly surpass him in essential excellence. Only to come near him is utterly to fail. And such, we apprehend, will be the verdict passed upon the present writer—in spite even of not a few passages in his work which may be thought to merit a better fate." Such *has* been "the verdict passed." The error was in making a "book" of what was only suitable at best for the pages of a periodical, wherein my matter might have less ostentatiously passed its probation, either to remain "shelved" among better things, or to reappear in a distinct form, as expressed public favour might thereafter warrant. At all events, I was guiltless of any self-assurance in my own merits. If Mr. Ridgway had not—rather to my surprise than otherwise—taken my manuscript, I should have, with very likely more benefit to myself, submitted it to the editor of some magazine. As it was, it served my purpose in the way of practice, experience, and encouraging, though corrective, comment. I need hardly say, in conclusion, that there were no "profits" to divide; and I was only unhappy in the fear that my too sanguine friend James Ridgway had some "loss" to submit to. Far am I below the reach of comfort from such consideration; but what fine things have first appeared in magazines! The "Essays of Elia," the "Opium Eater," "Oliver Twist," and many others of equal, or more than equal, merit. Constantly, in the present, as in former times, are writings issuing from our periodical press, far surpassing what appears in all the dignity of distinct book-presentation, proud in its type, broad margin, and cover of "cloth of gold." How many of these volumes are issued forth on the responsibility of their authors, it is impossible to say; but, to repeat a hackneyed quotation—

"'T is a great thing to see one's name in print:
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

I was not, however, as before stated, writing wholly without pay; and I managed, without further drawing on my friend H. B., to conclude my London sojourn with sufficient money in hand for

the expenses of my removal into Devonshire. But I must not leave the metropolis without a farewell reference to its then existing architectural condition. In a former part of these memoirs, pictures were given of "London as I found it,—and as it was some sixty years before." Twelve years had elapsed since my advent, when the sight of St. Paul's confirmed my architectural aspirations; and a general retrospect of what had been done and manifested during that interval, in the improvement of the great city and in the advance of professional taste, will be the subject of my next chapter.

LONDON AS I LEFT IT IN 1827.

George Augustus Frederick, first as Regent, then as King, was sovereign of the national taste during the twelve years which had passed away since my first coming to the metropolis, and Mr. Nash was his architectural prime minister. Whether the architect's Welsh extraction recommended him to the Prince of Wales is, I believe, a perfectly novel question. It is only certain that neither master nor man was competent to make the best of the grand opportunities then afforded, and that they gave an impetus to meretriciousness which it has cost better men infinite trouble to correct. The royal patron may have been a good judge of a Flemish picture, and Mr. Nash may have been competent to his first occupation as a miniature painter; but they were alike incapable of any conceptive grandeur in architecture, though Mr. Nash seems to have had a great aptitude for the *business* part of the profession he subsequently adopted. Had he been originally a capitalist, he would have made a spirited speculative builder, with "a quick eye to see" how city parks and new thoroughfares might be formed out of neglected spaces and inferior localities. The idea was a grand one, of opening a park on the north of Portland Place, and of continuing a handsome street from the latter, across Oxford Street, Piccadilly, and Pall Mall, into St. James's Park,—forming a pleasingly-varied line of more than a mile and a half in length,—a noble opportunity for such an architectural display, as would have exceeded the display made, not less than the improvements effected went beyond the previous condition of this part of the metropolis. Regent Street has length and width to an enviable amount; nor was it even, as it first appeared, wanting in architectural quantity; but the quality was indifferent, and the general lowness of the ranges on either hand left it utterly deficient in grandeur. It was, therefore, only most favourably to be appreciated by those who could, and would, recollect the comparative inferiority of what it superseded. Height is the very first essential of imposing street-architecture. The over-famed "street of palaces" at Genoa, and the "Corso" of Rome, are narrow, even as London "lanes;" but the altitude of the buildings renders them impressive. The High Street of old Edinburgh varies from the wide to the narrow; but it derives effect from the mere loftiness of its houses, for, saving that they are

impressive in the sentiment of real stone, they are, for the most part, wholly devoid of any architectural display. The windows are mere oblong holes; there are no columns, cornices, or balustrades; no gables to aid in the picturesque; in short, there is nothing but the number of their stories to tell upon the vision.

It comes not within my present purpose to allude to the alterations and improvements which have since been effected in Regent Street, more particularly as regards the removal of the colonnades from the Quadrant. A club-house in the more southern division of the street, and the County fire-office, were among the exceptions to the general triviality of the architecture; but the leading distinct features were the three churches by Nash, Cockerell, and Repton. The first of these, All Souls, Langham Place, is, to say the least of it, one of the most original things ever constructed, and whatever may be its defects, and violations of academic propriety, it is the best specimen of its designer's daring and fancy. Its circular portico below, and its sharp-pointed and fluted spire starting up, like a Jack from the box, through the Corinthian peristyle on its tower, form a combination, leaving us to doubt whether we shall, on the whole, admire it as a beauty, or smile at it as an eccentricity. It was immensely ridiculed at the time, and a caricature appeared, in which the architect was shown impaled upon his own pointed summit. But he only laughed at the joke; and, throwing a print of the drollery among his clerks, said, "See, gentlemen, how criticism has exalted me." In the next example, Hanover Chapel, Mr. Cockerell showed his taste and learning by a scrupulous adherence to Greek refinement and classic precedent, saving in the introduction internally of the Roman dome and circular-headed windows. The third church, St. Philip's, by Repton, proved a more decided readiness to bring the Greek and Latin classics into conjunction; for, over a Roman Doric portico rose, as a bell-tower, the Athenian choragic monument of Lysicrates.

Continuing the subject of the new churches erected within the period of this chapter, I refer to the most important of all which affect the Grecian classic character, and which remains to this day the purest specimen of its style as applied ecclesiastically. The new church of St. Pancras has nothing in it that is not essentially Greek, except the unseen vaulting under its floor. Inside and outside, doors, windows, ceilings, and details, all is as Athenian as can possibly be; nor will I hesitate to say, that the Messara Inwoods have produced an example of strictly Greek adaptation fully equal in its way to any of the Roman modifications realised by Sir C. Wren. The columnar and caryatidal porticoes of the Erechtheum and the Temple of the Winds are here emulated in combination ingenious as new. The great western portico is, of course, borrowed entire; also, the noble doorways within it; but the tower is a composition which takes only its details from Athens, leaving the architects to claim the full merit of its graceful outline and elegant composition. The eastern end is also beautifully terminated with a pseudo-peristylar semicircular apse, and

the vestry appendages are made serviceable to the exhibition of the caryatid examples to which reference has been made. The columnar decoration of the apse, internally, gives the chief beauty to the inside of the church; and it may, in conclusion, be said, that whatever objections may be taken to parts of the building, they will be found inseparable, from the difficulty of adapting the Heathen Greek Temple to the then conventional form of the English Protestant Church. Alas, for poor Henry Inwood! It is said he "greatly assisted his father in building this beautiful temple, and would *have become* famous had he lived." But "ill health," as it is paradoxically termed, seems to have been a family malady; and, assuredly, the laborious anxieties and wearing diligence necessary to architectural fame are not of a health-improving nature. But he is supposed to have been "cut off from the lingering penance" of an age of pain—not by sickness, but by shipwreck! His fame, however, is yet above water, and will remain so.

A smaller, but, so far as circumstances permitted, an equally successful specimen of modern Greek design is to be found in the North Audley Street Chapel by J. P. Gandy. In addition to the five churches just commented on, some five-and-twenty more had been erected between 1815 and 1827, most of them of Greco-Roman design, and some evincing a revived feeling for—I will not say Gothic, but—pointed architecture more or less approaching it. The pure Greek mania had now reached its highest pitch under the conduct of Smirke, Inwood, Wilkins, and Gandy, as illustrated in the New Post Office, the new parts of the British Museum, St. Pancras Church, the Audley Street Chapel, the University Club-House, and the design for the London University then progressing. Cockerell, D. Burton, and Repton, had coquetted it between Greece and Italy; Soane, between the Corinthian of Rome and his own fancies in the Bank of England; while Nash had influenced the public feeling in favour of Italian Design almost exclusively. But the spirit of an important change was now at work; and Mr. Savage had already put up a pointed Gothic church at Chelsea: not a Batty Langley thing,—not carpenter's, but mason's gothic,—not the mere shell of ordinary form, pierced with pointed windows; buttressed, battlemented, and called "Gothic;" but a veritable Gothic church, with its lofty tower, nave, aisles, clerestory, flying buttresses, and *vaulted* roof; nay, even with a hint of the triforium! In short, the church of St. Luke presented itself as not less paramount among modern Gothic attempts than the Pancras New Church among Greek adaptations. Looking at it, now, we may see several things which our increased knowledge of pointed design would have devised otherwise; but it was a bold and tasteful effort, and it were too mild an eulogy to say that it is by far the most creditable work of its time. It must be remembered that the St. Pancras Church was the product of matured Greek knowledge; the Chelsea Church, of only reviving Gothic appreciation. The one was the epilogue of a Greek play; the other the prologue of an English one.

The influence of this example was by no means immediate. Large churches had quickly to be erected with small means; and the consequent inability to carry out the Gothic theme in its fullness, still occasioned, for a length of time, the construction of churches, either after the current fashion, or in meagre mimicry of our mediæval examples. The Church Commissioners still continued to authorise the realisation of designs, rather with relation to their utilitarian than to their artistic merits. But the seed was sown; and the clergy (hitherto indifferent to everything but pew-room, and the position of reading-desk and pulpit) began to cultivate a sacred regard for ancient precedent and accuracy of detail. There came forth another design for a Gothic pointed church at Brixton, by one who was soon to prove the most influential member of his profession, in respect to his authority,—not simply over the profession itself,—but over the public at large. Charles Barry was that one. But it was not only as a Gothic artist that he was to shine. The possession of that true genius, which involves a universal aptitude for every variety of the comprehensive matter with which it has legitimately to deal, enabled him to proceed in reforming our architectural notions altogether. The sternly cold and correct Grecian of Smirke, the common-place Palladian of Nash, and the fanciful originalities of Soane; the unmixable peculiarities, in short, of that great triumvirate which constituted the professional strength of the Board of Works, were all to be corrected, compounded, and inspirited to the establishment of that feeling and learned accomplishment, which subsequently produced the Travellers' and Reform Club-houses, and led the way to the adoption of the Italian villa, with its Belvedere tower, and pictorial irregular grouping of parts. Thus the bad Gothic, and the classic conventionalities or eccentricities of the period, were about to fall before the advance of true mediæval knowledge and the rise of a free artistic feeling for the *palazzo* and other modern Italian fashions.

The grand improvement effected in the formation of Regent Street was, up to 1827, the only very important one concluded within the body of old London. But among the great suburban features was the Regent's Park, with its lake and pleasure-ground, Zoological Gardens, Coliseum, St. Katherine's Hospital, its several detached villas, and various long terrace-ranges. Added to these were the progressive buildings of Euston Square, St. Pancras, and of those which have since extended into the vast aristocratical suburb of "Belgravia." Carlton House, though still existing, was doomed to make way for the ranges of Carlton Terrace, facing the Park of St. James'. The style of these structures grew bolder and more pictorial as time moved on, but it was still the architecture of plaster. Roman cement afforded facilities for a kind of scenic display, which luxuriated with no very stern regard for criticism, but which was then quite up to the level of public appreciation; and it was, at all events, the happiness of the architect to have effected a manifest improvement on the insipid brick-work of the preceding period. †

Among the district, public, or other edifices, erected within the

last twelve years preceding 1827, were the new Custom House (since altered); interior parts of the British Museum; new tower, &c., to the Royal Exchange (since burnt down, and the entire structure re-built); the Catholic Chapel, Moorfields; University Club-house; Hall of Christ's Hospital; College of Physicians, and Union Club-house; Council Offices and Board of Trade (since altered); new façades to parts of Bank of England; new Law Courts, Westminster; royal entrance to old House of Lords (since destroyed); the arched and columned screen on one side of the road at Hyde-park-corner, and the great triumphal arch on the other side; Buckingham Palace (as it was left by Nash, before Blore's new front building was thought of), with its insulated Roman archway (since removed); the Duke of York's palace in St. James's Park; the Grosvenor Gallery in Hyde Park; several Club-houses; and the Haymarket Theatre. The New Post Office was in progress; the London University was commenced; and various other minor buildings were doubtless erected or erecting, which escape my memory at this moment. The tower of St. Bride's Church was opened to view from Fleet Street, and the removal of Fleet Market was in contemplation.

At the close of 1827, John Britton, the indefatigable, published his "*Edifices of London*" in two volumes, a valuable work, but incomplete (I presume from want of encouragement), as it contained no illustrations of many old, more recent, or newly-erected public buildings, much more worthy and important than many among those which were honoured with admission. A supplement was subsequently published by Mr. Weale, with the literary and critical assistance of Mr. Leeds, in which the New Post Office, Buckingham Palace (as originally erected by Nash), the great archway into the Green Park, and other contemporary erections were delineated; but it still remained without any plans and elevations of the churches of St. George, Bloomsbury and Hanover Squares, St. Mary's, Strand, St. John's, Westminster, St. Giles's in the Fields, St. Michael's, Cornhill, and other works of Wren and his school; of the Mint, the Trinity House, the White Tower, the Monument, St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, and other old Gothic examples, which should at least have partial illustration; of Spencer House and other mansions of considerable architectural pretension; of various Palladian elevations in the squares, well worthy of selection as examples of the last century; and of other works erected between the time of Inigo Jones and the close of 1827. Such a work, too, should have contained the more remarkable buildings of the immediate environs of the Metropolis, such as the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea, the churches of Greenwich and Deptford, the Chiswick villas, &c. In short, "*Britton's London*," even as illustrative of its day, is but the fragment of what it should have been; and the author admits in his preface, that "a third, or even a fourth, volume might have been well and usefully occupied in elucidating the then remaining public buildings of London."

At this time the existing bridges were those of Westminster,

Blackfriars, Waterloo, Southwark, and Vauxhall. Old London Bridge was rendering its last service, during the erection of the new one; and those structures are all illustrated in Britton's work, excepting only that of Vauxhall. The Hammersmith suspension bridge was constructed about this time. In fine, this was just the great transition period, when the taste of limited conventionality was about to give way to an influx of new feeling for the multitudinous and veritable varieties of the bolder, richer, and more pictorial architecture of the mediæval and Tudoric of England, the palatial of Venice and Rome, and the villa design of more modern Italy. The classic of ancient days was, however, by no means to suffer under total suspension; but whatever was to be done in emulation of its character was to be hereafter more or less affected with novel aims and original modifications. The common-place application of the "five orders," with rusticated basement and balustraded crowning-range, was no longer the only means of giving architectural character to a façade; and splendid elevations were soon to arise, discarding all such appliances. Many others, like myself, had, however, been educated in the old school, of which Sir William Chambers, and Stuart, and Revett were the paramount authorities; and it was to be some time before we could be expected to throw off our academic habits, and walk free-limbed into the open expanse of catholic knowledge and imaginative liberty.

London, in other than architectural respects, had improved considerably, especially in the way of "lighting and paving." Gas and granite had been brought into extended operation to the infinite increase of splendour and comfort; and the shops began to make those dazzling displays of plate-glass, which have now, we presume, reached their climax. But as yet, the new police existed not. Old Charley, the watchman of Dogberry fame, still rambled, with his drowsy note, "ringing night's yawning peal;" and the omnibus and above-bridge-steam-boat were yet conceptions in embryo. Cabs, however, had just been introduced; and I remember riding in one of the first batch, carrying about my "Roman Antiquities," to deposit them with the various booksellers. The mail and stage coaches were still in all their glory; and it remained a matter of serious import to poor correspondents to obtain a frank from a Member of Parliament.

AFFAIRS IN TURKEY.

FROM "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

WE cannot afford to be out of fashion, and therefore, taking the hint from our diurnal associates in the work of catering for the tastes of the reading public, we also shall engage "our own correspondent," to fill an humble part in the task of enlightening the world on the proceedings in the East, to which attention is, very naturally, so anxiously turned at the present period.

Although *we* are following, by the act of publication, the course in which others have led the way, the matter afforded by our correspondent will precede their efforts, and will commence with observations of two months back, which circumstances have hitherto caused to be withheld, but which it is hoped have not entirely lost their interest.

If our readers expect a counterpart of the brilliant scenes and remarks that shine through the letters of "our own correspondent" in the daily papers, they will be disappointed; but *en revanche*, our correspondence will have certain peculiarities and advantages of its own. While it will be able to glean facts from the camp, it will also have the power of penetrating into the recesses of the harem: and from this no scandal need be inferred, for "our own correspondent," like the finale of a pretty charade on the word "justice," written by an esteemed friend, "may be of either sex."

This variety of information will, it is hoped, compensate also for any deficiency in those flights of fancy in which divers correspondents "whom none can call their own," have been indulging lately in the interesting columns of the morning papers. *Our* correspondent cannot pretend to point out to us any extraordinary anomalies, such as struck our eyes in a recent letter, which gave us the intelligence that there were abundance of eggs in the country near Gallipoli, but no fowls! This statement bewildered us, and we look in vain for an explanation. Nor is our correspondent inclined to draw invidious comparisons in favour of French management in so cunningly enforcing a very low tariff on every article of consumption, since, to an unenlightened mind, it does not appear that such measures will tend to cause the markets to be very abundantly supplied. Neither can he commiserate in pathetic terms the dreadful hardships sustained by our gallant troops, or rather officers, (for the poor corporal writes like a man,) in the want of fresh butter for their breakfasts, or the temporary scarcity of tea. Nor is he surprised, as others seem to have been, that there was no Regent Street to be found in all Gallipoli, where their *moderate* wants can be supplied.

But, without further preface, let us proceed to offer some extracts from the letters we have received up to the present time; hoping hereafter to lay others before our readers.

In the month of February, 1854, we left England for Constantinople. As time was an object, and as we had no faith in the pacific moods of the Bay of Biscay, (for although many of our friends assure us that that sea occasionally resembles a mill-pond in placidity, we have never, in any of our frequent visits to it, chanced to behold it in that happy state of quietude,) we resolved to make the best of our way to Marseilles, and there to embark for Malta and Constantinople.

At a later period this course was proposed for a certain portion; if not for the whole, of our cavalry and field artillery; and, although prudential motives occasioned an alteration in that intention, our observations would lead us fully to believe that the undertaking would have been in a great degree successful; that the poor horses would have been spared some suffering; that our men would in general, with their usual good feeling, have listened to the injunctions to refrain from misconduct, and particularly from excess in drink; and that the French soldiers and people were quite prepared to have received them with friendly courtesy.

Paris is too well known to require comment; but we would, *en passant*, record our admiration of the Empress of the French, with her gentle and affable manners, her sweet smile, and graceful appearance. She is very pleasing and amiable in her reception of strangers; particularly so, as every Englishman is inclined to think, to his own especial countrymen. She speaks English perfectly, with the exception of the occasional want of recollection of the proper word to express some particular meaning. The engraved portraits of the Empress, although very like, do not do her justice. Although tall, and with a very intelligent countenance, nothing can be more feminine and gentle than her delicate features and complexion: finally it is undeniable that she is exceedingly *pretty*.

The smooth gliding monotony of a railway journey, so wanting in materials for the pocket-book of the publishing tourist, is broken, at present, in proceeding to Marseilles from Paris, by the large gap between Châlons on the Saone and Avignon, in which itself there is a formal division at Lyons. The luxurious traveller may post through this interval in some six-and-thirty hours; the mass have the perplexities of the choice between boat and diligence, each, or a combination of the two, requiring various removals of luggage and troublesome endeavours by nice calculations to make the hours of arrival and departure conveniently coincide; for unhappily for those who may be in a hurry, the boat or diligence, as the case may be, is invariably despatched an hour, or perhaps *par comble de malheur*, only half an hour, before the arrival of the other conveyance. These arrangements are made with such ingenuity that it becomes very difficult to elude them in any way; there is a promise that all this chicanery will be put an end to, or will at least be greatly diminished, by the completion of the lines of railway that are in progress along the route.

The troubles, delays, and difficulties, however, of the land journey through France, enable the traveller to appreciate more fully the ease and comfort of the voyage from Marseilles to Malta.

in a fine vessel, on the most beautiful of seas,—had we not been in haste to reach our destination, we should almost have experienced a feeling of regret when the white buildings of Valetta first shone on our sight, and warned us that one part of our voyage was over.

While there is little of incident or anecdote to be found at Malta, it is a place full of interest to the soldier, the political economist, or the statesman. With a magnificent harbour, most judiciously made a free port, and in the centre of the Mediterranean, it is admirably circumstanced for a great entrepôt for trade, and for a coaling depôt for steamers; the natural energies of the inhabitants are well adapted to the position, and there are few places in the Mediterranean that exhibit the bustling activity and prosperity of Malta. It is pleasing to see the vast number of superb houses of which the city of Valetta is composed, occupied by families who, to all appearance, have means appropriate to such residences. The imperial government of Great Britain exerts no oppressive act of rule over the island; which, while it enjoys the benefit of being a part of a great commercial power, suffers no deprivation in not being absolutely independent. The Maltese ought to be, and probably are, sensible that they would have much to lose and nothing to gain by any radical change in their lot; one only cloud hangs over and threatens Malta, in the shape of religious feuds. The population is ultra Roman Catholic, the mass unenlightened, and the priests exercising unbounded control over them; the British residents are Protestants. Reason would say that the state religion of this island should be considered Roman Catholic, the Protestants requiring only perfect freedom and right for the exercise of their own forms of worship; but the more zealous of the latter demand a power of interfering with the feelings (or prejudices, if you choose to call them so) of the Maltese. With the greatest respect for the cause, we cannot but deprecate this violent and injudicious mode of enforcing its tenets, as likely to create turmoils and ill-will among a community that in every other respect has all the elements of harmony and prosperity.

To the military man (especially if he be an engineer) a visit to Malta will be very instructive—there work has been added to work for the last three hundred years, with all the art of succeeding periods. The fortifications have been carried to the enormous extent in which they are now found, not so much from the effect of caprice, as on account of the character of the warfare for which they were originally designed; that is, to afford the protection to the greatest number of the inhabitants against being carried into slavery by any sudden incursion of their Mahometan enemies. Their immense extent gave rise to the retort of Napoleon when the Commandant complained of his taking away so many of the guns: “With such a quantity of fortifications, what can you want with guns?” The efforts of the British engineers have been to reduce them to some moderate amount of development, so as to secure the essential points in a more compact and substantial manner than before, and abandon the rest; by this means, the defence will be-

come practicable by a garrison of moderate force. By good armaments, and well-considered arrangements, this fortress is become one of very great strength, and if the thorough good-will and hearty co-operation of the population be retained, may be considered almost impregnable.

In passing Malta at the present bustling period, it is impossible not to be struck with the merits of the great triumvirate there; the Lieutenant-Governor, the General, and the Admiral, are really patterns in their respective stations, and have the additional merit of working together in the most perfect harmony.

At the Dardanelles we first come into contact with the Turkish authorities, and from the commencement have reason to calculate upon their hearty good will. Suleiman, the military, and Djemail, the civil, Pacha of the Dardanelles, are courteous, and most desirous of forwarding every arrangement for the common cause, while the British find an invaluable support in the zeal, intelligence, and influence of their Consul, Mr. Calvert.

Both Djemail and Suleiman Pacha may be looked upon as favourable specimens of the liberal and enlightened Turk; the former is a poet of some celebrity in his own country, and even his common conversation is remarkable for the prettily-turned compliments and poetic images with which it is adorned. A lady of our party, on being asked her opinion of Turkey, replied that all she had seen was beautiful and agreeable; on this being interpreted, Djemail Pacha remarked, "The lady sees everything, then, as if in a mirror."

Suleiman Pacha gave us a great dinner during our stay at Sultanich (the principal town of the Dardanelles), and it proved to be a most civilised and magnificent entertainment. The only difference perceptible between the Turkish dinner-party and those of the French and English, consisted in the vast number of dishes, and in the singular order, or rather *disorder*, in which they were brought to the table; there is, however, as much difference between the French and English, in the order of precedence which they assign to the various dishes, and, doubtless, our arrangement would appear as strange to the Turks as theirs does to us, each nation having its own particular opinion as to whether fish should be eaten before meat or after sweetmeats, and other minor points of taste of the same description.

The crowning dish of every Turkish feast is the pillauf; when forty or fifty dishes have passed round in quick succession, and when the once hungry guests have gone through the different degrees of repletion, until they literally can eat no more, the master of the house calls for the pillauf, and this is the signal of the conclusion of the feast. On the occasion to which I allude, however, a sumptuous dessert was placed on the table, wine was handed round, and toasts were given, and speeches were made, with all the solemnity and ceremony of a Lord Mayor's banquet in Guildhall.

Here, also, a pretty compliment was paid to one of our party, a distinguished General, who, in returning thanks for the honour

done him by drinking his health, concluded his speech by saying that now old, he had begun his military career by fighting in the cause of the Turks, and that his most earnest desire was to end it by another campaign with them against Russia, the common enemy of all Europe. Djemail Pacha immediately rose, and said that he could assure the General on his own part, and on that of all the other Turks who surrounded him, that there was not one present who would not gladly give five years of his own life, could they be added on to that of the distinguished officer who addressed them, and for whom they felt such affection. This "sentiment" was loudly applauded, and responded to by cries from all sides of "Peki! peki!" (very good).

The most impressive applause, however, was that which followed any good wish expressed for the success of the Turkish cause. "Inshallah!" (please God) was the exclamation which issued from the lips of every individual present, and was repeated and echoed until the whole room rang with the sonorous cry, and the English caught the enthusiasm, and shouted "Inshallah!" with the same hearty good-will as their Moslem allies. I must allow that the Turks fully returned the compliment by the energetic manner in which they joined in the "Hip! hip! hip! hurra!" which followed any particularly popular toast, and which they probably looked upon as the expression of some moral sentiment equivalent to their "Inshallah!" without which they believe no wish can be fulfilled.

At the conclusion of the toasts, we returned to the drawing-room, and ended a very pleasant evening by the never-failing chibouque and coffee, without which no ceremony, convivial or solemn, of business or of pleasure, can take place in Turkey. Suleiman Pacha has a very good military band, which played a variety of national airs while the dinner was going on; it is directed by the principal Aide-de-camp of the Pacha, a young man of the name of Kadiré (which name signifies in English, I am told, "merciful sir"). Kadiré is an excellent musician, and has composed some very pretty airs.

The two Pachas of the Dardanelles, like most other public functionaries in Turkey, take great interest in the state of public opinion and affairs in England, particularly when connected with those of their own country. Mr. Calvert, our excellent Consul, takes the English papers regularly to them, and interprets, for their benefit, the debates in both Houses of Parliament. They are especially delighted with Lord Palmerston's oratory, and numerous exclamations of "Peki, Palmerston!" burst from them, after hearing one of his speeches. They enjoy also the clever caricatures in *Punch*, in the greatest degree, and readily appreciate the wit of the allusions.

On leaving the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, we proceeded to Gallipoli, now so well known through its occupation by the allied troops.

Gallipoli, a town said to contain 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, is at the northern end of the Straits of the Dardanelles, and at the

south end of the narrow neck that divides the Gulf of Saros from the Sea of Marmora. As it has been considered that the whole Peninsula of the ancient Chersonese of Thrace, and consequently the Dardanelles passage, can be secured by occupying strongly that isthmus in some favourable site, the first disembarkation of the allied French and English troops was at Gallipoli, to carry that primary object into effect, and as a first stage from whence the forces might subsequently be moved further forward, as circumstances may require. The first arrival followed very rapidly the first announcement of the actual intention, and therefore it is not surprising that the arrangements for their reception were not so perfect as might otherwise have been desirable; but still the troops were subject to inconveniences far less than may always be reasonably expected when on actual service.

Gallipoli is an extremely poor place, of very few resources; and the natives, whether Turks or Christians, have not the activity, enterprise, or confidence in their guests, to take advantage of the opportunity of collecting from the neighbouring districts supplies which would have met with a most profitable return; it is rather a subject for wonder, that some sutlers had not been with the army, who might have adopted that course; or, for want of them, that some officers had not themselves been able to combine, and by the hire of one of the country boats, have sent some twenty or thirty miles along the coast of Asia, where they would have obtained poultry and several other articles in abundance, and at very moderate prices;—as it was, they remained for some time indifferently supplied with creature comforts.

The troops seem to be so very badly off for every little item of luxury, or even comfort, and pay so enormously for what they do procure, while the greatest difficulty arises from the great want of a currency for ordinary dealings, that a fine opening seems to be offered for loading a few fast-sailing small vessels from the south of France, with groceries, stationery, and the innumerable articles that it may easily be understood would meet with a ready sale at a considerable profit, with the army.

The agitations in which Constantinople is involved during this period of war, and of the race between the invasion of the Russians on the one side, and the approach of the allies on the other, remind one forcibly of the old school-boy triumph in Latin versification,

“*Perturbabantur Constantinopolitani,
Innumerabilibus sollicitudinibus.*”

in which we will leave them for the present, while we take a rapid view of Varna, Shoumla, and the renowned Omer Pacha.

The Bay of Varna is easily reached by the Black Sea, but you are not so sure of immediately reaching the town; for although a place of considerable resort, as the principal opening on the east to the naturally fertile though imperfectly cultivated plains of Bulgaria, the attempts at forming landing-places on the beach are so crude and neglected, that frequently when the sea would admit of being safely traversed by boats, and the embarkation of persons,

and even the shipment of goods could be effected in the bay, it is extremely difficult, and only at a risk, that the transfer can be made from the shore to the boats, and that the latter can be got off; and this is the more provoking, as the circumstances are very favourable for the establishment of well-sheltered moles, at least for boats, at a very small cost.

All exports of produce from the port of Varna are prohibited under the present emergency; the stock in the district is thus hoarded for the supplies of the army; requisitions are made from time to time on the population for corn, cattle, and means of transport, in return for which, acknowledgments are given in writing, and they are *professedly* to be paid for *at the end of the war!* It would be curious to know the value of such bills in the money market. This only traffic permitted to the poor Bulgarians, it may be supposed is no great encouragement to any extended cultivation, and accordingly we find that there is every appearance of not one half of the land that is usually cultivated being put under tillage this year, and great local scarcity may be expected to arise.

In the most favourable times, husbandry is at a very low ebb; not one twentieth part of the *good* land is cultivated each year, and the remainder, by some most unaccountable mismanagement, affords the slightest possible sprinkling of the poorest possible herbage to a scanty stock of half-starved animals.

Varna, in a military point of view, is a place of much interest as a war station; it presents the best entrance on the Black Sea, into the great districts between the Balkan range of mountains and the Danube; and to powers who have command of the navigation of the Black Sea, is a debouché into those districts where the operations between the Turks and Russians were carried on for two campaigns, during the last war of 1828.

Varna, at that period in the hands of the Turks, withstood an obstinate and memorable siege; since then, and, indeed, very recently, the works of defence have been renovated and increased. The Turkish engineers have certainly not performed their task with much skill; and for some reason, the commanders have not chosen to obtain competent advice from other quarters; but in the hands of French or English (should the place be occupied by them), that which has been done would be turned to the best account, and many reforms and improvements would be readily made. In the meantime, if defended by Turks, it is well known, by experience, how difficult it is to overcome them, even in their own unskilful fortifications. Cover, and a slight obstacle, an entrenchment, a heap of ruins, or even broken ground, are to the Turks a fortress, from which they are not to be driven by a powerful effort on one small front, and by penetrating into it; each individual must be overcome in his distinct hold, from whence he previously deals out as heavy blows as he can upon his enemy: hence the great loss of life sustained by any assailants on them, in the poorest fortresses.

The ground about Varna presents valuable features for its gar-

rison. To invest it thoroughly requires a double set of adequate forces, for they would be separated by the extensive Lake of Devna, the place commanding the small neck of land which divides it from the sea. The ground is favourable for defensive works adapted for a moderate garrison, or which might receive extension as an entrenched camp for covering a considerable force. By keeping clear of the immediate marshy banks of the lakes, there is every reason to believe that the troops might be encamped on very healthy ground, with wood and water in abundance, and the sea open for every other supply.

Varna is a place of even more strategical importance; a force there threatens not only an enemy in Bulgaria or the Principalities, but also occupies a more influential position than the Bosphorus. From it, attacks might be more readily made on any part of the whole Russian territory, on the Black Sea from the mouth of the Danube, all around to the frontier of Turkey in Asia; requiring, on the part of the Russian power, a vast development of forces to prevent an impression being made on its various valuable possessions.

From Varna to Shoumla is between fifty and sixty miles. As there are no made roads in this district, the passage is effected by crossing over the face of the country by tracks, which are widened out to a great extent, to suit each party in avoiding the ruts made by the preceding travellers. The means of conveyance are by bullock or buffalo waggons; a very light tilted cart, drawn by two or three horses (neither of which vehicles necessarily can carry more than a very light load); pack-saddle horses, and riding. The horses are very small, but hardy, and work well. In winter the labour of the communication is very great, and, occasionally, the country becomes impassable from snow; in summer the ground is firm, but still not so hard as made roads; the draught is always heavy; the descents into the valleys particularly difficult, as the tracks are steep and with deep ruts, frequently cut through narrow gorges. Carriages conveying persons are usually attended by one or more men on foot, who, in very uneven places, may be seen holding or pushing the body of them (as they happen to be on the upper or lower side), to prevent them from tilting over. This precaution is necessary, even in the streets of Constantinople and its suburbs.

The villages in Bulgaria are two or three miles asunder; they are small as regards number of houses, (or rather huts, which is more their character,) but covering a considerable space, as every residence is in the midst of a set of slight inclosures, and open sheds for cattle, produce, &c. Being purely agricultural, and each family cultivating portions of land on its own account, their residences in the village comprise each the appurtenances of a small farm. The granaries are of a very primitive description, consisting of a huge circular basket, formed by a wattling, round stakes fixed in the ground, over which is a conical roof, also wattled, and covered with clay; the opening into it is by a trap-door at the upper part of the side where it joins the roof; it is reached by a short ladder, and closed by a piece of square planking without any lock,

the only security being the height of the opening, which prevents the animals putting their noses into it.

Shoumla is a considerable town strikingly situated within a basin, surrounded on every side but one by a semicircle of high and very steep hills, which overhang it. Springs of very fine water are abundant in this basin, which, no doubt, occasioned the original foundation of the town and its gradual increase. It is now, and has been for many years, noted for its military importance as the centre of the great district on the Lower Danube; the main station from whence that line of frontier for upwards of one hundred miles in length would be watched; forming a place for reserves, and depôt, and the base of action and operations, whether offensive or defensive.

While as a strategical site it is extremely well placed, the features of ground of the locality are favourable for a great entrenched camp. Occupied by from 20,000 to 30,000 troops, it would be almost unassailable; and at the same time could not be blockaded on account of the vast circumference to be taken up for the purpose, which would be liable to attack on any part by the whole force from within. Shoumla has, consequently, always acted an important part in every war; and it is a boast that, however the enemy may have occasionally penetrated beyond it, the place itself has never been sullied by their footsteps.

The great attraction at Shoumla, however, is Omer Pacha; a general who has been raised most deservedly to the highest station, the rank recently conferred upon him being only inferior to that of the Grand Vizier. He is no longer "your Excellency," but "your Highness," and a very large salary is attached to his new dignity.

Omer Pacha is a man of from fifty to fifty-five years of age, and manifestly of much bodily and mental activity. He speaks French, Italian, and German well, converses like men of those countries, and in knowledge and reading is on a par with the well-informed of them. Although not a native Turk, he has acquired so perfect a knowledge of the Turkish language as not to be distinguished from them, when he pleases. To these advantages he adds the possession of the unlimited support of the government, and the entire confidence of the Turkish troops. He is a thorough soldier, and labours hard in the arrangement and development of all the resources in his hands for the arduous charge assigned to him. Unfortunately, he has not the assistance of the organised military departments and instructed officers which are required for an army in the field. He has no efficient staff, engineers, commissariat, depôts, nor reserves; every arrangement is made by himself, and must in consequence be necessarily imperfect. This is an evil only to be overcome by length of time. Want of funds is one great source of it, that is, as regards the *materiel*; and want of general education, and of the arts and sciences as attained by other nations, deprives the Turks of means for the making of officers. It is quite a delusion to attempt to provide for this defect by sending them officers, however intelligent, from other

countries. Without a knowledge of the language they are useless, and meet with little attention. Even if otherwise, what could one officer do in a whole regiment, or perhaps brigade?

Little has been gained by sending young men for a few years from Turkey to France and England, to be instructed in the modern arts and sciences connected with war. The time allowed would be barely sufficient for one of the same country; how much less so when the acquisition of a totally different language, with which their own has no affinity, is to be added: and then, when this period of hasty probation is passed, these young men are separated from all who have any knowledge of the business, and mixed up again entirely with the totally ignorant, whom, thus imperfectly informed themselves, it is, no doubt, expected that they should enlighten.

It is impossible to instruct a mass who are not possessed of the first rudiments on which the instruction must be founded; and it is hopeless to attempt to correct a radical evil by these partial surface remedies. The entire social system of the nation must be improved before one most extensive establishment, such as the military, can be tolerably organised.

The Turks, however, even as at present circumstanced, are universally acknowledged by officers who have recently seen them in the field, to be very brave and good soldiers. They will endure the greatest privations without a murmur; they are well clothed, (that is, substantially, for the *show* is very poor); they can manœuvre well by battalions, and even in greater numbers; but, although a small body of them might compete successfully with an equal or even a superior number of the enemy, they want many requisites for coping with such an army as the Russians in a campaign on a great scale, besides being numerically inferior. Thus Omer Pacha is in a most arduous position, and deserves high praise for the prudence mixed with energy, where the latter could be applied, with which he has hitherto acted.

The whole of the troops are entirely devoted to their gallant commander-in-chief; he has won their esteem and respect by his courage, firmness, and superior acquirements, and their affection by his kind and cordial manner to them. At the time of our visit to Shoumla, Omer Pacha was making preparations to go up to Rustchuk, with some regiments of infantry; and while riding through the streets, one of our party saw him stop where a soldier was on duty, and ask him, "Well, are you going to the front tomorrow?" "Yes, your Highness," answered the soldier; "is your Highness going too?" "Yes, yes," replied Omer Pacha; "Inshallah! (please God) we will all go together." By thus treating his soldiers like comrades, he secures their ready obedience and good will; and we believe there is not one among Omer Pacha's army who would not gladly sacrifice his life for his beloved commander.

In domestic life, Omer Pacha will not be found to realise the wild pictures that the English draw of the *ménage* of a Turk of rank and fortune. He has been twice married, not simultaneously,

but in succession. The present Madame Omer Pacha is a Wallachian by birth, young, very pretty, and highly accomplished; she speaks French and Italian well; plays on the piano with the skill and execution of a Thalberg, and has composed several marches and other pieces of music. Like the Turkish women in general, she lives in retirement from all male society, except that of her husband and near relations, after the custom of the country, which is deemed as appropriate by the woman as the man. When Madame Omer Pacha was asked, with some astonishment, how a person of her qualities could bear such seclusion, she answered, with much feeling, "*Mon Pacha est tout pour moi!*" Indeed, she appears to be devotedly attached to him.

With all due respect and admiration for the Turkish ladies, I must admit that Madame Omer Pacha is an exception in education and manners; the others, as far as I could judge, being apparently without such refinement. The harem, however, is by no means the frightful prison conveyed to our minds, where the female lives a life of slavery to the caprices of her lord and master. A Turkish lady has a carriage at her command; pays and receives visits; goes to the bazaar to make her purchases; and, in short, is denied nothing but the society of the other sex. Within the walls of the harem her jurisdiction is absolute; and when a pair of slippers is laid at the door (supposed to be a sign that some lady-visitor is present), the husband dares not cross the threshold. In a mixed assembly of Turks and English, where a lady of the latter country happened to be present, a gentleman, her near relative, was overruled by her in some undertaking, and he, turning to the Pacha next him, observed, "you see how the ladies command us;" to which he replied, with great unction, "I can assure you it is precisely the same thing with us!"

Among other misapprehensions with which we are impressed, is, that every Turk has a plurality of wives. Of all the Turks with whom we have become acquainted, we cannot call to mind any who possess more than one wife. I believe, however, that this moderation is of late date; and the Turks themselves speak of it in a jocular manner, as arising from motives of economy; but whether of money, or to save wear and tear of mind, is not explained. Moreover, the Turkish ladies are by no means in the subdued condition that is generally supposed in England; and would, I imagine, be very likely, in a great many cases, to make the husband's life a burden to him, if he attempted to introduce a new partner into the harem.

Altogether, while scenes of life in Turkey do not at the present day quite realise the fancies drawn from the perusal of the Arabian Nights, there is enough that is piquante in them (at all events to one who visits the country for the first time) to make them extremely interesting.

M. A. B.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE."

It is the London Season ! Come into the country ! It is hot, and dusty, and muddy here ; and this opening of all the drains, which is to bridle all the disorders by and by, poisons us dead meanwhile, O Board of Health ! Come into the country !

In Oxfordshire, about two miles from the Thames, and on the skirts of the beech forest that lies between Wallingford and Hendley, stands an irregular farm-house ; it looks like two houses forced to pass for one ; for one part of it is all gables, and tile, and chimney corners, and antiquity ; the other is square, slated, and of the newest cut outside and in. The whole occupies one entire side of its own farm-yard, being separated from the straw only by a small rubicon of gravel and a green railing ; though at its back, out of the general view, is a pretty garden.

In this farm-house, and its neighbourhood, the events of my humble story passed a very few years ago.

Mrs. Mayfield, proprietor of the farm, had built the new part of the house for herself, though she did little more than sleep in it. In the antique part lived her cousin, old farmer Hathorn, with his wife and his son Robert. Hathorn was himself proprietor of a little land two miles off, but farmed Mrs. Mayfield's acres upon some friendly agreement, which they contrived to understand, but few else could, least of all a shrewd lawyer.

The truth is, the inmates, like the house, were a little behind their age : they had no relations that were not contained within these four walls, and the feeling and tie of blood was very strong between them all.

The Hathorns had one son, Robert, a character ; he was silent, and passed with some for sulky ; but he was not sulky, only reserved and thoughtful ; he was, perhaps, a little more devoid of all levity than becomes a young man. He had great force and weight of character ; you might see that in his brow, and his steady manner free from flourishes. With the Hathorns lived Mr. Casenower, a retired London tradesman. This gentleman had been bought out of a London firm for his scientific way of viewing things : they had lost such lots of money by it.

He had come to the Hathorns for a month, and had now been with them a year, with no intention, on either side, of parting yet awhile. This good accord did not prevent a perpetual strife of opinions between Casenower and old Hathorn. Casenower, the science-bitten, had read all the books chemists wrote on agriculture, and permitted himself to believe every word. Hathorn read nothing on agriculture, but the sheep, the soil, the markets, and

the clouds, &c., and sometimes read them wrong, but not so very often.

Rose Mayfield was a young widow, fresh, free, high spirited, and jovial; she was fond of company, and its life and soul wherever she was. She loved flirtation, and she loved work; and when she could not combine them she would take them by turns; she would leave the farm every now and then, go to a friend at Oxford, Reading, or Abingdon, and flirt like wild-fire for a fortnight; then she would return to the farm, and men, boys, horses, and work would seem to go more lively before she had been back an hour.

Mrs. Mayfield was a grazier. Though she abandoned her arable land to her cousin's care, she divided with him her grass acres, and bred cattle, and churned butter, and made cheeses, and showed a working arm bare till dinner-time (one o'clock), six days in the week.

This little farm-house then held a healthy, happy party; but one was not quite content. Parents are matrimonial schemers; they cannot help it; it's no use talking. Old Hathorn wanted Rose Mayfield to marry his son Robert, and so make all sure. The farmer was too wise to be always tormenting the pair to come together, but he secretly worked towards that end whenever he could without being seen through by them.

Their ages were much the same; and finer specimens of rustic stature and beauty in either sex were not to be seen for miles. But their dispositions were so different that when, upon a kind word or a civility passing between them, old Hathorn used to look at Mrs. Hathorn, Mrs. Hathorn used to shake her head, as much as to say, "May be, but I doubt it."

One thing the farmer built on was this; that though Mrs. Mayfield was a coquette, none of her beaux followed her to the farm. "She won't have them here," argued Hathorn, "and that shows she has a respect for Robert at bottom."

The good farmer's security was shaken by a little circumstance. Bix farm, that lay but a mile from our ground, was to let, and, in course of time, was taken by a stranger from Berkshire. Coming into a farm is a business of several months; but the new tenant, a gay, dashing young fellow, came one day to look over his new farm; and, to Hathorn's surprise, called on him, and enquired for Mrs. Mayfield. At sight of the new-comer, that lady coloured up to the eyes, and introduced him to her cousin as Mr. Hickman. The name, coupled with her manner, struck Hathorn, but he said nothing to Rose. He asked his wife who this Hickman was. "He is a stranger to me," was the reply, "ask Rose; I hear he was her beau out Abingdon way."

Here was a new feature. The good farmer became very uneasy; but country-folks have plenty of tact. He said little—he only warned Robert (who did not seem dismayed by the intelligence), and held himself on his guard.

That same evening the whole family party were seated together towards sundown, in Hathorn's dining-room—the farmer smoking a clay pipe, Mrs. Hathorn sewing, Mrs. Mayfield going

in and out, making business; but Robert was painfully reading some old deeds he had got from Mrs. Mayfield the week before. This had been the young man's occupation for several evenings, and Mrs. Mayfield had shrugged her shoulders at him and his deeds more than once.

On the present occasion, finding the room silent and reposeful, a state of things she abhorred, she said to Mrs. Hathorn, in a confidential whisper, so bell-like, that they all heard it, as she meant them, "Has your Robert any thoughts of turning lawyer at present?"

The question was put so demurely that the old people smiled and did not answer, but looked towards Robert to answer. The said Robert smiled, and went on studying the parchment.

"He doesn't make us much the wiser, though; does he?" continued Mrs. Mayfield. "Silence!" cried the tormentor, the next moment, "he is going to say something. He is only waiting till the sun goes down."

"He is only waiting till he has got something to say," replied Robert, in his quiet way.

"Ah!" was the reply; "that is a trick you have got. I say, Jane, if I was to wait for that, what would become of the house?"

"It would not be so gay as it is, I dare say, Rose."

"And that would be a pity, you know. Well, Bob, when do you look to have something to say? to-morrow night—if the weather holds?"

"I think I shall have something to say as soon as I have read this through." He examined the last leaf—then laid it down. "I have something to say."

Mrs. Hathorn laid down her work.

"Cousin Mayfield," said Robert, "what do you think of Uxmoor Farm?"

Cousin Mayfield, who had been all expectation, burst into a fit of laughter that rang through the room like a little peal of bells. Mrs. Hathorn looked vexed, and Robert coloured for a moment; but he resumed coolly: "Why, it is two hundred acres, mostly good soil, and it marches with your up-hill land. Squire Phillips, that has just got it, counts it the cream of his estate."

"And what have I to do with Squire Phillips and Uxmoor?"

"Why, this, Rose. I think Uxmoor belongs to you."

"Nonsense—is the boy mad? Why, Squire Phillips got it along with Hurley, and Norton, and all the Lydalls' farms. Of course they are all mine by right of blood, if every one had their own; but they were all willed away from us fifty years ago. Who doesn't know that? No: Squire Phillips is rooted there too fast for us to take him up."

"It does not belong to Squire Phillips," was the cool reply.

"To whom, then?"

"To you, Rose; or, if not to you, to father yonder—but, unless I am much mistaken, it belongs to you. I am no great discourser," continued Robert; "so I have written it down to the best of my ability, here. I wish you would look at this paper, and you might read it over to father and mother, if you will be so

good, I am going my rounds"—and out strolled Mr. Robert, to see that every cow was foddered, and every pig had his share of the trough.

Mrs. Mayfield took Robert's paper, and read what he had written—some score of little dry sentences, each of them a link in a chain of fact—and this was the general result:—Fifty years ago Mrs. Mayfield's father's father had broken off all connection with his son, and driven him out of his house and disinherited him, and adopted in his stead the father of Squire Phillips. The disinherited, being supplied with money by his mother, had got on in the world, and consoled himself for the loss of his father's farms by buying one or two of his own. He died before his father, and bequeathed all he possessed to his daughter Rose. At last the old fellow died at an immense age, and under his will Squire Phillips took all his little estates: but here came in Robert's discovery. Of those four little estates, one had come into the old fellow's hands from his wife's father, and through his wife, and a strict settlement, drawn so long ago that all, except the old fellow who meant to cheat it, had forgotten it, secured the Uxmoor estate, after his parents' death, to Rose Mayfield's father, who by his will had unconsciously transferred it to Rose.

This, which looks clear, had been patiently disentangled from a mass of idle words by Robert Hathorn, and the family began to fall gradually into his opinion. The result was, Mrs. Mayfield went to law with Squire Phillips, and the old farmer's hopes revived; for he thought, and with reason, that all this must be another link between Robert and Rose—and so the months glided on. The fate of Uxmoor was soon to be tried at the Assizes. Mr. Hickman came over now and then, preparatory to settling on Bix. Mrs. Mayfield made no secret that she found him "very good company"—that was her phrase—and he courted her openly. Another month brought the great event of the agricultural year, "the harvest." This part of Oxfordshire can seldom get in its harvest without the assistance of some strange hands, and Robert agreed with three Irishmen and two Hampshire lads the afternoon before the wheat harvest. "With these and our own people we shall do well enough, father," said he.

Just before the sun set, Mrs. Hathorn was seated outside her own door with her work, when two people came through the farmyard to speak to her; a young woman and a very old man. The former stood a little in the rear; and the old man came up to Mrs. Hathorn, and, taking off his hat, begged for employment in the fields.

"Our number is made up, old man," was the answer.

The old man's head drooped; but he found courage to say, "One more or one less won't matter much to you, and it is the bread of life to us."

"Poor old man," said Mrs. Hathorn, "you are too old for harvest work, I doubt."

"No such thing, dame," said the old man, testily.

"What is it, mother?" cried Robert from the barn.

"An old man and his daughter come for harvest work. They beg hard for it, Robert."

"Give them their supper, mother, and let them go."

"I will, Robert; no doubt the poor things are hungry and weary and all:" and she put down her work to go to the kitchen, but the old man stopped her.

"We are here for work, not for charity," said he; "and won't take anything we don't earn."

Mrs. Hathorn looked surprised, and a little affronted. The girl stepped nearer.

"No need to speak so sharp, grandfather," said she, in a clear, cold, but winning voice; "charity is not so common. We thank you, dame. He is an old soldier, and prouder than becomes the like of us. Good even, and good luck to your harvest!"

They turned to go.

"Stop, girl!" said Mrs. Hathorn. "Robert," cried she, "I wish you would come here."

Robert put on his coat and came up.

"It is an old soldier, Robert; and they seem decent folk, the pair of them."

"An old soldier!" said Robert, looking with some interest at the old man, who, though stiff in the joints, was very erect.

"Ay! young man," said the other boldly, "when I was your age I fought for the land; and now, you see, I must not work upon it!"

Robert looked at his mother.

"Come, Robert," said she, "we may all live to be old if it pleases God."

"Well," said Robert, "it seems hard to refuse an old soldier; but he is very old, and the young woman looks delicate; I am sure I don't know how to bargain with them."

"Count our two sickles as one, sir," said the girl, calmly.

"So be it," said Robert; "any way, we will give you a trial:" and he returned to his work. And Corporal Patrick, for that was the old soldier's name, no longer refused the homely supper that was offered him, since he could work it out in the morning.

The next morning at six o'clock the men and women were all in the wheat: Robert Hathorn at the head of them, for Robert was one of the best reapers in the country side.

Many a sly jest passed at the expense of Patrick and his granddaughter Rachael. The old man often answered, but Rachael hardly ever. At the close of the day they drew apart from all the rest, and seemed content when they were alone together.

In the course of a day or two the reapers began to observe that Rachael was very handsome; and then she became the object of much coarse admiration. Rachael was as little affected by this as by their satire. She evaded it with a cold contempt which left little more to be said: and then her rustic admirers took part with the women against her.

Rachael was pale; and perhaps this was one reason why her beauty did not strike the eye all at once; but when you came to know her face, she was beautiful. Her long eye-lashes were heavenly; her eye was full of soul; her features were refined, and her skin was white and transparent, and a slight blush came readily to it, at which moment she was lovely. It must be owned she

did not appear to advantage in the field among the reapers; for there she seemed to feel at war; and her natural dignity degenerated into a certain doggedness. After a while Mrs. Hathorn took a fancy to her; and when she was beside this good motherly creature, her asperity seemed to soften down, and her coldness turned to a not unamiable pensiveness.

Mrs. Hathorn said one evening to Robert, "Robert, look at that girl. Do try and find out what is the matter with her. She is a good girl as ever broke bread; but she breaks my heart to look at her, she is like a marble statue. It is not natural at her years to be so reserved."

"Oh!" answered Robert, "let her alone, there are talkers enough in the world. She is a modest girl—the only one in the field, I should say, and that is a great ornament to all women, if they would but see it."

"Well, Robert, at all events, have your eye on them; they are strangers, and the people about here are vulgar behaved to strangers, you know."

"I'll take care; and as for Rachael, she knows how to answer the fools—I noticed that the first day."

Sunday evening came; the villagers formed in groups about the ale-house, the stocks, and the other points of resort, and their occasional laughter fell discordantly upon the ear, so holy and tranquil seemed the air and the sky. Robert Hathorn strolled out at the back of the house to drink the Sabbath sunset after a week of toil: at the back of the largest barn was a shed, and from this shed, as he drew near to it, there issued sounds that seemed to him as sweetly in unison with that holy sunset as the villagers' rude mirth was out of tune. He came to the back of the shed, and it was Rachael reading the Bible aloud to her grandfather. The words were golden, and fell like dew upon all the spirits within their reach—upon Robert, who listened to them unseen; upon Patrick, whose testy nature was calmed and soothed; and upon Rachael herself, who seemed at this moment more hopeful, and less determined to shrink within herself. Her voice, always sweet and winning, became richer and mellow as she read; and when she closed the book, she said with a modest fervour one would hardly have suspected her of, "Blessed be God for this book, grandfather! I do think it is the best thing of all the good things He has given the world, and it is very encouraging to people of low condition like us."

"Ay," said the old man, "those were bold words you read just now, 'Blessed are the poor.'"

"Let us take them to heart, old man, since, strange as they sound, they must be true."

Corporal Patrick pondered awhile in silence, then said he was weary: "Let us bless the good people, whose bread we have eaten this while, and I will go to sleep; Rachael, my child, if it was not for you, I could wish not to wake again."

Poor old man, he was weary; he had seen better days, and fourscore years is a great age, and he had been a soldier, and fought in great battles head erect, and now, in his feeble days, it

was hard to have to bow the back and bend over the sickle among boys and girls who jeered him, and whose peaceful grandsires he had defended against England's enemies.

Corporal Patrick and his grand-daughter went into the barn to sleep, as heretofore, on the straw. Robert Hathorn paced thoughtfully home, and about half an hour after this a cowboy came into the barn to tell Corporal Patrick there were two truckle beds at his service in a certain loft, which he undertook to show him. So the old soldier and Rachael bivouacked no longer in the barn.

"Who sent you?" said Rachael to the boy.

"Mistress."

After this Robert Hathorn paid considerable attention both to Patrick and Rachael, and she showed by degrees that she was not quite ice to a man that could respect her; not that her manner was inviting even to him, but at least it was courteous, and once or twice she even smiled on him, and a beautiful smile it was when it did come; and whether from its beauty or its rarity, made a great impression on all who saw it.

It was a fine harvest time, upon the whole, and with some interruptions the work went merrily on; the two strangers, in spite of hard labour, improved in appearance. Mrs. Hathorn set this down to the plentiful and nourishing meals which issued twice a-day from her kitchen, and as they had always been her favourites she drew Robert's attention to the bloom that began to spread over Rachael's cheek and the old soldier's brightening eye as her work in a great measure.

Mrs. Mayfield was away, and during her absence Hickman had not come once to visit his farm or Hathorn's. This looked ugly.

"Wife," said the farmer one day, "what makes our Robert so moody of late?"

"Oh, you have noticed it, have you? Then I am right; the boy has something on his mind."

"That is easy to be seen, and I think I know what it is."

"Do you, John; what?"

"Why, he sees this Hickman is in a fair way to carry off Rose Mayfield."

"It is not that."

"Why, what else can it be?"

"It is a wonder to me," said Mrs. Hathorn, "that a man shouldn't know his own son better than you seem to know Robert. They are very good friends; but what makes you think Robert would marry her? have you forgotten how strict he is about women? Why did he part with Lucy Blackwood, the only sweetheart he ever had?"

"Hanged if I remember."

"Because she got herself spoken of flirting at Oxford Races once in a way; and Rose does mostly nothing else. And they do say, that once or twice since her husband died, a hem!—"

"She has kicked over the traces altogether? Fiddlestick!"

"Fiddlestick be it! She is a fine, spirity woman, and such are

apt to set folk talking more than they can prove. Well, Robert wouldn't marry a woman that made folk talk about her."

"Oh, he is not such a fool as to fling the farm to a stranger. When does Rose come home?"

"Next week, as soon as the assizes are over, and the Uxmoor cause settled one way or other."

"Well, when she comes back you will see him clear up directly, and then I shall know what to do. They must come together, and they shall come together; and if there is no other way, I know one that will bring them together, and I'll work that way if I'm hanged for it."

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Hathorn, calmly. "You can but try."

"I *will* try all I know."

Will it be believed, that while he was in this state of uneasiness about his favourite project, Mr. Casenower came and invited him to a friendly conference; announced to him that he admired Mrs. Mayfield beyond measure, and had some reason to think she was not averse to him, and requested the farmer's co-operation?

"Confound the jade," thought Hathorn, "she has been spreading the net for this one, too, then: she will break my heart before I have done with her."

He answered demurely, "that he did not understand women; that his mind was just now in the harvest; and he hoped Mr. C. would excuse him, and try his luck himself—along with the rest," said the old boy, rather bitterly.

The harvest drew towards its close; the barns began to burst with the golden crops, and one fair rick after another rose behind them, like a rear-guard, until one fine burning-hot day in September there remained nothing but a small barley-field to carry.

In the house, Mrs. Hathorn and the servants were busy preparing the harvest-home dinner; in the farm-yard, Casenower and old Hathorn were arguing a point of husbandry; the warm haze of a September day was over the fields; the little pigs toddled about contentedly in the straw of the farm-yard, rooting here and grunting there; the pigeons sat upon the barn tiles in flocks, and every now and then one would come shooting down, and settle, with flapping wings, upon a bit of straw six inches higher than the level; and every now and then was heard the thunder of the horses' feet as they came over the oak floor of a barn, drawing a loaded waggon into it. Suddenly a halloo was heard down the road; Mr. Casenower and Hathorn looked over the wall, and it was Mrs. Mayfield's boy Tom, riding home full pelt and hurraing as he came along.

"We have won the day, farmer," shouted he; "you may dine at Uxmoor if you like. La bless you, the judge wouldn't hear a word against us. Hurrah! here comes the mistress; hurrah!" And sure enough Mrs. Mayfield was seen in her hat and habit, riding her bay mare up at a hand gallop on the grass by the road side. Up she came; the two men waved their hats to her, which salute she returned on the spot, in the middle of a great shy, which her

mare made as a matter of course; but before they could speak she stopped their mouths. "Where is Robert? not a word till he is by. I have not forgot to whom I owe it." She sprang from the saddle, and gave a hand to each of the men; but before they could welcome her, or congratulate her, she had the word again. "Why of course you are; you are going to tell me you have been as dead as ditch-water since I went, as if I didn't know that; and as for Uxmoor, we will all go there together in the afternoon, and I'll kiss your Robert then and there; and then he will faint away, and we'll come home in the cool of the evening. Is barley cart done yet?"

"No, you are just in time; they are in the last field."

"Well, I must run in and cuddle Jane, and help them on with dinner a bit."

"Ay, do, Rose; put a little life into them."

In about ten minutes Mrs. Mayfield joined them again; and old Hathorn, who had spent that period in a brown study, began operations upon her like a cautious general as he was.

His first step might be compared to reconnoitring the ground; and here, if any reader of mine imagines that country people are simple and devoid of art, for heaven's sake let him resign that notion, which is entirely founded on pastorals written in metropolitan garrets.

Country people look simple; but that is a part of their profound art. They are the square-nosed sharks of *terra firma*. Their craft is smooth, plausible, and unfathomable. You don't believe me perhaps. Well, then, my sharp cockney, go, live, and do business in the country, and tell me at the year's end whether you have not found humble unknown Practitioners of Humbug, Flattery, Over-reaching, and Manœuvre, to whom thieves in London, might go to school.

We hear much, from such as write with the butt-end of their grandfather's flageolet, about simple swains and downy meads; but when you get there you find the natives are at least as downy as any part of the concern.

"I thought you would be home to-day, Rose."

"Did you? Why?"

"Because Richard Hickman has been here twice this morning."

"Richard Hickman, what was his business here?"

"Well, they do say you and he are to go to church together one of these days—the pair of you."

"Well, if the pair of us go to church there will be a pair of weddings that day."

"How smooth a lie do come off a woman's tongue, to be sure!" thought Mr. Hathorn.

Mr. Casenower put in his word. "I trust I shall not offend you by my zeal, Madam, but I hope to see you married to a better man than Hickman."

"With all my heart, Mr. Cas—hem! You find me a better man, and I won't make two bites at him—ha! ha! ha!"

"He bears an indifferent character—ask the farmer here."

"Oh," said the farmer, with an ostentation of candour, "I don't believe all I hear."

"I don't believe half, nor a quarter," said Mrs. M.; "but, for Heaven's sake, don't fancy I am wrapped up in Richard Hickman, or in any other man; but he is as good company as here and there one, and he has a tidy farm nigh hand, and good land of his own out Newbury way, by all accounts."

"Good land," shouted the farmer: "did you ever see it?"

"Not I."

"Rose," said Hathorn, solemnly (he had never seen it either), "it is as poor as death! covered with those long docks, I hear, and that is a sure sign of land with no heart in it, just as a thistle is a good sign. Do your books tell you that?" said he, suddenly turning to Casenower.

"No," said that gentleman, with incredulous contempt.

"And it is badly farmed; no wonder, when the farmer never goes nigh it himself, trusts all to a sort of bailiff. Mind your eye, Rose. Why does he never go there? tell me that."

"Well, you know, of course; he tells me he left it out of regard for me."

"Haw! haw! haw! why he has known you but six months, and he has not lived at home this five years. What do you think of it, Mr. Casenower? Mind your eye, Rose."

"I mean to," said Rose, "and if you had seen the world of suppressed fun and peeping observation in the said eye, you would have felt how capable it was of minding itself, and of piercing like a gimlet even through a rustic Machiavel."

Mr. Casenower whispered to Hathorn, "Put in a word for me." He then marched up to Rose, and taking her hand, said, with a sepulchral tenderness, at which Rose's eye literally danced in her head, "Know your own value, dear Mrs. Mayfield, and do not throw yourself away on an unworthy object." He then gave Hathorn a slight wink and disappeared, leaving his cause in that simple rustic's hands.

"It is all very fine, but if I am to wait for a man without a fault, I shall die an old-fool."

"That is not to be thought of," said Hathorn, smoothly; "but what you want is a fine steady young man—like my Robert, now"—

"So you have told me once or twice of late," said the lady archly. "Robert is a good lad, and pleases my eye well enough, for that matter; but he has a fault that wouldn't suit me, nor any woman, I should think, without she was a fool."

"Why, what is wrong about the boy?"

"The boy looks sharper after women than women will bear. He reads everything we do with magnifying glasses, and I like fun, always did, and always shall; and then he would be jealous—and then I should leave him the house to himself, that is all."

"No, no! you would break him in to common sense."

"More likely he would make a slave of me; and, if I am to be one, let me gild the chain a bit, as the saying is."

"Now, Rose," said the tactician, "you know very well a woman can turn a man round her finger if he loves her."

"Of course I know that; but Robert does not happen to love me."

"Doesn't love you! Ay, but he does!"

"What makes you think that?"

"Oh, if you are blind I am not. He tries to hide it, because you are rich, and he is poor and proud."

"Oh, fie! don't talk nonsense. What signifies who has the money?"

"The way I first found it out is, when they speak of you marrying that Hickman he trembles all over like. Here comes his mother; you ask her," added the audacious schemer.

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Mayfield; "none of your nonsense before her, if you please;" and she ran off, with a heightened colour.

"I shall win the day," cried Hathorn to his wife. "I have made her believe Robert loves her, and now I'll tell him she dotes on him. Why, what is the matter with you? You seem put out. What ails you?"

"I have just seen Robert, and I don't like his looks. He is like a man in a dream this morning—worse than ever."

"Why, what can be the matter with him?"

"If I was to tell you my thought it wouldn't please you—and after all, I may be wrong. Hush! here he is. Take no notice, for Heaven's sake."

At this moment the object of his father's schemes and his mother's anxiety sauntered up to them, with his coat tied round his neck by the arms, and a pitchfork over his shoulder. "Father," said he, "you may tap the barrel; the last waggon is coming up the lane."

"Ay," was the answer; "and you go and offer your arm to Rose—she is come home—and ask her to dance with you."

"I am not in the humour to gallivant," was the languid answer. "I leave that to you, father."

"To me—at my time of life! Is that the way to talk at eight-and-twenty? And Rose Mayfield—the rose-tree in full blossom!"

"Yes; but too many have been smelling at the blossom for me ever to plant the tree in my garden."

"What does the boy mean?"

"To save time and words, father; because you have been at me about her once or twice of late."

"What! is it because she likes dancing and diversion at odd times? Is that got to be a crime, Parson Bob?"

"No! but I won't have a wife I couldn't trust at those pastimes," was the resolute answer.

"Oh! if you are one of the jealous-minded ones, don't you marry any one, my poor chap!"

"Father, there are the strange reapers to pay. Shall I settle with them for you?" said Robert, quietly.

"No! Let them come here; I'll pay them," answered Hathorn, senior, rather sullenly.

If you want to be crossed, and thwarted, and vexed, set your heart not on a thing you can do yourself, but on something somebody else is to do: if you want to be tormented to death, let the wish of your heart depend upon two people, a man and a woman, neither of them yourself. Now do try this recipe; you will find it an excellent one.

Old Hathorn, seated outside his own door, with a table and money bags before him, paid the Irishmen and the Hampshire lads, and invited each man to the harvest-home dinner. He was about to rise and put up his money bags, when Mrs. Hathorn cried to him from the house, "here are two more that have not been paid;" and the next minute old Patrick and Rachael issued from the house, and came in front of the table. Robert, who was going in to dress, turned round and leaned against the corner of the house, with his eyes upon the ground. "Let me see," said Hathorn, "what are you to have?"

"Count yourself," replied Patrick; "you know what you give the others."

"What I give the others! but you can't have done the work—"

"Not of two; no, we don't ask the wages of two."

"Of course you don't."

A spasm of pain crossed Robert's face at this discussion, but he remained with his eyes upon the ground.

"Where's the dispute," said the old soldier, angrily; "here are two that ask the wages of one; is that hard upon you?"

"There is no dispute, old man," said Robert, steadily. "Father, twenty-five times five shilling is six pound five; that is what you owe them."

"Six pound five, for a man of that age?"

"And my daughter; is she to go for nothing?"

"Your daughter, your daughter; she is not strong enough to do much, I'm sure."

Rachael coloured: her clear convincing voice fell upon the disputants. "We agreed with Master Robert to keep a ridge between us, and we have done it as well as the best reaper. Pay us as one good reaper, then."

"That's fair! that is fair! If you agreed with my son, a bargain is a bargain; but for all that, one good arm is better than two weak ones, and—"

This tirade received an unexpected interruption. Robert walked up to the table, without lifting his eyes from the ground, and said, "I ask your pardon, father, your bad leg has kept you at home this harvest; but I reap'd at the head of the band, and I assure you the young woman did a man's share; and every now and then the old man took her place; and so resting by turns, they kept ahead of the best sickle there. And therefore I say," continued Robert, raising his eyes timidly, "on account of their poverty, their weary limbs, and their stout heart for work, you cannot pay them less than one good reaper."

"What is it, Robert?" said Mrs. Hathorn, who had come out to see the meaning of all this.

"But if he would be juster still, mother, like him that measures his succour to the need, he would pay them as one and a half. I've said it."

Hathorn stared with ludicrous wonder. "And why not as two? Are you mad, Robert? taking their part against me?"

"Enough said," answered Patrick with spirit. "Thank you, Master Robert, but that would be an alma, and we take but our due. Pay our two sickles as one, and let us go."

"You see, father," cried Robert, "these are decent people; and if you had seen how they wrought, your heart would melt as mine does. O mother! it makes me ill to think there are poor Christians in the world so badly off they must bow to work beyond their age and strength to bear. Take a thought, father. A man that might be *your* father—a man of four-score years—and a delicate woman—to reap, the hardest of all country work, from dawn till sun-down, under this scorching sun and wind that has dried *my* throat and burnt *my* eyes,—let alone theirs. It is hard, father; and if you have a feeling heart you can't show it better than here."

"There! there!" cried the farmer, "say no more; it is all right (you have made the girl cry, Bob). Robert doesn't often speak, dame, so we are bound to listen when he does. There is the money. I never heard that chap say so many words before."

"We thank you all," said Patrick; "my blessing be on your grain, good folks; and that won't hurt you from a man of four-score."

"That it will not, Daddy Patrick," said Mrs. Hathorn. "You will stay for harvest-home, both of you? Rachael, if you have a mind to help me, wash some of the dishes."

"Ay!" cried the farmer: "and it is time you were dressed, Bob." And so the party separated.

A few minutes later Rachael came to the well, and began to draw a bucket of water. This well worked in the following manner: A chain and rope were passed over a cylinder, and two buckets were attached to the several ends of the rope, so that the empty bucket descending, helped in some slight degree the full bucket to mount. This cylinder was turned by an iron handle. The well was a hundred feet deep. Rachael drew the bucket up easily enough until the last thirty feet; and then she found it hard work. She had both hands on the iron handle, and was panting a little like a tender fawn, when a deep but gentle voice said in her ear, "Let go, Rachael;" and the handle was taken out of her hand by Robert Hathorn.

"Never mind me, Master Robert," said Rachael, giving way reluctantly.

"Always at some hard work or other," said he; "you will not be easy till you kill yourself." And with this he whirled the handle round like lightning with one hand, and the bucket came up in a few moments. He then filled a pitcher for her, which she

took up, and was about to go into the house with it. "Stay one minute, Rachael."

"Yes, Master Robert."

"How old are you, Rachael?" Robert blushed after he had put this question; but he was obliged to say something, and he did not well know how to begin.

"Twenty-two," was Rachael's answer.

"Don't go just yet. Is this your first year's reaping?"

"No, the third."

"You must be very poor, I am afraid."

"Very poor indeed, Master Robert."

"Do you live far from here?"

"Don't you remember I told you I came twenty miles from here?"

"Why, Newbury is about that distance."

"I think your mother will want me."

"Well, don't let me keep you against your will."

Rachael entered the Hathorn's side.

Robert's heart sank. She was so gentle, yet so cold and sad. There was no winning her confidence, it appeared. Presently she returned with an empty basket to fetch the linen from Mrs. Mayfield's side. As she passed Robert, who, in despair, had determined not to try any more, but who looked up sorrowfully in her face, she gave him a smile, a very faint one, but still it did express some slight recognition and thanks. His resolve melted at this one little ray of kindly feeling.

"Rachael," said he, "have you any relations your way?"

"Not now!" and Rachael was a beautiful statue again.

"But you have neighbours who are good to you?"

"We ask nothing of them."

"Would it not be better if you could both live near us?"

"I think not."

"Why? my mother has a good heart."

"Indeed she has."

"And Mrs. Mayfield is not a bad one, either."

"I hear her well spoken of."

"And yet you mean to live on, so far away from all of us?"

"Yes! I must go for the linen." She waited a moment as it were for permission to leave him, and nothing more being said, she entered Mrs. Mayfield's side.

Robert leaned his head sorrowfully on the rails and fell into a reverie.

"I am nothing to her," thought he; "her heart is far away. How good, and patient, and modest she is, but oh, how cold! She turns my heart to stone. I am a fool; she has some one in her own country to whom she is as warm, perhaps, as she is cold to us strangers—is that a fault? She is too beautiful, and too good, not to be esteemed by others besides me. Ah! her path is one way, mine another—worse luck—would to God she had never come here! Well, may she be happy! She can't hinder me

from praying she may be happy, happier than she is now. Poor Rachael!"

A merry but somewhat vulgar voice broke incredibly harsh and loud, as it seemed, upon young Hathorn's reverie.

"Good day, Master Robert."

Robert looked up, and there stood a young farmer in shooting jacket and gaiters, with a riding-whip in his hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Hickman."

"The Mistress is come home, I hear, and it is your harvest-home to-day, so I'll stop here, for I am tired, and so is my horse, for that matter." Mr. Hickman wasted the latter part of this discourse on vacancy, for young Hathorn went coolly away without taking any further notice of him.

"I call that the cold shoulder," thought Hickman: "but it is no wonder; that chap wants to marry her himself, of course he does—not if I know it, Bob Hathorn."

It was natural that Hickman, whose great object just now was Rose Mayfield, should put this reading on Robert's coldness: but in point of fact, it was not so; the young man had no feeling towards Hickman, but the quiet repugnance of a deep to a shallow soul, of a quiet and thoughtful to a rattling fellow. Only just now gaiety was not in his heart, and as Hickman was generally gay, and always sonorous, he escaped to his own thoughts. Hickman watched his retreat, with an eye that said, "You are my rival, but not one I fear: I can out-wit you." And it was with a smile of triumphant conscious superiority that Richard Hickman turned round to go into Mrs. Mayfield's house, and found himself face to face with Rachael, who was just coming out of it with the basket full of linen in her hand. Words cannot paint the faces of this woman and this man, when they saw one another. They both started, and were red and white by turns, and their eyes glared upon one another; yet, though the surprise was equal, the emotion was not quite the same. The woman stood, her bosom heaving slowly and high, her eye dilating, her lips apart, her elastic figure rising higher and higher. She stood there wild as a startled panther, uncertain whether to fight or to fly. The man, after the first start, seemed to cower under her eye, and half a dozen expressions that chased one another across his face left one fixed there—Fear! abject fear!

ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN BOBBIN THE BAGMAN.

BY CRAWFORD WILSON.

CHAPTER II.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY—ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

Noon fulfilled the augury of the morning. As it advanced, the conversational powers of our neighbours seemed also to progress; and politics, cheap bread, religion, and early crops, were the all-engrossing topics. My self-introduced friend (for he did introduce himself to me by the symphonious name of Myles Riordan) gave the gentlemen present now and then a taste of his quality, sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet, but always good-humoured. In such a peculiar style were his observations couched, that I found they possessed the faculty of perplexing every subject upon which they exercised themselves, and laying their hearers by the ears. "What a cranium," thought I, as I looked at him, "for the manipulations of the phrenologist! If the bump of controversy, recognised as the organ of combativeness, be not largely developed in your head, the science must be possessed of little potency."

Then how he enjoyed each joke! not with a loud boisterous laugh, but with a sly, silent delight, that shook his rotund sides, and added another hue to the healthy colour of his complexion! And then his eye—or rather the eyes of which I discoursed before; the eyes that I had dreaded, and feared to encounter;—why they became the very fountains of mirth, and laughed in unison with his lungs; but as my reader has only been introduced to him in his rougher style, I shall now take the liberty of presenting him to his or her notice, as he appeared full of life and merriment beside me.

In age, Mr. Myles Riordan seemed to have passed the half-way post on the racecourse of life by some two or three lengths. His running had evidently been of a fast character, and he appeared to have carried weight for age; his perpendicular I estimated at about five feet ten inches, his zone at three-quarters that measurement. His face was almost a circle, expressive, and good-humoured in the extreme; his hair was slightly grizzled, bushy, and naturally curled—his whiskers were with the things that are not, yet should have been; his nose was cocked, querulous, and of a what-do-you-take-me-for order; his eyes as before described; his mouth small, and always surrounded with smiles; his *tout ensemble* of a very prepossessing description. From what I could see of him, his good-nature and conversational powers appeared unlimited, with a love for good wine, good dinners, good jokes, and good company, to match in every particular. In short, he seemed to be one of those few men, whom we sometimes meet, who are formed expressly for the purposes of driving away melancholy.

cheating care, engrossing Irish whiskey, and making every one happy around them.

Mr. Riordan was still a perfect puzzle to me; I mean that it was beyond my power to surmise correctly what his vocation, profession, trade, or occupation might be—"Can he be an attorney?" thought I,—“no, no, he is too jolly by far, too volatile—too”—I was almost going to add, humane looking—but although I thought it at the time, like Lord Hamlet—"I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down;" therefore, for "humane," be kind enough to read "happy." Then I bethought me of a detective! ah! that was nearer the mark; but who ever saw a detective so Falstaff-like in proportions—there again the web became tangled. A sea-faring man! say an admiral—that was worse still—he was by far too vigorous to hold such a high position in the British Navy. I tried a few more similitudes, but, like Sir Charles Coldstream in his general observations upon nature, I found "there was nothing in them," so I cast aside the attempt as being utterly unavailing, almost as much so as any hope of learning the precise resting-place of the ill-fated ship the President, or the chilly whereabouts of the brave and enterprising Sir John Franklin.

I was aroused from my reverie by the uncorking of a flask, one called by my Irish friend, "a patent heart regenerator." At his earnest solicitation I partook of its contents, and in a few moments afterwards came to the conclusion, that "patent brain muddler" would have been a better title; but, like many others in this wide, wide world, perchance I erred in my opinion, from the want of experience. Strange to say, what made me drowsy gave him energy; but I afterwards learned, that the mistake was altogether my own, in having taken it upon an empty stomach, and starting upon so long a journey like the pilgrims of yore—fasting.

Whilst I have been digressing, Mr. Riordan had been talking, and that in a key sufficiently loud to be heard, not only by the people in the carriage, but I believe by the driver at the engine. He always improved his subject, at least he gave himself credit for so doing; so, replacing the cork in the flask, he looked at it affectionately, and then, addressing the passengers generally, and myself particularly, he said, in a melancholy tone,

"That flask was the bane of its late owner, and when he died he left it to me as a legacy. I should first inform you that its owner was my uncle, and a better fellow never stretched legs beneath mahogany, or showed the foot of a tumbler to the ceiling. I'll tell you about him. He was universally considered to be a very handsome man; you may judge of the style of his beauty, when I tell you,"—and here the funny eyes had full play,—“that his likeness and mine are both suspended over the mantel-piece in his sister's house, and she confesses herself unable to tell which is his, unless she turns to the backs of them where our names are written. You may smile, gentlemen, but never believe me if it is not the case. Had he lived until now, I should doubtless have

the advantage of him, but he did not live : in the language of the old song,

‘He drank himself out of the world,
To go to a world of spirits.’

Well, ‘*Requiescat in pace*,’ as they wrote on his tombstone—and he deserves to rest now that he is under the sod, for that was more than he ever did when he was over it.

“The last time he used this article—or substantive, more properly speaking—professionally, was in the Jury-room of the Tullamore Court-house, where he, it, and eleven enlightened jurymen, were locked up without food or fire until they could come to a unanimous decision, respecting the tacking up of an unfortunate bog-trotter. The eleven jurymen were for hanging him, getting over the matter speedily, and going home to their wives and suppers. But my philanthropic uncle had his wife there with him—this was the lady—freshly primed with the best mountain dew ; so he was adverse to the motion upon practical grounds. When the foreman found that there was no chance of their agreeing, he rolled himself up in his great-coat in dudgeon, and laid himself down to sleep in a corner. The others were in a pretty pickle, as refreshments were denied them, and cards not considered admissible. My uncle suggested the propriety of bribing the sentinel, and obtaining a pack, offering at the same time to play the best of them at double-dummy for his opinion upon the verdict in question. But hard as the fate of Prometheus was the obdurate heart of the guard, and neither threats nor promises could induce him to swerve from his duty, or even minister to the desponding eleven the one solitary comfort. Now my uncle was a remarkable man, an active, enterprising, and inventive man, a regular Newton, with a talent for drinking in lieu of that for abstracted reflection ; so what do you think he did ? why this—he challenged each and every one of them to the antiquated game of tossing—the best two out of three for their yea or nay. If they all won, he was to join with them in their verdict of guilty, if, on the contrary, he was the victor, the man was to be acquitted. What extraordinary luck he had to be sure ! He used an old worn-out penny for the purpose, with a cross where the head should have been, and nothing for the tail. Would you believe it, gentlemen ? he won every toss, and that in a short space of time. I wish he had left me that penny, but he did not ; it might have proved a better legacy than this ‘patent heart regenerator.’ I searched for it after his death, but to no purpose : the fates were unpropitious, and the coin was lost.

“Now the foreman being asleep, the night cold and dreary, with hard forms for a seat, an empty table for an ornament, and whitewashed walls for a prospect, to some must convey an idea of cold comfort ; so it would have proved to my uncle, were it not that the ten votes lately won in his favour, and a knowledge that this flask was full in his pocket, counterbalanced the evil. Under these circumstances he was not wretched, like the others ; on the

contrary, he was happy. Business having been despatched in the summary way I have named, the jurymen betook themselves to sleep, with light minds, quiet consciences, and frozen extremities; my uncle to a peaceable contemplation of the fireless grate, and the imbibing of his usquebaugh. It was strong—very—he had fasted long, and as he never gave in whilst a drop remained, he devoted himself to its extinction in a systematic and gentlemanly manner. Hours passed by; the solitary candle went out, and all was silence and darkness.

“Early in the morning the foreman awoke, and having gazed for a moment at the snoring figures around him, resumed his position, with the wholesome determination of enjoying another hour’s repose. As he tossed restlessly in an attempt to make his position a comfortable one, something glittering upon the floor arrested his attention; he took no notice of it at first, but as it lay before his eyes, he found it impossible to rest as long as it was there; he got up to remove it,—need I say it was this flask?”

“He approached my uncle—I see, gentlemen, you are already anticipating a fearful *dénouement*, and you are right; but then the anticipation falls far short of the sad reality. He gazed at him for a moment in a very unenviable state of mind, and then, in the excitement of his overwrought feelings, uttered a cry so terrible, that the Morpheus-cradled ten started simultaneously to their twenty feet. The noise also aroused the slumbering sentinel—he opened the door of their temporary prison, and admitted his own visible man. My poor uncle was the centre of all attraction; upon him twice twelve freshly-opened eyes were fixed in speechless wonder. He sat upon a chair—a wooden chair, the only one in the room; his head had fallen back almost at right angles with his body—his neckerchief was all awry—his legs stretched helplessly towards the place where fire ought to have been, and his arms hung down by his side, like those of an unstrung automaton. No one ventured to touch him—the subject was too appalling—there he sat—motionless as sleeping infancy.”

“Dead?” asked one or two eager listeners, breathlessly.

“No,” laughingly exclaimed my friend, “but drunk. I told you that the anticipation would fall short of the reality.”

Various incubi seemed to have been lifted from our several breasts at this tantalizing announcement. Some laughed, others frowned, but we were all silent, the jocund Hibernian chuckling at our discomfiture. At length I ventured to ask, by the way of a change, how the trial terminated.

“Oh! the man was acquitted.”

“Acquitted?” said one or two, rather dubiously.

“I give you my honour it’s a fact: the miraculous conversion of the ten to my uncle’s opinion, together with the dread of another such night of horrors, had a healthful effect upon the mind of the foreman; so when they had taken their seats in the jury-box and were called upon for their verdict, they astonished judge, counsel, and prisoner, by declaring in the face of the most damning evidence that he was ‘Not Guilty!’”

Gloriously fine as had been the morning, it was only the prelude to a dismal afternoon. About two o'clock, P. M., large murky clouds rolled uneasily across the sun's course, obscuring his light, and dropping at intervals from their gloomy folds those distinct globules of rain which ever indicate the approach of a heavy shower. I sighed at the change of day; and as I looked upon the heavens, I could not help comparing them to a young weeping widow, that had just drawn a thick crape veil over her lovely face, through which burst the tears, that will not admit of restraint. About three o'clock the floodgates appeared to have been opened, and it rained so heavily and incessantly, that we seemed to have passed within the last hour into another season, and a less cheerful climate. The change was anything but a pleasant one, and, as I saw that my fellow-travellers were inclined to the moody and unamiable, I composed myself as comfortably as circumstances would permit, in my corner, and soon fell fast asleep.

Now, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I feel myself bound to say, that the first sleep enjoyed, or rather endured, by a novice in a railway carriage, is by no means of a soothing nature. It enervates, rather than strengthens; correctly speaking, sleep is not its proper name,—sleep is mental and bodily repose; torpor would be more near its true character, for that it most resembles. It is a species of cataleptic trance, where the eyes are closed, some of the functions prostrated, whilst the mind is terribly alive to the distempered stories conveyed by the ears, which are certain to act as false interpreters. So felt I, during my first doze. Strange noises were around me; people seemed to converse more loudly and confusedly than occasion required, one incessant burr being the monotonous accompaniment; my visions were disjointed and unpleasant, without beginning or ending—ever in a whirl, ever moving on—they were doubtless some of those that are reserved by destiny for the especial torment of the wicked, the shadows of which are permitted to fall as useful lessons upon the dronish senses of all young sleepy-headed railway travellers.

Thus dreamt I.—“Vauxhall Gardens, and the band playing. Waiters and warm brandy, dancers and masked devils, passing and repassing, here, there, everywhere, in one continuous maze, myself the pivot upon which they all turned. Anon tight-ropes, balloons, poses plastiques, dryades, naiades, and Hibernians diversified the scene; then singing, laughter, and a ticklish sensation about the lips, followed by a ride in Hyde Park, coquettes and cockneys, chariots and costermongers' carts, Jews and Jerusalem ponies, mingling in one unaccountable labyrinth; bathers in the Serpentine, myself in the midst, with my best coat on, giving chase to my hat, that ever evaded my pursuit. A boat seemed pulling towards me, the rowers blind; I could not get out of their way; I strove to call out, but the water stifled my cry. Terrific were my struggles as I saw it drawing nearer; horror stricken my feelings, as I beheld the never-to-be-mistaken face of Myles Riordan, in conjunction with the polished bottom of his flask,

turned up towards the skies, whilst the neglected saddle lay unused beside him. A shock came, my head submerged, sensation oppressive in the extreme; unholy and unwelcome was the approximation of the monsters of the muddy water. I saw the drags of the inhumane society, a grappling iron under my chin, a hand grasping my shoulder tightly, and a groan from my water-logged lungs at once awakened me." I opened my eyes in terror, only to fix them upon the hard-hearted individual of my dream, whose hand was busily engaged in shaking my shoulder, and whose mellow voice was loudly exclaiming:—

"Wake up, man alive, and don't sit groaning there, with the window open by your cheek, and the rain pelting in your face."

"Hey, why, what's the matter?" I inquired, arousing myself.

"Everything is the matter, take a drop of this, and cheat the doctors."

I thanked him as I accepted his proffered flask, for I felt chilled. As I returned it to him, I inquired whether we were far from Liverpool.

"Far!" he cried, elevating his eyebrows in astonishment; "why we're in it already—don't you hear the engine screaming for joy, as it tells your hotel folk that you are coming?"

"I've been asleep, I think," I remarked.

"Well, if you were not, you looked mighty like it for the last two hours," he returned laughingly.

"You've lost all the fun to boot," said a person present.

"I'm very sorry to hear that, indeed," I answered, "but as I'm altogether unaccustomed to—"

"Of course, of course," interrupted Riordan, "we know all about that; it was only a story of mine. Should we ever meet again, you shall hear it, and welcome."

"I'm much obliged to you for that promise;" I rejoined, "pray, what was its purport?"

"Only a boating party on the Slaney, and my venerated uncle diving with his clothes on. There, the door is open—out with you. May I ask you where you put up?" as we stood side by side upon the platform.

"At the — Hotel."

"Strange coincidence—the same I've used, since my grandfather played with his first go-cart. We may as well have a cab between us; it will take us down in a twinkling, and we'll just have time to toss, the best three out of five, to see which of us will have the honour of paying for the accommodation of both."

"What! at the Hotel?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh no! but for the use of our chariot, and the services of Nimrod."

The cab was called, our baggage placed upon the roof, and in a few moments we were safely set down at the door of our hotel.

OUR POLICY TOWARDS PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

THE most important question of the political world at the present moment is, without any doubt, the attitude of Prussia. The event of the war, every one is now pretty well aware, cannot be speedily decisive. Fleets cannot conquer empires, above all, an empire like Russia, that is vast and poor, and which touches merely inlets of the sea at its two extremities. There can be no doubt that two powers like France and England, if they persevere, can reduce Russia at least to surrender recent conquests, and shut herself up in her own solitudes. But a more serious consideration is the result of the war and its continuance upon the rest of Europe, and upon the relations of its several great states amongst each other.

With respect to Prussia, we must beg to differ with the politicians, or rather with the journalists, who have broached their opinions on the subject. It cannot be said that the Government has done anything; we are not aware of what diplomatic effort has been employed at Berlin. But if we are to place credit in the sentiments and the tone of those prints which enjoy the confidence of Downing Street, we must believe that no effort has been spared to make Prussia join, even as a belligerent, in a quadruple alliance against Russia, so that the latter power might be forced, by a general European league, to abate of, or abandon her pretensions.

For our part, we have all along considered it as a hopeless attempt, that of persuading Prussia to go to war, and to mortally offend a powerful neighbour, merely for the sake of preserving the *status quo* in the East. The truth is, that the East is nothing to Prussia. It is very nearly the same to her, which power shall possess Constantinople. But as Prussia is far more fearful and jealous of Austria than of Russia, any extension of the empire of the Czar across the Danube would be much more agreeable to Prussia, than an increase of Austrian power. Russian extension in the East, too, or in the Levant, especially around shores so difficult to keep, and requiring such care and policy to guard, as those which surround the Black Sea and protrude into the Mediterranean—the possession of such territories as these would rather distract Russian ambition and interference from Germany; whilst the German court, which Russia might favour and support there, would have the best chance of gaining supremacy in Germany. This last has been the sole, the great aim of Prussia. Austria aims at dominion over extensive races; she would embrace the Sclavonian as well as the Italian in her empire, but Prussia merely desires to be German.

It has always struck us as the interest of Russia to favour Prussia more than Austria, and to seek to dominate Germany

through Berlin, rather than through Vienna. The Court of Vienna is far more independent, far more led by ideas of its own. Then it is southern, and European, and Italian; whereas Prussia is a northern and a Baltic state, with far more affinities for Russian policy and alliance than Austria. Hence it was a matter of surprise that the Czar should have preferred Austria to Prussia, and should have given to Prince Schwartzemberg the sceptre of Germany, at which Prussia was grasping. Prussia no doubt grasped at it by popular favour, and by uniting Germany in a popular and liberal league. Prussia could not be supported by the Czar in this; and he put down the attempt. But this is no reason why he should now turn back Prussia and oppose it in the attempt to establish its supremacy in Germany on the basis of absolutism, which he would not countenance its attempting in alliance with liberal or constitutional principles.

But Russia has a bribe for Prussia, which is, of all others, the most tempting to that power. Russia is the only power that could or would enable Prussia to take the lead in Germany; and therefore Russia is the ally that Prussia would prefer to any other, provided Russia estranged herself from Austria, and gave up her influence and her support to Prussia. The alliance and mutual understanding between Russia and Prussia is so natural, so much in the nature of things, so much the interest of the two reigning families, already bound together by marriage, that we may well expect the King and Manteuffel to fall into it. This they seem to have done.

There is nothing, however, to be gained for monarchs, no more than for individuals, without risk. The Russo-Prussian alliance has its prizes and its value for both countries. For Russia, it covers Poland; for Prussia, it gives her supremacy in Germany. But it exposes Prussia to the hostility of France. It moreover exposes the Trans-Rhenan provinces of Prussia to be invaded and annexed by France. The Catholic population of these provinces, as well as the intelligent citizens of the towns, prefer France to Prussia. The latter power, therefore, risks the loss of these provinces by openly espousing the cause of Russia; and it is too remote for the Czar ever to send again his Cossacks to the Rhine. Hanover, and the rest of Saxony, would, however, at any time compensate Prussia; and it would suit Russia admirably to gratify France by not disputing those provinces, whilst the transfer of Hanover and of Dresden would be retributive punishments upon England and upon Austria.

In all this there is no mystery, no revelation. There is even not much of conjecture. For everything stated is so obvious, so much in the course of things, and so consonant to the known wishes and ideas of the respective courts, that we may look upon attempts to accomplish these changes as amongst the probabilities of the future. All must resolve, no doubt, in war, and a very general war; and it will no doubt be thought that England, Austria, and France, are more than a match for Russia and Prussia. But the internal enemies of Austria are to be taken into account. It is

to be thought, what is to become of Italy, and of Hungary, countries not so easily occupied and crushed as Greece.

It is very remarkable that the division of Europe into two sides—the alliance of England, France, and Austria, against Russia and Prussia—was actually formed and concluded in the month of February, 1814. It was then that Russia, insisting on keeping all Poland, and Prussia determining to keep all Saxony, and vowing to support each other's pretensions, compelled Metternich, Castlereagh, and Talleyrand to form a counter-alliance; and it was agreed, that each power should put on foot an army of 150,000 men to resist the exorbitant pretensions of Alexander and of Frederic. Whether those potentates got wind of the counter-alliance, or whether Napoleon's intrigues in Italy, foreshadowing his return from Elba, alarmed the robber-powers of the north, they abated their pretensions. Each black eagle took one half of its destined prey; Russia took the greater portion of the Duchy of Warsaw, and Prussia was contented with the northern half of Saxony. The agreement was patched up by Castlereagh, and all thoughts of the European powers going to loggerheads for territory were quashed by the events of 1815.

The traditional policy of Prussia's adhering to Russia would evidently have been that of the late King, if he had survived, and it is the policy, no doubt, recommended by his friends. Opposite to this school of Prussian Toryism is that of the more or less liberal Prussians, and the Constitutionals, the opinions of Bunsen, and of Radowitz, and of Schwerin, who deem that Prussia can only rise by identifying itself with German feeling, and making itself the representative of German interests. The misfortune is, that the King tried the men of this party, and went a certain distance with their policy; but the policy failed him and the Constitutionals too. When the King of Prussia, after the events of 1848, appointed a ministry of moderate and constitutional opinions, they were unable to control the democrats. They were unable to keep the throne of Prussia itself unshaken, much less raise it into a German instead of a Russian throne. Its efforts to make the King of Prussia supreme head of Germany were ludicrous failures. And the subsequent attempts of the same party under Radowitz, to resist Austria by means of the smaller powers of Germany, were also failures. There is a strong popular party in Germany—a party full of national feeling and national force; but it is neither moderate nor monarchic; it is still a young party, prone to expend its fever and its sentiment in an hurrah. It is not a party that a monarch like Frederic could depend upon.

There is, indeed, another party in Prussia, apart from the constitutional one, which is not very much attached to the development of popular or even civil liberties, but which has a strong sense of national honour, and a strong love for national independence, and which cannot tolerate the idea of the country of the great Frederic existing on the sufferance or under the patronage of Russia. This is the military party, that of the Prince of Prussia, of General Bonin, and a host of spirited and influential

men. But the chiefs of this party has no faith in the Constitution-
alists, and have no love for a government from below. Beyond the
camp of the landwehr and the line they are not popular; their
base is not large enough, and they want the civilian and truly
liberal element. The division between the military party and the
Constitutionalists neutralises both, and renders them, or any one of
them, too weak for the King to lean upon in such a gigantic un-
dertaking as a war with Russia.

We see it announced that the Prince of Prussia, when obliged
to leave Berlin in 1848, came to England, and has been since very
much attached to the ideas and the alliance of England. He is
the godfather of one of the Royal Princes of England. This is
very true. The Prince is a respecer and admirer of England.
But the military party to which the Prince belongs has nothing
more at heart than the disgrace which Prussia underwent in the
affair of Sleswig and Holstein. Prussia took the part of these
Duchies against the Danes, and on behalf of the Duke of Augus-
tenburg. But Prussia was obliged to eat humble pie. The
Duchies have been made over to Denmark; and the successor to
the throne of the Duchies, which by right devolved on the Duke
of Augustenburg, has been taken from him by force and made
over to another prince and another family. By what power was
the Prussian government compelled to submit to this act of wrong
and of meanness? They were forced to it by Russia, by Austria,
and by England! England's conduct in the settlement of the
Duchies rankles deeply in the mind of every Prussian, and espe-
cially of every military Prussian; and the very first thought of
every Prussian is to undo that verdict. The letters which ar-
rived from some ships of ours in the Baltic that touched at Copen-
hagen, relate the sad embarrassment and hesitation of the King,
who knows that even his neutrality will probably draw down the
vengeance of Russia, and the abandonment of the Danish settle-
ments to Prussia. Although, therefore, the Prince of Prussia may
disapprove of Manteuffel's licking the feet of the Czar, let us
not be too sure that he ever can be an adherent of an Anglo-
French alliance.

But the grand question is, what Prussia is to gain by joining in
alliance with Austria, England, and France, against Russia. The
independence of Constantinople, and the opening the mouths of
the Danube, however interesting and important to Austria, Eng-
land, and to France, are, we repeat, not objects that Prussia cares
about. Neither are all our fine susceptibilities and fear about the
status quo and the balance of power in Europe appreciated at
Berlin. Prussia wants to expand. She is not quite a first-rate
power; she is inferior to Russia, to Austria, and to France; and
it would require Frederic the Great to make up the difference.
Prussia, therefore, wants and requires to become a first-rate power;
and for a good slice of Germany she would pitch Constantinople
to the Czar, or even to a more formidable personage, if she could
gain her ends.

What, then, has Prussia to gain by a war with Russia? We

answer, Nothing. But has she most to lose? Certainly: Prussia has an immensity to lose in a war with Russia; an immensity to lose even if she succeeds, and, of course, serious disaster if she fail. If Prussia and Russia go to war, their inevitable battlefield is Poland. Prussia making war upon Russia, cannot do so as Prussia; she must make war as Germany. But what would be the first act of victorious Germans in Poland? They would emancipate it. In fact, they must. The result, therefore, of a successful war, waged at present by Prussia against Russia, would be the emancipation and independence of Poland. That would be neither more nor less than the death-blow to the Prussian monarchy. Prussia has taken the place of Poland in the map of Europe. It is only by replacing Poland, that Prussia has become a great power. Resuscitate Poland, and Prussia sinks back into an electorate, if Germany remains divided. Or, if Germany becomes once more an empire thereby, Prussia is absorbed. The dynasty of the Hohenzollern could never see their way through such a cataclysm: and they will not provoke it, we may be sure, by making war upon Russia.

Such being the position and the prospects of Prussia in the event of her taking part in the war upon one side or the other, what should have been our policy towards that country? We have no hesitation in saying, that our policy would have been to consider, that, nationally, Prussia was neutral in such a quarrel. The court of Berlin is, we repeat, completely disinterested in the question of Constantinople. It is nothing to her. And if she does meddle with it, it is for different and extraneous purposes from the great one of preserving the independence and balance of the Levant. If Prussia wished, as a great power, to make one of a congress, and to have its word and its vote in everything that was passing, it was not of course for England to exclude her. But if Prussia showed an inclination to remain neutral, far from dissuading such policy, we ought to have recommended and approved of it. France, England, and Austria are surely sufficient to bring Russia to reason. They are all interested and serious parties, whilst Prussia is not in such a dispute. The neutrality of Prussia was all we should have desired or aimed at. By demanding more, by insisting on Prussia being a principal, by calling her treacherous and cowardly for holding aloof, we have merely divided Prussia into two parties—the Russian and the absolutist party, the anti-Russian and liberal. And in consequence of the fierce struggle between them—a struggle carried on in the King's closet as well as secretly and before the public—Prussia cannot remain neutral for any length of time. She will be obliged to side with one or the other of the belligerent powers.

We regret this, because, driven to this alternative, Prussia will, we fear, take part with Russia. We might have kept her neutral, perhaps; we could never hope to keep her as a faithful or efficient ally. Whatever part Austria may take, the backing out of hostilities between France and Prussia will be productive of very untoward results. It will give France the Rhine, will separate Belgium

from Germany. It will alarm Holland. It may indispose Austria. And if France once occupies these provinces, it may not be in the power of her government to give them up again. In that case, what we shall have done will be to have disturbed the *status quo* in the west of Europe at our very doors, in the hope of obtaining the *status quo* in the East. And let us not be told that this is impossible. What is the tone of the French Government journals at present? It is, that the defalcation of Prussia from the alliance of the West is impossible; that the Court of Berlin may be depended on; that the bare idea of a quarrel between France and Prussia is the most absurd of suppositions. They would not, in fact, have the world contemplate the circumstance or regard the contingency as possible. But the French themselves see the contingency perfectly well. If they did not, they would not take the pains to cast a veil over it.

In saying this, we wish to guard ourselves against even seeming to show mistrust or suspicion of the French Emperor. He has behaved nobly, frankly, throughout this quarrel, and if untoward circumstances arise from it, he is not to be charged with them. If Prussia should provoke French invasion of her Rhenish provinces, is Napoleon the Third answerable for her folly or her designs? Far from having any jealousy of France, we would recommend the fullest confidence and forbearance. And, for our part, we are not only well pleased to see French soldiers on the Dardanelles and the Danube, but we think the occupation of Greece by a French *corps d'armée* a very good arrangement. It will show to Greece that it is not Russia which is the nearest or most powerful either to protect or to punish her; the French muskets will put down the Palikari party, drive the Russian partisans out of the country, put Otho in the tutelage he deserves, and enable the Hellens to get information on their true interests. Whilst Austria keeps on marching down the eastern shore of the Adriatic to occupy not only Bosnia, but Montenegro and Herzegovina, it is much better that French troops should march up from Ætolia into Albania, and thus share with England in the Ionian Isles the lead and direction of the ignorant Greeks of the mountains of Epirus, of whom Russia was making tools and victims. The French are thorough friends of the Hellens, although they have at last found out that they have placed a treacherous cockatrice in the royal palace of Athens. We take it for granted, that the French troops will be landed, not at Athens, but on the northern shore of the Gulf of Corinth, where they will be nearer to the scene of insurrection. They had far better come immediately in contact with the Greek population beyond the frontier, which is utterly uninformed, and which trusted in Russia chiefly because there was no other European power that would listen to their grievances, or maintain their rights. But we have spoken fully our opinions on the subject of the Hellens last month. Let us merely add, however, that we consider the French Ambassador to have been perfectly justified in his demand that the Catholic Hellens should not be exiled

from Constantinople. They could not be suspected of any leaning to Russia, and their expulsion could only have been owing to a blind and stupid hatred of race, in which the Sultan ought not to be indulged; especially when, in banishing the Greeks, he got rid of the only industrious portion of the population of his capital.

With respect to Austria, the greatest difference of opinion evidently prevails in this country, and it proves no slight embarrassment both to the press and to the politician, or parliament, to know whether it is most proper to assail Austria or to flatter her. All we know of the Austrian Government is, that in protocols and conferences it has been almost as forward as one could have desired to remonstrate with the Czar, to warn him out of the Principalities, and to sign any guarantees for the maintenance of the territorial demarcation of 1847. But at the very time when Austria was most loudly exclaiming against the crime of Russia in invading the Principalities, Austria displayed the most ardent desire to be allowed to follow Russia's example. Austria has, in fact, been with difficulty kept out of Servia. She pointed out a variety of contingencies, in which she declared that she must pass the Danube—if there was any insurrection in Servia, for example, or if the Russians entered upon its territory. In either case, Austria declared she must advance her armies and occupy: a desire or an intention which the Western Powers, we understand, met with a decided negative, unless Austria should win their confidence by a final declaration of war against Russia.

We have pretty clearly shown that such a declaration was not to be expected from the Court of Berlin. Had we a right or have we a fair hope to expect it from that of Vienna? It cannot be said of Austria, as we have asserted of Prussia, that it is comparatively a stranger to the independence of Constantinople. That question, and all the others connected with it, are vital to Austria. She cannot be suspected or accused of indifference, or of purposes foreign to the great matter pending for European settlement. The Court of Vienna was indeed so much indebted to Russia for its aid in the subjugation of Hungary and Italy, and, at the same time, so much shattered financially and politically by the events of the revolution, that were it possible to remain a stranger to what was passing on the Bosphorus and the Danube, Austria would have done so. It would, however, have been to be blotted out of the rank of European nations to have acted thus.

There are two influences, they cannot be called parties, at Vienna, and throughout the Austrian empire. One consists of the civilian statesmen, the Aulic councillors, the sole possessors of the traditions of Austrian government and policy. Besides these, there is the military party, who feel that they have saved the country, that they support the country, and that they form its only bond, its only force, and only sinew. Austria came, no doubt, triumphant out of the trials of 1848, 49, and 50, but she came out of them, no longer as a nation, but an army. The

young Emperor himself is deeply imbued with these feelings, and he breathes no other spirit. He knows himself the Cæsar of a puissant, a victorious and triumphant army, and, at the same time, the Emperor of a disjointed, bankrupt, and discontented state. This gives a boldness and a decision to the young Emperor's character, which runs far beyond the timid prudence of his civilian statesmen. Schwartzenberg was a minister that perfectly suited the young Emperor, being full of violence and passion, ever ready to appeal to the sword, and to employ it. He very nearly gratified Ferdinand with the chance of leading an Austrian army against Prussia. And a sad disappointment it was to the Emperor when Prussia's pusillanimity and the Czar's interference balked the Austrians in what might have been the commencement of a seven years' or a thirty years' war. Schwartzenberg discovered at last that Nicholas was merely playing one great German power against another. And death is said to have interrupted his purpose of flinging off the Russian yoke.

Schwartzenberg, however, was a statesman, influenced almost altogether by personal motives, and one who, actuated by them, was ready to throw off the traditional policy of the Court. His successor, Count Buol, has given very different counsels to the Emperor, and has pointed out a very different career for his ambition. Not that Count Buol is warlike, or at all in the ideas of the military party. But the military party exists, and it cannot exist without prospects, hopes, and aims, in which it demands at least to be flattered. Count Buol, in thus agreeing with Metternich, has turned the Emperor, if not from jealousy towards Prussia, at least from any hostile intention towards that power. It was not difficult to show, that Austria could neither gain nor receive any increase of territory in Germany, without having not only Prussia, but all the lesser states, as well as probably France, against her. Prussia might perhaps augment her power, and extend her territories without alarming the Germans. But Austria could not. Her best policy, with respect to Germany, was the *status quo*, to have the character of a protecting and a conservative state, rather than a conquering and an ambitious one. In this way could Austria best nullify and obstruct the ambitious designs of Prussia.

Whilst weaning the young Emperor from his rash and ill-conceived designs of renewing the old civil wars of Germany, in which Austria and Prussia spent so much blood, and lost so many soldiers, to so little final advantage to either side—wars impossible to renew, for Germans will no longer fight against Germans for the caprices of the Czar, or the interests of the reigning princes—the territories lying east and west of Austria were pointed out as the most feasible and desirable acquisitions. Bosnia is, in fact, a table-land or hilly country, of which the shore and the low grounds already belong to Austria, under the name of Dalmatia. The power that has the one, ought to have the other. Then there is Servia, the chief fortress and city of which, Belgrade, of old belonged to Austria, and was the con-

quest of Prince Eugene. There was also Wallachia and the mouths of the Danube—the latter, the natural completion of Austrian navigation, the commercial entrance and exit to and from her territories. Already possessors of the course and of the mouths of the Dnieper and the Don, on the Black Sea, Russia can only covet the Lower Danube, in order to obstruct it and close it to Austria and to the world.

For a long time, long ere the present quarrel arose, we have seen the military impatience and tendencies of the Emperor show themselves by an insurrection excited in Bosnia, armies collected on the Croatian frontier, intrigues in Servia, and, finally, the memorable embassy of Count Leiningen to Constantinople on behalf of the Montenegrins, to which the Turks very unexpectedly replied by submission. It was thought that the Sultan would refuse, when it was intended that Austrian troops should cross into Bosnia, and Russia was then ready to occupy the Principalities, as if the Austrian intervention demanded Russian counterpoise.

It has been long a favourite scheme with those politicians who seek a redistribution of European territory, to give Austria the provinces on the Lower Danube in exchange for her abandoning her Italian possessions, at least west of the Adige. Austria is said not to be averse to such an arrangement; and the present Government of France is known most strongly to entertain it. A pamphlet, which saw the light for one day in Paris, and was then suppressed, was attributed to no less a pen than that of the Emperor,* and it strongly recommended this idea. Great Britain would not be averse to have the frontiers of Turkey thus strengthened, and to have at the same time a powerful empire interposed between Russia and the Ottoman. The possession of Lombardy by Austria is so expensive and so precarious, that this power cannot but have its eyes open to what in so many quarters has been considered its natural compensation. We need scarcely add at the same time, that Lombardy, abandoned by Austria, would of course form one constitutional empire with Piedmont, and that Savoy would once more revert to France.

How far France and its Emperor may have made known its opinion to the Court of Austria of late, cannot of course be known. Nor how far England has encouraged such hopes. But Austria will never move seriously against Russia, unless assured that the powers, whose cause she abets, will favour her extension and designs. The old statesmen of Austria, indeed, deprecate any forward or audacious movement. Peace, neutrality, and the *status quo* would be their desire. And had Russia withdrawn from the Principalities, and left the question of the mouths of the Danube for future settlement, the Austrian Cabinet would have been well pleased; for it is Count Buol's maxim, that, considering the state of her finances and the sentiments of her people, Austria is in no condition to go to war. But the military party and the

* It was published some three months ago in the "Morning Chronicle."

Emperor hold precisely the contrary opinion; and the statesmen would not be listened to, if they carried pusillanimity or prudence too far. The Emperor Ferdinand therefore arms; he is expending his utmost resources in strengthening his army, and has ostentatiously posted it on his Galician as well as upon his Transylvanian frontier. Our entire daily press is in one unanimous cry of congratulation, as they interpret the martial resolves of Austria as an inevitable commencement of war against Russia. We necessarily write some ten days before our day of publication, and we may be contradicted by events before that day. We sincerely hope so. We should be glad to be assured, that the new levy of troops by Austria meant a determination to go to war with Russia: but we doubt it. We think our daily contemporaries mistaken, and we prognosticate that they will still have to record infinite hesitation on the part of Austria, and much ambiguity in her conduct.

Austria arms, in fact, in order that the important question of the disposal of the countries on the Lower Danube be not settled without her or against her. She menaces Russia now, because Russia has occupied the Principalities, and makes a show of wishing to keep them. But Russia driven out, and English and French armies occupying the Lower Danube, we are very much mistaken indeed, if they be not menaced with the hostility of Austria, if she be not called to council, and, what is more, listened to.

We have said that it was, or had been, the desire of France to give the Principalities to Austria. But is it possible? We have gone to war on the plea of being scandalised at the gross wrong which Russia has done to Turkey by occupying these provinces. How can we reconcile this indignation with an offer to despoil Turkey in the same way, by giving them not to Russia indeed, but to Austria? How is the consent of the Divan to be obtained? Would it not rather throw itself into the arms of Russia than consent? France may desire the transfer, but cannot accomplish it; and the only thing that remains is to restore the Principalities to their old state, and thus re-establish the Hospodarates. This will not content the English public. We insist on not having the *status quo*, but a settlement that may prevent recurrence of such aggressions and such wars. How is that to be obtained? By making Austria, in conjunction with France and England, the Protecting Powers of the independent Principalities. This might not quite satisfy Austria, but it would not be like a Russian occupation, a complete bar to her future hopes. M. Girardin has said in the *Journal des Debats*, let us make a Belgium of Wallachia and Moldavia, let them form one state, free, independent, neutral, guaranteed by so many powers, that whoever interferes makes war upon all Europe. Make the opening of the Danube and the Black Sea part of the guarantee. And let Bulgaria share, to a certain degree, the privileged and happy position which the Principalities will then enjoy. This we must look forward to as the most fair and likely solution. It is one that no power

can complain of, and which even Russia must finally admit as not injurious to her, though it closes the door of conquest to the Czar in that direction. To do this, we must, no doubt, first beat the Czar, and demonstrate his powerlessness. Austria will then acquiesce. But we much fear she will not help us actively to achieve the triumph or attain this end.

The obstacle to such a settlement of the Principalities would, no doubt, be the great difference of opinion that might and must arise between the protecting powers as to the best mode of government. We see how Greece has been paralysed and disturbed by these differences: Austria recommending one thing, Russia another, France and England having each their policy, and no two agreeing. These differences and intrigues, which have convulsed Athens, would of course be felt at Bucharest or at Jassy. In Greece the state of the press and of public feeling have merely lent opportunities to Russia to agitate and to intrigue. And on this account France would prefer making over the Principalities, or, at least, Wallachia, to Austria. It is, however, not the most sensible, or rational, or true opinion that carries the day, but that which is supported by most force. An army of 150,000 is the strongest of arguments. That Austria feels, and we verily believe that she is raising armies for no other reason than to employ them to influence future negotiations.

Meantime there are certain acts of the belligerent, or would-be belligerent powers, which are very significant of the fears they entertain, and of the means which must be resorted to, if the war lasts. Austria has issued a kind of amnesty to the exiled Lombards. It has taken off the sentence of confiscation upon the Milanese who had settled in Piedmont; and, in fact, the Emperor of Austria has seriously undertaken to set his house in order; at least, on the most vulnerable side, that of Italy. On the other hand, it is rumoured to be the intention of the Emperor Nicholas to restore the kingdom of Poland to nationality and to every privilege. With British and French fleets of fifty sail in the Baltic, and one of these powers forming encampments of 100,000 men in the Channel ready for embarkation, the Czar cannot consider Poland more safe than Finland. Were a larger force to occupy Riga or Revel, it might have an electric effect upon the interests of Poland. If Poland rises, the entire of the Slavonian countries will be in agitation. And Austria as well as Prussia are menaced with events that must disturb the repose, if not break up their empires. It is one of the complaints made against the Czar by Austria, that he has thus jeopardised the monarchies of Europe for the sake of patronising Greek priests, and devouring Wallachian forage. These fears and complaints are not groundless; for should the war last, it will be impossible for the countries supporting the burden not to try to release themselves from it even by prompting and exciting the discontented population to rise and struggle for their liberties. Russia herself may be driven to do this in Hungary; and France and England may find it expedient to supply the Poles with arms and resources for another war of independence.

The precautions and the acts of the two powers show that they are fully aware of the nature of the present conflict, which is far less, for the present moment, what is to become of Constantinople and of the Turks, than who is to be master of the Slavons. Russia claims to be the chief and master—a claim that Austria cannot allow; and the pretensions on both sides may hereafter lead to long and serious antagonism, for nothing is more difficult than for Austria and Russia to agree upon their claim of influence over that race. The key of that race, its principal provinces, its best men, and its most national spirit, are all to be found in Servia; and whoever has Servia, will have the South Slavons. But Russia and Austria can never agree to give up Servia one to the other. Both keep up an eternal struggle for influence there; and their influences are nearly balanced. At this moment the son and heir of the reigning Prince of Servia is coming to pay a visit to his father; and as he is an officer in the Russian service, the embarrassment of receiving him, and the indecorum of excluding him, may be judged.

Amidst all these conflicting and vacillating interests, there needs the hand of a strong and disinterested arbiter to prevail, in order to save the Slavons from the tyranny of either Austria or Russia. But the arbiter, to be strong and respected, must be victorious. England and France would prove that arbiter. And it cannot be too strongly impressed on the joint mind and policy of the two nations, that they must depend on themselves. They will find a foe in Prussia, and no certain friend in Austria. The latter power may arm: it is jealous of Russia; it cares not for Turkey. The recent marriage of the Emperor with a Bavarian princess, renders him desirous of maintaining the present dynasty and government of Greece; and supposing that Austria may lend its support to make the Russians withdraw from the Principalities, it is doubtful how far she will lend her assistance to make them truly independent. Our dependence, therefore, is upon our own navies, and upon our own armies, far more than upon those of Turkey. For the success of a Turkish army by itself, however gratifying and solvent of all difficulties six months back, would now but add to the difficulty of a firm settlement. However, there is no fear of that. Omer Pacha can muster north of the Balkan not more than from 60,000 to 70,000 men. The 200,000 troops of the Sultan have dwindled to this; and, indeed, he could not feed more than he has. The Turks, therefore, cannot expel the Russians from Wallachia. And it is very probable, that the Russians would ere this have driven Omer Pacha from Shumla, had not the contingencies of French and English troops landing on their left flank paralysed and prevented such bold attempt of the Russians.

When Paskewitch took the command, and even before he arrived at Bucharest, he gave the orders for crossing into the Dobruzscha, a marshy country on the right of the Danube, with a view to make General Luders' corps advance in this direction, for forming the investment of Silistria. Luders, ready to perform his part, has waited for the other Russian corps to do theirs, by get-

ting possession of the passages of the Danube higher up than Silistria. But in this the Russians have shown weakness and hesitation. They have made everywhere fruitless, and, it would appear, partial attempts; and Luders, thus compelled to keep back his division in the Dobrudscha, has had it decimated by fever and by want of every kind.

It was the opinion and recommendation of some of the military chiefs of the united French and English army, that it would be best to transport the united forces to the rear of the Russians, and, by the cutting off their communication, compel them to retreat and fight. But it was feared that the Russians might take advantage of such a manœuvre on the part of the allies, by advancing their whole force at once upon Shumla, and, overwhelming it, march over the Balkan. Accordingly it has been decided to meet the Russians in front, and to support Omer Pacha. In pursuance of this resolution, the French regiments have marched from Gallipoli to Adrianople; the rest will, no doubt, be embarked with the English for Varna and the bay of Bourgas.

The Russians will, no doubt, stand on the defensive; and we may expect that a firm and truly offensive operation will be undertaken to dislodge them from their position. The passage of the Danube by the allies cannot be difficult. The Turks keep Kalafat, and can always advance on Wallachia by it and Widdin. The Admiralty is making strenuous exertions to send out gunboats, which will sweep every Russian battery from the Lower Danube. With the Turks on the Aluta, and the French and English at Ismael, the Russians must evacuate Wallachia, unless they can win a battle and inflict a signal discomfiture on their enemies. This is for Omer Pacha, Lord Raglan, and Marshal St. Arnaud to look to; and we have no doubt they will look to it. But these generals, we may feel assured, are the best and only negotiators, the best and only holders of conference. As to Austria and Prussia, we have amply shown that, in order to obtain their aid, we must demonstrate that we can do without it.

P.S.—We had written this before the publication of the treaty between Austria and Prussia. It throws a great light on the intentions of these powers; and enables us, in fact, to convert conjecture into certainty. Well, after reading that treaty we have not a single sentence to blot, nor a single opinion to change, on what has been written. That treaty demonstrates, that neither Prussia nor Austria will make war upon Russia. They only hint at doing so in case of Russia's advancing to Constantinople; which, they well know, she has no longer the power to do, and consequently cannot have the intention. Austria and Prussia merely complain of the occupation of the Principalities by Russia. Russia, therefore, by evacuating them, or being driven out of them, will at once satisfy Austria and Prussia, and will command, not their hostility, but their support. As Austria and Prussia are to march to each other's aid, in case of their respective territories being invaded, of course this means that one power shall not only not make war without the

other, but not provoke it. If Prussia, therefore, is determined to conciliate Russia, Austria is bound by Prussia's backwardness, and voluntarily bound. Thus evaporates all the hope entertained by our daily press of Austria's co-operation. Indeed we have a promise of Austria's co-operation if Russia should march to Constantinople, which Russia assuredly has no intention of doing; and we have at the same time a threat of Austria and Prussia opposing in the attempt to get any securities for his future good conduct from the Czar. Such is the state of the question.

MY AVIARY.

THE BLACKBIRD.

It has occurred to me to put together a few observations which I have myself made respecting birds, within the last few years, in Italy; tending, in my opinion, to show that some of them, at least, possess a higher degree of sensibility and intelligence than that which the pride of man is, in general, willing to assign to them. My Aviary was composed of a wire grating some feet high, long and wide; fixed outside a large window of the second story of the dwelling-house; which window was that of a closet dedicated to the birds, and serving as their *house*, the grating being their open air. I had in it at the period of which I write, a blackbird, a nightingale, a blackcap, several canaries, and that most rare and precious acquisition to an aviary, the solitary sparrow. All, except the blackcap, had been taken from the nest; and I flatter myself the sequel will show that there is not a greater mistake than the supposition that birds are necessarily miserable in the domesticated state; I mean such as have not had their habits previously formed *to liberty and the fear of man*, if these terms do not neutralise each other, like many other combinations with the term *liberty*. There is an idea generally entertained in England, and partially here, that nightingales will not sing in cages. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget the first proof I received of the erroneusness of this idea. Within the closet, which was floored with brick, was kept a little enclosed bed of earth, sufficient to preserve a very large branch of ilex fresh for many weeks; so that even when the weather did not permit of the more delicate birds remaining out, they had sprays and leaves to beguile their fancies; and their food, drink, and the scarcely less necessary article their baths, were also kept there with the same view. As the habits of the various species of birds I have named all differ very considerably, there were various open cages containing such little accessories as are peculiar to each; except that, as the habits of the nightingale are particularly reserved and unsocial, and as he takes his repose in the day-time, his cage was placed in a dark corner, and covered

over with branches, while the door was tied just to such dimensions as to let him pass and to exclude the larger birds; and in that solitude he passed away many hours of the day, probably meditating,—why not?—the subjects of his most sweet harmonies. I borrow that word, instead of the more general one of melodies, from M. de Lamartine; because, whether from mental association or not with his exquisite “harmonies,” there is to me a charm, an enchantment, a creative power in the very word that seems to produce that which it is only intended to express. The canaries had several cages, with a complete *layette* in each: and not the least interesting of my observations was that, while all the other cages, except that of the nightingale, became in turn usurped by each and all, these were inviolably respected, even when it was not the breeding season.

My blackbird,—my beautiful, my proud, my splendid Leo,—how do I yet see thy bright golden eye revolving and kindling at my approach! and how does my ear yet vibrate to thy never failing salutation of “*bene mio te vedo là!*”* and my heart, with thy melancholy “*hist, hist,*” almost a sob, when I passed thee by; and which has so often brought me away from other occupations to take my place beside thy cage, with a book or my work. When the weather was too hot or too cold for me to stay much in the aviary, I sometimes brought, now one now another, sometimes more of the birds into the rooms I occupied. On these occasions the cages were placed on the broad sill of the bay window of the immense *salon*; and the songs which that blackbird poured forth from thence were heard at the distance of two miles; being poured down into that cup of beauty, whose sides enclosing, prevented their dispersion. In England we say the blackbird’s whistle may be fancied into “come hither, come hither!” in Italy it is interpreted into “*bene mio te vedo!*” and, with such assiduous teaching as my Leo received in his lisp- ing days from the kindest, best, and most guileless of all the old priests that ever exercised their paternal bumps upon “dumb animals,” if indeed those who discourse sweet music can be called dumb, it was no difficult matter to make the interpretation clear, even to a stranger’s ear. I must, however, mention that besides this human teaching, Leo’s song was far more varied, and therefore still more agreeable than that of blackbirds in general in their native state; in which state I believe each species of bird adheres as strictly to the notes, as to the habits of its kind; whereas, excluded from those natural associates, and forming, if not friendships, at least intimacies and companionship with others, and constantly hearing their notes, each, while preserving the generic *fond*, as it were, of their own song, modifies and diversifies the variations with those of others, so as infinitely to improve each other.

Through the large *salon* I was obliged to pass into my own particular English sitting room, as I loved to call it, having fitted it up

* My treasure! I behold you—yes!

in English style, and I think I may with truth aver, that never, although my Leo's cage was ever replete with everything that could contribute to his health or happiness—never did I once enter that *salon* without his beautiful head being stretched forward, and his bright glance sent out sideways, to ascertain if it was I who entered, and, when he was convinced, without receiving the welcoming salute I have above mentioned, followed by the note of lamentation as I passed on. I well remember one day that I had the honour of a morning visit from one who now sits in rule over the destinies of his country, his being so struck with the unmistakably reproachful lamentations of my bird, as I withdrew my attention from him to bestow it on my cultivated friend, whose conversation was a treat of the highest order, and his kind heart and poetic temperament not enduring to be the cause of pain to any one or anything, that he arose and insisted on terminating his visit for the time, saying in accents that came from his heart of hearts, "I would there were anything on earth, even a bird, to love me as that bird loves you." These lines will probably, nay certainly, never meet his eye, and yet I cannot resist the indulgence to my own feelings of saying, "If thou art not loved by all who know thee, as thou couldst in thy high-toned imagination desire, it is because few are capable of believing, still fewer of understanding the depths of benevolence, of Christian charity, and practical goodness that combine with talent so brilliant and poetic as thine own!"

There was a beautiful garden close to the house, and to that garden my Leo was almost daily permitted to take his flight; sometimes from the window, sometimes from the cage carried out before the hall-door, and sometimes following me step by step down the stairs like a dog! and never once in the course of two summers did he extend his flight one perch beyond; although the view from the tops of the high trees from whence he used to answer to any well-known voice, and sometimes let himself drop prone down by my side, as I sat beneath, might well have tempted him to do so. He liked one of the servants better than the rest, the one who always cleaned out the aviary, brought the water, &c., and it became that man's office to bring him home in the evenings when I was generally engaged. Although there can be little doubt that in those delicious, dewy, balmy evenings of burning days his perch in the very heart of a fragrant orange or a pomegranate tree was infinitely preferable to his cage or aviary, yet never did he refuse to betray his hiding place by answering to the well-known whistle or call of his name; and after more or less coquetting from tree to tree, according to the fineness of the evening, but never further or higher than to invite pursuit, and torment his pursuer, never did he fail finally to hop into his cage and suffer himself to be carried home.

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